



ON THE ROAD TO ROME

The peaceful hill town of Albano is typical of the country over which the Allied armies in Italy are fighting.

the man in the street to feel at times that he is watching history being made. There is everywhere a profusion of flowers; water plays in countless fountains of quaint and curious design. It is a place of noble palaces and majestic flights of steps where even the civic monuments are usually in good taste.

It is a city of the past where up till the beginning of the war the busy spade of the archæologist was continually unearthing new marvels. In the last twenty years the Italian Government has in this way given an immense impetus to the study of history. In areas that teemed with buried treasure decaying tenements have been demolished and whole new Fora revealed. Great roads were built like the famous Via Dell' Impero past the Roman Forum, linking up Mussolini's Palazzo Venezia with that famous Christian monument, the Colosseum.

A new University city has arisen on the outskirts; while playing fields and stadiums are supposed to encourage a love of manly sports. It is doubtful, however, whether Italians are by temperament adapted to our forms of recreation. Players have been known so far to forget their differences as to execute a concerted attack on the referee. Football, indeed, seems almost too perilous for the Italian public; spectators with weak hearts sometimes suffer a fatal collapse from the intolerable excitement.

The real interest of Rome lies elsewhere. We find it in the splendid palaces and venerable churches ingeniously restored in recent times. There on the seven hills, surrounded by tranquil gardens of ilex and cypresses, the life of Rome goes on. While the ancient sanctuaries hold perhaps more interest for the