



ESTHER GOULD'S TRAVEL CORNER

I wish by some power of pen I could convey to you the charm of Taormina. Tucked off here on the southeast coast of Sicily—it was a place which a week ago we had never heard of and in which today we are old residents. It is so little, so naive, so cordial, so unspoiled by tourists.

"The most beautiful spot in the world" was what people told us of Taormina, and it sounded no more convincing than those "grand prizes" that your marmalade announces it took in London in 1712. But now with sunlight streaming over Etra's snow fields, with blue and green shadows on the sea I know it is as true that this fresh honey that has just come with my breakfast is superior to all the marmalades in the world!

Like chickens newly hatched. We didn't know how to take care of ourselves. Should we go south into the desert, across to Marseilles and Paris, on to Tunis and Italy? At last reassured and armed with information and tickets from Raymond A. Whitcomb Co. three of us embarked for Tunis and Sicily. We will never be sorry we did, in fact it's one of those things which makes you catch your breath to think how nearly you didn't!

Getting to Sicily after Africa was in behalf thrilling. After being in a "heathen" land coming back to one which has with you the common background of Christianity, is like coming in out of the wind and weather to the shelter of a large friendly umbrella. We landed in Palermo and after a day in that interesting town left by private motor for a wonderful trip across the island around the base of Mt. Etna to Taormina.

It was a perfect day and amidst "Oh's and ah's" of our own delight at the painted carts, the snowy mountains, the sea, we wended our way into the mountains through villages literally piled building on building up to the crest of hills, through crowds of marvelling natives whom we could well believe fell down and worshipped the first motor-car they ever saw, and then arose and tore it into bits. We stopped to buy water and the entire village knocked off work for the day. We think they closed the schools but maybe they were closed anyway.

Our Italian vocabulary consisted of "much snow," "Sicilian cart" and "hot water" our chauffeur's English was "very nice," "beautiful" and "donkey." This was allright as long as the light lasted and we could use our hands but when it got dark and we were still bounding helplessly over the now deserted roads we began to wonder if our death would be from hunger, freezing or banditti.

None materialized, however, we arrived safely at our charming pension and within a day had been taken in and made to feel completely at home by the remarkably interesting and cosmopolitan group of writers, sculptors and painters who live here. Behind these old unrevealing walls are some of the most fascinating houses one could ever imagine. Old convents which have been taken and fitted up with interesting things from all over the world, and beautiful centuries old palaces.

One of the loveliest of these belongs to "Charlie Sugar" we call him, actually "Don Carlo Suero" one of whose ancestors gained land and title by being able at a critical time to supply sugar to the king.

Everyone tells us the legends and tales of Taormina, how on Christmas Eve the shepherds came piping down from the hills going from church to church searching for the Christ Child. They tell how last year during Etna's eruption the inhabitants of the neighboring town which was destroyed got out their patron saint and held him up before the lava stream. His hand was raised but the lava, all unheeding, came on. They retreated a little but still held the saint before the burning stream. Finally driven back inch by inch to the sea they raised the saint high above their heads and pitched him head first into the burning inferno.

Our only theatre is a marionette show which has not varied, it is said, since the thirteenth century. Sitting on boards in the smoke and garlic scented atmosphere we witnessed probably the fiercest conflict in the memory of man, Saracens, Moors, dragons, devils, all were beheaded, one by one by the sword of our jerky but undaunted hero. The ropes were all visible, so were the large hands which worked them, and now and then the performance daunted hero. The ropes were all visible, Sicilian "what shall we do now?" The only unflinching member of the troupe is the one-legged piper who murdered his wife, but she must have deserved it for he sits there piping merrily, and looking a veritable incarnation of Pan.

IS MAN OR WOMAN SAFER AS DRIVER

Survey Made by University Man and Woman Offers Interesting Statistics

Another question that promises to take its place in the archives of unanswered queries alongside of "Who hit Billy Patterson?" "Why is an Owl?" and "How old is Ann?" is, "Who is the safer driver, man or woman?"

It looked for a while as though this question had been answered in favor

of the man, so far as it went, but in leaves the question still veiled in doubt.

Striking Report

One of the most recent—and most bold—reports on this question has been made in "The Personnel Journal" for February. Herein Dr. Morris S. Viteles and Helen M. Gardner of the University of Pennsylvania—a man and a woman—are daring enough to sign their names jointly to what have been called "astonishing facts."

Briefly, these facts show that a certain group of women taxicab drivers in a large eastern city had three times as many accidents as the men drivers of the same company, both groups working under essentially the same conditions.

The investigators are fair—and courteous—enough to make a summary of previous studies in this same debatable field. Previous comparisons, made in the District of Columbia in 1927, and in San Francisco and Massachusetts and Connecticut, all have been quite favorable to women drivers.

Comparison

The study of the taxicab company of the eastern city includes a comparison of an average of about 40 women cab drivers with about 2,000 male cab drivers within the period of March 1, 1927, and February 28, 1928. But it should be added that the study included a total of about 150 women. Also, about 14 per cent of these women drivers were inexperienced previously, though they all passed through a thorough training period. The women drivers were not employed at night, but hazards of night driving are usually considered equally or more severe. Also, the women drivers as a rule chose sections of the city with assumed lesser hazard.

During this period the men drivers were responsible for 0.257 accidents per thousand miles and the women drivers for 0.767 accidents per thousand miles. Stated another way, the men drivers were charged with 1.449 accidents per \$1,000 of revenue, and the women drivers with 5.063 accidents per \$1,000 of revenue.

A more favorable comparison is the fact that for the women drivers the cost of accidents per \$1,000 of revenue was only about one-half the cost for men—\$15.76, as compared with \$31.83. One possible conclusion from the study is that women drivers, to operate as safely as men drivers, probably demand more careful training.

The back yard ball game may make a lot of noise, but anyway the players keep the dirt of our garden patches well stirred up.

While some of our statesmen are worrying about what shall be done with the ex-presidents, the ex-presidents are usually worrying how they shall keep out of the public view.

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