PORTLAND WOMAN VISITS ATHENS OF ITALY

Every Nook and Corner of the

Famous Old City Holds Something of Interest for Every Sightseer--Many Wonderful Relics, Works of Art and Masterpieces of Architecture--Numerous Beautiful Churches

The following article is by Mrs. Edward Alden Beals, wife of District Forecaster Beals of this city. Mrs. Beals left Portland about a year ago with her daughter, Miss Nancy Beals, her son, Master Clyde and Miss Elisabeth Harwas, for the purpose of assisting the young ladies while they pursued their musical studies, in which work they have been unusually successful.

FLORENCE, May 1.—The city of Florence is beautifully situated on the river Arno, and lies in a large plain, circular in form and surrounded by green hills. It is called the Athens of Italy and by the beauty of its edifices and treasures of art, it more than justifies its name. Some historians tell us it was founded by the Etruscans while others give the Romans that honor. Tuscany suffered many vicissitudes during the earliest periods, but was formed into a dukedom by Charlemagne and after numerous battles and disputes between the empire and the popes finally became a part of Italy in 1859 and at one time Florence was its capital. This, however, was transferred to Rome in 1870.

Works of Masters.

The streets of Florence are paved with stone and there are many beautiful palaces and churches, besides the many art galleries, museums, gardens and piazzas. There are said to be more of the works of the old masters in Florence than in any other city in the world. I have already written you of the Uffizi and Petti galleries where we saw many beautiful paintings by Titian, Raffaelo, Botticelli, Del Sarto, Corregio, Guido Reni and other great masters. We have since been to several others, among them the National Museum where we saw a wonderful collection of old arms and armor formed from the Medicean collection. Here was a suit of armor which is said to have belonged to the Emperor Charles V. In the first hall is the large cannon known as St. Paul's cannon. Here, too, is a saddle in a glass case said to have belonged to John Sobiesky, king of Poland.

In the court the most notable objects were a palace bracket lamp most finely executed in wrought iron by Gullio Serafini and the dying Adonis and Victory by Michael Angelo. In the Hall of Ancient Sculpture were many wonderful things, one of the most beautiful being the statue, The Youthful Bacchus by Michael Angelo. Here, too, was the Mask of Faun, executed by the same master when 14 years old.

Ascending the scala del Bargello, a noted stairway, we saw several large bells, two being of the 13th century. It is not possible to enumerate the different rooms, as there were so many, but the room containing the bronzes was the most interesting. Here we saw the exquisite Mercury, by Gianbologna, and David at the moment of his victory, by Verrocchio.

Wonderful Relics.

The Hall of the Carrand Collection contains bronzes, ivories, arms, pictures, jewels, cameos, majolicas, etc., and is a very rich collection, which was bequeathed to the city by a Frenchman named Luigi Carrand. The chapel was formerly divided into prison cells and here many noted prisoners passed their last moments. The fine portrait of Dante, supposed to have been taken from life is here. There are also some fine frescoes and an egg shell mosaic representing Jesus, attributed to Gaddo Gaddi. A beautiful bas-relief in gold and silver representing the last supper and many other interesting things are seen here.

The amber and ivory room contains many exquisite pieces while the Hall of Frescoes and Seals has the richest collection known. The halls of sculpture are represented by such masters as Mino di Fiestle, Rossellino, Pollaiolo, Tribolo Sansovino, Lorenzo and others. In the medal room was an exquisite piece of gobelin tapestry representing the attiring of Esther and three other splendid canopies of Florentine manufacture. The room is filled with cases of valuable medals and coins of every nationality. The last room contained a rare collection of glazed pottery with rich bas-reliefs by Luca, Andrea and Giovanni della Robia. Here also, is a splendid collection of majolica vases, bottles, basins, etc.

Next we went to the Ancient and Modern gallery, where we saw the beautiful "David" of Michael Angelo, which he sculptured when only a youth and from a block of marble which had been discarded by another artist. There are many beautiful paintings here by Beato Angelico, Filippi Lippi, Del Sarto, Chirlandaio Rosselli, Perugino, Botticelli and others. Notable among them, The Last Judgment, by Angelico; Coronation of the Virgin, by Lippi; Assumption of the Virgin, by Perugino, and Botticelli's "Spring," which is considered one of the most noted pictures in Florence. It is one of the few which are not of religious subjects.

