

a great power in the State. Queen Mary is a woman of great intelligence, well read, an accomplished linguist, a great lover of art, with considerable gifts of her own. She has been brought up—frugally and carefully, for her parents were always poor—in a happy English home. She is English to the finger tips, and she is the daughter of one of the most beloved of all English princesses, by whom she was most carefully trained, and whose love, sympathy, and unselfishness she has inherited. Perhaps no one was more beloved than Princess Mary, her mother, whose name will always be kept in affectionate remembrance by the English people. In the marriage of her daughter to the heir to the throne the country saw the fulfillment of its dreams, hopes, and wishes, and her life after she became Princess of Wales only increased the love and respect of the people for her, and also the conviction that she would make a great and good Queen. She is naturally shy, and

is not a person easy to know, but to her friends she is a great personality, and her affection for her husband and her children, her high ideal of life, and her deep sense of religious feeling have endeared her to all who come in contact with her. She has a royal look and bearing, and her queenly appearance and grace make her, from that point of view, a fitting successor to her beautiful predecessor. This, after all, is only one of the many items which go to swell her qualifications to be the consort of the greatest sovereign in the world. But more important and far less ephemeral are her sterling qualities, which give us all the most perfect confidence that she will make a worthy, helpful, and devoted consort to the King, who at no time in his reign will want the support and the whole-hearted devotion of a good and devoted woman more than at this most critical moment in the history of our country.

London, England.

MAY IN ROME

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

IT was the well-considered remark of a man who knows Italy well that the problem in warm countries is not how to keep cool but how to keep warm. In this matter of temperature the opinion of the inexperienced is often as far from the fact as the opinion of the expert on the sanity of the prisoner at the bar who has innocently slain his fellow during a "brain-storm." The man from the bleak North who goes South in the fond hope of orange trees distilling fragrance in a genial air, and shivers over a grate-fire in a Charleston hotel or freezes in a drawing-room car while the mercury falls dangerously near zero as he approaches New Orleans, rapidly reconstructs his theory of weather in the semi-tropics.

All is not gold that glitters, even in Italy; but the moment one begins to set the pleasures of this land of art and poetry over against the discomforts he feels that the debit account is really negligible.

There have been days of the sirocco, which is a skillfully devised and highly adaptable means of torture. Those who know it under its summer guise or have read about it in their geographies think of it as a hot, stifling wind bringing invisible sand from a burning desert at the south; and this is its aspect even on the Grand Canal in Venice in midsummer. But in winter and early spring it is a chilling breath, not of honest winter, but of an insidious and treacherous season intercalated between its legitimate fellows to remind Italy and Spain and the other Mediterranean peoples of their mortality. There are few illusions more uncomfortable in their swift evanescence than that it is always warm in Sicily and that Africa has only sunny fountains. In early March the railway between Tunis and Biskra, the old town so eloquently described in "The Garden of Allah," was snowbound for four days, and the remote hills about

Rome were still glistening in the sun the first week in May.

Nevertheless, everybody who has seen these May days come through the gates of the Eternal City ought to count his fortune golden, for these have golden hours, when the sky has justified its right to be called heaven and the garden walls have spilled their fragrance lavishly into the streets. This sense of hidden sweetness which pervades Italy is one of the sources of that spell which it lays on so many people and holds them in voluntary exile from the places where their lives are rooted. When one has looked on the Bay of Naples from Capri, the bareness and hardness of the outlines and the monotony of tone of many good and useful communities at home are painfully obvious across three thousand miles of sea. And the feeling of mystery which an American feels everywhere in Europe is another element in the spell with which the Old World snares us. At home there are no walls with postern gates and deep-set doors overhung with vines which seem to open into all manner of secret places and tease the imagination with a sense of hidden beauty. At home we know where every closed door leads, and can place a house the moment we lay eyes on its front; on the Continent it is often a question which is the front, and in many cases there is none. The house faces a court rather than a street, and the congeries of structures, the projecting windows looking down on high-walled gardens, the picturesque irregularities which break the structural lines everywhere, invest an Old World town with all the possibilities of romance.

This hidden city assails one in every part of Rome. It is everywhere evidenced by great gusts of fragrance which intoxicate the imagination in narrow, high-built lanes, and by masses of roses which sway over the parapets, or glorious clusters of wistaria blooms which climb arbors and trellises that spring from unseen pleasure-grounds. Rome still has room for gardens in the heart of the throbbing modern town, as its palaces still stand in the busiest modern streets. It is still a capital and not a purely commercial city; a city, that is, which makes room for all the great interests of life—for beauty, for

nature, for art, for history, as well as for contemporary business activity. So long as one comes upon its gardens, shedding perfume in narrow streets and flinging roses like a beautiful arras over its walls, Rome will keep its ancient spell.

