



But That's Another Story



A Confusion of Terms.

THE modern terms for fashionable garments are somewhat bewildering. A woman was speaking not long ago in derision of her husband's absolute ignorance of fashionable raiment, and the various names used to describe it.

"For instance," she said, with emphasis, "he actually talked the other day about how absurd a woman's fashions are, and accused me of wearing a harem hat and a helmet skirt."

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Lots of Trouble.

"DO you have much trouble with your automobile?"

"Trouble. Say, I couldn't have more if I was married to the blamed machine."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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So Much Easier.

A TOURIST while travelling in the north of Scotland, far away from anywhere, exclaimed to one of the natives: "Why, what do you do when any of you are ill? You can never get a doctor."

"Nae, sir," replied Sandy. "We've jist to dee a natural death."

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Those Little Dishes.

TOMMY ate his first meal at a country hotel, when he was nine years old, and the experience was an event. He was especially interested in the collection of small, thick dishes containing side orders scattered about his place. When he went home he gave a graphic description of the meal.

"And what do you think, mamma," he concluded, "we ate most of the things out of birds' bath tubs."

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Wouldn't Stay Bought.

A GUEST was expected for dinner and Bobby had received five cents as the price of his silence during the meal. He was as quiet as a mouse until, discovering that his favorite dessert was being served, he could no longer curb his enthusiasm. He drew the coin from his pocket and, rolling it across the table, exclaimed:

"Here's your nickel, mamma. I'd rather talk."—*Success Magazine.*

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Teaching a Girl to Swim.

M. R. HOPKINSON SMITH, painter, author, engineer and professional optimist, tells a story showing that Boston boys of the street are like all others. He overheard a conversation between two youngsters selling newspapers.

"Say, Harry, w'at's the best way to teach a girl how to swim?" asked the younger one.

"Dat's a cinch. First off you puts yer left arm under her waist and you gently takes her left hand—"

"Come off; she's me sister."

"Aw, push her off de dock."

—*Cosmopolitan.*

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A Reminder.

HE had joined the multitude in New York since his quick fortune came to him, and was entertaining friends at dinner. The service was magnificent, and so was the dinner. His wife, gorgeously clad, reigned over the table.

During a lull in the conversation he watched a servant who was dexterously removing crumbs from the cloth. Then he looked down the glistening table at his jewelled wife and remarked:

"Jennie, remember when you used to shake the tablecloth out of the back door to the hens?"—*The Housekeeper.*

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An Oversight.

SCENE: A crowded railway carriage. Bald-headed, Pompous Old Man (addressing passengers)—Talk about the poor of England; it's their own fault. Now, just look at

me. I'm a self-made man, and proud to say so. I started with nothing but brains, and look at me now.

Stuttering Man in Corner (who is seen endeavoring to speak)—What d-d-do you call yourself—a sel-sel-sel-made man?

Pompous Old Man—Yes, sir—a self-made man. Can you contradict me?

Stuttering Man—Oh, n-n-no. Only I thought that if you-you-you were a self-self-made man, why the d-d-dickens didn't you-you-you put some hair on your head?

Collapse of bald-headed, pompous old man.—*Tit-Bits.*

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Testing An Egg.

"REALLY, Jane," remonstrated her mistress, "you must learn to be more careful and test the eggs before you mix them in the pudding! Now, a good way of testing, is to take an egg in your hand, swing it around a few times and then place it to your ear. If it gives out a pleasant murmuring sound, you may then be quite sure that it is fresh and good."

Like a dutiful cook, Jane promised in future to obey her mistress's instructions, and that same night there was hot baked custard for dinner.

At least, there was to have been hot baked custard. But at the crucial moment Jane appeared upon the scene

with nothing to show but a tear-stained face.

"Well, Jane," anxiously enquired her mistress.

"Please, mum," gasped the saddened servant, "there's a little something gone wrong. I was a-testin' the egg, as you told me, and a-swingin' it around, when it slipped out of my hand, and blessed if it didn't biff the policeman in the eye as he was watchin' me through the window. An' please, mum," concluded the cook, breaking down utterly, "I think it was a good egg, too, for I listened, and I heard a murmurin'—oh, quite a loud murmurin', mum!"—*Tit-Bits.*

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Go 'Way, Mistuh House-fly.

