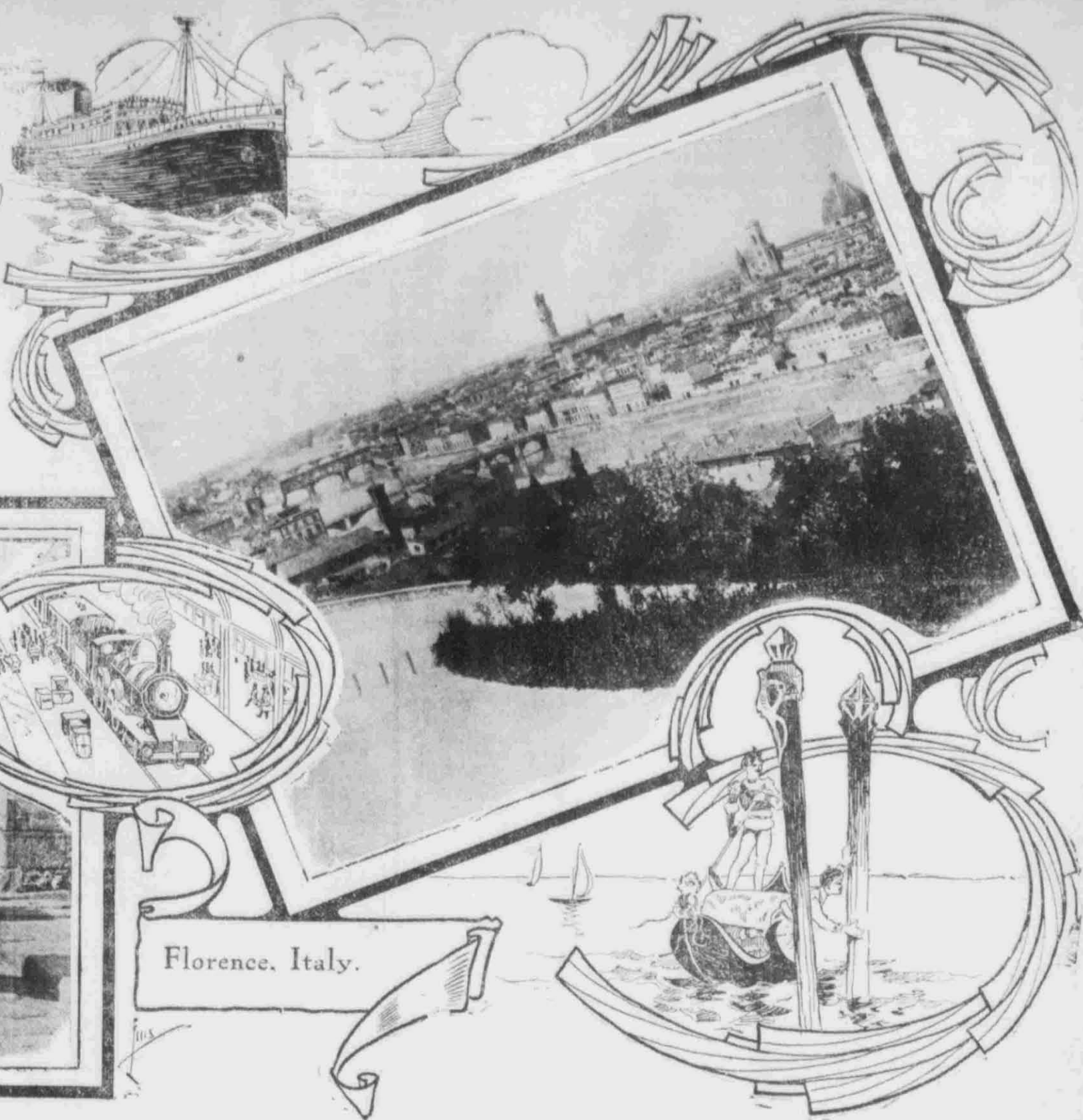


Journal & Salt Lake Pilgrimage



Florence, Italy.

Street in Pompeii.

Special Correspondence.