Corsini Palace.

We also visited the Corsini palace where we saw Guido Reni's "Lucreece," Venus regarding herself in a mirror, by Titian and several other noted paintings. We also went to the Pitti palace, the home of the Medici and to the Medician chapel where are found the most precious marbles and statues. The paintings are modern. This chapel is said to have cost 22,000,000 lire and it is not yet completed.

Last Sunday we went to the Museum of Marco, formerly a monastery; here we visited the cells occupied by Savonarola and we saw the manuscrips of this great friar, a crucifix and other things which belonged to him and also his portrait painted by Fr. Bartolemuneo. The long corridors have cells at each side, 43 in all and in these are frescoes, many by Beato Angelico. In one of these cells is the exquisite panel painting called the Madonna della Stella. In the refectory is the frescoe of the Last Supper, by Chirlandaio.

We have visited the principal churches; of course, the cathedral is the largest and most wonderful in construction. It was begun in 1298 and finished in 1886. It is impossible to go into details, but it is one of the grandest structures that we have seen. The Duomo proper is 154.95 meters long and 92.79 meters wide; with the Campanile it occupies an area of 923,050 square metres (a metre is about 39 inches). It is built of different colored marble and differs from the Duomo at Milan in the style of architecture, the statues being placed in niches all around the building, which is decorated with magnificent bas-reliefs. The baptistry is an octagonal edifice said to have been built in the seventh century with the materials of an ancient temple. While there we witnessed the baptism of a sweet little baby. Both the Duomo proper and the baptistry contain many interesting statues and paintings.

Italian Pantheon.

Next in importance is the church of St. Croce, called the Italian Pantheon and Westminster Abbey of Italy on account of its many monuments to the most celebrated artists and scientists, among them being Dante, Galileo Rossini and others. It is built in the form of a Latin cross and is 116 metres long and 89 metres wide. It is lighted by very fine stained glass windows and is supported by octagonal columns of Gothic construction. There are many fine frescoes and paintings to be seen here, and some exquisite bas-reliefs by Della Robia and Mina da Fiesole. Here, too, is preserved the Christ sculptured in wood by Donatello and celebrated in the history of art. It is said that Brunelleschi visited the studio of Donatello while he was making this crucifix and criticised it severely, saying it was more like a peasant than a Christ. Donatello retorted that he (Brunelleschi) could not sculpture even a decent-looking peasant. Some time later Brunelleschi invited Donatello to dine with him, and at the appointed time called for him. On the way he made an excuse to stop, asking Donatello to go on and wait for him in his studio, which he did. When Brunelleschi arrived Donatello was standing enraptured before a crucifix which Brunelleschi had left uncovered, and upon his entrance greeted him with these words: "In truth, I carved a peasant, but you have created a Christ." This crucifix is in the church of Santa Maria Novella, which we visited a few days ago. It was named by Michael Angelo "The Bride," because of its beauty.

PLAZA OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM FLORENCE, ITALY.

Church of Santa Maria.

There are two astronomical instruments in the facade of the church of Santa Maria Novella, placed there by Ignazio in 1572. The church is built in the German Gothic style, and the arches of the nave as they approach the high altar diminish in size, thus increasing the apparent size by the effect of perspective. There are some fine sculptures and paintings here, among others the celebrated Madonna by Cimabue. The choir is full of frescoes by Ghirlandaio, all of exquisite beauty, representing scenes from the Bible. In the Strozzi chapel are frescoes by ndrea and Nardo Orcagna, representing "The Last Supper" and "Heaven and Hell." The Spanish chapel is celebrated for its frescoes. In the refectory adjoining the church is a very vauable fresco by Bronzino, representing the Israelites in the desert.

One of the most beautiful churches is San Miniato, which is some little distance out of the city. To reach it we drove up a beautiful terraced road to Piazza Michael Angelo from which we had a glorious view of Florence. San Miniato contains many objects of art of rare value. The marble pulpit is adorned with bas-reliefs. The apse of the altar has a beautiful mosaic of very ancient date, while behind the altar are five windows of transparent marble. The ornamentations of the ceiling are in glazed terra cotta by Della Robia. We descended into a crypt supported by 38 marble columns; here the ashes of St. Miniato and other martyrs are preserved. The sacristy dates from 1387 and contains several frescoes by Spinello Aretino.

