

A WAVE OF SOCIALISM

BY ELIZABETH FOLLARD.

Janet Ranger came from a large city, where her husband had been a mill hand from childhood up. When the doctor told her that unless John could get better air than was to be had either in the mill where he worked, or in the tenement house, where he lived, he could not get better. That was why they took up their abode in a small but well ventilated mill. It was a poor cottage on a poor street; but there was a big garden and Janet and the three children thrived mightily. But it seemed as if the change was made too late to benefit John, who died in about a year. Then Janet had to face the double problem of supporting a d bringing up the children.

She went bravely from house to house asking for work, and so willing was she to do anything, that she managed to eke out a living. One of her strong principles was, never go into debt, and for that reason there was many a time in the winter when the fire burned low, and there was little to eat in the pantry.

A poor winter had been followed by a summer that was a little better, so that when November came round the financial affairs of Janet were not in a very promising condition. Work had not been plentiful, and by the time the rent was paid, and a little fuel got, the treasury was depleted. In this way she found herself within three days of Thanksgiving, and only chance to depend on for a dinner.

On Monday afternoon she had to go out to make a few purchases and as she walked the length of the principle street it gave her a queer feeling to see the quantities of plump, seductive looking turkeys and other kinds of poultry that hung in front of the grocery and meat shops. The sight of all this abundance struck her mind back with a shock to her own lean pantry and her three hungry children.

"Oh, mamma, did you buy our turkey?" asked Nelly, aged eight, as she met her mother at the door of the cottage.

"No darling, I didn't have enough money to buy it to day," replied the mother as she looked pityingly at the three wistful faces turned up to her.

"Oh, mamma, piped Annie, aged six, "Smiths' got theirs, an' it's so big I can't lift it, an' Greens' 've got one."

"Never mind," interrupted the mother, "it's just as well not to get it too soon, and maybe I'll get some work to morrow."

After she had put the children to bed, she sat there wondering. O late a little spark of rebellion had begun to show itself in her soul, and her thoughts were turning it into a flame. She worked hard and willingly. Why should they be hungry in a land of plenty? Just as the flame was burning good and bright there was a knock at the door. Mrs. Gorman had sent a messenger to see if Janet could come and help with the work for the next two days, as her cook had met with an accident and had to be sent to the hospital. Why of course she could. Was not that what she had been praying for, and the rebellious flame began to smoulder low, as prospects brightened.

Mrs. Gorman was the banker's wife, and lived on an aristocratic street that ran parallel with her own, and only a short distance away.

"That'll be \$2.00," she informed the children next morning, "and I'll be able to get Nelly a pair of shoes, so she can go to school again, and still have a dollar left to pay for a nice Thanksgiving dinner."

She worked faithfully, the two days, and when Mrs. Gorman went to pay her she asked if Janet could come again the next day, as she had not yet been able to replace her cook. For a moment she hesitated. She had planned to have a nice little dinner with her children; and they would be disappointed; but when she thought of how much the dollar meant, she promised to come.

"I'll buy Nelly's shoes, and that'll make her happy, then I'll buy the dinner and cook it myself to-night, so it can be warmed over to-morrow, and they'll do very well," she thought as she started down the street. She had bought the shoes, and was just starting for the meat shop, when she was stopped by a neighbor.

"I was just watchin' for you Mrs. Ranger," she began, "your little boy hit my window with his ball to day, and I want you to pay for it."

"never mind. It can't be helped now, only keep away from them; 'tis better to neither play, nor quarrel with naughty, untruthful boys."

In the early morning, she did what she could to make the day easy for them, then kissed their sleeping faces, and went sturdily to her work. There were two large turkeys to roast, a huge chicken pie to make, besides all the other accessories that go to make the complete Thanksgiving dinner. She tried hard to keep her mind on her work; but in spite of all she could do, the picture of the home she had left behind her would persist in forcing itself before her mental vision, and the spark of rebellion began to flame up again.

As the hours passed by, the smell of the cooking dinner seemed to fairly go to her head and cause her to feel an unreasonable rage against everything that was.

The Gormans had four children, about the ages of her own. Besides, there were two little visitors. They were racing merrily all over the house; but whenever they came in sight of Janet she would glare at them so angrily that they would flee to a more congenial atmosphere. At last it was time for dinner, and Mrs. Gorman sent two of the children to ask how soon it would be ready. In a few minutes they returned looking frightened, "why mamma," they whimpered, "she was so cross, she just jumped at us, so we ran away without asking her."