NAPLES, Italy, March 6, 1909.—The attractions of Naples remain, as they have done for generations past, and as they will probably do for generations to come, first, Vesuvius, second the adjacent ruins of disintegrated Pompeii, and third, the city itself. It is hard to put the city third in the list, so full of interest is the teeming seaport, the blue bay which Nelson so loved, the picturesque isles around, especially Capri, where the corals come from, and more than all, the color, atmosphere, life, even the tremendous squallor of the city itself. Its population exceeds half a million, the overwhelming majority seeming to burrow like ants, in habitations on the hill sides, whence they swarm to work, to lie about in the sun, or a fair proportion of them, to beg coppers from the armies of tourists which constantly pass through the land. These are well looked after by a chain of hotels mostly high class, and some of them situated like palaces overlooking the bay. The spring months are those which see the tide of tourist traffic at its highest, and just now southern Italy is all abloom to greet the rush of English, American, French and German sightseers. The Neapolitan serenaders, are abroad in their glory every night, and the witchery of voices, guitars, violins and mandolins fills the air till the lights vanish from the last hotel window, and the last copper has descended to the pavements below. By day, the drives around the bay and the view from the hills are full of enchanting wonderment: the old palaces where the kings and queens of Naples lived, where Nelson first met Lady Hamilton, and where Murat enjoyed his brief taste of princely authority, under Napoleon's gift, still stands well reserved. The National Museum, one of Italy's treasure houses of art, where are grouped most of the relics recovered at Pompeii draws thousands of tourists every month, and the numerous watering resorts hereabouts, especially Sorrento and Capri, are busy

as hives of bees entertaining the visiting thousands.

RESTLESS VESUVIUS

But old Vesuvius, which looms up black, menacing and commanding over the country around, about the same distance from Naples that Etna's peak is from Salt Lake, is the great object of awe inspiring interest to tourists, no matter from what corner of the globe they had. Day and night, through all the years, the crater sends forth a small haze of smoke, just as you see it in pictures, and at certain intervals throughout the ages, whenever the pond below feels in the mood, the old volcano belches forth its terrors, and death devastation and ruin are spread for miles around in the green valleys below. The enterprising firm of Cook & Sons has now built a tramway half way up the mountain, so that the trip is robbed of much of its old time discomfort. We pass the greater part of a cold and rainy day making the journey, and gradually climb up the mountain side, first by means of a trolley line, then by a cog wheel system, till we come to a stop at the terminus. A dense fog prevails and the guides tell us it is useless to think of venturing up to the crater today: in fine weather it is possible to make the trip in an hour and a half's climb right to the edge and to gaze into the seething abyss below.

The famous old mountain now bears but little resemblance to the conical form made familiar in the pictures. After its last destructive eruption, in April, 1800, fully 400 feet of the crater (peak) fell in, collapsed as it were, and the mountain now wears a "sawed off" look, very destructive of its symmetry. In the three days' flow of lava which destroyed that fearful outpour, the villages below, and even parts of Naples itself sat waiting in trembling awe, the arrival of the deadly flood and terrible was the waste it laid wherever it touched the soil. The spot whereon we stand, at the present terminus of Cook's road, was directly in the path of the flood, and the old station, 30 feet high, was entirely submerged. The chimneys are just visible under our feet, and the present station is erected bodily on top of the old one. The rails were also covered to a depth of many feet for a long stretch, and the present line is blasted through the lakes of lava, which extend for down the mountain side, through green and fertile stretches of grapevines and orange trees and over

the roofs of hundreds of houses once the abodes of prosperous peasants. It is black, hard, brittle looking stuff, very similar to the lava rock one sees so plentifully along the Oregon Short Line in many parts of Idaho, but wherever it flowed it meant destruction. We gaze upon many a garden which it missed and still others where it stopped short at the boundary line, or where a wall sent it off in another direction. Even in Naples, while the stream of lava did not flow that far, a steady rain of ashes descended for three days, at the end of which time it lay like so much snow, to a depth of two feet on all the streets and house-tops of the city.

They long ago lost all track of the number of eruptions Vesuvius has to its credit, since it first began doing business, and while visitors are apt to think it a most undesirable neighbor for a great and populous city, the average Neapolitan seems to take it as a matter of course. It always gives warning, he says, before it commences work, and the people who plant the crops around its base must take their chances.

