

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1907.



The traveler who has never been to Rome pictures the Eternal City as a pile of old ruins and old buildings steeped in history. Once entering one of the several gates of those old walls that surround the place, the picture he has painted on the canvas of his imagination changes, the buildings and ruins fall into the background, the streets and life occupy the center of the stage. As he drives up the Via Nazionale he sees broad streets, adorned with a handsome fountain, arcades, shops and hotels, the place has such an air of modernity he wonders if the Old Rome he once knew through his history has been wiped away. He is even more surprised in his hotel for even Paris offers nothing more splendid. The large reading-room is in greatest number, the dining five o'clock tea, with men chatting with their friends, reading the newspapers and smoking their cigars. The picture is quite as gay and cosmopolitan as could be seen in the most popular hotels in Paris and London. The American and English women are in greatest number, they are dressed in rich reception gowns, with handsome furs and splendid jewelry, having been to several receptions given by friends in their fine apartments and at the foreign embassies.

Interesting as the scene is, it is commonplace with the one he sees in the dining room a few hours later. From the balcony come sweet strains of Italian airs, the room is brilliant with light and beautiful women attired in smartest of evening gowns. Some are giving dinner parties to friends from home; others are going to the theatre or to a grand ball. By nine o'clock the dining hall is cleared and the reception hall is again crowded with guests listening to the music and chatting with friends.

Next morning the traveler is awakened by the loud churchbells and soft strains of music from some of the large churches. It is to the Basilica di St. Peter that he goes down into the street, the side-walks are filled with men and women on their way to one of the many churches. It is to the Basilica di St. Giovanni, in Laterano, he will go, his knowledge of Roman history recalls to him that the Vatican and this Basilica are the two most important churches in Rome. This church was founded way back in the time of Constantine, and is the cathedral of the Pope, who takes possession of it after his election. The drive is long and tedious over hard cobblestones that make the ascent unpleasant. He tries to forget the jolting of the cab as he interests himself in the passing crowd. Old women, care-worn-looking men and small children trudge along the steep, narrow path. He is taken back by a pretty girl, gay in Roman scarf and embroidered apron, popping her head into the window and offering him a large bouquet of violets. Though he shakes head No, she persists they are pretty monnaie—One lire too much, what will you give?

When he enters one of the several domes of the church he is met with as many bargains as he expects and is not allowed to pass until he hands the pennies round. From the main altar comes the sweet strains of the splendid organ and the harmonious voices of many choir boys. The great floor and even the small chapels are black with worshippers. Getting up the main aisle, his eyes rest upon many handsome fluted pilasters and heavy columns adorned with lifelike statues of the apostles. Most of the chapels are decorated with rich statues, but the finest is the Pietà, by Bernini, that adorns the subterranean chapel of the Corsini family. It is very much like Michael Angelo's Pietà, but the carving is finer and the patient suffering of the Madonna is expressed with perfect restraint.

He has not driven far when the driver calls his attention to a small, worn baptistry, and adds: "You must see that, sir, it is one of the oldest sanctuaries in Rome." The walls and ceilings are most attractive objects in the church is the baptismal urn, an antique urn supposed to have been the one in which Constantine was baptized and seen by Rini, the last of the Tribunes, the day he was made a knight.

Sunday morning is the great day of visiting the Borghese Villa. On this day out one passes many small shops, fish and fruit-stands close to the old walls—children playing in the streets—and loving mothers watching their babies before the doors. The grounds are a worthy surrounding for this lovely place. They are filled with woods, splendid old ruins and are adorned by fountains and small cascades. This wonderful park now belongs to the city of Rome but it was built by Cardinal Scipio Borghese and was rebuilt in 1782 by Marcantonio Borghese. When the Borghese Palace was sold a large part of its collection was brought here. The hallway is large and splendid and the ceiling is adorned with a rare fresco. On the floor are several rare mosaics, one represents a dancing faun and another depicts gladiators in combat with wild beasts. One of the walls is decorated with a bas-relief—that of a youth driving his pig. Here are seen several of Canova's best works, the statue of Pauline Borghese is considered his chef d'œuvre. The beautiful sister of Napoleon is resting on a couch. The exquisite features are carved with perfect skill, and the soft folds of her dress are draped to disclose the charm of her slight girl-like form. This gallery is rich in the works of Bernini, one of the most talented of the Florentine Sculptors. Though he modeled his "David With a Stone" when he was only 15, the beauty of the face and the virility of the form make this a great masterpiece. A greater achievement is the Athena and Andromeda by the same artist. The contrast between the old man who is so feeble he cannot walk and the splendid strength and manly courage of Athena are represented with perfect mastery.

