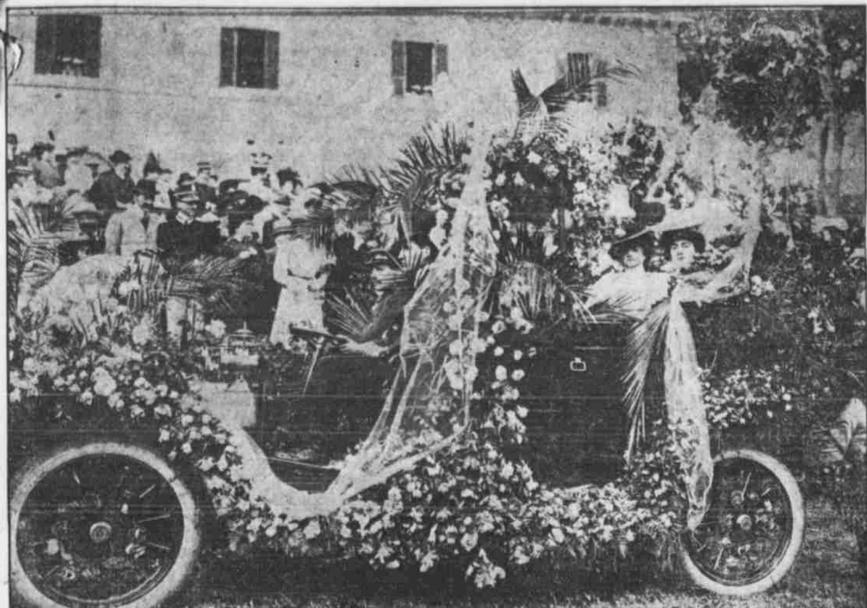


PEN PICTURE OF ROMAN AMUSEMENTS AND DIVERSIONS

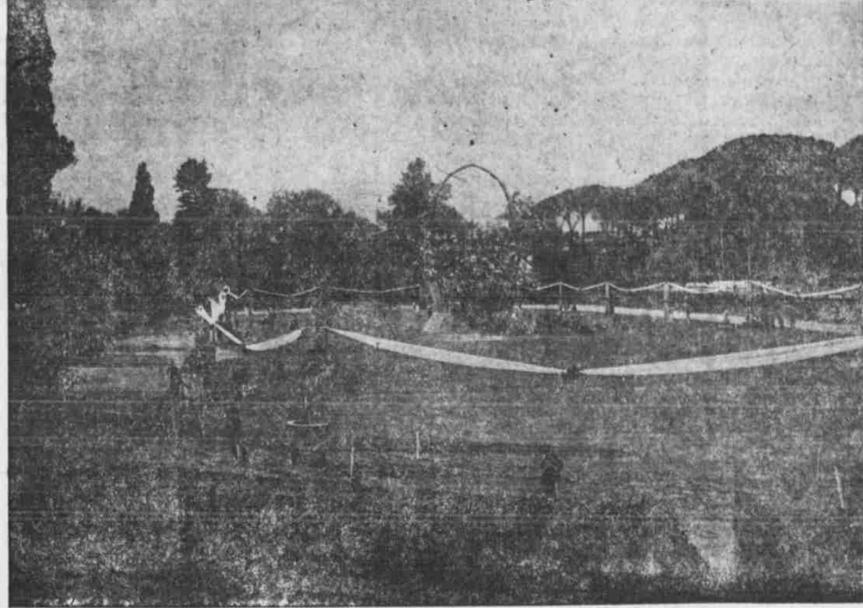
Edward Rosewater, Editor of The Bee, Describes in Most Graphic Manner What People Would Have to Do Should They Try, When in Rome, to Do as Romans Do



DECORATED AUTO, WITH ROMAN LADIES, IN FLOWER PARADE AT VILLA BORGHESE.



ROMAN FLOWER GIRL AT FLOWER PARADE.



COLOSSAL FLOWER BASKET CONTAINING ORCHESTRA OF FORTY PIECES—FLOWER PARADE AT VILLA BORGHESE.

