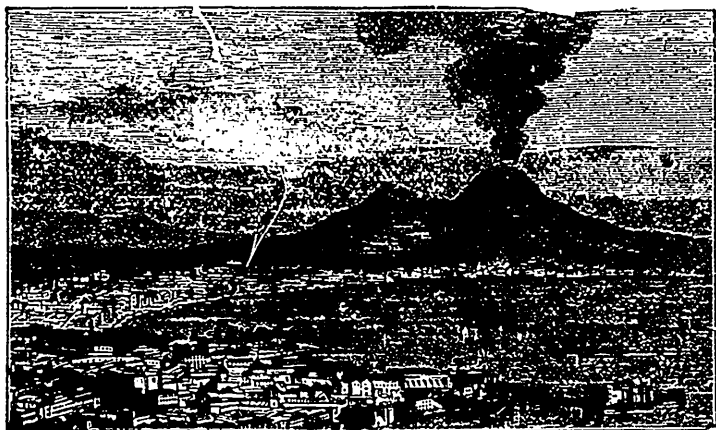


NAPLES.

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NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.

"SEE Naples and die," is a proverb that finds a home in more than one language. If it were permitted to modify so sacred a thing as a proverb, I should write this: "See Naples and live!" No other city so impressed me with a sense of teeming, joyous life as Naples; with her crowds of gay, careless inhabitants; living almost literally in the streets, cooking, eating, sleeping, thronging the narrow pavements; buying and selling there, discussing all sorts of subjects, from love to politics, in the open air. It struck me as easier to live there than anywhere else. In the public gardens and along the piers one sees the *lazzaroni* sprawling upon some bench or the pavement, in broad sunshine, if the day be not warm, otherwise in the shade. Ragged, with the brown skin displayed over half the body, reckless, lazy, improvident children of the generous south, they come very close to fulfilment of the injunction to "take no thought for the morrow." Even the sparrows that quarrel in the streets beside them, and the geckos (small lizards) that sun themselves on the top of the sea-wall seem less careless of the future. A pound or two of maccaroni, its slimy tubes eaten with the fingers, a long drink at some public fountain, and the day's necessities are met. What