

less things, men, and Ellen, that's the waitress, hears them all talking some times, and just to keep up the good spirits, she tells her when she goes down to the kitchen."

"And then the cook tells you, Sarah, just to keep up your spirits, I suppose," said Miss Burman dryly, at which Rachel laughed out loud.

"Why no, men," answered Sarah in some doubt as to how she should take her mistress's remark, and not at all reassured by Rachel's surprising laugh, "my spirits ain't never down."

"A most remarkable woman," said her mistress as dryly as before, but to Sarah's relief that was her only remark.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"ON THE GREAT HIGHWAY."

Face to Face With the Father of Christendom

The following extracts are from advance sheets of Mr. Creelman's book, "The Great Highway," published by the Lothrop Publishing Company. It was all very well to sit at an editorial desk in Paris and plan an interview with the Pope. But I had not been a week in Rome before I began to understand the seeming hopelessness of carrying profane American journalism into the presence of the White Vicar of Christ, sitting at the heart of the mysterious Vatican.

There was an enchanting sense of adventure in the thing. Yet a thousand years of unbroken tradition stood between me and the august head of the Christian world, whose predecessors had turned sceptres to dust and blotted out kingdoms.

The pavements and walls of the venerable city seemed to mock me. The stately Cardinals listened and shook their heads. There was no precedent. The base thought of a newspaper correspondent interviewing the Pope violated every sentiment of Papal history from St. Peter to Leo XIII. The Apostolic Secretary of State, Cardinal Roncalli, advised me to abandon the idea. The Vicar General of Rome, Cardinal Farocchi, smiled at my enthusiasm and urged me not to waste any time on an impossible mission. Still I went on from one prince of the Church to another, from palace to palace, from cathedral to cathedral. The president spirit developed in an American newspaper office is not easily daunted. As the difficulties gathered, my ambition to interview the Pope grew more intense. It became an absorbing passion. It was with me when I wandered in the crumbling palaces of the Caesars or walked among the ruins of the Roman Forum.

A burly, white haired servant in crimson silk and knee breeches met us at the outer door of the Pope's apartments, and to him I delivered the document which called me to the Vatican. Through one splendid chamber after another he led us, among historic tapestries and princely trappings of bygone Pontiffs, until we reached the throne room.

Here we sat until Leo XIII. was ready to receive us in the next room. The great golden throne under the royal canopy was the gift of the swiftness of the Pope. Above it shone a triple crown, surmounting the azure shield, silver bar, and equestrian of the Poesi family.

The Pope is proud to sit upon a throne given to him by the toilers of his own country. After a while a smiling chamberlain in purple silk, with a resplendent gold chain hung about his neck, came from the inner chamber. He chatted with Mr. Rooker and myself for a few moments, and then, opening the door, preceded us into the presence of the august head of the Christian world.

There, behind all the pomp and ceremony, sat a gentle old man with a sweet face, and the saddest eyes that ever looked out of a human head—the quiet shepherd of Christendom. He sat in a chair of crimson and gold, set close to a table. Behind him was a carved figure of the Virgin, and near it a smaller throne. He wore a skull cap of white watered silk, and a snowy, cashmere, flowed gracefully about his frail figure, a plain cross of gold hanging upon the sunken breast. It was a presence at once appalling and majestic.

"That moment I forgot my newspaper and the news for thirsty multitudes of New York."

CREELMAN'S INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE.

As we advanced to salute the Pope, he held out his thin, white hand, on which gleamed a great emerald.

It was the Fisherman's Ring, the sign of Apostolic authority throughout the world. We knelt and kissed the outstretched hand, and Monsignor Rooker, being a Catholic, reverently pressed his lips to the gold-embroidered cross on the Pope's crimson velvet slipper.

His Holiness bade us be seated beside him. There was surprising vigor in his gestures, and his voice was clear, deep and unwearying.

"You are very young," he remarked. "I expected to see an older man. But your nation is also young."

It is hard to describe the delicate courtesy and benignity of Leo XIII.'s manner.

"I have a claim upon Americans for their respect," he said with kindling eyes, "because I love them and their country. I have a great tenderness for those who live in that land—Protestants and all."

