

everywhere an aiming at an art which tries to make life a sweeter and more beautified thing because of it. There were no horrors, and no place was set aside for spurious art—not even for the cubist and futurist work which has been so much a sensation of the past year—thanks be, not in Canada.

A SECOND EXIT NEEDED.

Yes, the big fair is over again. Next year will probably see additional features, although it is hard to imagine what these may be. There is one improvement, however, news of which would come as "present joy the greater for past pain" to most of us—that is the placing of a second large entrance and exit, with car-lines leading thereto, on the opposite side of the grounds from the present gates. Anyone who has ever been in one mad crush for cars, especially after the night performance before the grandstand, will understand how necessary this is. Women's clothes have been torn often enough in these jams; the wonder is that these accidents do not happen more frequently than they do. With conditions as at present the congestion cannot be avoided. With a second entrance and exit at least half of the crowd might be diverted from the Dufferin gates, and so one might leave in comfort. All in good time. Let us hope still, and if you have any influence with even one of the managers pull his sleeve, won't you? JUNIA.

Letters from Abroad.

XVIII.

Venice, Aug. 8, '13.

My Dear Jean,—Your letters came all in a bunch, and I was actually afraid to open them for fear my premonitions should turn out to be true. But I sighted an English stamp and tore that letter open first, and when I read that you were really on this side of the Atlantic I felt like whooping for joy. But why do you stay in grimy, smoky, dirty old London? Why not come right on to Venice, where skies are blue and collars keep clean a week? Just think of the delights of a dustless city, with no clanging trolley cars to madden you, and no horses—except the four bronze ones over the door of St. Mark's.

Coming from sleepy old Florence, the brilliancy of Venice is enough to turn one's head. Everything here is so gay, and sparkling, and bristling with life. There is so much to see and do that I have been as busy as a bargain hunter ever since I came. In the mornings go Baedekerizing, so to speak. I do all sorts of things. Often I just drift around the quaint little streets with my camera, going over innumerable bridges, and getting into all sorts of queer corners and alleys and squares. When I get lost, or tired, I just hop into a gondola and ride for awhile, sometimes in the small canals, and sometimes out on the Grand Canal, and I never get over wondering at the remarkable dexterity of the gondoliers. The clever way in which they worm their way along the crooked, narrow canals, and turn sharp corners without touching anything, is nothing short of marvellous.

Venice is an enchanting place; it seems like a dream-city, it is so unique and so fascinating. As Harmony says, it's like a perpetual World's Fair. Just at present there is a regular German invasion here, and that gives it a touch of reality. Big, fat Germans are waddling all over the city, filling up the quaint little streets with their bulky persons. Personally-conducted parties of red-faced, loud-voiced Bavarians are "seeing the sights," and the clank of their hob-nailed shoes makes as much noise as an army with banners. The men wear knickers and have feathers in their hats, and look beery and heavy. And the women! They are the most unattractive squad of petticoated beings I ever gazed upon. They may have virtues, but they have neither grace nor beauty, and their sartorial equipment would make a fright of Venus. I saw some of them sporting in the waves at the Lido the other day and I laughed till I was weak.

The Lido is a long, low sandbar, which lies between Venice and the Adriatic. It is a popular resort for Venetians and tourists, and is said to be the most fashionable bathing beach in Italy. Most of the style is confined to the Excelsior

Hotel end of the beach, where the millionaires and ultra-fashionables exhibit their fine clothes. The steamers run to the Lido every few minutes and are crowded all the time. It is a pleasant half-hour's trip and only costs three cents. There are large bathing pavilions on the beach, and for twenty cents you can rent one of the ugliest bathing-suits ever designed. The artist who designed them was evidently a humorist and had an eye for the grotesque. We have contracted the Lido habit and go down

Had inspirational spasms here, and that artists have gone color mad.

I wish I could write you an interesting letter about Venice, but the plain truth is that the place is so alluring I can't stay in the house long enough to write a letter. But I'll jot down a few lines at a time and send you the collection.

August 9th, 6 p. m.

Just returned from the Lido after a



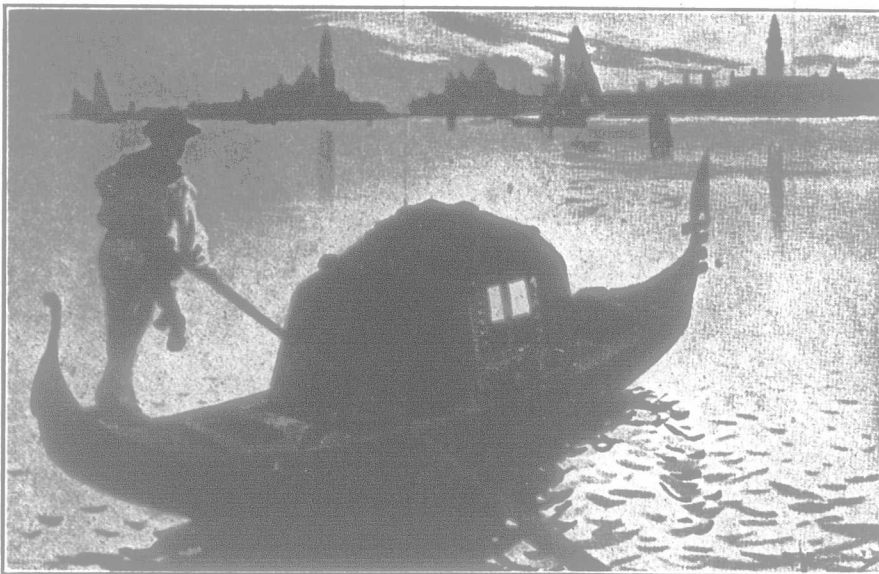
Early Evening.