Besides many other splendid marble figures there is seen a Porphyry bath said to have been found in Hadrian's Mausoleum and a beautiful antique vessel of Rome, the only one of its kind in Rome. A rival to these statues is the picture



THE VATICAN

gallery above stairs. It was only recently purchased by the Italian government and is one of the best collections in Rome. The most valued picture in the collection is the Mater Dolorosa of Andrea del Sarto. Nowhere is beauty made lovelier by sorrow than in this face of this Madonna. Here are also seen Lorenzo di Credi's Madonna with the Flower and the Entombment of Raphael. On the way back one passes the Palace of the Medici, though the Palace is large and has some interesting collections such as casts of statues not preserved in Rome the gardens are the more attractive. The gardens are laid out in a series of terraces, fountains and statues half hidden by heavy foliage.

The globe-trotter may feel that he has not seen enough for one day but the traveler has learned to combine sight-seeing with pleasure and so he decides to spend the afternoon on the Pincian Hill which because of its charm and life might well be called the Heart of Rome. The Via Nazionale is already alive with men and women who are going to walk on the Pincian Hill. Even livelier is the Corso, the principal business street in Rome; the side-walks are black with men and women waiting to see the handsome equipages drive by. A broad, winding road leads up to the summit. As one ascends the handsome column of Marcus Aurelius stands in full view. Like the Trajan column it is decorated with scenes from the Emperor's wars. The column, which is 95 feet in height, is crowned with a statue of Paul. The road-way on either side is flanked with woods and statues. It was not until Napoleon's time that the Pincio was made into these pleasure grounds. Here were once the gardens of Lucullus and it was in these gardens that the wife of Claudius held her bacchanalian feasts. The summit is laid out with beautiful gardens. Great rows of carriages are lined about the grand-stand where the military band plays every Sunday afternoon. Many of the smart equipages are owned by English and Americans who live in Rome, though well-to-do Italians are in the minority. They are dressed in the latest Parisian fashions; they make this a great social event by receiving visits in their carriages. The gardens are filled with dark-eyed nurses, recognized by their cap of ribbons with long streamers. Beyond the flower beds is a long alley lined with busts of great statesmen and poets. By five o'clock the Corso even to the roadway is so crowded by men and women that the drivers wind their way through with great difficulty. It is quite impossible to get a seat in some of the cafes, every bit of space is taken with people sipping coffee and eating ices.

The traveler who starts off with his pulse and life in Rome waits for his guide books and wanders up the street to find something picturesque. He meets plenty of English women starting off on a hard day's tramp to the Forum or the Vatican. In marked contrast are groups of energetic Americans who are out to see much in a short time without expending a great deal of physical energy, they are being driven about in vehicles and are led to the chief places of importance by professional guides. He has not journeyed far when he comes upon a splendid square: adorned with fountains and handsome statues. He has little idea what the square is until he glances at the obelisk in the center which tells him that this is the splendid Piazza del Popolo; this is the obelisk Caesar August took from Heliopolis and brought to Rome. From the Piazza three broad streets open up like a fan. He takes one of these at random, the street is quite lonely except for a ragged urchin with golden brown hair and large brown eyes. He is so busy devouring a half loaf of bread that he is quite unconscious of the stranger who is watching him and when spoken to the first words are to beg for a penny. At last he has reached one of the old Roman gates, where vendors are busy spreading out their stocks of fish, vegetables, pots and pans. Very different is the picture on the other side of these old gates. The roadway is quite deserted except for a few farmers at work in the field and a few jagged bearers bringing their load to market.

