

With all the rest, he is both clear sighted and tenacious. Nothing disturbs his vision and nobody can intimidate him in the execution of his purpose.

---

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

---

### ITALY.

Rome, June 21.—It seemed strange to sit in the shadow of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and read of a commonplace strike going on in that ancient city. I had observed that things looked quiet, but Pisa is not a large city, and it might have been the natural sluggishness of a warm Italian day. But the day's paper, which I stopped to look over in the Cathedral Square, explained the quietude. There was a general strike on hand. In the poorer quarters of the town workmen were loafing at corners, or playing games on the small round tables that spread themselves from within the saloons to the pavement and along the streets. There were no crowds and no indications of disorder. The strike was for a slight advance in wages. I have seen no notice of it in the papers at Rome, and do not know the result.

A number of Italian towns are now involved in strikes of one sort or another. Here in Rome a street-car strike seems inevitable within the next few days, if the Socialist afternoon paper, *Avanti!*, is to be trusted. The porter in the hotel becomes excited when I speak to him on the subject, and likewise a young student of engineering from Naples, who tells me he is a Socialist. Their tongues, when they talk on the subject, move at so rapid a gait that my ears cannot keep pace with their eloquent Italian; but from them, and further confirmation, I find that the men work eleven hours a day, that is, twelve hours with an hour off, and get three and a half lire, 70 cents. They are asking for four lire. They have made two demands without response of any kind, and the general understanding is that if the third demand is treated in the same way they will strike. An unsympathetic morning paper claims that the men are under obligation to work, at least until August, at the present rate. A conductor tells me this is not so. What the fact is, I do not know—but how familiar it all sounds to an American.

✦

No one can read the European papers without being struck with the frequent mention and discussion of Socialism. Whatever the word may mean, it has become to many the concentrated expression for opposition to the existing regime. In all the parliaments and chambers, however, it is evident that there are representatives, calling themselves radicals or by some other name, who claim that they stand for a far larger number of workmen than the professed Socialists. Only a few days ago a delegate in the French chamber attacked the Socialist leader for claiming to speak for the workmen of France. Hardy has been similarly criticized in the English Parliament. It seems to me that a genuinely progressive liberalism has a great opportunity in all European countries at the present time, but that if this liberalism does not show itself to be truly pro-

gressive and sufficiently radical—then there will be a more general political upsetting than the world has ever seen. It is impossible to conceive that the working classes, with their increased power and intelligence, will continue to uphold the glaring contrasts and inequalities that stare one in the face everywhere.

✦

It has been said that poverty is less hidden, is more evident, in Europe than in America. There seems little difference. It is true that more beggars are seen on the streets of European cities; but these are not, any more than in America, the representatives of the great problem. To see the condition of the poorer classes in Europe one must go to look for it there as well as in America. The fact of there being a few more beggars is a small question; the problem of poverty is the same everywhere. I walked yesterday around the Aventine, which has been for more than two thousand years a poor quarter of Rome—the scene of the first strike recorded in history. For the first time since I arrived in Rome, I saw children, children swarming around doors and in the streets; and out of windows, high and low, were hanging, as Tudor Jenks says, "the short and simple flannels of the poor"—just as one sees in any poor quarter of any city in America or Europe. The contrast with the prim elegance of the splendid palaces on Monte Pincio is just the same as that between New York's east side and Fifth avenue.

✦

Rome—Roma immortalis—shows of course the concentration and consecration of more phases of the world's history than any other spot on the world's surface. The visitor is in danger of being overwhelmed by the multiplicity and diversity of the memorials and influences. You may get into the classical period, touch the very stones where Caesar and Cicero walked, see the corner where Horace turned to get rid of the bore who was importuning him. And there also you are confronted with arches and columns of the Empire, and mingled with these come to you all at once memorials of the new Christianity and the early church. Then in a minute's walk you may be deep in the Middle Ages—it may be before the Renaissance, it may be after. And before you have adjusted yourself you may be in the nineteenth century, looking where Mazzini struggled for his heart's desire, an Italian republic. Then turning a corner, with the Colosseum still in view, you may see on a bill-board the advertisement of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. One catches breath at the proximity of these two, and takes consolation that the world has made progress in humanity. The frowning ruins of the great amphitheater, with all their story of bleeding gladiators and burning martyrs, make one glad that the Italy of to-day, though it be not Mazzini's republic and may have no Raphael, is not the Italy of either classical or medieval periods.

There has been a laudation of the Italian masters of the period of the Renaissance which is so excessive that an amateur fears to utter a word of criticism. Michael Angelo and Raphael, not to speak of less known names, have become sacred words with artists the world over. And yet some day perhaps there will be one brave enough to say something for

the modern art that is seen here side by side with that of the masters. In architecture, the new Palace of Justice; in sculpture, the new statue of Goethe; in painting, the Funeral of Raphael, these and others in each department of art are worthy to be here in the midst of the old.