From a painting by Winslow Homer. Reproduced by kind permission of the Detroit Museum of Art.

there quite often for a dip in the Adriatic.

How you could enjoy Venice! It is a veritable artists' paradise. But no picture ever painted does it justice. No picture can reproduce the marvellous atmospheric effects, the changing tints and shimmering reflections of the water, or the gorgeousness of a sunset when sky and water are all aflame. And no picture can more than faintly suggest the life and color and movement of this wonderful water-city—the brilliancy of the Piazza with its crowded cafes, glittering array of shops, gay arcades full of prom-

perfectly glorious dip in the ocean. Fine surf to-day and temperature of the water just right. We had hard work getting bathing suits, owing to the big crowd. The suits are handed out from a big pile, and seem to bear no relation whatever to the height or girth of the person getting them. Mrs. Rhodes, who is very tall and thin and angular, drew a turkey-red one-piece suit, minus neck and sleeves, but with leg extensions that reached to the ankles; there was a brief flounce around the waist that stuck out like a ballet dancer's skirt. Mrs. Rhodes' appearance in this flaming cos-



Gondola on the Grand Canal, Venice.

enaders, and countless multitudes of ever-fluttering pigeons; or the kaleidoscopic effect on lagoons of the vast numbers of gondolas in motion, electric launches darting hither and thither, passenger steamers hurrying along, barges moving slowly, their yellow sails casting long golden reflections on the water, and myriads of other craft of every shape and size from small boats to high-masted ships of the ocean.

Venice is a witch—she hypnotizes you by her charm, ensnares you by her beauty, and sets your imagination on fire. I don't wonder that poets have

tume would have certainly shocked her Sunday-school class. My suit was a blue-checked flounceless affair, evidently intended for a six-year-old. Can you imagine us tip-toeing in bare feet down to the water's edge? You may be sure that I got under the water as soon as possible, but poor Mrs. Rhodes stood shivering in twelve inches of Adriatic, with the facial expression of a martyr in torture.

10.30 p. m.

Have been out on the Grand Canal for a couple of hours in a gondola. Per-

fectly heavenly night! Bright moonlight and quite warm. We went out to the singing boats and there must have been thousands of gondolas packed in a solid mass around them. The singing boats are large illuminated barges, where concerts are given every evening. Sometimes the whole audience join in the chorus of the well-known songs. Every few minutes a hat collection is taken up, the man with the hat stepping from one gondola to another just as if he were walking on solid ground.

But it is just my luck to be in romantic Venice, with prosaic people. Harmony, of course, was all right, but she has been away for a few days on an auto tour with some of her wealthy relations from America, and Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes think they have to look after me while she is absent. The Rhodes are nice, kind-hearted, amiable people, but so uninteresting. He has no poetry in his soul and is always counting his pennies, and estimating the cost of things. He spent all his time on the canal to-night reckoning up how much money those singers took in. Think of it! Mrs. Rhodes isn't quite so prosaic. She has enthusiasms. Just now she is daffy over Venetian beads, and seems to be brooding over them all the time. When the tenor was singing a beautiful song to-night, she asked me in a loud voice if I thought she ought to change the blue beads she bought that day and get pink ones instead. I was so mad I told her I hated Venetian beads in any color.

Aug. 10th, noon.

I have been poking around in out-of-the-way places all morning. Stumbled into the Fish market. I wish I could forget it.

11 o'clock p. m.

Went to the Piazza with some people from the Pension. We sat at the historic Florian's and drank coffee and listened to the band play. Thousands of people were doing likewise, and thousands more were promenading on the square and under the arcades. It was a gay sight. People from all parts of the world were there, and the mixture of languages was like unto that of the Tower of Babel.

August 11th.

The Rhodes went away to-day, and I was glad to see their receding backs. I celebrated their departure by going out in a gondola by myself just at sunset. It was lovely, but rather lonesome. I longed for a kindred soul to enjoy the beauty with me—but kindred souls are always at the other end of the earth when you want them most. I want some person to sit beside me and quote appropriate poetry just dripping with romance. It couldn't drip too much for me—when I am in a gondola at sunset time. But alas! one never gets the right combination—never the right person and the place and the time together. If I am with the right person it is always the wrong time; and if it is the right time it is the wrong place, and if it is the right place and the right time it is the wrong person. Always some hitch some place.

Aug. 13.

Jack came yesterday. Was I surprised? Well, I should say so. He and Harmony chanced to meet on the train. Wasn't it strange? They were in the same compartment and she recognized him from the photograph in my room. She is quite taken with him, and he seems to find her very entertaining. For two people who have known each other such a short time they seem awfully chummy. Wouldn't it be queer if—? Well! you never can tell where lightning will strike. And this is Venice, you know.

But it was good to see old Jack again. I got real "trembly round the lips, and teary round the lashes" when I saw him, and for once I was glad he was short-sighted and couldn't see me. He seems to be lighter-hearted and gayer—perhaps Harmony has bewitched him. She asked me all sorts of questions about him, which shows she is tremendously interested. When I told her it was not my real cousin but just your step-brother, she said "Oh!" in a way that quite irritated me.

Midnight.

We have been out on the canal all evening. It was perfect. Jack broke into poetry and reeled off Byron and