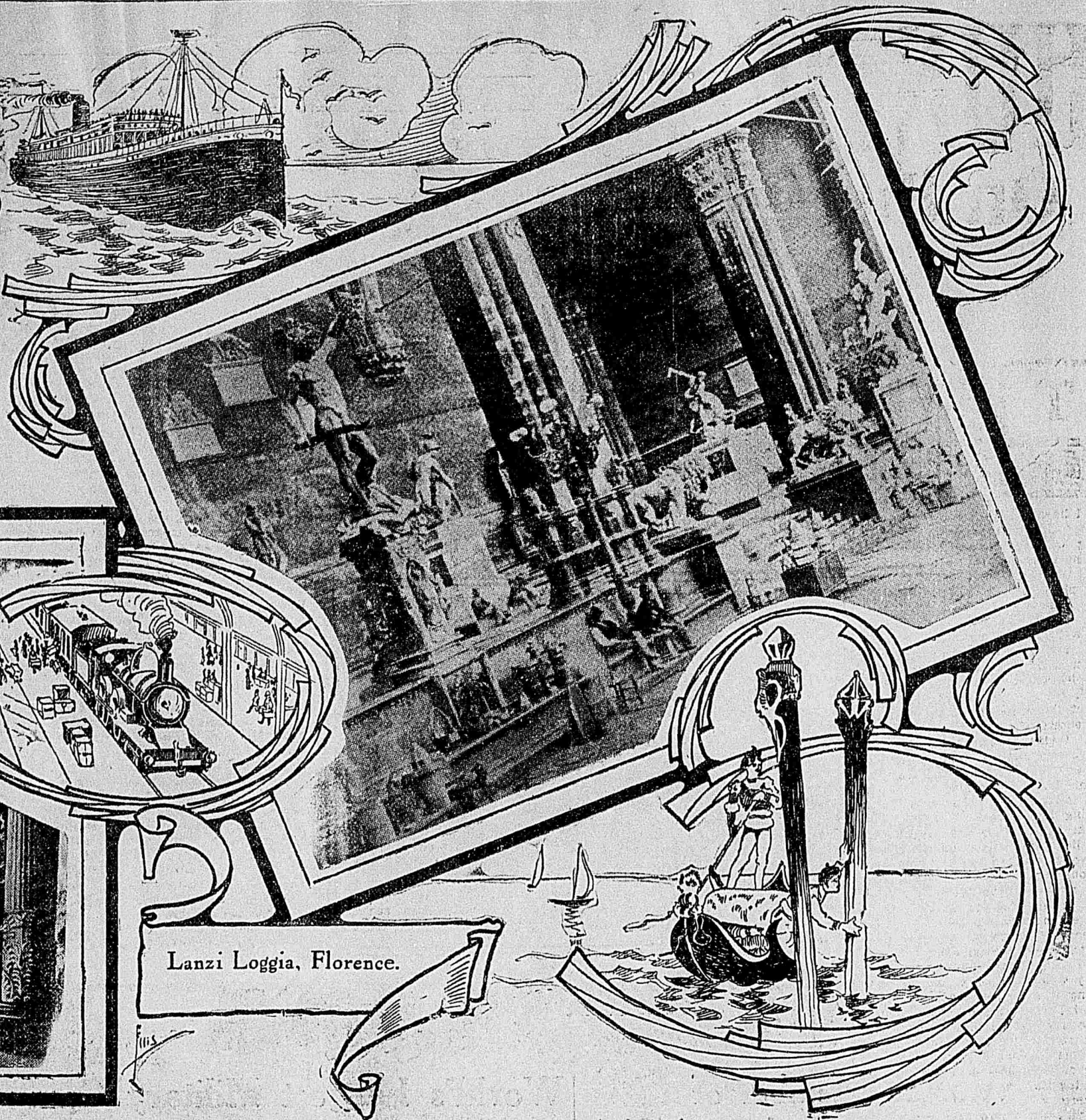


Journal of a Salt Lake Pilgrimage



Opera House, Milan.

Lanzi Loggia, Florence.

Special Correspondence.

GENOA, Italy, March 24, 1909.—Our acquaintance with Italy, sunny Italy, the land of yes, today, comes to an end this day in Genoa. We wonder as we leave, whether any similar 500 mile stretch in the world as that which we have traversed between Genoa and Rome affords a tithe of its history, the memories, its associations, its achievements. As the crowds flee, of course, the distance might easily be cut in half but as the tourist travels, desirous of seeing Italy's main cities, the rail trip easily extends to the greater distance.