Then the lady excused herself to her grown up guests, and went to the kitchen to find out what the trouble was.

"Why Janet, what have the children done or said to offend you?" Janet was on her knees in front of the oven, basting the turkeys and, without raising her head, answered, "nothing."

"The why are you so cross with them?" was the next question. The fire had been gathering force for several hours, and now it burst. Pitching all consideration of policy to the winds, the temporary cook towered above her employer in indignation.

"Because," she blazed out, "because I have children as well as you, and while yours are healthy and happy, mine are pinched and sad with hunger and want; because, I saw in your attic, piles of good clothing that had been discarded by your children, while mine are so thinly clad that the cold winds can pierce the marrow in their bones. Because, you have a nurse to mind your children, while I must go out to work, and leave mine alone in the house, not knowing what may happen to them while I'm away. Because, I've cooked enough to feed three times the number of people that are in this house while in mine there are only a few vegetables to eat. Because, I'm cooking a dinner for your children, while my little girl, no older than yours, is trying to cook a few vegetables for herself and those younger. Because, I work all I can, while you do nothing but enjoy yourself, and yet you have all the good things while I have—"

But the wave of socialism had swept over the soul of the woman, and left her wilted and miserable, so that, as the last words died away, she covered her face with her gingham apron, and her strong frame shook with silent sobbing.

At first Mrs. Gorman was simply indignant that a menial should so speak to her. But, as the other went on the woman and the mother in her gradually rose superior to all conventionalities, and when the poor woman began to sob, she swallowed hard a moment, then in a husky voice asked, "where do you live?"

"Directly opposite, on the back street, was the answer. "Then go at once, and bring your children here," commanded the lady.

"Oh, if I might have them here in the kitchen, and give them a little something good to eat," hesitated Janet.

"Go and fetch them, and I'll watch the dinner while you're gone."

Without another word Janet took her shawl from the peg where it hung, and putting it over head, hurried across to the cottage where the children were just beginning to eat their unsavory dinner as their mother entered.

"Oh, mamma I'm so glad you came," cried Nelly. "I can't get the things to taste nice. Teddy got at the milk and drank some before I saw him, so I could use only the tiniest bit to make the gravy."

"Never mind, dearie," interrupted the mother, "you're all going over to have dinner at Mrs. Gorman's big house."

Before the children fairly realized what was in store for them they were made as presentable as time and circumstances permitted, and hurried off to their destination.

"Now you just go over to that corner, and sit still, and you'll soon get something good to eat," ordered the mother as she ushered them into the big warm kitchen.

room and saw her children being waited on the same as the other guests, the world seemed tuned in a different key. As the gay chatter rose above the tinkle of knives and forks and spoons she could sometimes distinguish the strident voices of her own little ones, raised in happy laughter, and it caused her face, that was fast becoming hard, to soften into smiles.

All that afternoon her work seemed like play to Janet. The children raced merrily all over the house, even invading the kitchen, without let or hindrance, whenever the fancy took them.

At night, when all the guests were gone, Mr. and Mrs. Gorman sat alone in their pleasant room where a bright fire was burning in a grate stove.

"What a lovely Thanksgiving this has been," murmured the wife.

"Yes," agreed the husband, "it certainly was a good dinner."

"Eh, sure," laughed Mrs. Gorman, "I didn't mean that. We have a good dinner every day, but to day we had the privilege of giving one to a family that doesn't often fare so well."

"A privilege that I should think you could easily get as long as your supplies hold out," remarked the man.

"I didn't think of it that way. I thought of it as a favor to a family that is in need of it," observed Mrs. Gorman, as she packed the tobacco into his pipe.

"Yes; but it was a good thing all around that I heard it; because if I hadn't I would never think of their being so hard up, or that I could get her for a cook."

"Get her for a cook? Why what'll she do with her children?"

"The little girls'll go to school, and Teddy is now old enough for the kindergarten, and I'll arrange for the junior's wife to give them a lunch at noon, and Janet can go over and get their supper before it is time to get our dinner."