ROME, May 27.—(Editorial Correspondence.)—Fifty days ago Rome has left the indelible impression on my mind that today, as of yore, Rome retains its supremacy as the world's cosmopolis. Here all nationalities jostle in the incessant stream of humanity that flows in and out of the Eternal City nearly all the year round. Here all tongues may be heard in the churches, museums, art galleries, palaces and public thoroughfares. Tradition has it that the greatest linguist of whom we have any record, Cardinal Mezzofanti, could talk fluently in seventy-two languages and dialects, and kept himself in practice by talking to priests and travelers from all lands in their native tongue. Could Mezzofanti descend from his celestial abode he would find the same opportunity for exercising his linguistic talents that he enjoyed when he lived in Rome nearly 200 years ago. Viewed any hour of the day, the public squares and streets of Rome are a picturesque kaleidoscope. Omnibuses and automobiles, carriages, cabs, donkeys, carts, burros loaded with paniers and high-wheeled drays drawn by long-horned bullocks jam the narrow business streets, their drivers contesting every foot of their right-of-way, shouting, whistling and frequently striking each other with their whips in fierce contention that calls for police intervention. The sidewalks, generally not more than five feet wide, are like a long ribbon of all colors of the rainbow. It is a continuous procession of smooth-shaved, black-robed priests, scarlet-coated students from the College Germanico, flower girls in the bright-colored Roman costume, bearded brown-hooded Capucin monks, pilgrims from Spain, France, Hungary or Bohemia, Italian peasants, black nuns, grey nuns, papal Swiss guards, fashionably dressed ladies, German, English and American tourists, soldiers of all arms and professional beggars of all sexes. It may be out of place right here to remark that the twentieth century Roman, like his valiant ancestors, prides himself on his physical and mental superiority to all other Italian compatriots and people of the Latin race. My observation fully confirms this claim. In fact the people one sees on the principal thoroughfares, at public gatherings and great functions in Rome will bear favorable comparison with the people one passes on Broadway and Fifth avenue, or meets at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, or the boulevards and public gardens of Paris.

All Still Enjoy a Roman Holiday

The populace of Rome, high or low, enjoys a Roman holiday, whether it comes through the celebration of the anniversary of a

saint or a labor strike. In America everybody dreads a strike even if he is in sympathy with the strikers. Not so in Rome. The labor strike in Rome is simply an opera bouffe performance, played on a colossal stage by the thousands of actors for the amusement of the masses. Last week I had an opportunity to become a spectator of a Roman labor strike. It was forecasted several days ahead by the Italian newspapers as a coming event in which the military would be compelled to grapple with anarchy and mob rule. On the afternoon before the day set for the strike I happened to visit the church of the Capucins that connects with the catacombs, in which more than 4,000 skeletons are tastefully and artistically arranged against the walls, and to my surprise discovered a cavalry company with horses and equipments quartered in the inner court. The troops had been expressly conveyed from Florence to Rome to keep the strikers in check. That evening the Roman hotel keepers warned their guests to be prepared for the much dreaded event, which was set for precisely midnight.

Amenities of an Italian Labor Strike

Early next morning the streets of Rome presented a desolate appearance. Not a carriage or cab was visible anywhere, though from 300 to 500 are constantly in motion on ordinary days and Sundays. Not a wheel moved on the street car lines. By 9 a. m. most of the stores were either closed altogether or had their shutters up in apparent preparedness to lock their doors at a moment's warning. I was told confidentially that the storekeepers had no fear of personal violence or looting, but simply desired to avoid a shower of missiles which the "boys" were liable to throw at their store windows as a penalty for refusing to close down during the prescribed time. The only shops doing a flourishing business were the bar rooms, grocery and provision stores, bakeries, butcher shops and fruit dealers. At 10 a. m. the Corso, or Broadway of Rome, and all the squares in the heart of the city were occupied by troops ready for action, while mounted policemen and gendarmes patrolled the side streets and approaches to the squares. To all appearances there was to be a hot time in Rome, and in the mind's eye bloody work, followed by Red Cross hospital service.

About 11 a. m., while taking observations in anticipation of the impending fray on one of the principal streets connecting the Piazza Spagna with the Piazza Barberini—two squares occupied by troops—I heard a wild yell, a cloud of dust rose and presently several hundred young men and boys armed with sticks whooping,

