

## PATHS AND PLACES

*News from the World's Wide Lanes of Travel — Ships and Sailings —  
Facilities Ashore — The Student Abroad*

### *Random Travel Notes*

ANYONE who passes through Germany before next October, and particularly anyone going down the Rhine, should not fail to see 'Pressa,' more properly known as the International Press Exhibition at Cologne. Ten million visitors are expected before its close.

Forty-four nations and the League of Nations, which latter counts strongly on the press of the world to further its aims, were represented when the Exposition opened in the early summer. There were speeches, banquets, a gala performance at the Cologne Opera, the pealing of the Cathedral bells, and a moonlight boat festival upon the waters of the Rhine. For two months and a little longer the exhibits, gathered together from five continents to give tangible evidence of the power of the printed word, will remain on view — early books and bindings, fine color illustrations, type designs, great modern presses, propaganda displays, newspapers of all vintages in twenty tongues.

Germany, the hospitable host who has been quick to set up special restaurants and assure a plentiful supply of beer for thirsty summer guests, is best represented in modern books and bindings, together with modernistic book advertising from the great publishers of Leipzig and Berlin. The United States figures largely in exhibits of modern newspaper work.

Soviet Russia has a popular pavilion. England contributes a unique display of historic newspapers, well worth seeing — the Sill Collection. It includes a copy of what is probably the first British newspaper, dated 1626, and also the world's first pictorial sheet, which contains a seventeenth-century news-picture of 'a prodigious eruption of fire which exhaled in the midst of the ocean sea, over against the Isle of St. Michael.' The French press, thanks to a government subsidy, has an exhibit of unusual interest and variety. *L'Europe Nouvelle*, the Paris international-affairs weekly, notes with glee that its own display, excellent of its kind but not designed to attract the popular eye, stands hard by the booth given over to *La Vie Parisienne*, and benefits by the crowds always sure to gather around the internationally famous journal devoted to things not so serious and not always so respectable.

All this takes place upon what was only a few months ago seventy-five acres of vacant meadowland by the banks of the Rhine across from the filigreed stone towers of the Cathedral — an area now transformed into a busy metropolis of the press. Three great buildings are devoted respectively to the historical collections; to exhibits showing the status and activities of the modern German press, and to the splendid series of displays by foreign nations. Scattered about are cool open spaces, attractively

landscaped with fresh lawns, trees, and flowers, and dotted with smaller pavilions. Through the heart of the exposition grounds the visitor may stroll along a pavilion-bordered avenue more than a kilometre in length. Overshadowing all stands Cologne Cathedral, which has looked down upon city and river since long before there was a printing press in Europe.

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'In America I heard repeated too many times the statement that he who goes to Italy must carry his bathtub with him,' says Signor Alfredo Campione, back in Venice after an eight-thousand-mile trip through the United States with a group of other Italian hotel managers who were studying American hotel and tourist methods. This impression, which Signor Campione feels is due to the fact that many of Italy's nonluxurious hotels are in buildings not constructed expressly for the purpose and hence lacking modern conveniences, is bad for business and must be changed. Italy's history, Italy's monuments, and the beauty of the Italian countryside alone are not enough to turn the tide of travel toward Mussolini's country. 'Half of humanity,' says Signor Campione, 'is always uncertain in its decisions on matters of travel, and prefers to follow the crowd. By insistence on reform, we must persuade the uncertain to choose our country.'

So there will be reform, if Signor Campione and his fellow *albergatori* have their way; and first on their programme for encouraging the American to change his dollars into lire, rather than into francs or marks or some other fascinating currency, is the promise of bank loans to better hotel conditions throughout the country. If the proposed reforms are effected, undoubtedly Italy will be rewarded by greatly

increased tourist patronage. This was the case after the Dictator's efficient reorganization of the Italian railroad service, an action which made timetables practical helps to the traveler for the first time in Italian history, and which to many travelers' minds is Mussolini's noblest achievement.

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ALPINE climbing as a sport has been waning since the war. Several reasons are offered for this decline in a popular and exhilarating pastime. For one thing, many promising young climbers were killed in battle during the war, and many others who spent their holidays scaling Swiss peaks before 1914 are now too poor to afford such costly sport. Then there are no more new ascents or virgin peaks to conquer. The huts along the way are frequently overcrowded by parties of young tourists who do not climb, and when a legitimate climber wants to snatch a few hours of sleep before rising at one o'clock in the morning for a difficult ascent he finds a group of young people dancing and playing jazz on the victrola. Consequently many climbers have abandoned the sport in disgust. Nevertheless, a few serious Alpinists — most of them more than sixty years old — may still be found around such centres as Zermatt, Grindelwald, or Chamonix.

Mountain climbing is not an inexpensive sport. For a high ascent a guide charges about seventy dollars a week plus expenses. A pair of climbing boots costs at least twenty dollars, and other mountaineering equipment has risen in price from fifty to seventy per cent since the war. Provisions are also more expensive — for example, a roast chicken costs about five dollars.