Go 'way, Mistuh House-fly! Don' you sign dat song to me!

I's hyuhd about yoh doin's; you's es tough as you kin be;

You's been aroun' a-lunchin' on typhoid an' things,

Till you's jus' about as danj'us as a rattle-snake wif wings.

I didn't use to min' you when you come a-browsin' round,

Ca'se I knowed a slap 'ud send you tumblin' senseless to de groun'

But since I hyuhd dem white folks, I's as skyah't as kin be,

Go 'way, Mistuh House-fly! Don' you sing dat song to me! —*Adapted.*



HOLY WEEK IN THE ETERNAL CITY

Continued from page 6

To the religious, Holy Week in Rome means more than a mere study of ancient history or the meditation even upon the sentiment "*sic transit gloria mundi*." The very air takes on a devotional spirit, and what with the presence of strangely-garbed pilgrims, cowed monks, robed priests and church dignitaries of various degrees, it is difficult even for the ordinary tourists to escape the feeling of religious interest that pervades the place. Rome is a city of churches. There are eighty devoted to the Virgin Mary alone. This will at once evidence the utter impossibility of visiting them all, or even the best of them, within a reasonable time. That they are lavishly ornate, and for the most part wonderfully artistic in interiors, at least is due to the artistic abundance and cheapness of Italian handicraft and skill. Such profusion of decoration almost palls upon one, and certainly leads to an inevitable contrast between the abject condition of the people and their temples of worship when it does not invite a comparison of the lowly ideals of the Nazarene with the imposing splendor of His representatives and their temples.

Apart from such churches as Santa Maria Maggiore, St. Paul's Without-the-Walls, St. John in Lateran, St. Lorenzo, Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, St. Sebastian and Santa Scala, which are amongst the oldest churches in Rome, St. Peter's should be visited almost daily in order to appreciate its magnificence and charm. It stands practically upon the spot where Nero had his gardens, and it is said that the Egyptian obelisk now surmounted by a cross and Christian inscriptions, actually looked down upon the condemned Christians who, arrayed in shirts soaked in pitch, were tied to stakes and set on fire to illuminate the grounds on the occasion of the fete given by the Emperor to the Romans, when he sought to divert public suspicion from himself as the author of the previous general conflagration of the city. Near this spot also St. Peter suffered martyrdom, being crucified with his head towards the ground.

The structure is superb, and would easily contain twenty ordinary churches. During Holy Week there is a constant succession of consistories and other gatherings, every day Mass being celebrated by some well-known cardinal. It is interesting to sit by the heroic bronze statue of St. Peter, and watch the passing multitude do it reverence.

Here an old peasant woman, there a distinguished-looking foreigner, here a little child, there a ragged mendicant kisses or presses the forehead against the toe of the image, which is almost worn away by the constant process. It is the morning of Holy Thursday, and the place is thronged with pilgrims and visitors. A touching scene is noticed in the southern transept where are placed confessionals with confessors in attendance for all tongues. A fresh-faced, well-dressed maiden enters the one designated "French," and comes forth, her face shining with the joy of absolution. From yonder, marked "Italiana," comes a peasant lad, and the friendly Father as he emerges places his hand upon his head and gives him his blessing. Here the rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is Maker of them all.

Mass is being celebrated by Cardinal Rampolla, and during the *Gloria in Excelsis* all the bells are rung, thenceforth to remain silent throughout the city until the *Gloria* in the Mass of Holy Saturday. A large Host, consecrated during the Mass, is carried in procession afterwards to a side altar called the Sepulchre, richly decorated, on which it remains until the day following, when it is brought back, offered in adoration to the people and consumed by the celebrant. In the evening the office of *Tenebrae* is chanted. The edifice is in almost absolute darkness except for the fitful gleams of candles or torches. Near the altar a large candlestick is placed with fifteen candles in the form of a triangle representing the light of Christ and the prophets who predicted His coming. As the psalms are sung the candles are extinguished until only the topmost, representing Christ, remains. During the *Miserere* this is removed and placed behind the altar, signifying the temporary extinction of the light of Christ during entombment. In the darkness pervading the sanctuary the mournful cadences of the *Miserere*, the bareness of the altar, the enshrouded Cross, the shadowy outlines of the statuary and pictures all conspire to create a scene of weirdness never to be forgotten. From the great cathedral the crowds disperse in comparative silence, and crossing the moonlit bridges of the Tiber, find their way back to the city. By some strange instinct we are drawn towards the Colosseum, and wandering amidst the softened shadows of the great amphitheatre we meditate upon