whistling and shouting, rushed from a side street into the main thoroughfare. Up went the remaining shutters and bang went the doors. From all the windows in the upper stories men and women waved flags, red flannel and white handkerchiefs cheering the boys. Presently a battalion of infantry armed with repeating rifles was seen marching down the hill from the Piazza Barberini at double-quick time with closed ranks; then at bugle blast from a troop of cavalry at the far end of the street, choked by the howling mob, a bloody collision was imminent, but it did not occur. The embattled young Romans turned tail, retreating in disorder through the side streets and alleys. The troops and police exhibited magnanimity to the fleeing foe and coolly witnessed its ignominious retreat without firing a gun, without even attempting pursuit or making an arrest. In the meantime the populace of Rome, barring the strangers within its gates, who were compelled to walk, gave itself up to joy and fun. It was a glorious victory for labor. Under the compact agreed on between the strike leaders and leading employers, every wage worker, male or female, old or young, was to draw full pay for the full period of the strike, which was fixed in advance to last from midnight to midnight. The morning of the next day Rome resumed its half-holiday air. The trains on the railway ran on full-time, with half the passengers standing in the front and rear vestibules, discussing the labor strike. Cabmen swarmed the squares and approaches to the big hotels and the storekeepers were once more in full practice of Italian, English, French, German, Spanish and other languages that figure heavily in their trade with the hated but welcome foreigner.

Strange Amusements of the Romans

The Roman is above all things fond of amusement and does not miss an opportunity whenever or wherever it may present itself. He is passionately fond of music and the drama and has a peculiar way of showing his temper. Just before the curtain rose during a gala performance given in honor of the Postal Congress in one of the large theaters, the occupant of an orchestra seat rose and made some remark in a low tone. In an instant pandemonium broke loose. Hundreds of men on the floor were gesticulating wildly, hissing and shouting, "Out with him! Down with him!" For a few seconds it looked as if the audience would break into a free-for-all fight. But, after all, it was only the Roman way of expressing disapproval of a disturber. In a jiffy the man was taken off his feet and thrown out of the theater. Then all was still and

the curtain went up. This incident only reminds me that the adage, "When in Rome do as the Romans do," comes into violent collision with the ideas of decency, good manners and propriety entertained by American and British visitors to the Italian capital. English-speaking people are shocked at the rudeness displayed by highly respected Roman theater goers, who immediately after the curtain goes down between acts rise and face about to stare at the occupants of the boxes for ten or fifteen minutes. This is in some continental cities the prevailing custom for men who occupy seats in the parquet, but in Rome the women as well as the men indulge in this pastime of staring at occupants of the boxes, which usually extend in three or four tiers all around the auditorium.

Most Novel of Floral Parades

Among the many enjoyable entertainments provided for the members of the Postal Congress there was none so novel and charming as the floral parade and battle of flowers that took place at the Villa Borghese, famous for centuries as one of the most beautiful spots near Rome. The gardens surrounding the villa include 300 or 400 acres shaded by umbrella-shaped cypress trees that tower over olive, orange and lemon orchards, with here and there flowering shrubs and gorgeous flower beds watered by fountains, while the drives and walks are ornamented with classic statuary. For this occasion a space of probably eighty acres had been encircled with pink ribbons, and flower stands erected about every hundred yards around the enclosure, in charge of girls in Roman costume. Conspicuous and looming up from the center of the enclosure was a huge flower basket, containing a brass band, with the musicians under a canopy of bright blue blossoms. Between the pink-ribbed enclosure and the space reserved for spectators was a broad driveway for carriages that participated in the exciting and exhilarating combat of flowers. At the appointed time more than 100 carriages and automobiles entered the grounds. The carriages, and even horses, were profusely and artistically decorated with fresh flowers of every color. Hundreds of baskets containing bouquets of roses, lilies, lilies, pansies and violets were distributed to the occupants of the carriages, who were driven over the course at full speed, pelting each other and being pelted by the vast multitude of people who were armed with the same missiles. The spectacle presented was simply indescribable. Mingled with the flowers and

(Continued on Page Two.)

AROUND THE WORLD WITH WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Wonders of Western India, Which Command the Unbounded Admiration of Every Traveller Who Enjoys the Rare Privilege of Viewing Them With His Own Eyes

SUEZ, April 8.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—There is so much of interest in India that I find it difficult to condense all that I desire to say into the space which it seems proper to devote to this country. In speaking of the various cities I have been compelled to omit reference to the numerous industries for which India is famed. Long before the European set foot upon the soil the artisans had won renown in weaving, in carving and in brass. It was, in fact, the very wealth of India that attracted the attention of the western world and turned the prows of merchant vessels toward the orient. While India can complain that some of its arts have been lost since it has been under the tutelage of foreigners, enough remains to make every tourist a collector, to a greater or less extent, of attractive souvenirs.