"Now, that's something like business," approved the man, "so many providing a dinner for Christmas and Thanksgiving and ignore the fact that there are three hundred and sixty three other days in the year. It always seemed to me that real charity consists in giving the poor a chance to earn their dinners."

"Napoleon's Christmas" (Translated from the French of Francois Coppée by Count N. Ledochowski.) It is Christmas eve in the year 1811. On that evening, ever since 10 o'clock Napoleon has been alone, busy at work in his study, at the Tuilleries palace.

The specimen room is almost in darkness. Here and there, in the shadow, a few gilt ornaments are seen: the frame of an invisible painting, the bronze lion heads on the arms of a chair, a heavy tasse hanging from a drapery. Under their metallic shades the wax candles of two candelabra shed their light upon the large table covered with maps, and stamped with the letter N, the Imperial crown. It is now nearly two hours that the master has been engrossed in his work, banding over his maps and the lists of his armies, his formidable forehead crossed by a lock of black hair, his brow heavy with thoughts, as the world he dreams to conquer.

The map of Asia is now before his eyes; and the Emperor's hand, nervous, charming, almost feminine, follows with its forefinger yonder across Persia, the road that leads to Hindoostan.

The Indies! Yes, and by land? Why not? Since his navy has been defeated and destroyed the conqueror has no other way to reach the palm trees and the fabulous forests of Asia, followed by his golden eagles, sparkling among the steel bayonets. There he will strike at the very heart of England; her colonial empire, her treasury. He has already attained the magnitude of Caesar and Charlemagne; he now longs for that of Alexander. And his dream does not surprise him. He knows that he has beheld him in an immortal legend. The Nile has long had a slender young general with long hair, mounted upon a camel. Now on the banks of the Ganges the elephant of Pozus will be required to bear the heavy emperor on his gray coat. He knows how to draw near him the nations, to fascinate them. Then he will command soldiers whose bronze faces are surrounded by turbans and turbans are already, forming his number rajahs dandling with their jewels, and he will interrogate the monstrous idols which raise their ten arms above their blind moist eyes. Long ago, in Egypt, resting his hands upon the hilt of his sword, he stood before the flat-nosed Sphinx, but the monster did not reveal its secret!

Emperor of Europe! Sultan of Asia! These are the only titles to be carved on the marble of his mausoleum.

An obstacle! That immense Russia! But, as he has not been able to hold the fleeting friendship of Alexander, he must conquer him. And the small imperial hand turns feverishly the leaves of the green registers, the lists which tell him, to a man, the effective force of the enormous army which is already, forming its masses toward the Niemen. Yes, he will vanquish the autocrat of the North and drag him, a vassal czar, followed by the hordes of his wild hussars, to the conquest of the East.

attentively and now in that strange rumor he recognized the vibrations of the bell. "Yes! Christmas! the midnight Mass!" It was, in truth, the bells of all the churches in Paris, celebrating the birth of Jesus; the same bells that Bonaparte had restored to their towers and steeples, when as consul and pacificator he had brought a reconciliation in France between the title brothers. How many times have these bells been set in motion in his honor, announcing a glorious Deum! Only a few months ago they rang a full peal for the birth of the king of Rome, and on that memorable day when Heaven granted a son to the hero, they seemed to be in compact with him to acknowledge the legitimacy of his work and to promise its duration.

To day, however, just as joyfully and triumphantly as on the day when they raised their voices for Austerlitz and Wagram, they ring in the cold, clear night for the humble Child, the foster son of the carpenter, born so very long ago on the straw in a stable, while mysterious voices sang in the spaces of the starry firmament. "Glory to God and peace to men."

The emperor listens to the Christmas bells. He thinks of his humble child to day; he remembers the midnight Mass of his uncle, the archdeacon in the Cathedral of Ajaccio, followed after Mass by the return of the numerous family to the old home, witness of a poverty so proudly borne; and the maternally beauty of his mother, presiding in his delicate collocation of chestnuts.

This son, the son of the victorious emperor and of the Austrian archduchess will never know such dire poverty; he will be the master of the world.

Outside, in the icy night, the bells are still ringing for Christmas. At the gates of the Tuilleries the veteran soldier, under his bearskin, takes a long step, and his sentry-box, trying to keep his feet warm.

Perhaps he remembers at this moment a prayer, a canticle which he once learned in his village, kneeling at his mother's side; and he smiles tenderly under his rough moustache at the thought of the Child Jesus lying in His manger.