Amerigo Vespucci.

The church of Ognissanti is near our house. In a fresco in this church by Ghirlandaio is presented many personages of his time. The Vespucci family are seen under the protecting mantle of the virgin. To her left is the great geographer and traveler, Amerigo Vespucci, next the church in an adjoining room is a fresco, the Last Supper, by Ghirlandaio, dated 1480.

Are you tired of churches? Well, I must tell you of one more. St. Annunziata. Here are some beautiful frescoes by Del Sarto Cristofano, Baldovinetti, Carrucci, Rosselli and others. The church was built in the thirteenth century. The dome was painted by Volterano. The chapel used as a choir is decorated with marble mosaics. In the chapel of the Annunziata is an image of the Virgin, which is greatly venerated and popular tradition attributes it to the angels, although according to Vasari it was made by Pietro Cavallini. We were at this church on Sunday morning and saw people kissing this image. We also heard some beautiful music there.

On Friday evening we went to the Jewish synagogue. It is said to be the grandest modern edifice in Florence and the most beautiful synagogue in Europe. It is of the Moorish style and is richly and beautifully ornamented. The choir was composed of young boys and the music was fine. I must not neglect to mention the Loggia del Priori on the Piazza della Signoria, where is the tablet marking the spot where Savonarola was burned. Two immense marble lions are at the steps leading to the loggia, which contains some of the finest statuary in Florence.

The Rape of the Sabines by Giau Bologna, Perseusm by Cellini, Judith cutting off the head of Herlofernes by Donatello, Raye of Polyxena by Fedi, Dying Ajax in the arms of a warrior, a work of rare beauty, Hercules and the Centaur and other magnificent groups. Extending from here past the Uffizi gallery and the postoffice to the river is the Piazza degli Uffizi. Among the marble statues placed there are the Cosmos, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Donatello, Leonardo di Vinvi, Michael Angelo, Dante, Giotto, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Amerigo Vespucci, Galileo and many others any one of which would be considered a treasure in our art museums.

There are several bridges across the Arno. Ponte Vecchio is the oldest, and a suspension bridge in the Cascine is the newest. I cannot attempt to tell you of the fountains, piazzas, theatres, etc., for I should never finish. I think I have already said enough to convince you that we are "seeing things."

PICTURESQUE PIAZZA FLORENCE, ITALY.

HISTORIC RODIN STATUE FOR AMERICA

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

LONDON, July 18.—Rodin, who is now generally considered to be the greatest living sculptor, is evidently much interested in a suggestion that has been made that he should provide a heroic figure of Sieur Jean Greysolon Du Lhut, or Duluth, the French explorer who was the founder and namesake of the city of Duluth. The plan apparently has appealed to the patriotic pride of the venerable French artist, who after years of struggle and neglect is now so overwhelmed with national and private requests for his work that no amount of money will tempt him to undertake anything that does not interest him personally—hence disappointment to many a millionaire who has hoped to perpetuate his own physiognomy by means of a priceless Rodin bust.

It seems, however, that Rodin has a great belief in the artistic future of the United States, and has been cherishing the idea of having one of his more important works go to America, and when some public spirited citizens of Duluth called his attention to the appropriateness of a statue to the French father of their city the sculptor seized on the idea forthwith, and after gathering details of the life of the gallant explorer, has now completed a general scheme for a statue to be erected in one of the public squares of Duluth and has offered to undertake the work at once at terms considerably below the average, as Rodin prices go for sculpture on a large scale that would keep him absorbed for probably many months. His idea is for a figure of the Sieur Duluth in white marble rather over seven feet high, standing on some hard highly polished stone, with two subjects of a symbolic explanatory character in bas relief.

It is a matter of national importance that one of the greater works of Rodin should go to the United States, and various citizens of Duluth now in Europe are interesting themselves actively in the scheme.

Slavery for Men and Women.

In Columbia half the miners are women, working side by side with men in the hydraulic workings up to their waists in water for from 15 to 25 cents a day.

Concrete Tank for Oil.

Although there is a belief that oil destroys the cohesion of concrete, a concrete tank at San Antonio, Texas, has been holding oil for three years without leaking.

MORAL PURITY

By Mrs. John A. Logan.