the blood of the martyrs which again and again drenched its cruel sands and became the seed of the Church which transformed pagan idolatry and cruelty into the faith and sweetness of Christianity.

Good Friday finds us visiting the Church of the Holy Stairs, where the faithful upon their knees ascend what are said to be the actual steps of Pilate's Judgment Hall, brought to Rome by St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. The stairs which, of course, are of stone, are covered with wood, but the knowledge or conviction that upon the anniversary of His condemnation and execution they are actually traversing the same steps as their Lord appears to fill the devoted hearts of those who go through the trying ordeal with joy unspeakable. In the afternoon we drive out past the Colosseum, the Arch of Constantine, through the Appian Way, which for eleven miles has been cleared of the accumulated debris of the ages, traversing the very roadway over which passed not only Roman conquerors, but the Apostles Paul and Peter. We visit the celebrated tombs or catacombs of St. Calistus, in which the Christians were compelled to assemble during the neronian and subsequent persecutions. Here it was that the early presbyters served the communicants from wooden chalices in a fellowship far closer and sweeter no doubt than that which is to-day cemented by that served in vessels of gold and silver. Returning by the new Appian Way we notice once more at closer range the remains of the Aqueduct of Claudius.

On Saturday we visit again St. Peter's in Vaticano and take time to go over more carefully its art treasures as well as those of the Vatican. We mount to the Dome, and after looking down upon the interior of the basilica ascend the winding stairs to obtain a view of the city and surrounding country from this eminence. A visit to St. Peter's in Vincolo is worth while on account of its holding the celebrated statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo.

Easter Sunday is announced by a tremendous alarum of bells as well as the muffled roar from the streets below of thousands of feet wending their way to different churches to Easter confession and early Mass, for this is a holiday in a larger sense than a mere religious festival with the Italian. As we are not so intensely religious as these early birds we content ourselves with waiting for breakfast, then sallying forth for St. Paul's-without-the-Walls we visit the scene of the final act in the great drama of the Apostle to the Gentiles. We pass through the gate still called by his name, where stands the pyramid of Gaius Cestius, upon which Paul's eyes must have rested as he marched with the escort of Roman soldiers, followed at a distance by a little band of devoted Christians. About three miles from the city we reach the spot where he was beheaded and upon which now stands the noble edifice to which his name has been given, and which is said to cover his bones. On our return to the city we take part in the Easter service in the Protestant Episcopal Church, which was the occasion of the recent difficulty with the Vatican on the part of Ex-President Roosevelt, and Ex-Vice-President Fairbanks. The simple service forms a striking contrast to the Easter Mass in St. Paul's.

In the afternoon we visit the Borgese Gardens on the Pincian Hill, the resort for time immemorial of the elite of the Eternal City. In this immense park, which is at once the Rotten Row and Hyde Park of Rome, the rich and the bourgeois, if not the poor, meet together and listen to the band or roll in handsome equipage over the smooth roads. The forty days of Lent are over and the people yield themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure. Throughout the city one finds the *al fresco* restaurants in full swing, the sidewalks overflowing with joyful parties sipping their wine and enjoying their freedom from the restraints of church fasts. Outside the gates the "osteria" are enjoying unwarranted patronage, little picnic parties gathering under vines that are just breaking into leafage. The lightness of Italian character is everywhere attested by the good humor and friendliness that seem everywhere to prevail in spite of apparent poverty, for to-day the people are ground down by taxation as cruel and relentless as any ever levied by the Caesars in order to maintain an army and navy for which they seem to think they have no less need than their ancestors in the "brave days of old."