

BAEDEKERITES, OLD LADIES, AND GIRLY-GIRLS.

Rome is full of pilgrims. There are of two kinds—guide-book pilgrims and prayer-book pilgrims, or Baedeker pilgrims and St. Peter pilgrims. Of the two, the Baedeker pilgrims are certainly the cleaner, though possibly less pious. They are here in swarms—I had almost said streams, for at any converging point in the Roman microcosm you see tourists in cabs pouring through the opening in streams, like water running out of an irrigating ditch or grain out of a hopper. The sight is amazing. Hour after hour there streams by this curious mass of humanity in cabs. Its general tone is elderly, and women predominate—elderly women with gray hair and spectacles. Mingled with these are large numbers of young women, from the girly-girl who has "finished her education," delivered her valedictory, and sallied forth to view the world through her eighteen-year-old eyes, and to express surprise and disapproval when she finds manners and customs differing from those in her native village. Then there is the other type of young woman. She is about thirty, has seen many social seasons, is still unwed, and is now beginning her education instead of finishing it, like her eighteen-year-old sister. She is painstaking in her study of art, and is often an ardent art-lover. I was going to say enthusiastic, but the veteran maiden has but little enthusiasm left. Yet she is a nice girl—much nicer than her eighteen-year-old sister, more sensible; not so prone to say that Rome is "real nice," and less inclined to hysteric shrieks and girly-girl giggles.

Among the Baedeker pilgrims there is quite a sprinkling of hobbledehoy youths of fifteen or sixteen; men, however, are in a notable minority.

The elderly women predominate. I shall always carry away an indelible impression of this visit to Rome—that of a stream of elderly women with gold-rimmed spectacles rolling by me in cabs—trying to read Baedeker and see Rome at the same time; sitting uneasily and one-sidedly in their cabs, like one who is trying to catch a train—with an anxious look upon their elderly faces, as if they feared that before they got there Rome's seven hills might vanish or the Colosseum might fall down.

Dear old ladies! Millions of women have been born, have borne yet other millions, have lived upon the seven hills, and now their mouldering bodies make up the soil which is bridging the spaces between the Roman hills and making both hills and valleys into a rolling plain. And still the Colosseum stands, and still stands Rome.

Dear old ladies! Let no one think that because I repeat these adjectives "old" and "elderly" that I am sneering at their age. Not so. I am only

wondering that their years have not made them wiser.

Lecturers and German Tourists.

The tourist pilgrims are to be found in groups as well as singly. In the Colosseum, on the Palatine Hill, in the Forum, you will frequently see groups composed generally of these three classes—the spectacled lady, the veteran maiden, and the girly-girl, gathered around some lecturer, listening attentively to his flood of words and making careful notes. I wonder why they make notes. Does anybody know why? These lecturers are French as well as Italian, but they generally lecture in English—at least I suppose it is English. I hope the lectures are edifying and improving; heard in passing, they are certainly amusing.

There is still another kind of tourist group. This is the German group. Here the men predominate. You are seated, like Marius, on a broken column; you are trying to think the commonplace things that everybody thinks; suddenly a wild whirring noise falls upon your ear like the "honk! honk! honk!" of a flock of wild geese. You look up in alarm. Toward you comes—V-shaped like the wild geese—a triangular mass of humanity, a German flying wedge. It is headed by the Herr Professor. The Herr Professor wears large round spectacles, and has long hair, long mustache, long whiskers, long nails, and long teeth. He is talking. The sides of the triangle are talking. The base of the triangle is talking. Everybody is talking. The Herr Professor gallops up to the Temple of Castor and Pollux. He elevates his voice above the babel to a roar, and declaims fiercely for ten or fifteen seconds. The triangle still talks. With another shout the professor darts toward the Basilica Julia. The flying wedge follows him. Ten seconds here. With a whoop the professor turns toward the Arch of Severus. Fifteen seconds. Then with gabble and roar and rattle, like the noise of a passing train, the wild-eyed German tourists whirl toward the exit. The tip-touting guardian feebly tries to flag them as they dash by, but fails. The Germans are gone. But in a few moments you hear the "honk! honk!" again, borne back on the wings of the wind. The Germans have reached the Palatine Hill.

Train Loads of Pilgrims.

The large majority, of course, are Italians, but there were among these Belgians, French, Austrians, Hungarians, Galicians, and Slovaks. The large number in the trains is explained by the fact that most of them ride in fourth-class vans, something like our cattle-cars.

There is an occasional pilgrimage among them of the better classes. For example, one arrived this week made up

entirely of members of the Viennese aristocracy. This was headed by Monsignore the Count of Lippe, archbishop of the Cathedral of St. Stephens in Vienna; and he is a member of the reigning house of Lippe in Germany. In this pilgrimage were the Princess Lichtenstein, the Princess Lobkowitz, the Countess Szecheny, and a number of others bearing the proudest names of Austro-Hungary. These pilgrims were received by the Pope in private audience, presented by the Austro-Hungarian ambassador, and Rome is still talking of the magnificent gifts they brought as Peter's pence. This is the only aristocratic pilgrimage here, and there are very few pilgrims even of the middle classes. In large majority, the pilgrims are peasants.

The Pilgrims, if Godly, are Not Cleanly.

Like the Baedeker pilgrims, the St. Peter pilgrims are generally elderly. Few young people are among them, although you occasionally see an elderly woman carrying a new baby. Some of these peasant women—like Elizabeth, who bore John the Baptist when she was "well stricken in years"—apparently defy the flight of time. But not in visage, for they all are wrinkled and all look old. If any one believes that "living near to nature," as peasants do, makes fine physical types, a look at these pilgrims would undeceive him. I have never seen so many physical degenerates among people not actually deformed. With minor physical defects they are very largely endowed. Among them are knock-kneed pilgrims, bow-legged pilgrims, club-footed pilgrims, humped-back pilgrims, splay-footed pilgrims, one-eyed pilgrims, hare-lipped pilgrims, ataxic pilgrims, epileptic pilgrims, and cock-eyed pilgrims—for of converging and diverging strabismus I never saw so many cases in my life.

The St. Peter pilgrims are frightfully dirty. There is little that is picturesque about them, for only two or three groups wear any distinctive costume—the Calabrians, the Slovaks, and a few others. They are so filthy that the terrified Romans have abandoned the tram-cars for insectivorous reasons. Even the Papal authorities have become alarmed at the bad sanitary condition of some of the pilgrims, and have decided to forbid the pilgrimages during the summer months, fearing an outbreak of disease at Rome.

If the pilgrims have driven the Romans out of the trams, they have driven the strangers out of the galleries—at least the free ones. Through the Vatican there tramp ceaselessly hordes of these filthy creatures, gazing goggle-eyed at the pictures and statuary. The marble floors are defiled by them; the light is rendered dim by clouds of dust from their filthy clothing; the air is befouled by their fetid breath. The smells are awful. The Vatican is an excellent