

Rome the Eternal as Seen by an Omaha Girl

FLORENCE, Italy, May 13.—(Correspondence of The Bee.)—As I think over our visit to Rome, a single phrase of an old song keeps repeating itself to my mind, "Queen of the earth, she sits tonight." I know not to what or to whom the song refers, but I do know that it comes to me only because it suits Rome so well. Though centuries have passed over her head, she will not abdicate her throne nor give up her title as "Queen of the Earth." Every modern Roman, as in days of old, boasts of "La città eterna."

One needs only to see Rome—her magnificent ruins and her present grandeur—to sympathize with the pride of the Romans in their glorious city. One almost believes that these ancient ruins, the Palatine hill, the various Forums, the Coliseum, are really the only things that make Rome interesting until he steps from the train and busy, bustling, modern Rome bursts on his view. One almost expects to see a city of the dead, gray, misty, with the stately tread of senators in their togas, to hear classic Latin; here instead is a busy, chattering crowd of modern Italians, cabmen shouting and quarreling, beggars mumbling their petitions, small boys with



THE ROMAN FORUM, TAKEN FROM THE CAPITOL HILL.

Indeed it is impossible to see these monuments of centuries past without the help of one of these fellows. There is so little left that one's imagination is taxed to the utmost to bring back the glorious old temples from whose ruins the present St. Peter's and a great many private palaces are made. One feels as though it were sacrilege to use these ancient marbles even for such excellent purposes.

Rome is very proud of the immensity of its churches, galleries and museums. It takes days instead of hours to really see such museums as those in the Vatican, the galleries in the Vatican, the exquisitely beautiful collections of the Villa Borghese and the churches of St. Peter and St. John Lateran. Beside there are many private galleries which are open to the public on certain days. In these small collections we find such gems as the "Aurora" and "Beatrice Cenci," by Guido Reni, and several by Raphael, and others of almost equal fame.

But every one knows of these treasures which Rome is so proud of owning. Let me instead tell you of some interesting things perhaps not so well known.

In a Capuchin Cemetery.

One curiosity is the cemetery of the little convent of the Capuchins, which is only two blocks away from the palace of Margherita. The cemetery is directly under the church and consists of four large rooms, all open on one side onto a narrow aisle. The earth was brought from Jerusalem, and that fact makes it so precious that, instead of burying the monks who die now in less holy soil, the poor old monks who have been resting there for years must give up their places to their younger brothers. Then comes the question of disposing with the older ones. It is solved in this way: The bones must not leave the hallowed spot, and so the skeletons are taken apart and the bones are nailed on the walls, forming decorations of the most ghastly, still fantastic kind. On each wall is a little

niche formed of bones and in this rests the skeleton of a monk. Some of these are standing, some reclining, but all have their brown robes and rosaries as in life.

The sight is extremely ghastly, but there is no disagreeable odor and all travelers to Rome go to see it.

The catacombs are hardly less bad, with their dark, dreary passageways and horrible tombs. We were very glad to have the monk who acted as guide tell us, "Now here is the resurrection," and lead us out into the open air. Indeed, as we stood there in the open meadow, with a bright sun over us and roses blooming at our feet, we could scarcely believe that there were such awful things under ground.

Some Interesting Churches.

We were very curious to see the "Quo Vadis" church, but were disappointed in that. They are restoring it, and really it looks as though it were made yesterday. The inscription, "Domine, Quo Vadis" stands out in nice, fresh black paint. Not altogether as one might imagine.

Another object of interest is the "sacred baby" of the church of the Aracoeli. It is a little doll made from olive wood from the Mount of Olives and is said to have done many wonderful things. Many people have given jewels to it in return for some blessing, and the little thing is covered with jewels from head to foot. Here are diamonds of great size and beauty, rubies, emeralds in such profusion that each hides the others and is in its turn utterly lost in the splendor of the whole.

The Capitoline hill is one of the most enjoyable places in Rome. We go up a flight of marble steps, passing two staring lions, the beautiful statue of Rienzi and the living wolf that is kept as a constant memorial on the Capitol, and come into the great Piazza Campidoglio. Here is the museum, with its treasures, the Conservatory and the senatorial palace.

Scene from the Palace Roof.