The emperor, however, does not hear now the pious appeal of the bells. He thinks only of his son and is suddenly seized with a desire to see him.

He arises and clasps his hands. Immediately a secret door, hidden by a heavy "portiere," is opened by Ronstan, his body-guard, appears. At a sign from the master, he takes one of the candelabra from the table, and the emperor, lighted by the faithful flame, looks through the deserted corridors, like a thief, the little king's apartments.

With a gesture, he dismisses the nurse and the other women suddenly aroused from their sleep; and he remains alone, standing before the cradle of the infant prodigy.

The king of Rome slumbers peacefully on the white linen and lace, crossed by the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, his delicate little face with its closed eyes rests on his pillow, and his little hand, dainty, plump, adorable, forms a pretty spot on the coverlet. Across this figure of candor and purity the so rict ribbon passes like the stream of blood which will one day be shed in the hope that this fragile head may bear the heaviest of crowns, and that this little face may smile sweet as a flower may later clutch a cluster of scepters.

Napoleon contemplates his son. He dreams—and never did mortal pride caress more deliciously the heart of man. He sees the high dignitaries of his court, his generals, more illustrious than even the heroes of Homer, his ministers, his senators in their gold-acced uniforms bowing before his cradle with trembling respect; the renegade Jacobins themselves, the old regicides who now wear the imperial livery, scarcely daring to covet the favor of kissing that little hand.

He dreams, and in the indistinct clamor of the bells ringing for the midnight Mass, he thinks he hears the footsteps of troops and the roll of cannon far away upon the frozen road of Prussia and Poland.

His paternal ambition, he thinks, and a somewhat over of the grand army, of the conquest of Russia, of the Indies. He has decided that his son shall inherit all the thrones of the old world. For his first joy he has not already given him the city of St. Peter? and soon he will add to it other holy cities: Emir of Mecca! Raja of the king of Rome! He sees titles worthy of France not before his eyes. Why has he not at his command—the invincible captain—one million, two millions of soldiers? The whole universe, the globe of the world, he could then place in that tiny hand.

He dreams, deaf to the song of the sacred bells. He thinks not of Him Who reigns in Heaven, he looks down upon the infant in his arms as if they were mole-hills. He dreams—and he sees not in the future his enormous army buried under the snows of Russia, swallowed under the ice of Berzina. He sees not the last trophies of his eagles, and the sacred battalion of Waterloo mown down by the English bullets. He sees not the tortures of Prometheus. He sees not under an autumn sky in the park of Schoenbrunn this pale and sad young man wearing upon his white uniform the star of an Austrian order, who coughs while he walks over the dead leaves.

And while the emperor, pursuing his monstrous chimera, dreams of the reign of his son, of the heirs of his son over the whole universe, and sees himself at the end of the centuries a fabulous hero, a myth, a new Mars, a Sun-God, resplendent in the Zodiac, surrounded by his twelve marshals, the bells still ring joyously, triumphantly, frantically, in honor of the poor little One born in Bethlehem over nineteen hundred years ago, Who truly conquered the world, not through blood and victories, but through love and peace.

He brought with Him the reign of peace and love. And He shall reign over souls "in secula seculorum!"

Be assured you have done a great deed, if you have acquired patience.

POPE PIUS THREE SISTERS AND THEIR SIMPLE LIVES.

THEY LIVE IN A MODEST HOUSE IN ROME AND TAKE NO PART IN GREAT AFFAIRS.

"There go the Sorella Sarto," said a Roman Monsignor to a group of visiting Americans in one of the Vatican ante-chambers the other day.

"They are going into the garden, and when the Holy Father has finished his work for the afternoon he will join them and they will walk together and chat and eat some of the peaches and grapes. Sometimes they sing the old Venetian songs—the gondolier's ballads—for the Holy Father loves those old melodies, and now he hears them only when he and his sisters are together."

Three elderly Italian women passed by, black robed as nuns and wearing the inevitable veil partially concealing their features. They had been to make their week-day visit to their brother who as affairs of state had kept him chained in the office. By and by he would join them in the garden.

So they passed through the inner court, well known to all supplicants for Papal audiences, and went down the stairs which lead into the vast inclosure called the Vatican gardens. Presently the Americans were called up higher, and after going through numerous chambers gorged in crimson silk they came to the small audience chamber where the pope Pius III receives special visitors.