The next morning he starts off in a different direction and after a hard steep climb he reaches the Capitol. The ascent is made by a broad flight of steps which were built for the triumphal entry of Charles V. Little remains of those great temples of Juno Moneta and Jupiter Capitolinus that once crowned the summit. Now in their place stand the Museum and Municipal buildings. As one ascends, those splendid horses, Castor and Pollux, appear in the foreground. In the garden is kept a small statue of a wolf, the symbol of Rome. One is quite bewildered by the great number of statues that fill the great halls. Noteworthy for its size is the colossal statue of Oceanus seen in the courtyard. Passing by many minor statues he enters the Hall of the Portlands. Here he sees a beautiful sarcophagus decorated with reliefs that represent the story of Achilles. The most artistic work is that of Priam kneeling before Achilles as he begs for the body of Hector. This sarcophagus was found outside of the walls in the 16th Century and held the splendid Portland vase now seen in the British Museum.

Another rare work of art is the celebrated Venus of the Capitol. Venus is represented as about to descend into the bath when she hears the approach of a stranger and draws back shrinking timidly. This is considered one of the art treasures in Rome. It was found in a house in the 18th Century walked in a closet. Here is also seen the Red Faun Hawthorne celebrated in the book, The House of the Marble Faun. As he descends the Capitol he sees a great square which he recognizes as the Forum. Looking over the great space he sees the splendid Corinthian Columns raising their heads toward the clear blue sky. This is all that remains of the splendid temple of Mars which once adorned this spot. The Forum was once the great market place in Rome, it was here that Caesar and other great orators harangued the people. Here stood many splendid buildings including the Tabularium, the place where the Archives were kept, the Temple of Concord, Temple of Saturn, Arch of Titus, of Septimius Severus and the Rostra. A few rods away is another square

with splendid marble columns to be recognized as Trajan's Column. This was considered the handsomest monument in ancient Rome. It is decorated with 2600 figures of men. On his way back he hears the booming of cannon announcing that it is mid-day. The fortress-like building he passes is Hadrian's Tomb. It was originally covered with marble which has been taken away, the dark bricks and the size give it a gruesome appearance. Here once were buried all the Roman emperors from Hadrian to Caracalla. Later Gregory the Great erected a handsome chapel on the summit. Within are a number of large apartments none more interesting than the small chamber where Beatrice Cenci was kept a prisoner. It is luncheon hour and the large dining hall is filled with tired looking tourists eating in haste, reading their guide books while waiting for the next course and planning what they will see in the afternoon.

He has seen enough of Rome for one day so he makes a trip to Tivoli, a beautiful suburb outside. The low glen is encircled by high hills. The beauty of the place is enhanced by even cascades that fall into the glen. This place is recorded in undying verse by Horace, whose Sabine farm was not far distant. The country is laid out in farms rich in olive trees and the hillsides are covered with vineyards.

A picturesque touch is given to the scene by the temple of Vesta. A beautiful temple surrounded by an open corridor of Corinthian columns ten of which still remain. Not far away is the Villa d'Este ornamented with fountains, presses and clipped trees. The Villa is a masterpiece of the 16th Century. It was once old and romantic looking. It was once a ruin, though the work gives it a more romantic appearance.

Beyond is Hadrian's villa with magnificent grounds. Here are the remains of Greek, Latin and Oriental theatres, circuses and academies. One of the most attractive places is the Valle of Tempe; it is a copy of the one in Greece and is filled with myrtle and other beautiful trees. The ruins are wonderfully large and show what immense sums the old emperors spent on their palaces. By the time we reach Tivoli the sun is setting its brilliant rays shimmer on the cascades of the temple.