Benares is the center of the plain brass manufacture, and its bazars are full of vases, trays, candlesticks, bowls, etc. Lucknow is noted for its silversmiths, but its products do not command so high a price as those of southern India. Delhi leads in ivory and wood carving, and one can find here the best specimens of this kind of work. Several of the addresses presented to the prince of Wales upon his recent visit were encased in ivory caskets richly carved and studded with gems. Painting on ivory is also carried to a high state of perfection here, and sandalwood boxes can be found in all the stores.

At Agra one finds rugs woven in Turkish and Persian, as well as in original designs. Agra is also renowned for its inlaid work, many of the designs of the Taj being copied. The Taj itself is reproduced in miniature at prices ranging from one dollar up into the hundreds.

Delicate Shawls Come From Kashmir

In all the cities of upper India Kashmir shawls may be secured, Kashmir itself being far north of the line of travel. These shawls are of goats' hair and some of them are so delicate that, though two yards square, they can be drawn through a finger ring.

At Jaipore the chief industries which attract the attention of foreigners are enameled on gold and brass, the actor being the best known. Few who visit the bazars can resist the temptation to carry away some samples of this ware, so graceful are the vessels and so skillful is the workmanship.

Jaipore, the first of the western cities and the only one of the native states that we visited, is deserving of some notice, partly because it gives evidence of considerable advancement and partly because the government is administered entirely by native officials. The maharaja is one of the most distinguished of the native princes and a descendant of the famous Rajput line of kings. He lives in oriental style, has a number of wives and elephants, camels and horses galore. He is an orthodox Hindu of the strictest type and drinks no water but the water of the Ganges. When he went to

England to attend the coronation he chartered a ship, took his retinue with him and carried Ganges water enough to last until his return. He is very loyal to the British government and in return

he is permitted to exercise over his subjects a power as absolute as the czar ever claimed. There is an English resident at his court, but his council is composed of Indians, his judges are Indians, his

collectors are Indians, his school teachers are Indians and he has an Indian army. I had the pleasure of meeting one of the council and the head of the school system of the state and found them men of fine appearance and high culture. The illiteracy in his state compares favorably with that in the states under British administration, and the graduates from the maharaja's college compete successfully in the examinations with the graduates from other colleges. They have at Jaipore an art school, in which all kinds of manual training are taught, and the sale room of this school gives accurate information as to the capacity of the natives for industrial development. We found here the only native pottery of merit that we noticed in the country.

Cities Both Ancient and Modern

The city of Jaipore was laid out in 1728 and is one of the most attractive cities of India. The main streets are 110 feet wide, the buildings are oriental in style, most of them two stories in height—some three—and are all painted the same shade of pink, with white trimmings and green shutters. The entire city is supplied with water and the streets are lighted by gas. All in all, Jaipore makes a favorable impression upon the visitor.

Some six miles away is the ancient city of Amber, the capital of the state until Jaipore was established. It is reached by a ride on elephant back, the only ride of this kind that we have yet had. There is a beautiful palace at Amber which gives some idea of the luxury in which the Indian rulers lived. We returned from this trip late in the evening, when the peacocks were going to roost, and nearly every tree contained one or more of these gaudy-plumaged fowls. These were apparently wild, and their numbers and beauty recalled the fact that the peacock is India's royal bird, and it is not an inappropriate symbol of the pomp and magnificence of the oriental kings. I might digress here to say that the respect for life taught in the Hindoo scriptures has filled India to excess with useless birds and animals. The crows and kites are a nuisance. It is no uncommon thing to see a vendor of cakes and sweetmeats bearing his basket on his head and waving a stick above it to scare off the birds. Sometimes an attendant follows the vendor and protects him from the birds, but in spite of all precautions they get their toll. The crows often come to the doors and windows of the hotel and inquire whether you have any food to spare, and sparrows and other small birds occasionally glean crumbs from the table. At Jaipore we saw myriads of pigeons being fed in the streets, and monkeys—they are everywhere. The jungles of the tropical countries are not more thronged with them than the road-sides of some parts of India. About half way between Jaipore and Bombay they were especially numerous, and as we rode along on the train we saw them singly, in groups and in mass meetings. Here, too, we saw herds of antelope scarcely frightened by the train. Attention has frequently been called to the fact that the Hindus



JAIN TEMPLE AT MT. ABU.