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LUGGAGE LABELS

I was once travelling on a small branch line on the west coast of France with a quantity of hand luggage which had already seen a good deal of service. The young fellow who collected the tickets on the jolly little local train could not take his eyes off the fine coloured pictures on my handbags.

In one place where we stopped for some time, he fetched his pal from the engine to help him decipher the labels on the bags, by no means so legible as they had been in their pride. I heard them puzzling out with wondering admiration ROME... NAPLES... PARIS... They consulted together in low tones for a while and then the younger plucked up courage to put the decisive question: "Were you really in all those places yourself?"

Luggage labels ought to stimulate the imagination. We hope to find the goal of our journeys just such a "far-off Fairyland" as it is represented to be on the gloriously gorgeous hotel posters. We see posters which arouse definite prospects of delight. When we see a red and yellow label "Hotel du Soleil Levant" glowing from some strange suit-case on a luggage rack opposite, we no longer harbour