Florence, Pisa, Venice, Milan, Genoa—there is a quintette of names on which travelers' fancy never waxes of lingering, add to them Rome and Naples, already described, and we have seven cities whose past history equals in importance that of many entire countries, and whose present decayed and fallen as it is, still affords to the tourist the richest food for contemplation.

THREE RIVAL CITIES.
Since Garibaldi—whose statue one finds everywhere—brought all the Italian cities and provinces together into a kingdom, nearly 50 years ago, there has been a gradual rise in life and trade among them, and there is today much the same sort of rivalry and competition, at least in the race for population, that one finds between some of the big cities of the United States. The real race is between Rome, Naples and Milan, and we were assured in each of the three places by guides and hotel clerks that his special city led with the others trailing far behind. The last census of 3 years ago, gave the figures as follows: Rome, 424,943; Milan 479,000; Naples 447,500. But if we may judge by outward signs, we would say that the next census will show Rome close up to the others, even if she does not outstrip them. In modern methods and in the adoption of American improvements, we judge that already Rome and Milan are running hand in hand, with Naples considerably behind. Note the most un-Italian of all the cities visited, as Naples and Genoa, the teeming seaports, are the most characteristically Italian.

ITALY'S ART CENTER.
Florence, situated about 180 miles north of Rome, still prides herself on being the center of the kingdom's art, criticism and intellectual life. She has only 132,000 inhabitants, but she has fewer poor, relatively, than her sister cities, her buildings are wonderful, her art galleries are unapproachable, and her trade resources are considerable. It would probably be fair to denominate her as the Boston of Italy, with her large rivals contending for the positions of New York and Chicago. The famous family of the Medici, who gave so many great names to European history, sprang from Florence, and the Medici dukes gained, lost and regained the city in the old days, times without number. Here Savonarola, burned at the stake in 1498, made a great part of his fight for liberty of thought; here the immortal Dante was born, and here, too, lived his first interpreter, Boccaccio. Machiavelli, and Galileo, are names prominent in Florentine history. Giotto, called the father of modern painting, began about 1300, his great career in art in Florence, and it was there that those three immortals, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo and Raphael did some of their best work. Imagine three such men, working alongside each other, each giving the other the advantage of his judgment and criticism, and all having their pupils and copyists, and it is easy to see how Florence gained the reputation as an art center that she has ever since enjoyed. Days and weeks might be consumed by the student of art in the numerous galleries with which the classic city is crowded.

LEANING TOWER AT PISA.
A short railway trip from Florence takes you to Pisa, where the famous leaning tower is visited by thousands of tourists annually. It stands just on the outskirts of the town, and in conjunction with the stately cathedral, far away from the haunts of trade, it makes up a silent and impressive spectacle. The tower is over 700 years old, is 179 feet in height and is 14 feet out of the perpendicular. The slant is due to a subsidence of the earth on one side, and as we climbed the tower, the unevenness in the structure was quite apparent. The Baptistery, a round

detached part of the cathedral, entirely circular and very lofty, gave us some instances of the powers of the echo, quite startling. We sounded the tones of a common chord, "do, mi, sol, do," one after the other, and the full chord rang out in the chamber and sustained itself for a period of time simply astonishing to listen to. Pisa now has only 27,000 inhabitants, but it is an important educational center, and the time was when it was an independent city, when it sent armies and fleets forth to battle, and when it did not hesitate to attack cities as powerful as Palermo and Genoa. It was to commemorate a great victory over the Saracens that the cathedral and the tower were originally planned.