ALMOST every society which is organized by men or women has for its basic principles morality or religion, in the advocacy of which people wax eloquently, giving daily dissertations through the press and from the platform upon the crying need of suppression of crime, not only among adults, but also among the children of the nation. Day nurseries are established for the care and protection of little ones of the working women. The public schools have their kindergartens and various departments for the intellectual, manual, physical and moral training of the children from the age of five to manhood and womanhood. Sunday schools are everywhere. Settlement and Hull house work is going on in every city. Playgrounds under the supervision of capable and proper persons are being introduced in many places. Probation officers under the direction of the judges of the juvenile courts are walking the streets to apprehend truants and vagrants. And yet we are told that moral purity is on the wane and that crime, especially among juveniles, is on the increase.

There are many explanations to this anomaly. We should say that the chief reason is the example of parents in their own habits, and the shirking of their individual responsibility for the children they have brought into the world. We have sometimes thought that too much was done by municipal, state and national authority, and by philanthropy for the cosmopolitan population of our country, and that compulsory parental responsibility should be coupled with compulsory education and philanthropic provisions for the masses.

Learned arguments have been made and written to prove that education was the most potent influence in the civilization of mankind. If this is true, and we like to think that it is, how are we to account for the increase of crime and the decrease of illiteracy and ignorance in the United States as proven by the census.

We further believe that under the present ill-advised philanthropy which enables mothers especially to throw aside their maternal obligations and indulge in extravagence and idleness instead of personally impressing their children with their accountability for the faithful discharge of the duties of life. A large per cent of the parents today consider that they are exempt from the responsibility of the training of their children for usefulness because the teachers are "paid to do it." More than one teacher in the public schools who has been obliged to send children home for baths on account of their unkempt condition has had the children sent back to them impertinent messages from parents insisting that the teachers were paid to look after the children.

The men and women of the earlier days of the republic who had to work for their living, set examples of industry and thrift before their children. They trained them thoroughly in their moral and religious duties. They were without the helps that are showered upon the present generation, but by constant application they mastered every obstacle in their pathway through life.

Will not the policies of the present age produce a generation of idle, dependent, immoral, shiftless people, who are destined to retard the progress of American civilization?

Begin the repression of crime and dissipation among the adults and insist upon their being personally responsible for the care and proper guidance of those dependent upon them and the children can be saved for the perpetuity of our national institutions.

Historic Boer War Relic

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

LONDON, July 18.—Overtures on behalf of J. Pierpont Morgan have been made to Lord Roberts for the flag of truce brought in by General Cronje on the field of Paardeberg. It is a dingy bit of cloth which in ordinary circumstances would not be considered fit for the dust bin. Yet the story goes that the American millionaire is willing to pay $10,000 for it or indeed any amount which Lord Roberts might name. It is one of "Bobs'" most valued possessions and it is doubtful if all the millions of the millionaire would purchase it.

Some time ago when walking through the picture gallery at Blenheim, the Duke of Marlborough's place, Morgan espied in a glass-topped cabinet a faded piece of paper the writing on which could only be read by a magnifying glass. This was the famous dispatch written by the great soldier to announce to Queen Anne that the field of Blenheim was won. Pierpont Morgan stayed gazing at it for a quarter of an hour. "At one time," he said, almost tearfully, "I might have bought it. But the duchess' wealth obviates all hope of my ever owning it now."

Morgan is bitten by a new phase of the collector's mania every few months. Just at present it is battle-scarred flags and historic documents that his agents are chasing all over Europe for. It was one of the biggest disappointments of his life that, through a misunderstanding on the part of one of his dealers, the Chesapeake flag, which was recently sold at an auction in London, fell into the hands of William Waldorf Astor and through him found its way into a British museum.

LOVE CREATES LOVE--By M. Maeterlinck

MANY of us do not yet know what the word "to love" means. There are within us lives in which we love unconsciously. To love thus means more than to have pity, to make inner sacrifices, to be anxious to help and give happiness. It is a thing that lies a thousand fathoms deeper, where our softest, strongest, swiftest words cannot reach it.

At moments we might believe it to be a recollection, furtive but excessively keen, of the great primitive unity. There is in this love a force that nothing can resist.