Vesuvius now stands about 4,000 feet above sea level; its former height was 4,600. It is first mentioned by Strabo, the writer, in A. D. 24, who says it had been quiet so long, that its terrors had almost been forgotten. But in 63 A. D. it burst forth again, and it was 16 years later, in 79 A. D., that the historic eruption occurred which covered over the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii and left them in oblivion for something like 1,700 years. It was at the destruction of the last named city, that the historian, Pliny, the elder, lost his life; going forth as a modern reporter might, to watch the eruption, note book in hand, he ventured too near, and was suffocated by the fumes. About 50 outbursts were recorded between that and 1872, when there was another terrific eruption, and then the mountain was comparatively quiet, till the outbreak of 1890. Vesuvius lies about 200 miles due north of Messina, and at the recent earthquake there, showed some signs of activity, but little if any damage resulted.

POMPEII UNCOVERED.

We devote an interesting day to Pompeii, where the excavations are still going on, and new art discoveries and curiosities are still being uncovered. We watch the workmen with spe-

cial interest, and note the care with which they handle their picks and shovels in sifting out the ashes which form the covering to the fated city. The storn which buried Pompeii was first entirely of ashes, so that everything was perfectly preserved. On top of the ash deposit, there came a shower of fine pebbles, and it is through these two layers, first of stone, and then of ashes, that the workmen have to conduct their operations. The depth averages 15 feet, and if nature had wanted to devise a perfect sort of embalming material, she could have devised nothing better as a preservative of the life-arts and household customs of the Romans of the first century. It was in 1748 that in digging a well, a peasant discovered that a submerged city lay under his pick, and what 160 years of excavation have brought forth to the gaze of a wondering world, everyone is familiar with. Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii" has given the place an immortal fame, and not the least interesting part of our visit was in noting the places where the great author paused and made the notes in 1825, from which he constructed his story. Of course he drew largely on his wonderful imagination, and as we visit the baths, and the forum, where so much of his story is laid, we incline to the view that he really wrote with the ruins of Rome in his mind's eye, rather than those of the more modest Pompeii.

The population of the place at the time of the destruction by Vesuvius was nearly 30,000. All the people escaped except about 1,000, the prisoners, the crippled and bedridden, who were abandoned to their fate, and the perfect moulds left by the bodies, which long ago crumbled, the shapes of the bodies being reformed by pouring plaster into the moulds, are among the most interesting of all the discoveries. The government of Italy derives a handsome revenue from the fees charged tourists, a stream of whom, like ourselves, spent the day tramping over the identical pavements which were pressed by the feet of the Pompeians of 2,000 years ago.

GRAND OPERA Sidelights.

March 7.—We are just back from our first experience with grand opera, done in one of the standard homes of grand opera, "Aida" being the bill, the San Carlo theater of Naples the opera house, and a first class Italian company the performers. It was nearly 11:30 when the final curtain fell, but we were surprised to note that the audience remained seated, and that there was going to be a fifth act in the shape of a

ballet. Indeed, judging by the number of late arrivals—many of the boxes were not filled till nearly 10 o'clock—the ballet was the principal attraction; we did not wait to see it. As far as the performance went, it was fine, but not up to the standard in New York, at either the Metropolitan or the Manhattan. The orchestra of 60 men was the best feature; the chorus sang well, but acted with an indifference and listlessness simply astonishing; such stage management would be impossible even in Salt Lake; the principals were all good, but the only one approaching the first grade was Aida, the soprano, and the tenor, as usual, was unsatisfactory.

The audience was much more interesting to us than the performers. On entering the lobby, our Pilgrim band was literally taken possession of by a chattering mob of attendants, who strip you of your outer wraps, umbrellas, hats, etc., and charge you a franc and a half for the privilege. You pay for your program, or you do without one. On entering the great auditorium (about one-third larger than the Salt Lake theater, five tiers of boxes, reaching to the roof, but no gallery whatever, the seats downstairs ranging from one dollar up to three, in price), you are struck by the small turnout; the box reserved for royalty (who attend no places of amusement since the Messina disaster) is dark throughout the evening. There are not 50 people in all the other tiers, and not more than 150 down stairs. Many generously informed police stand about the aisles. But the house gradually fills up, and by 10 o'clock it is fairly full. The boxes are occupied by the swells of Naples, who, by the way, are but feeble imitations of the blase and brilliance of New York opera habitués. But they can give the New Yorkers cards and spades in the matter of noise and chatter. Many of them do not glance at the stage at all, but turn their backs upon it, and proceed to have a lively and very audible conversation during the evening. To such an extent does the nuisance arise at one time, that the people downstairs, who follow the opera with breathless attention, all look up toward the offending gossipers and emit a chorus of hisses. This silences them for a time. At the end of each act, indeed, after such notable solo, the people in the parquet shout "Bravo!" "Buena!" "Encore!" and shout the names of the singer with an enthusiasm quite startling. When the curtain has been rung up once, however, and the stars reappear to bow, the applause subsides. Encores seem to be unthought of.