Walking tours over the mountain paths, keeping at heights of from three to ten thousand feet, have become

the popular substitute for mountain climbing. Daily excursions can be made from such places as Zermatt, Grindelwald, Saas Fée, and Kandersteg. Particularly beautiful is the walk from Grindelwald to Faulhorn, returning over the Schynige Platte, for the flowers in the meadows are profuse, and many rare and delicate specimens may be discovered. When Montreux celebrated her Narcissus Festival this year, the meadows up the slopes from the town were as white as snow with the Alpine flower. Mountain walking rather than mountain climbing has become the popular sport of Swiss tourists.

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MEXICO every year attracts many American visitors. She wants more — not only tourists, but also students of her language and customs. So, to encourage guests from the North, she has announced that American citizens intending to stay in Mexico less than six months need no passports or visas. A trip to the nearest Mexican consular office with proof of American citizenship and three photographs is sufficient to obtain a tourist card at no expense; and this is the only identification the traveler needs in order to cross the Rio Grande. Mexico at present has a government which shows every evidence of stability; and since Ambassador Morrow went to Mexico City the *gringos* are being more cordially regarded than they were before.

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Now comes the 'dollar down, dollar a week' method in vacationing. Germany, or at least one small German resort, is trying it this summer. The visitor, upon arrival, makes a small deposit and receives a credit much in excess of the deposit, which may be used for food, lodgings, and

entertainment. For the next ten months, after he has returned home and is working at his trade or profession, looking back on the pleasant weeks of the previous summer, he will pay and pay and pay.

Of course only Germans, who remain within reach of the German bill collectors and bailiffs, will be subjected to the lure of this latest extension of the 'pay as you earn' system. Yet one never can tell when the same method will be used by American resorts to entice dollars.

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UNIQUE and intelligent is Munich's brand-new zoo. You do not find every variety of snake in a single reptile house, nor all the birds of the air in one long cacophonous shed. Here each continent is a plot of appropriate size and shape. Bird, beast, and fish are distributed geographically in natural relation to one another. You stroll from Alaska to Australia, from Kadiak bear to kangaroo.

### *Ships and Sailings*

HAIL, stately Olympic, with your four cream-colored black-capped funnels — two of them piled full of deck chairs! And you others — Aquitania, Mauretania, France! You three-stackers also — Berengaria, Leviathan, Majestic, largest ships afloat! How many tarpaulins and coils of rope in *your* false funnels?

The truth is, as a writer in the *New York World* points out, stacks are about one half for the eye of the land-lubber. Few coal-burners are left, and the change to oil fuel makes more than one funnel unnecessary. Motor ships like the Gripsholm, Asturias, and Saturnia need none at all. Nevertheless, new ships — motor ships included — display, more often than

not, one or more impressive funnels, painted according to the colors of the line. Even in these days when impressionable European immigrants to the United States are less in evidence than sophisticated vacationers going the other way, smokestacks are good business, owners find. The traveling public has become accustomed to see them, and likes their appearance.

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Two more cabin liners go into service with the United States Lines fleet within a year. The Monticello and Mount Vernon, which have been tied up since the war, are being reconditioned throughout, even to brand-new boilers. Their names are new; also. Before the war they flew the German flag and were called the Kronprinzessin Cecilie and Kaiser Wilhelm II. Including cabin-class and tourist-third-class staterooms, each can carry over a thousand passengers. Eight days to Channel ports will be their time.

#### *Facilities Ashore and in the Air*

'FLIGHT by air,' dazedly remarks the editor of a well-known guide to Europe, 'is nothing else, and it is nothing less, than a revelation.' Travelers should take advantage of it between London and Paris if nowhere else. The Channel trip by air is now as cheap as the first-class rail-steamer crossing. Both British and French air lines run a second-class service for \$18.50 one way, the planes leaving early in the morning. The first-class planes leave about noon, serving light luncheon en route; and the fare is reduced from \$30 to \$24.

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AVIATION also enables you to add to your list of pleasures the once perilous and exhausting ascent of Mont Blanc.

From St. Gervais-les-Bains, close to Chamonix, take a plane and climb without effort above the slippery slopes. The Mont Blanc Aero Club manages daily ascents when weather permits. As yet you cannot perch on the summit, but the Club plans a landing place there in the not too distant future.

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MANY air cruises are being conducted from London over the Continent this summer. Eight months ago, when Thomas Cook and Son advertised a luxurious air cruise to the Mediterranean, not a passenger appeared. But now these 'conducted hops' to Brussels, Amsterdam, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Munich, Zurich, Geneva, Paris, and back to London — all in sixteen days — seem to be a great success. Prices include hotel accommodations each night, local motor drives, and English-speaking guides. This sort of inclusive air touring costs, generally speaking, \$25 a day per person for a party of four. Such a group of four can tour with a private automobile for about \$15 a day; by char-à-bancs for \$10; by train for \$7 or \$8.

