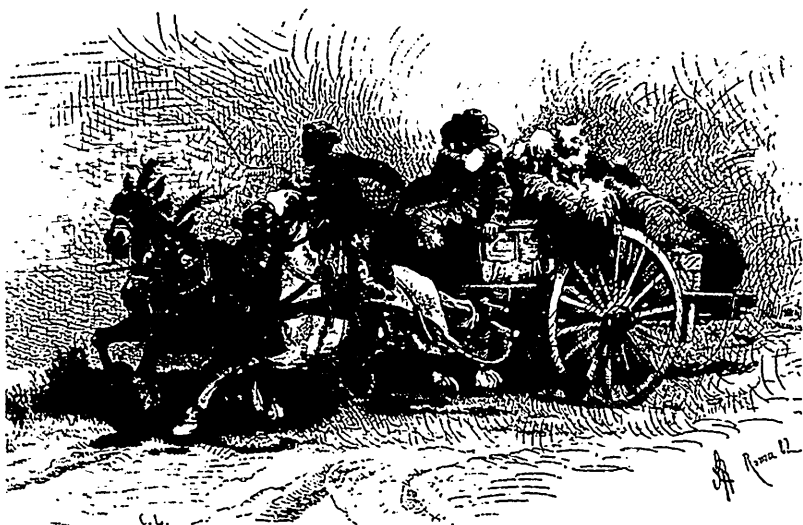


more does one want to be happy under that glorious southern sky? This careless, out-door habit of life, so frank and apparently happy, was to me one of the most interesting things in Naples.

One of my shoes needed a little repairing, after a rough tramp over the lava fields of Vesuvius. I stopped at a cobbler's stand, in a narrow street, to have the work done. He hammered away on the flagstones in front, while I sat in the shadow of his dingy little shop to hide my shoeless foot. I could watch from the door the cooking operations of a jolly, brown-skinned mother near by. She stewed some indescribable dish over a mere handful of burn-



A NEAPOLITAN VETTURINO.

ing charcoal, while her youngest child sprawled on the ground, almost as naked as a papoose in our own North-West. The mess that was cooking had a savoury smell, but of its ingredients I can say nothing. Beyond her I could look through open doors into a dark room, where a candle burned dimly before a shrine to the Virgin.

In the morning the milkman comes round, not with cans in a cart, but driving his cows or goats before him. You hand out your vessel and he milks it full before your eyes. He will even drive his goats up an outside staircase for a tenant of some upper flat. This method has the advantage of assuring one that the fluid distributed is fresh and of nature's own concoction. The morning