



A PAGE FOR JUNIORS



The Travels of Sam

BY ESTELLE M. KERR.

Chapter VII.—Naples.

ALAS! Naples is fair without and foul within, for when we had landed we found it to be the noisiest and most densely-populated city in the world and the streets through which we



Boys Eating Macaroni

passed swarmed with dirty crippled people who seemed more like beasts than human beings. We were followed by professional beggars exhibiting their hideous deformities, or holding out their palms and crying, "Macaroni!" or "Morta di fama!" (dying of hunger). It was hard to keep our purses shut, but we knew that not to do so would only make them crowd about us in greater numbers. Isn't it terrible to think that parents will mutilate their children in order that they may make a living as beggars? We bought some macaroni from a street vendor, just for the fun of seeing two little urchins gobble up the long, slippery tubes, and they made quick work of it, I can tell you. Sam has an idea about macaroni that we put into verse. I wonder if you will agree with him when you read it.

At another stall, a man was boiling an octopus, while several hungry-eyed workmen waited to purchase a morsel for their luncheon. It was slimy, shapeless and red, with its eight arms sprawling aimlessly about, a more unattractive looking dish one could hardly imagine! When I saw some later in their living brown state, at the Aquarium, amongst all the beautiful and curious fish that dwell in the Mediterranean, their appearance disgusted me still more.

Boys were calling onions for sale, hats, and various articles of food and clothing; in fact people dwelling in that squalid quarter could satisfy their simple wants without leaving it, though why they should want to stay there is more than I can say, for scarcely a mile away is the most beautiful country imaginable. Many of the streets are very narrow and steep, and some are built in the form of stairways. Looking at them from the wide avenues they present a picturesque appearance, with their rows of ragged clothing strung across to dry between the windows, and the flower-girls, with baskets spilling over with color, sitting on the steps ready to dart out when they see a likely customer.

We bought a bunch of daffodils from a little maid with wide, wistful eyes, and a pathetic droop to the corners of her mouth, but her face brightened wonderfully when we talked to her. Were we Americans? she asked, and did we know her brother in New York? He was a domestic to a rich gentleman on 42nd Street, and made much money; soon he was going to send for her and then she, too, would go to America.

The shops of Naples are very fascinating, containing great bargains in gloves, coral, tortoiseshell and cameos, and one is often tempted by a charming and persuasive salesman, to buy some perfectly useless article. When we saw the lovely gardens and beautiful residential section, our good opinion of Naples returned, especially when we drove up the hill behind the town and looked down upon the city. Some of the houses of the wealthy had roof gardens, and distance lent enchantment to the narrow streets, with their strings of clothing, like colours in a paint-box. But best of all was the view of Vesuvius rising majestically from the beautiful blue sea. That sight alone compensated for all the dirt and squalor of the city below. The surrounding country and distant islands tempted us to explore them, but our time was all too short, so we reluctantly sailed for Sicily.

Macaroni

*Yankee Doodle came to town,
A-riding on his pony,
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called out "Macaroni!"*

NOW just sit down and think of it,
For I will tell you frankly,
He must have come from Italy,
He never was a Yankee.

Each lad in Naples loves to wear
A soft hat with a feather,
While Macaroni they love more
Than all foods put together.

And even in the open street
I've often seen it cooking,
While round the stall with hungry eyes
Are longing children looking.

And when the ancient beggars crook
Their fingers, long and bony,
When they would ask for charity
They call out, "Macaroni!"

Instead of Yankee Doodle,
I am sure that it was Tony
Who stuck a feather in his cap
And called out, "Macaroni!"

King George's Pages

THOUSANDS of people from all over the world are preparing to visit London at the time of the coronation of King George. Many of these will not be able to see the parade to advantage, so great will be the crowd, and only a chosen few will have seats in Westminster Abbey, where they can view the actual ceremonies. When invitations are coveted by so many prominent people, it would be natural to suppose that children would be excluded, but this is not the case, for King George and Queen Mary want to have their young friends as well as their older ones, with them on that day.

King George has chosen seven pages who are to bear his train and attend him at the coronation. Lord Hartington, Lord Cranborne, Lord Romilly, George Knollys, Anthony Lowther, who in time will become Lord Lonsdale, Victor Harbord, grandson of Lord Suffield, and Walter Campbell, son of Sir Walter Campbell. The last two have been court pages for some time. They are all handsome, well-grown boys from 12 to 14.

Lord Hartington is the son of the Duke of Devonshire, and is the most important young person of the group. He is a picturesque lad with thick, dark hair, olive skin and dark eyes, and will wear his court costume of velvet coat with ruffles and jabot of rich lace, velvet knee breeches and silk stockings, patent leather slippers with buckles and three-cornered hat carried under the arm with all the ease possessed by his ancestors in the time when this sort of garb was the order of the day.

Lord Cranborne is the elder son of Lord and Lady Salisbury. He is a rosy-cheeked Eton boy. Lord Romilly is one of the few peers who are minors. He inherited the title when he was little more than a baby. His father and mother both died ten or eleven years ago. He and Lord Hartington are great friends of the younger Princes and Princess Mary.

Anthony Lowther is the son of Lancelot Lowther, a personal friend of King George and Queen Mary, while George Knollys, son of Lord Knollys, belongs to a family as closely associated with the Royal family in King Edward's reign as now.

Besides the King's pages a number of other boys will take part in the Coronation pageant at the Abbey. Lord Erskine, son of Lord Mar and Kellie, will be the Duke of Connaught's page. The Duke of Devonshire's coronet will be borne by his younger son, Lord Charles Cavendish, and Lord Shaftsbury will have his son, Lord Ashley, to walk back of him, carrying his coronet. Lord Durham's page is his nephew, Richard Rawson, and Lord Elmsley, elder son of Lord Beauchamp, attends his father.

There will be many other children present at the Coronation besides those who figure in the procession at the Abbey. The Prince of Wales and his brothers and sisters are to have special places, of course, though they will take no part in the ceremony. Then there are several young peers and peeresses who will be invited to the Abbey.

Budding Poets

Dear Boys and Girls,—I was particularly struck with the numbers of good poems contributed to the "Page by Juniors," published in the issue of May 13th. The whole page reflected great credit on the young readers of the CANADIAN COURIER, and if these boys and girls become celebrated some day, my, won't Aunt Helen be proud!

When Henry W. Longfellow was a boy of ten, he wrote a wonderful poem—so his admiring relatives thought—but few suspected even then that he would one day be so famous. Here it is, are there any ten-year-olds who think they can beat it? —Aunt Helen.

MR. FINNIE'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finnie had a turnip and it grew behind the barn,
And it grew, and it grew, and still it did no harm;
Mr. Finnie picked it and put it in the barn,
And it lay there, and lay there, until it began to rot,
Then sister Susie took it, and put it in the pot.
She cooked it, and cooked it, as long as she was able,
Then sister Mary took it and put in on the table.
Mr. Finnie and his wife sat down to sup,
And they ate, and they ate, till they ate the turnip up.



Luigina—A Neopolitan Flower Girl