From the top of the palace we have



THE COLOSSEUM FROM THE FORUM.

one of the finest views in Rome. Below, on one side, is the old Forum, with the Palatine hill rising above it at one side, and in the distance the grand Coliseum and the Arches of Titus and Constantine. On

ther out on all sides is the grand sweep of the Roman campagna, with the scattered ruins of aqueducts and tombs. We hear the splash and gurgle of a thousand fountains and see busy streets lined with



RUINS OF THE BATHS OF CARACALLA—(THE YOUNG WOMAN AT THE RIGHT IS MISS CORTELYOU OF OMAHA.)

the latest edition of the daily papers—in short, a rush of sunny, busy life. Even as one stands in the desolate Forum or the Palatine hill, the modern spirit shows itself in the rush of guides with their cries of "Have a guide, madam, I speak very well English."



THE PALATINE HILL, SHOWING THE PALACE OF THE CAESARS FROM THE FORUM.

another side the winding Tiber separates us from St. Peter's, the Vatican and the castle of St. Angelo. By looking closely you may discover the secret passageway by which the popes may escape from the Vatican to the castle. Between the river and us is the old, old Pantheon. Looking far-

palaces and descend and mingle in the crowd once again.

As we pass the beautiful Trevi fountain we toss a penny over our right shoulder and according to an old superstition shall surely come again.

CATHRYN CORTELYOU

Short Stories of Life as We See It

Indianapolis Sun: "The spirit of James Barton wishes to converse with his son," announced the Spiritualist. "Is the son present?"

A pale-faced young man, in a strained voice, answered that he was the identical. "Do you wish to talk with your father?" continued the man of mystery.

"No," answered the young man; "I believe I'd rather be excused this evening. You see, about two weeks ago I took the stand and swore that the old man was bug-house so's we could break his will." He was excused.

Pittsburg Chronicle: A gentleman who had been entrenched behind a newspaper in a crowded car happened to look out of the tail of his eye and to see a lady standing whom he knew.

He rose and was about to offer the lady his seat when a colored man, who thought he was vacating his seat, slipped into it.

"Look here," said the riser. "I was going to give that seat to this lady."

The colored man instantly arose with a profound bow.

"Suttin', sah," he said, "I'm something of a lady's man myself, sah."

And the lady was bowed into her seat amid smiles all around.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "Now, my dear, don't forget that you must walk down the aisle with dignity. There is no hurry. Keep time to the music and look as indifferent as you possibly can."

"But, mother, I have no ear for music, and how can I keep time?"

"Well, anyway, don't run."

"But, mother, you must remember that it is a long way from the door to the altar and George is so fidgety. He'd have plenty of time to change his mind if the march was a slow one, and he's my very last chance. If a sprint is necessary, mamma, I'll sprint—and don't you forget it."

New York Mail and Express: The man with a clear conscience bought a pair of tan shoes with the advent of spring, and, while going home in the street car, conjured up

When he recovered the man said: "There was only one thing that worried me while I was sick. I couldn't get those tan shoes out of my head. What if I should die without having had a chance to wear 'em! Such a contingency seemed to furnish an additional and potent reason why I should get well. I just made up my mind I was going to live long enough to get my feet into those shoes and—well, I did."

Much depends on the talent of telling. In the hands of an artist an ordinary human incident may be fashioned into a thrilling

epoch. The delicate touch of the artist is to be seen and felt in Senator Depew's description of his first kiss. Like everything else the senator tells about, the event took place at Peekskill. He said:

"Why, worlds could not buy the memory of my first kiss, there on the river at Peekskill, in the moonlight! I remember it yet with an exquisite thrill. I can feel the brush of her curls against my cheek, feel the thrill of her touch, see the blush and her roguish eyes before me now. Pity, pity the poor creature who has never enjoyed an experience like that!"

A pause, a long sigh, and, then, with lowered voice and eyes closed, the senator continued:

"When I was a boy in my teens I was a great oarsman and I was often on the Hudson in my boat. This night my little bright-eyed sweetheart was with me. The moon was shining. Have you ever seen the big round moon shining on the Hudson at Peekskill on a June night? If you have you know what it is for a boy to be out alone with his sweetheart in that moonlight."

"I remember how I pulled out into the silvery stream, her mischievous eyes upon me. A king on his throne was never happier and he never had half the right to be. 'Well, we talked. After a while we let the boat drift, I rather think. Maybe her eyes drew me nearer to her. Maybe her loose curls touched my cheeks. Maybe we were saying tender nothings. Maybe I touched her hand.'"

Here the senator, like the experienced narrator that he is, ceased. His hearers were hanging upon his words. When the proper effect had been produced he resumed:

"Then it happened. This time his pause was very, very long. When he again took up the thread of his narrative his tones were almost sad:

"It is the touch that does it—the electric thrill. A young fellow could do more help than he could sleep a storm, and the girl couldn't either."