It is a benign and gentle Pontiff this Pope, who is the two hundred and sixty fourth successor of St. Peter, the Vicar of Christ on earth and the bearer of many other titles of tremendous significance in spiritual and temporal realms.

But in the midst of the awe which everyone must feel in the presence of so august a personage, come the vision of an old man sitting in the garden with his sisters and singing the songs of his exiled home. That is the picture of Pius X. which must appeal most forcibly to those who study the personal side of great men.

Somehow Roman Pontiffs have always seemed so aloof from all human ties. One could hardly imagine them in a domestic environment. Pope Pius X. is the glorious exception. Visitors to Rome, and especially Americans, feel as interested in the sisters as they do in queens or women associated with courts and the government of nations.

Needless to say, they are not permitted to satisfy this curiosity, unless they have personal introductions.

THEIR MODEST HOME. The Sorella Sarto, who is Italian for "the Sarto sisters," in their modest suite of apartments in the Piazza Rusticucci, just at the foot of the grand colonnade of Bernini, guard their privacy as carefully as the Queen in her palace on the Quirinal Hill. They have as attendants two faithful lay sisters from a nearby convent, and no unauthorized visitor can hope to evade their vigilance. These lay sisters have laid aside their conventional attire and are robed like the general Italian house servant.

Twice a week the three old ladies go to the Vatican—always on Sunday, to hear the Mass which the Pontiff says in his private chapel, and at a appointed time during the week. They avoid publicity in every manner possible, going and coming without the slightest ceremony, and shrinking from strangers with the timidity of country children.

One can understand the depth of character in the Pontiff by a very slight knowledge of his sisters. All the world knows how they begged that the title of "countess" should not, in accordance with Papal tradition, be conferred on them, and how they love to be known simply as the sisters of the Holy Father.

Their door plate bears the simple inscription "The Sorella Sarto," and within reigns the simplicity which their illustrious brother has evolved for his living rooms out of the magnificent apartments in the Vatican. Their sitting room is an imposing apartment, with the pale green walls and ceiling, and a somewhat pretentious suite of furniture, relics of the former grandeur of the historic palace.

But the sisters, like all Italian women of the humbler classes, divide their time into three parts—one for labor, one for prayer and one for sleep.

The sisters never think of such a thing as sitting down with their hands to their faces. They invariably carry scissors at their side and wear working aprons. In their first Roman days they begged to be allowed to mend their brother's linen and to perform those little offices for the man they love which make up the happiness of all good women. They had always attended to those things since the brother had one by one taken the sisters from their humble home in Rieta to act as his home-keeper.

But the Vatican etiquette is strict, and the honor of doing such august service as mending the Pontiff's apparel is one of the perquisites of a powerful religious order. So Pius X. followed the rule of his predecessors to the deep sorrow of his sisters. But they find abundant other things to do, and they delight in mending the vestments of the poor.

THE PONTIFF'S NIECE. Rosa is the eldest of the Pontiff's three unmarried sisters, and is a personage of much importance in the household. She is very fond of her young niece, Emigilda Parolin, the daughter of the oldest of the six sisters, Theresa, who married the grocer of Rieta.

Emigilda spends much time in Rome and grows herself very modestly, and is learning French and music at the Sacred Heart Convent. Doubtless her good aunt hopes that she will marry suitably, a man who can give her more comforts than they or their great brother knew.

"He gave us all our marriage portions," said one of the sisters, Luisa, who still resides at Salzano, in talking of her brother shortly after his election, "and when it became apparent that Rosa and Anna and Maria did not have

the vocation to marry he brought them to his home and has cared for them tenderly ever since.

To his sisters the Pontiff is only Daddi, the name he loves best, for so his mother used to call him. He is still the devoted brother to these old women, to whom he seems almost divine. He tells them all the things about his visitors which he thinks will interest them. He gives them such personal pre-ents given him that will be appropriate in their humble home.

A Bishop from the Rocky Mountains recently presented the Pontiff with a magnificent bearskin rug, and this handsome gift occupies the place of honor in the sitting room of his sisters. He gave them also his most cherished possession, which they show only most reverently on special occasions—the jeweled and gorgeously illuminated album which contains all the signatures of the Venetians, sent after the election.