Under the Constitution of the United States, religion has perfect liberty and is a growing power for good. The Church thrives in the air of freedom. I love and bless Americans for their frank, unaffected character and for the respect which they have for Christian morals and the Christian religion.

The Pope looked at me intently for a moment.

"You are not one of the Faithful?" he said.

"I am what journalism has made of me."

"The press—ah, what a power it is getting to be! The press and the Church should go together in the work of elevating mankind. And the American press should especially be amiable and benevolent toward me, because my only desire is to use my power for the good of the whole people, Protestants and Catholics alike."

"You are all my children," said the Pope, patting my hand like a father. "Protestants, Catholics—all, all—God has placed me here to watch over and care for you. I have no other aim on earth than to labor for the good of the human race."

"I want the Protestants of America, as well as the Catholics, to understand me. The Vicar of Christ is respected in the United States, but it is not always so in Europe."

There was an indescribable ring of pathos in the Pope's voice. His lips trembled.

"Here we have in temporal control men who feel nothing but hatred for the representative of Jesus Christ and offer constant insults to the Holy See."

"Enemies of God, armed with governmental power, see not only to grieve and humble the Holy See in its fullness of religion, but to persecute and obliterate the Church, and to overthrow the whole system of morality upon which civilization rests. The power of paganism is at work in Europe again."

"These are times of social unrest and impending disorder. I recognize the good impulse that persuaded the German Emperor to assemble the Great Powers at Berlin and seek a cure for the disease that afflicts capital and labor."

"But there is no power that can deal with anarchy and social discontent but organized religion. It alone can restore the moral balance to the human race. The result of the efforts which have been made by nations to live without Christian guidance can be seen in the present state of civilized society—discontent, hatred and profound unhappiness."

"I have watched the growing helplessness of the suffering classes throughout the world with anxiety and grief. I have studied how to relieve society of this terrible confusion."

"While I live I will labor to bring about a change. The troubles of the poor and heavy-laden are largely due to enemies of Christian morality, who want to see Christian history ended and mankind return to pagan ways."

"Human law cannot reach the real seat of the conflict between capital and labor. Governments and Legislatures are helpless to restore harmony."

"The various nations must do their work, and I must do mine. Their work is local and particular, such as the maintenance of order and the enforcement of ameliorative laws. But my work as the head of Christendom must be universal and on a different plane."

"The world must be re-Christianized. The moral condition of the workingman and his employer must be improved. Each must look at the other through Christian eyes."

"That is the only way. How vain are the efforts of nations which seek to bring contentment to man and master by legislation, forgetting that the Christian religion alone can draw men together in love and peace."

"As the wealth of the world increases, the gulf between the laborer and his employer will widen and deepen unless it be bridged over by Christian charity and the mutual forbearance which is inspired by Christian morals."

"But if the foes of Jesus Christ and His Church continue to attack and revile the holy religion which inspires and teaches sound morals and has civilized the world, the social disorders which will overwhelm and destroy them, will overwhelm and destroy them."

"The continued existence of human slavery in pagan lands is another source of sorrow to me. As a means of abolishing slavery I have established missionary colleges and am sending devoted missionaries into Africa and wherever men are held in bondage."

"The true way to free them is to educate and Christianize them. An enlightened man cannot be enslaved. For that reason, I shall devote the energies of the Church to spreading knowledge among the poor savages."

"Humanity must aid me to teach these unfortunate and save them from slavery. We must work without ceasing until there is not a slave anywhere on earth."

His Holiness spoke with visible emotion about his desire for the disarmament of Europe.

"The existence of these vast armies," he added, "is a source of displeasure and sorrow to the Holy See."

"The military life, which has been invested with a military glamour, is injuring hundreds of thousands of young men. That fact must be apparent to every sane man who seriously considers the question. It surrounds young men with violent and immoral influences; it turns their thoughts from spiritual things and tends to harden and degrade them. These armies are not only full of peril to the souls of men, but they drain the world of its wealth. So long as Europe is filled with soldiery, so long will all the labor represented by millions of men in arms be withdrawn from the soil, and the poor will be overburdened with taxes to support the system. The armies of Europe are impoverishing Europe."