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BASEL to Milan in seven hours — it used to be nine or more — is the record of the new Gothard-Pullman Express. Leaving Basel at 7.12 A.M., these blue-and-gold chair cars roll into Milan at 1.55 P.M. The route is mountainous, snowy, impressive. Returning, the express leaves Milan at 4.05 P.M. Greater speed is also announced for the noted Sud-Express between Paris, Madrid, and Lisbon. Through passengers still have to pile out and change trains at Irun, the Spanish border station, since the Spanish tracks are broader in gauge than the French. But

the customary twelve hours from Irun to Madrid are now eight. A new short cut explains it. Vienna and Munich are linked with a new sleeping-car service leaving Vienna at 10.50 P.M. and arriving in Munich at 8.20 A.M. In reverse, you leave Munich at 9.42 P.M., arriving in Vienna in the morning at 6.50. First-class fare is \$6.75, second-class \$3.35, for the sleeper.

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AFTER the impatient note concerning Italy's stubbornness on the visa question, appearing in this place last month, it is a pleasure to commend Dictator Mussolini's State Tourist Department for its campaign against hotel frauds. An official guide to Italian hostleries has now been published, and may be obtained in this country before sailing, from the Italian State Tourists Office, 749 Fifth Avenue, New York City, at a cost of twenty-five cents. It is intended that no hotel shall charge an American more than an Italian, nor either more than the price listed in the guide. If you are short-changed or overcharged, protest to the State Tourist Department. When no office of the department is in your vicinity, write to headquarters.

### *The Student Afield*

IN London is about to rise a student hostel which, during the summer, will be limited to Americans and will be free of charge. 'Student hostel' generally connotes a place for students of all nationalities, like Columbia University's International House in New York. R. Kennedy-Cox, English sponsor of the London hostel, differs with this notion, to the extent that, for the summer at least, he wants to entertain Americans who have worked their

way through college and who need a European vacation. A stay at the hostel is better for them than attending lectures at Oxford or Cambridge, he thinks, for British students are 'altogether too international' to convey the essence of British spirit.

You may stay only two weeks at the 'International Dockland Hostel,' as it will be called. During that time you will meet an important section of British labor, represented by the residents of the famous Dockland Settlement begun some years ago by Mr. Kennedy-Cox. Sight-seeing will be done in company with people who need your 'New World ideas, full of life and vigor,' as much as you will be broadened and benefited by their interpretations of British conservatism and tradition.

In wintertime the hostel becomes international, taking students from all countries.

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ANOTHER, older effort to stimulate international student visitation has not fully met original expectations. Seven years ago the Association France-Grande Bretagne was organized to place French students between the ages of fourteen and eighteen in English homes for a year, and vice versa. No payment was made on either side. For the first four years of the exchange numbers were about even. Then the number of British applicants fell off. Last year there were three hundred and fifty French students eager to go to England, and fifty English students rather lukewarm about France. Why was this? 'English boys and girls miss the customary porridge or bacon and eggs for breakfast,' said Captain B. S. Townroe, secretary of the Association in London.

## LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### *Masefield's Mystery Play*

IN mediæval Canterbury Cathedral a modern mystery play, *The Coming of Christ*, by John Masefield, has been produced amid surroundings truly appropriate to the dramatization of a sacred theme. The implicit awe and solemnity of the Cathedral's vaulted nave combined with the decorative effects designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts produced an impression which harmonized perfectly with the holiness of the play, which was enacted on the three tiers of steps and platform at the east end of the nave.

The play was performed without intervals, but it naturally fell into certain distinct episodes. The first of these, which later passages failed to surpass in lyric beauty, was a colloquy between the Christ Spirit and four angels called The Power, The Sword, The Mercy, and The Light. Masefield's vivid imagery enriched the verse recited by the angels as they sought to dissuade the Christ Spirit from becoming Man. Noble simplicity characterized the costuming of the Christ Spirit, whose white robe was cleverly designed to increase the natural height of the actor. An impressive contrast was furnished by the four angels in long cloaks with stiff folds. The spirits of Peter and Paul then foretold their own parts in the world, amid the choruses of the Heavenly Hosts.

The three Kings, wearing elaborate costumes of ermine and gold, filled the stage with splendid pageantry. Weary of knowledge, wealth, and power, they sought a true faith. After these characters had marched off with their

mailed knights, rustic and simple Shepherds commented discontentedly and topically on the injustices of the economic system.

The most beautiful picture was the brilliant Nativity scene. From this magnificent and dazzling climax until the end of the play the attention of the congregation remained at a high pitch. The great iron-gates opened for the last time as the Hosts of Heaven, Archangels, Knights, and Shepherds awaited the coming of Christ. The ermine-clad Kings were ready with gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Mary was then carried forward on a triumphal litter, bearing the infant Jesus in her arms, as the music mounted and rolled with transcendent thunder.

Masefield's task in writing *The Coming of Christ* was no easy one, for he was using a dramatic convention intended to explain the ritual of the Church to an unlettered laity. Employing this medium, he was faced with the problem of appealing to a modern audience without making the play a dramatic curio like *Everyman*. He could not allow himself the crudities of the earlier drama, but was forced to confine his action to extreme simplicity, and to secure unity of impression from the magic of poetry rather than from the construction of the story.

The London *Morning Post* ranked among its more severe critics when it said: "The good miracle play of the Middle Ages — and those which survive are generally good — moves briskly; the speeches are apt and well turned; the characters crisply drawn; the whole thing is filled with life and a sense of drama. But this play of Mr.