



TRAFFIC ON THE AVENIDA RIO BRANCO

and in a trice we were rolling out the far-famed Avenida Rio Branco.

There is one respect in which Rio bears a striking resemblance to Paris—when one arrives he is really there. As one has only to step out of the Garde du Nord into the heart of Paris, so the steamer ties up at the foot of the Avenida, and it's but a step into the maelstrom of Rio. Yes, "maelstrom" is the word! The foot walkers may be leisurely and by their easy wandering to the right or left, as best suits their convenience, give one a suggestion of that *dolce far niente* which we from the North Temperate Zone always associate with the Latins, but not so the vehicular traffic. It moves with a reckless abandon that is calculated to put a Paris taxi to the blush or make a Neopolitan Jehu sigh with envy. Rio's streets are as noisy as the Boulevards or the Strand, frequently as congested as Fifth Avenue or Broadway but with this difference: A few blocks, only a few, will bring one to the stillness of the tropical jungle, for just outside the door is the forest primeval. The encircling hills are ever reaching out their arms to draw one from the noisy flats up to them. High-powered cars, American trolleys, winding railways, are ever ready to take one out and away to the solace and the peace of the hills. Where in all the world is there such a city? Not Hong-kong with its peak, nor San Francisco, nor Sydney, nor any other bay city that one might call to mind can offer such astounding transitions.

After that introductory drive through the Avenida, we came to rest at the Palace Hotel, a hostelry set in the heart of the city like the Grand Hotels in London and Paris or the Astor at home. Later, after our return from the coffee fazendas up country, we were to make the acquaintance of Rio's Gloria, the quieter reaches of Beira Mar, and of the Copacabana Palace Hotel and its celebrated bathing beach.

Here at the Palace, however, we found a cosmopolitan hotel of the first class, with all the com-

forts and many of the inconveniences of home; thronged with English, Americans, Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, and South Americans. The most delightful feature of the place is the restaurant on the top floor, with its wide-open French windows, each one framing an enchanting picture of Sugar Loaf or some other ravishing view of the surrounding hills. The rate of 40 to 70 milreis a day for a double room and bath includes the characteristic breakfast of peeled oranges, rolls, coffee, and jam, lunch, and dinner for two.

IMPRESSIONS OF RIO

A stroll along the Avenida at the fashionable late afternoon hour, a glimpse of the Rua Ouvidor, the Bond Street of Rio where wheeled vehicles may not pass, a peek at the Rua São Bento, Rua Quitanda, and the Rua Visconde Inhauma where the coffee warehouses are situated, a ride on the "bondes" as the electric street cars are called, rounded out a full day, and by nightfall we were prepared to set down our impressions of Rio with all the finality of a seasoned American tourist, and after the following fashion:

On the Avenida, Rio suggests Paris of the Boulevards with its sidewalk cafes and its hurrying taxis.

In the narrow streets of the commercial quarter, with their pungent odors of green coffee and leaf tobacco sweating in the tropical heat, Rio smells like Colombo or Singapore.

Along Beira Mar, Rio reminds one of Washington with its magnificent distances.

In the Ouvidor the scents are again reminiscent



THE NEW STATUE OF CHRIST THE REDEEMER, ON CORCOVADO