

NAPLES THROBS WITH LIFE AND IS FRANKLY LOOSE IN MORALS

Naples, Italy. — You feel the difference between Rome and Naples the minute you get off the train here—Naples is a city that works for its living.

Rome is something like Washington, and Naples is something like Chicago or New York. Rome is a city of government payrollers, ministries and monuments, but Naples is a city of shipping and fishing and factories.

The people of Naples are taxpayers, while the people of Rome are tax-spenders.

The Neapolitan is that mythical creature, "the man in the street," about whom the people in Rome and every other capital in the world are always talking and making speeches.

Attributes of a Real City

There is real work to be done here, and it gets done. The streets are not quite so well paved as they are in Rome, the busses and street cars are not quite so bright and shiny and new, the people are not quite so well-dressed. They all get harder use. You see fewer fascist pins and fewer brief cases. The men carry sample cases instead.

Naples ever smells and sounds like a real city, instead of a collection of monuments and government buildings.

Supercilious northern Italians say that the quotation, "See Naples and die," should be changed to, "smell Naples and die," but this is a slander. The amount of smell in Naples is no greater than it is in any other Mediterranean city of its size—only the kind of smell is different. Naples has the smells of a real city, the smoke of factories and ships and street car brakes.

Street Cars Add Their Clangor.

The street cars are what make Naples sound like a real city. In Rome, busses have replaced street cars except on the outskirts of the city, but here the street cars run through the centre of town. To a Chicagoan, no city seems real unless he can hear street cars clanging their bells and screeching around curves and banging over crossings, and the cacophony of the trams here is almost enough to make a Chicagoan homesick for the corner of Madison and State streets.

One of the comforting things about Naples is that it lives up to its reputation. The bay really is breathtakingly beautiful. The Neapolitans really do sing "O Solo Mio" and eat spaghetti. And vice really is more open here than in other cities.

No Monopoly on Vice.

The towns between here and Vesuvius which have often been victims of earthquakes and eruptions have a saying, "Naples commits all the sins—and we pay for them." It is open to doubt whether Naples has a monopoly on sin in this region or in any other, and vice here has been drastically reduced by fascism, but, nevertheless, the city does not exactly hide its night life under a bushel basket.



Mr. Picobac Discusses Fisherman's Habits

Mr. Picobac's duties as an investigator of pipe smoking conditions in Eastern Canada had finally brought him to the harbour of Saint John, N.B. Here he encountered a Bay of Fundy Lobster Fisherman seated on a dock-side "nigger-head" smoking a cold pipe and gazing at the ebbing tide.

"I see you have one of my regular habits," exclaimed Mr. Picobac, genially.

"And which of your regular habits is that?"

"Letting my pipe go out."

"I've run out of tobacco," explained the fisherman.

"Allow me," said Mr. Picobac extending his handy pocket tin of Picobac with old-world politeness.

"The pick of Canada's Burley crop, grown in sunny southern Ontario."

"It's a mild . . . cool . . . sweet smoke," quoted the fisherman with a grin, as he helped himself liberally. "Picobac is another one of my regular habits."

Mr. Picobac having finished his tour of the East, will now journey to the far West. He finds Picobac makes friends everywhere. Try it yourself. Get a tin to-day. On sale where tobacco is sold.

—and don't forget, you get more tobacco for your money.

Good for making cigarettes, too.

Handy pocket tin, 15¢

also in 1/2 lb. Humidor Tins

Picobac

Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Limited

The ingenious promoters of the more unusual forms of night life here seem all to have hit on the idea that visiting firemen will be pleased by classical allusions for every salesman of the local irregular diversions who tried to interest us in them assured us that they were patterned faithfully after those of ancient Pompeii. "Naples is just like Paris," said one representative of vice, intending a compliment to both cities.

Museums "Bowdlerized."

The amount of open solicitation is much less now than it was a few years ago, but it is still difficult to walk more than a half a mile in the hotel district after dark without being approached at least once with an offer of something pretty startling in the way of diversions.

The same fascist policy which has suppressed at least much of the outward manifestations of the vice for which Naples used to be notorious all over the world with Shanghai, Panama and other port cities, has led to the bowdlerizing of both Pompeii and the famous Naples museum.

Carved symbols of the sex life of Pompeii have been removed from the ruins, and the erotic wall paintings covered with locked shutters. Similar objects have been put under lock and kept in the museum, partly to remove them from Italian eyes and partly to counteract any foreign impressions that Italians are any more immoral than any other people or ever were.

The Neapolitan Dialect

The Neapolitan accent, like the Neapolitan himself, is famous all over Italy for unintelligibility. All the best Italian stories are at the expense of Neapolitans, and a good part of them depend for their humor on the Neapolitan dialect, which is unintelligible even to most Italians.