They are quite enthusiastic, these audiences, but they are merciless in their criticism. Once the tenor, in attempting a very high note, made a palpable, but not a very bad break. Instantly the air was filled with a storm of hisses and a hum of indignant comment like one hears at a political meeting where a speaker says something that jars on his hearers: poor fellow; the sympathy of our group went out to him, and we scowled silently at three or four murderous looking gentlemen who were gesticulating over the "off note."

as violently as though the tenor had done them a personal injury.
H. G. W.

OF POUND A WEEK

At least, is what a young lady ought to gain in weight. Does your? If not there's something wrong with your digestion. Give it Mother's Baby Food and it will begin eating at once. Cures stomach and bowel troubles, aids digestion, builds strength, good for teething babies. Price, 30c and 50c. Sold by J. C. M. I. Drug Dept. 112 and 114 South Main Street.

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will be ashes whisked away by every breeze. Every time a place is burned, everyone asks if it was insured; if the answer comes "No," a look comes back meaning, "What a fool!" Phone 500 to talk it over. All kinds of fire insurance. Heber J. Grant & Co., 26 Main. See our new offices.

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LINCOLN'S TRAINING.

What would modern educational experts have made of Lincoln if, as a baby, he had been put in their care? They would probably have started him on sterilized milk, clothed him in disinfectant garments, sent him to kindergarten where he would have learned to weave straw mats and sing about the blue bird on the branch. Then the doctor would have attended his teeth, the oculist would have fitted him with glasses, and in the primary grade he would have been taught by pictures and diagrams the difference between a cow and a pig and through nature study he would have learned that the catbird did not lay kittens. By the time he was eight he would have become a "young gentleman" at 16 he would know more than the old folks at home, at 12 or 14, he would take up manual training and within two years make a collaring of 1890. Vesuvius lies about 200 miles due north of Messina, and at the recent earthquake there, showed some signs of activity, but little if any damage resulted.

AND HE PROBABLY DID.

"What can I do," roared the fiery orator, "when I see my country going to ruin, when I see our oppressors' hands at our throats, strangling us, and the black clouds of hopelessness obliterate the golden sun of prosperity? What, I ask, what can I do?" "You now," shouted the audience.—New York Times.

Forging to the Front Attracting Thousands In Our Early Spring Offerings, one of the Finest as Well as the Greatest Sale of Modern Times

It will be worth your while to pay a visit to our store and see selling never before witnessed in all Salt Lake. A seething Mass of Humanity clamoring for the Many bargains nowhere else to be found—and next Monday morning prompt as the big store opens, we commence the greatest Carnival of price smashing on high grade goods that was ever made in Utah. We offer for Graduating dresses, waists and costumes an immense variety of white mulls, Nanooks, India Linens and beautiful, fancy effects from 11 cents a yard up to should attract all lovers of nice goods. A great assortment of Embroideries, all widths and kinds. A great line at 10c and 40c per yard. You should not miss seeing this great line of embroideries and especially our 27 inch wide at 68c well worth up to \$2.50 per yard. One Thousand pieces of beautiful wash goods that will bring all lovers of fine goods this way—an absolute slaughter on wash goods. Come early and procure the many bargains that await your coming. Tissue line—Bradford serge and Leighton Suits—and fifty more different and exclusive styles and effects worth up to 25c per yard. Monday we cut 'em all loose at the astonishing low price of 9 cents per yard—Come quick and to make everybody feel good, we put on sale, Toile de Noire Gingham at 8 cents per yard and apron checks at the low price of 5 cents per yard—Come get your wants for the next six months—Our third week and the great sale is growing Greater—Watch the crowds and see the Big Bunches leaving this store every minute of the day—Its prices that's talking out loud. Now, and we say to one and all that next week we turn loose to all of the people thousands of shirt waists and dressing saques at prices never before heard of in all Salt Lake. Come attend the Greatest Price Smashing sale ever witnessed in Salt Lake. We bid you welcome. Just arrived—100 beautiful tailor made suits—sale price \$12.50.

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