Which of us—and we question ourselves on the side of the light from which our gaze is habitually averted—which of us but will find in himself the recollection of certain strange workings of this force? Which of us, when by the side of the most ordinary person perhaps, but has suddenly become conscious of the advent of something that none had summoned? Was it the soul, or perhaps life, that had turned within itself like a sleeper on the point of awakening?

I know not, nor did you know, and no one spoke of it, but you did not separate from each other as though nothing had happened.

To love thus is to love according to the soul, and there is no soul that does not respond to this love. For the soul of man is a guest that has gone hungry these centuries back, and never has it to be summoned twice to a nuptial feast.

The souls of all our brethren are ever hovering about us, craving for a caress, and only waiting for the signal. But how many beings there are who all their life long have not dared make such a signal!

It is the disaster of our entire existence that we live thus away from our soul and stand in such dread of its slightest movement. Did we but allow it to smile frankly in its silence and its radiance, we should be already living an eternal life.

We have only to think for an instant how much it succeeds in accomplishing during those rare moments when we knock off its chains, for it is our custom to enchain it as though it were distraught—what it does in love, for instance, for there we do permit it at times to approach the lattices of external life. And would it not be in accordance with the primal truth if all men were to feel that they were face to face with each other, even as the woman feels with the man she loves?

Let him, who has a grievance against his fellow, descend into himself and seek out whether he never has been good in the presence of that fellow. For myself I have never met anyone by whose side I have felt my unconscious love bestir itself without he has become at that very instant, better than myself.

Be good at the depths of you and you will discover that those who surround you will be good even to the same depths. Nothing responds more infallibly to the secret cry of goodness than the secret cry of goodness that is near.

While you are actively good in the invisible, all those who approach you will unconsciously do things that they could not do by the side of any other man.

Therein lies a force that has no name, a spiritual rivalry that knows no resistance.

WHEN YOU THINK YOU ARE "IT"--By Cara Reese

YES, that scheme is all right and a satisfactory plan to propose; it puts you as the center of the particular universe and the rest of the hands as mere satellites; you the sun and other folks simply moons! You have a clever head on your shoulders.

When you grow older you will have less sense and will sometimes map yourself as a secondary planet, and grant to some brighter and more aspiring source of heat and energy the more conspicuous place. And the way you will likely attain or deteriorate to less intelligence will be by the way of the hard knocks and the rebuffs you will receive. This is specially recorded as "experience."

Every infant in arms imagines that he is the lawful center of all things, each young child is the embodiment of the same notion, himself the master and all the rest of mankind merely slaves, eager youth expects the right of way in play, in deference to his choice and opinion, in lording it over the schoolmates and the family, and the voting age does not find things improved or different.

In fact, just what you have done is just what your superiors have expected you to do, namely, a reconstructive policy or process with you in the foreground, not only in plain view, but enlarged somewhat by being out of focus. Then the minor figures grouped discreetly in the receding perspective of the background.

Here is where the world takes off its slipper and proceeds to chastise you. The castigation should have been administered from infantile days in an increasing ratio, mother, teacher and bully of your own size training you better. But somehow you have escaped all these and are still the center, the one to whom all things animate and inanimate must make obeisance.

To be sure, there are instances on record where a personality has been so dominating at all times that even when the slipper was in the air it failed to descend, the sole-leather stayed, as it were, by some impulse not definable, or a delay in proceedings has occurred, the case requiring a more effective application of understanding. And there are instances on record also where those who came to scoff were converted and instead of interference were soon on terms of helpful friendliness.

These exceptions to the general rule are perhaps the reason why you have thus far escaped your dues in the disciplinary process. You may be slightly above the average of intelligence, or have a persuasive manner about you, a natural gift of making friends and of inducing friends to see as you do; but you cannot always expect to glide through as a leader, as the hub about which the spokes revolve, or to pose as a figure in the foreground.

Now, no one wants you to be chastised, for that is not pleasant; and no one is croaking out of spite and maliciously calling attention to the slipper that is promised; moreover, there are too many really worthy enthusiasts whipped into quiet these days who, if they had been let alone, might have done no end of original thinking and have straightened much that is awry, for any one to want to see you crushed. But this is the point: Let someone else discover your value [illegible] don't always [illegible] push yourself.