The people here seem to have been born with a collective bad case of bronchitis and to have had it ever since. They speak in a deep, hoarse voice, which, at its most audible, bears a close resemblance to a foghorn. Added to the difficulties of understanding is the gigantic conspiracy in which the whole city is engaged against pronouncing the final syllable of any word whatever in any language.

Cauldron of Vitality.

Just as in Rome the real "natives" are the carriage drivers. If you think you can speak and understand Italian, hire a hack and try to talk with the driver.

Life here is a great, seething, boiling cauldron of vitality. A city which has lived for 2,000 years between a volcano and the sea has learned long ago not to take a great many man-made notions too seriously. If you think the Neapolitans are rude and vulgar and not quite nice, perhaps it is because you never lived long enough in Naples.

GERMANY IN DICTATORSHIP COUNTRY'S GRAIN

Berlin, Sept. 19— The government today assumed a virtual dictatorship over the grain supply of the Reich by placing the processing of wheat and rye from the shock to the flour bin under the strict supervision of Walter Darre, minister of food.

This was accomplished by a strict limitation of trading the setting of fixed prices for the two grains, and the establishment of a program of restriction of production.

Under the decree, however, Herr Darre made no pretense of setting "pegged" prices, merely designating temporary levels. For the time being, only wheat and rye will be so affected, the prices being graduated for the various districts.

In Brandenburg the centre of the district, the price of wheat was placed in a range of 182 marks per 1,000 kilograms for October of this year to 195 marks for the same amount next June. (Roughly this ranges from \$1.80 to \$1.92 per bushel).

Punishment Severe

Severe punishment was provided for trading in grain futures and for speculative transactions.

"We will find ways and means to punish growers who attempt to increase production despite this warning," said Herr Darre, "thereby seeking to enrich themselves at the cost of their neighbors."

Herr Darre also explained details for organization of the farmers into a "peasants estate." The Minister will become the peasant leader and surround himself with a staff of assistants preliminary to another projected law providing for the assistance of agriculture and the regulation of markets and prices.

CAMEL DRANK UP THE MAN'S COLLAR AND TIE A BAHTING POOL

(New York Sun)

De Wolf Hopper's song about the man who had an elephant on his hands which broke him by eating hay was recalled today when the Red D liner Caracas reached port from a trip to the West Indies and South America. Capt. Harry Hichborn had an elephant on his hands—in fact he had a whole circus—on the trip down, which started at New York on August 24th.

"That elephant must have been crossed with a goat," he said. "Her name was Topsy and they told me she was 68 years old. She weighed three tons and we had to quarter her on the forward deck. They chained her feet but they forgot to chain her trunk."

"Before we were twenty four hours out two heavy tarpaulins used to cover the hatches a lot of tackle, fifty feet of deck hose and a whole chest full of signal flags had disappeared. The circus people said Topsy had eaten them. I think she threw them overboard but her keeper insisted that she would eat anything she could get in her mouth."

"We cleared everything movable out of reach of Topsy's trunk and she confined her appetite to hay, thereafter. She ate two bails of hay a day and was always hungry."

"On the after deck we had a trained camel. Evidently the camel had gone through a fasting period for the first day out she emptied the canvas bathing pool which was filled with fresh water. With the water inside the camel, the passengers had to go without their swims."

"There were thirty performers with the circus, which belonged to Monge Bros. Every afternoon they would go up in the rigging and practice. I was afraid that some of them would fall overboard but we didn't lose a single acrobat."

"On the last day of the voyage the circus people obliged with a performance. The master of ceremonies was the Rt. Rev. Charles B. Colmore, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Puerto Rico. That night the female member of a troupe of performing pigs gave birth to a litter of eight little pigs. Oh, it was some trip, all right!"

World Court Judge Arrives

Aboard the Ward liner Oriente, which followed the Caracas into the harbor, was Judge Antonio Bustamante, who is a Judge of the World court, and who is on his way to The Hague for a session of that tribunal, with which he has been connected for eight years. He is accompanied by his secretary, Dr. Carlos Musse.

CENTRAL KINGSCLEAR

Sept. 19—The farmers of this vicinity are busily digging their potatoes and so far there is a very good yield.

Rev. J. S. Gregg and Mrs. Gregg was visiting Mrs. Gregg's brother of this place one day last week.

Mrs. H. W. Kilburn, who has been visiting friends in Fredericton for the past week has returned home.

Mrs. Charles Murray is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Thompkins in Carleton County.

Mrs. E. P. Cliff of East St. John spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Kilburn of this place.

Rev. Mr. H. E. Thomas and Mrs. Thomas was calling on friends of this place.

H. B. Cliff and son Lee and two Grandsons from Presque Isle, Maine were the guests of Mr. H. W. Kilburn one day last week.