But why try to explain the inexplicable, to account for the unaccountable? Schuman was wiser than the distinguished doctor and senator. After an experience with the "sex" that might almost be called "exhaustive," he put among the "four things which I understand not, you comprehend not at all."

"The way of a man with a maid."

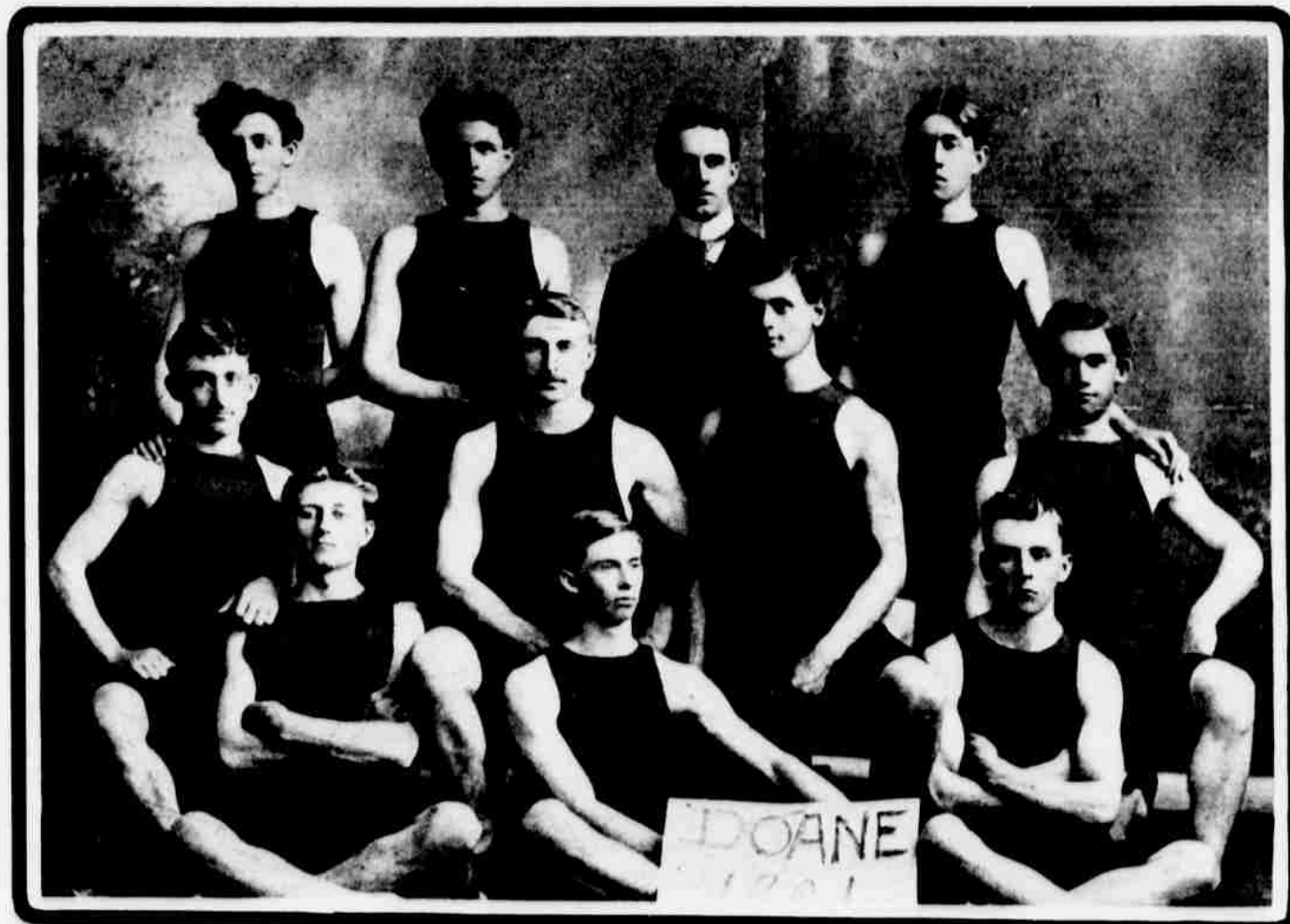
Laughter

Detroit Journal: He laughed as we led him away to the guard.

"I know how to suffer!" cried he. "But when we conducted him, not to a dark dungeon, merely, as he had doubtless expected, but to a luxurious cosy corner, with 10,000 sofa pillows in it, his fortitude deserted him."

"Merxy!" he implored, and fell upon his knees.

It was our turn to laugh, now, as we thrust him in there.



DOANE COLLEGE TRACK TEAM, CHAMPIONS OF NEBRASKA.