MEDIAEVAL VENICE.
A few hours' ride to the northeast of Florence, brings the traveler to the world-famed Venice. We arrived at night, and never shall we forget the strangeness of our landing. We knew, of course, that Venice was a city largely built on the water, but we were not prepared for the picturesque, startlingly mediaeval scene that presented itself as our party stepped down from the cars. The usual thing in an Italian depot is for a swarm of railway porters to lay siege to your luggage, and to have to fight your way to the omnibus bearing the name of your hotel. In Venice you step upon the platform, and before you see a vast stretch of water, with the rows of gondolas lined up at the edge, each labelled with the name of the hotel it represents. It is quite late, silence broods over everything, and the passengers for the various hostilities, are taken quiet possession of their valises are hustled aboard by one man, another takes your baggage check and goes off in quest of your trunk, you remaining seated in the stern of the gondola and gazing in awe-struck wonderment at the flickering lights which shoot this way and that across the water, and mark the course of the departing boats. Presently your trunk arrives, the two men take up their oars, one standing up in the front the other the rear, and you glide noiselessly, smoothly through the water. A moment more and the tall walls of the houses shoot up in spectral form on all sides of you, and your boat darts into narrow streets, with streets, shoots around corners, the gondoliers shouting ahead a musical note of warning as each corner is approached, and, finally after 15 minutes of delightful riding, you bring up at the steps of your hotel, embark, and are ushered into a little palace of warmth and light. This, however, is the rear entrance. The front is on terra firma, and one may walk out, gain the center of Venetian life, the great public square in front of the church of San Marco, (said to be built over the bones of St. Mark himself) and there view the trade, traffic, the palaces, the great spaces of the cathedral and pause, as we did, in wonderment at the flocks of pigeons which descend from their lofty nests around the church and feed from the hands of the tourists. The quantity of corn that is sold by the street vendors, and the number of photographs of travelers feeding the pigeons, which are executed by the walking artists would defy an estimate.

VENICE'S FIFTH AVENUE.
The wonders of Venice are familiar to every school child, and we shall not weary your readers by pausing to describe them in detail. Our party crosses the historic and still melancholy Bridge of Sighs, and even gets a kick shot of ourselves as we pass under it in a gondola. We explore the terrible dungeons underneath the doge's palace, and rest a while in the very stone cell where Lord Byron was given permission to pass the night on the stones as a self-imposed prisoner, in order that he might know just what the sensation was. We ride up and down the grand canal, the watery Fifth Avenue of Venice, where steam launches do the street car and cab work of the city. Never a sight or sound of a horse, a car or of an automobile salutes our gaze or our ears during our stay. We slow with especial interest, the palaces on the banks of the canal, first, where Othello is said to have wooed and won Desdemona (there really was a Moor of Venice, and Desdemona's house is quite authentic) second, the home occupied by Byron during his residence here in 1818 when he first met Countess Guiccioli; third, the house in which Robert Browning, the poet, died in 1882. The grand canal is two and a half miles long, has an average width of 77 yards,

and a depth of 16 feet. It bears every style of architecture from the twelfth to the eighteenth centuries and every turn of the canal presents a new and striking picture. The Venetian glass and lace factories are too well known to need describing. The city is built on piles driven into the lagoon, has over 150 canals, and five feet wide, with 378 bridges, mostly of stone. The population is about 150,000, with one-quarter practically paupers, and most of them had been apprised in advance of our coming.

WONDERFUL MILAN.
A brief pause at Milan, that wonderful city at the foot of the Alps, so far to the north that the mountain breezes and the gusts of snow quite destroy our preconceived notions of that part of Italy. Even the bustling people do not look like the other Italians you are accustomed to see. We pay a visit to the marvelous Cathedral, mount to its roof, and gaze long and wonderingly at its 98 statues of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, which adorn the exterior. We devote one evening, too, to a visit to La Scala, the famous opera house after which most other European opera houses have been modeled, and where the singers, orchestra and the tout ensemble are said to be kept up to the finest of the old standards. The opera, was one of the new and difficult modern school, and we enjoyed it less than we might have done one of the familiar works. But it was superbly acted and sung and the orchestra of 80 was a revelation in itself. In the lobby of the house stand statues of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini and Verdi, masters now dead and gone, but who in the past had brought out and conducted their best known works on La Scala's stage. Society was out in resplendent force, and the house, which is not so large as either the New York opera houses, or the Grand at Paris, presented a scene of surpassing brilliancy from the ground floor to the roof.

Milan is the resting place of the original picture of "The Last Supper," by

Da Vinci. We found what is left of the famous work—it was painted on the wall of a little building adjoining the church of Santa Maria, where it is religiously guarded, and a stream of people, who pay a franc apiece for the privilege, is going in and out constantly. The picture is poorly preserved, and while it may have points that Lamourne or Culmer might appreciate, people who are not experts in art, like ourselves found much more to admire in the beautiful copies of the original which are to be found in the church and in many of the Italian galleries.

BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS.
We shall always remember Genoa, first for our search for the birthplace of Columbus, second for a rendition of "The Chimes of Normandy" which we heard there. The house wherein the discoverer of America first saw light is in a narrow alley with fish stalls, rag shops and bad fruit displays almost burying it beyond the hope of finding. With the aid of a guide, who himself had to ask his way numberless times, we finally reached the place, and as we stood gazing at the small tablet in the wall which alone marks the spot, we were surrounded by a mob of the denizens of the neighborhood, who seemed to marvel greatly that we found anything to stare at. The house itself was closed on that day, though usually open to visitors.

"The Chimes of Normandy" was a case of butchery, hanging, drawing and quartering, such as we have never again to behold. It was in a minor theater, but the hotel people assured us the artists were well worth hearing, and we ventured. The chorus numbered a dozen, the music was out to pieces, there was not a singer in the cast, no attempt whatever at dramatic effects and the great scene in the haunted castle where the miser parades in the moonlight, wrapped in a sheet, to scare the villagers on the green below, was executed off the stage; the effective episode of rolling

the effigy up and down the stage was omitted altogether. We pictured to ourselves the countenances of McClellan, Peyer, Spencer and dear old Goddard watching such a profanation as we picked up our wraps and fled.

Genoa has 156,000 inhabitants and is the principal seaport of Italy. Looking at its poverty and general condition today, it is most hard to realize that it, too, reveals in a glorious past. The city sent a fleet to the Crusades, and once even threatened Venice in the race for supremacy. She had colonies in Shakespeare, Padua, Parma, Rovigo, Mantua, Ve-

rona, and others, painted on the red bricks seem strangely out of place in such surroundings. At Verona, the train pauses only long enough to enable us to see a beautiful city on the hill side, and the chapel wherein lies the tomb of Juliet, can be seen in the distance. A little way out of Parma repose the remains of the great Verdi, so recently interred, and many other great ones of the past, lie under stately mausoleums in obscure places dear to them in life, but which only painstaking research on the part of the traveler could now discover.

FAMILIAR NAMES.
As one traverses Italy, a host of lesser historic spots is constantly encountered, and it is with regret that we are forced to pass them by without a visit. The railroad stations bear names again and again encountered in Shakespeare, Padua, Parma, Rovigo, Mantua, Ve-

rona, and others, painted on the red bricks seem strangely out of place in such surroundings. At Verona, the train pauses only long enough to enable us to see a beautiful city on the hill side, and the chapel wherein lies the tomb of Juliet, can be seen in the distance. A little way out of Parma repose the remains of the great Verdi, so recently interred, and many other great ones of the past, lie under stately mausoleums in obscure places dear to them in life, but which only painstaking research on the part of the traveler could now discover.

ONLY WOMAN MEMBER OF GREAT EXPLORERS' CLUB

(Continued from page seventeen.)

people go into the country and establish missions where the natives receive medicines that do their physical bodies good, when hospitals are put up to study and try to cure the fatal sleeping sickness, then the inner consciousness of the black man is aroused to a sense of gratitude.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

"One reason why the white man's religion does not meet with favor from the blacks is because the whole country is a maze of secret societies—full of fetichisms and cults that are of unknown age—dear to the African and most difficult to 'down' in the native mind. The working missions, teaching the natives constant manual labor, and the cultivation of the land, have done much good. For this reason the Roman Catholic fathers and sisters must be considered as fairly successful in their efforts. They enter Africa as a rule to live and die if needs be at their work, and of all the missionaries, seem to be regarded with the greatest respect and esteem. Their medical missionaries, who always occupy first rank.

"The native African races do not need an extraneous religion. They are a people of a natural religion. Every African is a born pantheist and a fatalist. Imported Christianity cannot eradicate these native characteristics.

"Personally, I am a great admirer of the natives, both men and women. I think that when they become fully aware of their condition they will attempt to throw off the yoke which binds them to toil. Much of their disease—and even crime—arise from the manner in which they are compelled to work for the whites.

MANY TRIBAL JEALOUSIES.