But May has other and more obvious witnesses in the city which celebrated its twenty-six hundred and sixty-third birthday two or three weeks ago. There are flowers for sale at inconceivably low prices everywhere. The streets are sweet with them; they are fairly thrust into your hands as you drive to and fro in your quest of beauty or antiquity. The Campo di Fiore, in the very heart of the old quarter, is given over to them, and on Wednesdays looks as if it were dressed for a *fiesta*; on any other day it smells as sweet and is as fragrant as a garden. The people crowd there to buy flowers, as they go elsewhere to buy vegetables, because they are among the necessities of life and because they are within reach of the poorest. The love of flowers is indeed one of the evidences of a ripe civilization, and the window-boxes in Nuremberg and the little gardens in front of the English laborer's cottage alike bear witness to a love of nature which poverty cannot extinguish. Climate has much to do with this floral fertility; in Italy and England nature turns gardener and does a large share of the work which must be planned for and paid for at home; but there remains a great work to be done in making small bits of ground bloom in America as they bloom in Europe. If societies had not devastated America to such an extent as to threaten the very existence of individual action and to turn the country into a vast committee-room, one would be tempted to organize a Society for the Propagation of Flowers in the United States, without a constitution, by laws, officers, minutes, and, above all, without an annual meeting and "distinguished speakers from abroad." It is the charm of flower-growing here that it is ancient habit; an immemorial devotion; as much a spontaneous fertility as the growth of the flowers. A charming English-woman standing in a riotous Kentish garden where the flowers were breast-high about her was asked what she did to secure such a glorious harvest of color.

"Pull things out," was the prompt reply. The soil was so impregnated with the seeds of ancient life that it had long ceased to need any care save pruning!

This sense of overflowing beauty fills the streets of Rome in May. At the bottom of the Spanish Steps the mass of color could hardly be more glorious if the morning had rolled in from the Campagna and broken in a great wave of flowers. There are suggestions and reminiscences of all Italy in that sweet-scented place. The trams run so close to the curb that you are almost crowded into the flowers, and the square is noisy with cabs and traffic; but the freshness of a thousand

dewy mornings enfolds you, and on your right is the house in which Keats died, and at the top of the stairs, in Trinita de' Monti, the nuns sing a vesper service on Sunday evenings which touches your heart with a sense of hidden sorrow and hidden joy. Old engravings show that the Piazza di Spagna near the steps has changed little since the day when Keats died in Severn's arms, and the locality seems dedicated to religion, to poetry, and to flowers! There May sits enthroned in Rome; not only the loveliest of the months, but the symbol of the immortal youth of the human spirit.

Rome, May 10.

ARMA PUERUMQUE CANO

BY EDMUND L. PEARSON

IN the warfare that raged through the neighborhood it invariably fell on Ed Mason and me to support lost causes. As the two smallest, we were told off to represent the English at Bunker Hill. It was a revised and thoroughly patriotic Bunker Hill, for the English never reached the top, but had to retreat under a galling fire of snowballs or horse-chestnuts, according to the season. As Confederates, we dashed boldly but ineffectually across the valley at Gettysburg. When the honor of the Old Guard at Waterloo was in our keeping, we did not die, but we did surrender ignominiously, and were locked up in a box-stall in Peter Bailey's father's stable. After that the allied forces, consisting of Peter, Rob Currier (who lived across the street), Joe and Charley Carter, and Sam Noyes, basely withdrew to inspect Auntie Merrill's pears (which were nearly ripe) and left us Napoleonic veterans to wither in captivity.

It was not only in struggles among ourselves that we had to drink of the bitter cup of defeat. When we banded together against the common enemy, things were not much better. Take, for instance, the time when Peter Bailey decided to turn the stable into a police station. The stalls suggested cells (there

were no horses kept in them), and the success with which the Old Guard had been imprisoned after their crushing defeat at Waterloo showed the desirability of more captives.

At first things took their usual course. Ed Mason and I were informed that we were a gang of cutthroats, burglars, highway robbers, pickpockets, counterfeiters, and other kinds of ruffians, and bade to sneak about the streets. We were warned not to run too fast when the police approached to arrest us, and told that it was "no fair" to make any determined resistance. When Peter Bailey, Rob Currier, and the others dashed out of the stable, clad (in their own estimation) in blue coats and brass buttons, we were to submit to arrest *ad libitum*. But after we had been dragged in and confined in cells a dozen or twenty times, it began to pall even on the policemen. It had long ago become sickeningly familiar to us.

To give the thing variety, new victims must be found. We were weary of the business and had ceased to feel any terror at the prospect of confinement. We never served terms longer than thirty seconds, for we had to be released immediately in order to be arrested once more. With only two criminals in the world, the