



PARTIAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO, WITH SUGAR LOAF IN THE BACKGROUND

the finest flowering of their imaginative powers. Is there in any language a more beautiful flight of poetic fancy than this by Swinburne to "The Sea"?

"I will go back to the great sweet mother,
mother and lover of men, The Sea;
I will go down to her, I and none other,
close with her, kiss her and mix her with me;
Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast:
O fair white mother, in days long past,
Born without sister, born without brother, set
free my soul as thy soul is free!"

NINTH DAY—This is a real ocean voyage. What are five or six days in the North Atlantic, straining every nerve to make a speed record and separate the traveler from his money as quickly as possible, compared to this leisurely sail across a summer sea? This is the ideal relaxation. Today was Equator Day and most uncomfortable for those who had never crossed the line before. The victims were duly summoned to appear before King Neptune and His Court and made to submit to several kinds of indignities, among which might be mentioned, ice water applications, soap suds tooth washings, facials of spaghetti and raw eggs, fancy colored body dyes; usually ending up with a ducking in the pool. It was all good-natured, if not over clean fun, and no one got very mad during the inquisition. However, the gallery of onlookers were not at all sorry when the neophytes finally turned the tables on their tormentors and a jolly free-for-all fight ensued in which King Neptune and his followers were given something to remem-

ber them by. We logged 354 miles today and the humidity was very like home.

TENTH DAY—I don't care much for the atmosphere of the Equator off the mouth of the Amazon and it was a bit of a relief when we turned the corner of our big sister continent, about opposite Ceara and began moving in a straight line southward. Being my natal day the home folks sent me a radio and although the delivery of wireless messages at sea is no longer a novelty I felt like saying to the cabin boy that brought it: "A telegram for me? Where from? New York? But we left there 10 days ago. We are now some 3,000 miles out in the Atlantic Ocean. How did it get on board? Who brought it? Ah, yes, the wireless. The ever-watchful radio man sitting up there in his lonely cabin on the top deck with earphones clamped to his head, he heard my loved ones calling me and deftly picked the message out of the eternal ether and placed it on my breakfast tray. It's still a miracle. I never cease to wonder at it."

Yes, we are living in an age of miracles. What other messages of universal significance may be waiting out there for a listening medium? What momentous communications from interstellar space may be seeking an understanding mind, a sympathetic ear. How shall we get the message if we do not answer the telephone?

Speaking of miracles, about 7 o'clock this morning a German aeroplane, freighted with mail that could not brook steamer delays, came whizzing over our heads on its way to Rio.