"I cannot say that I ever anticipated a united African race. There are too many tribal jealousies for them to amalgamate; and, besides, the white men have penetrated too far into the country and divided it up too thoroughly for the blacks to form any effective combination against them. But, what I do look forward to is the coming of the day when the natives will pay some attention to the study of the real psychology and feelings of these native races. When the whites learn that the blacks are real human beings, and not merely a collection of senseless, there will come about a complete revolution in their treatment. Instead of being exploited, they will be taken into partnership. They have wants and desires, and their native ways of looking at things will be considered. It is only by these methods that the whites can ever hope to attain to any permanent results in the country."

GREAT TRAVELER.


Mrs. French Sheldon has made two extensive expeditions to the Congo, and has been three times around the world. She knows whereof she speaks; and her reports to various governments—American, British, French and Belgian—on matters connected with the Congo are regarded as authoritative works in the subject with which she deals.

Mrs. Sheldon is not only an explorer, but a woman of many interests. She is a sculptor, having studied under the famous Clesgenier; a skilled musician, a painter and a dramatist. She has translated more than 50 important French books, notably "Salambo," which she dramatized. With reference to this last work, the French government thought so highly of it that it had an edition de luxe printed, one volume of which was placed in the tomb of Flaubert at Rouen. There are few living women who have attained

such distinction as Mrs. French Sheldon in many walks in life.

E. L. SCOTT.

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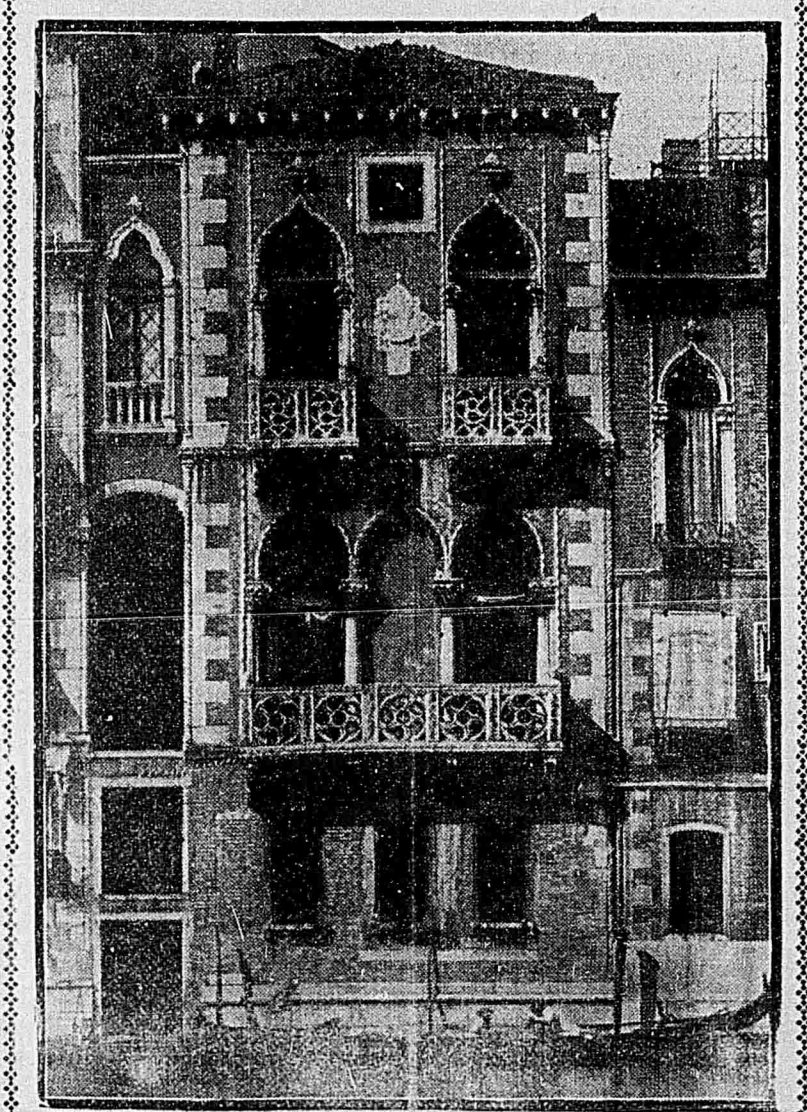
The Indians of the tropics were the first known beings to use cocoa. They were physically strong and healthy. Choco, an Indian word meaning drink, is what they called it, hence the name Chocolate.

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