Yes, surely Rome represents all ages as no other place ever can. There is a spot where one may stand in Arles, in southern France, and be shut within classical influences perhaps more completely than in Rome. There are towns in northern Italy or in Germany where one may be more entirely surrounded with medievalism, and New York is more modern. But in Rome there are all the influences of the ages pouring in upon the heart and mind of one who comes within her walls.

\*

Two facts must inevitably impress themselves upon any visitor in Rome. One is the beauty, the magnificence, the splendor, the richness of the interior of the churches. We wonder where the genius, the labor, the wealth, all came from to produce such results. I say visitor, because so far as one can see, the inhabitants seem to take no notice of it. It seems to have nothing to do with the busy life about it. You simply do not think of the glories of San Pietro or San Paolo as in any way connected with the motorman who brought you.

The other fact is the prominence given to various sorts of memorials in honor of the new monarchy and of the personages connected with it. The unification of Italy is one of the great historic events of modern times, and it is no wonder that there should be an exaltation of the event. But there is so much of it that it produces the suspicion of an overweening effort. It is becoming as prominent as the inscriptions of the popes, which one sees on all the ancient monuments and memorials. Victor Emmanuel, Umberto and Cavour are of course most prominent. Even Garibaldi has been given a splendid equestrian statue facing the city from the Janiculum across the river; Mazzini has so far been overlooked, except in the name of an obscure street. Although his native Genoa, which banished and imprisoned him, has raised a splendid monument in his memory and has dared to inscribe on it his favorite watch-word, "God and the People," Rome has not yet honored him. He worked all his life for the unification of Italy, but he never loved the new monarchy, and the new monarchy is in no haste to give prominent reverence to his memory. But perhaps Mazzini's day will come yet, even in Rome.

J. H. DILLARD.

\* \* \*

A gentleman climbed to the summit of a mountain with his little daughter. A severe storm was raging in the valley below, the low-hanging clouds were shot through and through by lightning, and the air was filled with the sound of reverberating thunders.

"Let us go down," the father said. "There's nothing to see here."

But the little girl, her face all aglow with interest and enthusiasm, said:

"Why, papa, I see the Doxology!"

—Woman's Journal.

## NEWS NARRATIVE

To use the reference figures of this Department for obtaining continuous news narratives:

Observe the reference figures in any article; turn back to the page they indicate and find there the next preceding article on the same subject; observe the reference figures in that article, and turn back as before; continue until you come to the earliest article on the subject; then retrace your course through the indicated pages, reading each article in chronological order, and you will have a continuous news narrative of the subject from its historical beginnings to date.

Week ending Wednesday, July 11.

### Bryan in Great Britain.

On the occasion of the celebration of Independence Day by the American Society in London on the 4th, William J. Bryan (pp. 249, 274, 298) was the orator of the banquet. In welcoming him, White-law Reid, the American Ambassador, said, in good-natured banter:

At home, as a citizen, I have openly and squarely opposed him at every stage of his conspicuous career. I am reasonably sure that when I return home I shall continue to do the same. I believe he to-night is as well satisfied as I am, though by different reasoning, that the country we both love and try to serve has not been ruined by its gold. Abroad, as the official representative of the American people, without distinction as to party, I am glad to welcome him here as a typical American, whose whole life has been lived in the daylight and one whom such a great host of my countrymen have long trusted and honored.

Mr. Bryan, rising amid laughter and cheers, good-humoredly retorted:

The temptation to make a political speech is strong within me. I have not had a chance to do so for ten months. However, I will restrain myself. With reference to the Ambassador's remarks on gold, I wish to say that when I see the progress my country has made walking on one leg, I wonder what it would have done walking on two legs. It is pleasing to testify that the Ambassador not only has fought me, but that he has done it well. No American rejoices more than I that he is 3,000 miles from his base. While abroad I have met many good Republicans—holding office—and I only wish there were enough offices abroad to take all the Republicans out of the country.

When the laughter had subsided, Mr. Bryan began his speech, which we print in full in our department of Related Things.

\* \* \*

### Bryan and the Presidential Nomination.

The night before his oration in London, Mr. Bryan was interviewed by newspaper correspondents regarding the friendly action of several State conventions (pp. 247, 320), and also with reference to the proposed reception to him in New York which is reported below. In reply he is reported by cable to have said:

The first suggestion of a reception for me at New York came prior to the action of any of the State conventions and before there was any discussion of the next campaign. It came from the Commercial Travelers' League, of which Mr. Hoge is president. I assured him I should be pleased to meet the members of the League, suggesting that the reception be characterized by simplicity. Now that the actions of some of the State conventions have raised a question as to the political significance of the reception, I am glad to say that it must not be regarded in the light of an indorsement for the Presidential