LOOKS UGLY BUT HE ISN'T A BIT ILL-TEMPERED--Senor Don Carlos Rescued a Baboon From Merciless Beating, Now He Has a Life Companion

SOME UP TO DATE MONKEY SHINES.

WHIMPERING with fright and crowding back into the farthest corner of his iron-bound cage, a young baboon shrunk from the jabs and punches of an iron bar wielded by a rage-crazed Swede. A young man, dark of skin and sharp of eye called the brutal man to account.

"You will kill the beast," he said, "you are beating him to death."

"Who are you and what the h— is it to you?" was the answer hurled back by the angry keeper. Then they mixed, the big, burly Swede and the man from Mexico. And as they fought, rolling and tumbling on the floor until the Swede, with the anger beaten out of him and penitence pounded in, gave up the battle, the baboon tight pressed against the bars of his cage followed the fight with interest and gave encouragement to his champion with queer uncouth grunts and grimaces.

That was three years ago and then "Professor Kidd," the baboon, was a new importation from the jungles, fresh sold into captivity in New Orleans. Now, in the short space, the ungainly and savage tempered beast has been taught the new civilization and under the tutelage of his champion is one of the wonders of the trained animal realm.

Yesterday Senor Don Carlos, the little man, dark of skin and sharp of eye, sat with the big baboon nestled confidently against him and told of what he had done to bring out the "human" side of his big and bitter-tempered pet.

"I knew that day down in New Orleans," he said, "when Kidd came up to the bars of his cage and followed the fight encouraging me as well as he could that there was an understanding between us. I could see that Kidd knew I was his friend and I knew he would be mine. So I bought him. They told me he would kill me when I went into the cage to put the collar on him, and they made me chain my wrist to him so that if he turned on me and killed me he could not get away to create havoc with the people of the city. But I knew that he was my friend, because I knew that he knew I was his friend. And the baboon," said the senor, "has more sense than a good many men."

Did you ever see a baboon, with his four feet eight inches of heighth, his enormously muscled arms, his powerful teeth, his cunning and his vicious temper displayed toward all those whom he does not know as his master in mind and in cunning prowess? If you have not you cannot appreciate the wonderful thing that Senor Don Carlos has done with this primitive child of the tropic jungle.

Senor Don Carlos is a peculiar man. You might say that he was a man in love with a baboon. He is an enthusiast who believes implicitly in the Darwinian theory, who thinks that away back in the primitive ages of the world our ancestors swung from tree to tree, leaving us, their descendants, to rise to our present standard of intellect and civilization by slow stages of evolution. And he bases his belief not on theory alone, but on the observation and the deductions gained through three long years of association with Professor Kidd, his big baboon companion.

"You do not know what I have been through with this fellow here," the senor said, as he patted the head of his ungainly pet. "I have spent long months in the woods with him, living out in the open, climbing with him, eating with him, swimming and sleeping with him. It took a long time to gain his full confidence. It took long and patience-wracking stretches of time to teach him and make him trust me. But we understand each other now. He knows that I am his friend and I know that I am his friend, and his master. I have conquered him by kindness, but in the conquering he has left his mark upon me. But those days of uncertainty have passed and we now are friends."

Senor Don Carlos has studied his brutish companion well and from his study believes that he can see the germ of man in him. He has observed him closely and believes that he sees the rudiments of a carpenter in his developing intellect. From his association he has come to the conclusion that his pet has reason, and uses it. He considers that he understands the English language, in a feeble way, it is true, but yet enough to know when he is spoken to and what is said to him. He believes that the baboon knows the difference between good and bad conduct and reasons this out from the fact that whenever his pet does a forbidden thing he comes up to be spanked like any dutiful child.

Senor Don Carlos is optimistic about his pet. He believes that with another three years he will be able to have the big baboon do almost anything except talk, and he is not sure that he cannot teach him to transmit his thought in some manner, for he believes that animals have each their language, crude but intelligible to them. He believes he can demonstrate that his pet is a rudimentary man and that careful teaching will do for him what it took centuries of undirected development and evolution to do—make a man of him. He expects some day to show to the people of the country not Professor Kidd the baboon but Mr. Kidd the gentleman. Already, he says, the professor has more gentlemanly traits than many of the human beings with whom he is thrown in contact. If over-civilization does not spoil him, Senor Carlos believes his pet will yet rank with the average in intelligence, in culture and manners.