

Some Stray Notes of an Eastern Journey.

By C. A. W.

BUCHAREST, ROUMANIA, August 19th, 1897.

Our experience of the weather thus far has fully justified the experiment of making the Mediterranean trip during midsummer. In spite of the doleful warnings of those who had been there (in the winter) nineteen of us left Rome on the morning of July 23d and had a most delightful and cool journey of sixteen hours across country to Brindisi, taking the Austrian Lloyds steamer *Habsburg* thence about midnight. The Chicagoans of the party were Dr. Nicholas Senn, Dr. D. R. Brower, Dr. and Mrs. Casey Wood, Miss Isabel McIsaac, Mr. Daniel Brower, Mr. William Senn, Dr. E. S. Talbot, Miss Talbot and Dr. Lucy Waite.

The southeastern part of Italy is not as well known to the tourist as it ought to be; chiefly because he is likely to imagine, after an acquaintance with the central and northern portions only, that a prosperous Italian agricultural community does not exist. After the railway crosses the Appenines north of Naples, it enters and runs through a plain about 100 miles long by 10 miles wide that might well be called "a land flowing with milk and honey." On the table lands are grown wheat, corn and oats in abundance, while on the lower levels almost every acre is planted with olives, figs, dates and grapes. Sidetracked along the railroad we saw numerous tanks—quite similar to those used by the Standard Oil Company for the carriage of wine. The houses even of the peasantry are more imposing, cleaner and better kept than those found in other parts of the country, while the universal employment of whitewash for fences, barns, graneries and factories is very agreeable to the eye these buildings being surrounded by the varied tints of green orchard and field. There is also another reason why this part of Italy is a particularly pleasant one to travel through—the people appear to be well fed and comfortably clad, and there is almost an entire absence of that *beggary* which in other parts of Italy annoys and distresses the visitor. Moreover, the dried-up and barren looking soil which one commonly encounters in southern countries during August is altogether lacking in this beautiful part of the world.