PICCALILLI

Two quarts green tomatoes
Two quarts cabbage or celery
One quart onions
Two green peppers
Three sweet red peppers
One cup salt
Two quarts vinegar
Two pounds brown sugar
One teaspoon pepper
Three tablespoons mustard seed
Two tablespoons mustard
One and one half teaspoons paprika
Chop the vegetables. Sprinkle them with salt and let stand over night. Drain and press out as much liquid as possible. Pour on the vinegar, add the sugar and spice. Cook one hour and pack into hot jars.

THE MAN'S COLLAR AND TIE PARTED COMPANY NEARLY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

The tie, that modern adjunct to the Puritan style of neckwear crept in in male attire that is designed to lend the shape of a doublet cut to the one intriguing dash of color to the neckline and banded with a collar of otherwise drab tout ensemble, has a fine embroidery. Fifty years from then history that dates back hundreds of years. In the days of Father Adam, the increased in size until the year 1575 long and untrammelled beard did the work of hiding the Adam's apple fairly frill came into existence. In 1600 the thoroughly, but later, we understand, frill took a downward angle and he clipped his masculine growth and came priestlike in its more simple expression. During the evolution of the This doubtless was considered modish next fifty years the Van Dyke collar was introduced and the next century brought forth a fussier style with tab ends of embroidery loosely tied. The days of the peruke then grew and became more than a passing whim and with it the lace jabot of elegant origin. This seems to have been a highly favored style and as the years rolled by various more or less fussy neckpieces were worn. In the year 1800 what is known as a Gladstonian collar was launched. In this collar the germ of our present day conventional collar. It gradually developed with the peaks becoming less and less upstanding, although the ties varied in their form from the extravagant bow and later the four-in-hand, up to the mode of 1933.

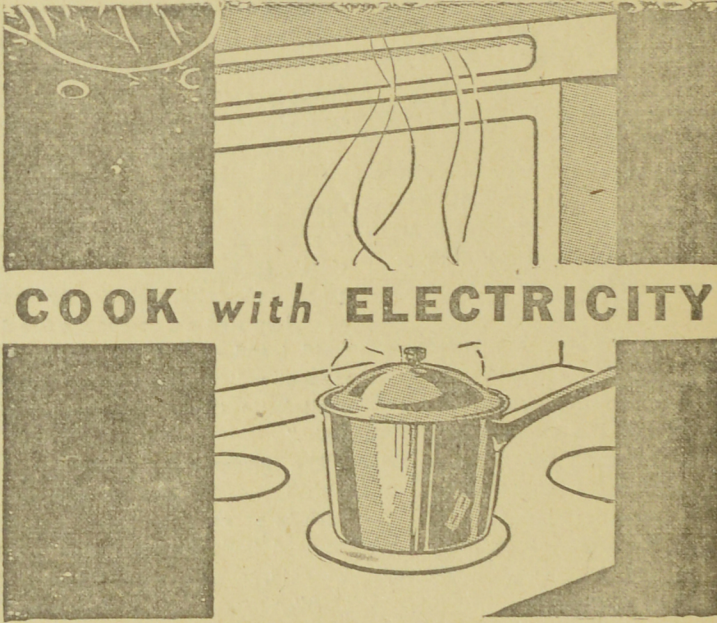
It is interesting to note that it was not until the year 1935 that the collar parted company with the necktie, the collar taking part with the shirt and the necktie playing a novel role. Among the hypocrisies of the age the dicky was a flagrant offence.

Soon shall the poet sing of falling leaves,
And drench the page with many a futile tear;
Across the hazy land the rhymster grieves,
For leafage drifting down the dying year.

We muse on this while bringing in the sheaves,
And hit on this solution if you please;
Of course we know the trees can't leave the leaves,
And so it comes to pass leaves leave the trees.

Passing Modes

Starting from the year 1200, when the Vikings of the North were known for their bravery, necks were adorned only with massive chains and lockets. Some two hundred years later a



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the FLAMELESS Heat

DON'T confuse electricity with ordinary types of fuel. Electricity is energy—energy that at the turn of a switch becomes light, power or HEAT. And Electric heat is an unsurpassed cooking medium. It is fast, convenient, safe, economical and unlike any fuel, it is FLAMELESS. There is nothing to burn; no ashes, smoke or soot. Electricity never has to be ordered. The turn of a switch provides all the clean, intense heat you want.

Electricity compares favorably with ANY fuel in cost. Your electric range dealer or your electric company will give you an estimate of the cost of electric cooking in your home. You will be surprised at the small increase in your electric bill when you cook this modern way. Inquire to-day.

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Hot water...day in and day out...any hour...is yours when you have an Automatic Electric Water Heater. Investigate its economy. Ask your dealer or consult us.

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