



AERIAL TRAMCAR ASCENDING SUGAR LOAF PEAK, RIO'S NATURAL EIFFEL TOWER

of the *haute monde*—and the *demi-monde*—of Paris, Vienna, or Madrid.

Sometimes, when the Bay of Botafogo turns to a turquoise blue, it calls to mind the Bay of Naples and fond memories of Capri and Sorrento.

There may be cleaner, green cities, but we have yet to meet them.

Here, in the making, is a new South American Riviera.

It is almost inconceivable that this city was once a marshy hotbed for smallpox and yellow fever. Why, the tiled foot-walks in the Ouvidor look as though they are thoroughly scoured and polished each morning.

The broad mosaic sidewalks of the Avenida may be hard on shoe leather, but they are unique among the foot-walks of America's metropolitan cities.

The Brazilians are the politest people, not even excepting the French. Even in the most congested downtown streets, where one's car is likely to be caught at any moment in a traffic jam and surrounded with swarms of work people and idlers, there is the same politeness shown the stranger, the same uniform courtesy, that distinguishes the throngs on the Avenida—no rowdiness, no such rudeness as one so often meets in the poorer sections of great cities like London and New York. This politeness seems natural, inborn.

The wealth of Royal palms, feathery bamboos, poinsettia, bougainvillea, and many other tropical

trees and flowers growing in great luxuriance everywhere throughout Rio help substantiate its claim to being truly the Garden City.

Rio can be hot, even in the winter season, but the nights are cool and the sleeping good. We were told, however, that the summer season brought with it lotus nights—fine for lotus eaters!

In Colombo the most striking features of the landscape are the rickshaws and the scavenger crows; in Rio it is the leisurely moving *Fluminenses* (rivergreens) and the fast-flying taxis.

The native consumption of coffee must be enormous. The Brazilian counterpart of the European café is omnipresent. The wide-open doors, the sidewalk tables, with their round marble tops, small cups and saucers set around a sugar basin, make an inviting picture. The customer steps into their shaded coolness from the blazing street, turns up a cup, fills it half full of soft sugar, and immediately a waiter comes with the coffee pot to fill what remains with coffee made in Brazilian fashion. To the North American it's like so much bitter medicine, but, once he becomes acclimated and has acquired a taste for the Brazilian high roast (and the sugar), it isn't half bad as a safe drink and one which may be trusted to take the place of the much more wicked North American highball or cocktail.

The Brazilian, likely as not, will visit many of these cafés during the day, for the price is but a