"These great military establishments have another evil against another and intensely national jealousies. The inevitable result is the growth of a spirit of anger and revengefulness."

"Long to see a return of peace and charity among the nations. Mighty armies confronting each other on every frontier are not consistent with the teachings of Jesus Christ."

I reminded His Holiness that the principle of arbitration, rather than war, had become a part of the national policy of the United States.

"Yes," said the Pope, "that is a true and wise principle; but most of the men who control the affairs of Europe are not governed by a desire for truth. See how they exalt godlessness! Look at the men whose names are selected here in Italy for honor after death—men who died opposing and reviling Christianity—men like Mazzini!"

"That was the end of the first newspaper interview with the Pope. I knelt

beside Mr. Rooker and received the Apostolic Benediction. Then His Holiness arose.

"I hope that you will omit the petty personal details which are so offensive in newspaper articles," he said. "They are trivialities and beneath the dignity of the press."

As we moved out of the room the Pope called me back to him, and placing his frail hands upon my head, his eyes brimming with emotion, he said in a voice of great tenderness:

"Son, you are young, and you may be useful to the world. May the Father, Son and Holy Spirit go with you! Farewell!"

And as we retired we looked back at the slender white figure standing alone in the shadowy room—and I knew that I had been face to face with the most exalted personality of modern history. Of all the famous men I have met in my world wanderings—since that day—statesmen, monarchs, philosophers, philanthropists—I have seen no other man who seemed to have such a universal point of view.

Once more I saw the Pope borne aloft on the shoulders of the Swiss guard into the Sistine Chapel in a scene of supreme splendor—the triple crown upon his head, jewels flashing on his bosom, the Sistine choir chanting Palestrina's deathless music, and clouds of incense floating over the heads of a procession, headed by the Knights of Malta, and followed by a long train of cardinals. The sunlight fell upon lines of shining steel, nodding plumes, golden chains, shimmering robes of silk, and all the glittering symbols of pontifical power and glory. And gathered within the walls immortalized by Raphael and Michael Angelo, before the eyes of the assembled aristocracy of Rome, was a horde of American savages in paint, feathers and blankets, carrying tomahawks and knives. At the entrance of the chapel stood Buffalo Bill, Buck Taylor and Broncho Hill, while a troop of cowboys, splashed with mud and picturesque beyond description, lined the human wall beyond.

When the Pope appeared, swaying in his resplendent seat, high above the assembled host, the cowboys bowed their heads, the Indians knelt down, and Rocky Bear, the surly old chief, made the sign of the cross.

The Pontiff leaned yearningly toward the rude groups and blessed them again and again.

A few days afterward I was permitted to walk in the ancient garden of the Vatican. It was a day of surpassing loveliness. Every wandering breath of air came laden with the perfumes of distant fields of flowers. Here Pius IX. used to ride on his white mule among the fountains and statues; and here the poets of an older time declaimed in the open air to the assembled gallants of the Papal courts. I saw the herd of shaggy goats from Africa, which were driven every day to the door of the Pope's apartments and freshly milked. I saw the vine for the Pope's table. I saw the wine for the Pope's table. I saw the little tea pavilion on the roadside, with the scarlet velvet chair, and the eaged parrots screaming the Pope's name.

I saw the snow white deer and the snow white peacock—emblems of immortality.

Then my guide suddenly knelt in the road and crossed himself, and in the shadow of a mighty tree I saw a bent, white figure and a hand faintly waving the sign of the cross.

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"Recently," he says, "I stepped into a smoking compartment of a Caledonian train, and was followed shortly by an elderly lady, who carried a small and obtrusive dog. 'This is a smoking compartment, madam,' I said. 'It is not,' the old lady answered, with asperity. 'I beg your pardon,' I persisted, 'it is a legend on the window. 'It is,' 'I don't care,' she retorted. 'At any rate, I never allow any one to smoke in my presence.' By-and-by I produced a favorite pipe and began to smoke. A moment later the woman snatched the pipe from me and flung it far out of the carriage. Thereupon I lifted the pet dog and buried him after the pipe. The lady raved until the next station was reached when she had me arrested. The argument bade fair to last for several hours, when the difficulty was solved by the arrival of the little dog carrying the pipe in his mouth."

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