He goes to his hotel after a day well spent, but tired out and glad to rest after many hours of tramping. But there is so much to see and he has seen so little his conscience pricks him as he walks forth next morning to enjoy more of street life. He is met by a vendor who offers him all the strawberries he can eat for 10c. In the street he notices a woman and a dog pulling a heavy load while the man trudges along leisurely.

He turns into a small street and is soon impressed by the poverty and the crowding of the houses. Here he is greeted by many pretty, happy children starting off to school. He walks along and soon passes a church of Byzantine architecture very different from all the other churches he has seen in Rome. He enters and hears a man reading prayers at the main altar. For some devout worshippers. The poverty, the faith and contentment he has seen are the qualities that mark the Gladio, that spiritual force which has helped the Jews, the most spiritual, the most misunderstood people of earth, to withstand the many centuries of hard persecution. A different picture this from the splendid pile he sees as he drives up the steep roadway to St. Peter's. The Cathedral has a breadth that symbolizes power and grandeur increased by the long colonnades on either side with the two splendid fountains and the broad flight of steps. The interior is far more magnificent. Beneath the dome in the center rises a canopy which covers the Tomb of St. Peter. He wanders from chapel to chapel adorned with beautiful marble, raised to the memory of Popes, Cardinals and Princes. Glancing upward he sees the cupola designed by Michel Angelo; beyond is the high altar whose principal adornment is the canopy supported by four arches and as many pillars.

He has only seen a small part of that splendid beauty which has made St. Peter's one of the handsomest monuments in Rome. He enters a gate and after crossing a long court he sees a large garden to one side. These are the splendid gardens of the Pope, rich in vineyards and fruit trees. A guard stops him to explain that he must have special permission to visit the gardens. He steps across to the Vatican museum which has the richest collection of marbles in the world. In the rotunda he sees a magnificent vase of red porphyry found in the house of Nero. It rests on a mosaic floor representing the combat between the Centaurs and Lapithae.

Even more interesting is the Hall of Animals. This collection was made by Pius who wished to gather the most interesting animals of ancient and modern times. He was able to find many he had an artist of great talent to make others. Among this number is seen a group of Tritons carrying off a nymph and a lion devouring a horse.

The great crowds of American, German and English tourists who stand about trying to see as much as possible in a little time push him along. The Lateen Group holds him spellbound, the tightening of the serpent, the struggle, the suffering of the father and his sons is so great that he forgets they are only marble and his body quivers with emotion. In the room beyond is the statue of Melagor that hero who was sung by both Greek and Latin poets. A delightful contrast is the Apollo Belvedere who typifies physical strength, combined with manly beauty. A worthy companion study is the young Mercury so beautifully poised he looks as though he were ready to fly. He goes back to the Vatican time and again there is so much to see that he cannot see it all in a week or a month. The Library of the Vatican is in itself a perfect treasure house. Though only a small part is exhibited there is a Hebrew bible worth \$100,000, illuminated bibles, rare codices, letters of Tasso and Dante. In the school of mosaics he sees many artists copying the beautiful pictures seen in the Vatican and other galleries.

He remains for hours in the Stanza of Raphael whose frescoes are so delicate and coloring so beautiful they might well adorn the dome of heaven. But he has little idea of its vastness until he sees the private apartment. The private staircase is made of rare marble and the ceiling is decorated with frescoes. The party stop before the St. Thomas square and are told that only the popes and cardinals are allowed to enter there. Then follows the corridor to the apartment of the vestments. These walls are copied with Raphael's famous cartoons; the colors are so bright though they had just been dyed. These are so highly prized that they are only used on feast days when the pope celebrates. There are other rare tapestries in the room where the cardinals put on their vestments. Beyond is the hall with a throne, here the people are allowed to assemble to see the Pope and his cardinals pass into the Sistine Chapel. On one side he sees the Leonine Chapel which is now called the Porch of St. Peter. He is electrified by the thoughts that from this corner of the world came the statutes, the spiritual laws and the art creations that helped civilize the world, made Rome the Eternal City—a city which would have meaning for the traveler though every building lay in ruins.

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