Over the mantel in the sitting-room is a portrait done in oils of the little peasant mother—she who worked at dressmaking in order to make the extra money required to keep her talented boy at school. A similar picture hangs in the Pontiff's bed-chamber.

The Sorella Sarto use bright red handkerchiefs, and their ways of living are as plain as when they lived in Rieta. They have a horror of any kind of extravagance, and only their brother's command induced them to keep the lay sisters to attend to their household.

They should have preferred to do it all themselves "for," explained Maria, the youngest and most modern-looking of the sisters, "our brother has less to give us now, for he has not the poor of the entire world to think about? Before it was only Venice."

IN THE POPE'S STUDY. If one is so privileged as to see the ruler of the Catholic world in his private apartments in the Vatican many traits of his sisters are apparent. On his desk lie a pair of steel rimmed spectacles. Dozens of persons have offered him gold-rimmed glasses, but he clings to his steel spectacles, the friends of his early manhood. He has had the lenses renewed several times to meet exigencies, but he refuses such an extravagance as gold affairs.

His snuffbox is not the gold and jeweled affair which historic descriptions of such articles would lead one to expect. It is a battered affair of tortoise shell, the gift of a dead friend, and he used it for twenty years.

On the Pontiff's desk, a wide, plain affair of dark wood, stands a little bottle of sand, for in this primitive way does he dry his ink. His pens are quills and his ink-well, of brass and crystal, is quite within the reach of the nearest clerk.

Just in front of the Pope stands a statue of the Cure d'Ares, that venerable French parish priest whom the head of the Church reserves above some more pretentious saints and doctors of the faith. He never fails to speak of his admiration for the good Cure when he is asked for his estimate of the working body of clerics.

Just behind the desks in the Pope's office are some cabinets, and in these he keeps little gifts, which he makes specially favored guests. Invariably when he wants these souvenirs he walks briskly around his desk and swings open the door for himself, rather disconcerting to the Vatican officials, who are always on hand to perform those little offices. His gifts are modest, always being mosaics from the Vatican manufactories, medals, pictures and rosaries which he has blessed. In making a gift he invariably requires the recipient's promise to say a daily prayer for him. He is quite insistent upon these prayers.

Recently a resident in Rome, purchased five hundred small photographs of the Holy Father, which he took with him to have blessed at his farewell audience. The Pontiff was quite interested in these gifts for his countless students and friends in every part of the country.

"I've your friends to whom you give these pictures," he admonished, "to put them in their prayer books, and when they see my face to say a little prayer for me—to say a prayer every time they look upon my pictured face—for I need prayers always, and many of them."

HIS TINY PRIVATE CHAPEL. Just as simple as the office—eminently a working office piled high with letters and neatly folded papers—is the tiny chapel where the Pope says his daily Mass.

In the chapel there are no decorations and few pictures. The chapel is so tiny that four persons feel themselves uncomfortably crowded and the chamberlain rarely allow more than half that number the privilege of attending the Holy Father's Mass. The room is lighted by one window, curtained in cream lace and red silk brocade hangings, like all the others in the suite.

On week days only the chaplain attends the Mass, but on Sunday there is more ceremony. The secretaries and others close to the person of the Pontiff assist at the service. At the conclusion of the Mass Pius seats himself on the left of the altar and hears a Mass of thanksgiving, said by his chaplain. After this he has his frugal breakfast.

It is often said in Rome that his sisters share this meal with him, but this is not the fact. Frequently the Sorella Sarto have the simple Italian breakfast with the chaplain. They have never taken a meal with their august brother since his elevation to the Papal throne, a feature of his rank which is not an unmixing joy for them.

At the Holy Father on his elevation tried not to shock the susceptibilities of the Roman court, and he observed the Papal etiquette requiring the Pontiff to partake of his meals alone. But after three days he was forced to ask

concessions. He enjoyed a mouthful of rotaries, Venetian friendship—Migra. E—sit with him, and laugh like schoolboy. The sisters, in a sit down to their hour when the Pontiff at least they can faintly tell him that what they have frequently they inquire his meal and if the mark in cooking, used to like in Venice. The second sister, cook, and many a prepared across the rooms in Palazzo E brother is seldom his god sister find she asks about his the dish and remark does, that it was prepared in

TELEPHONE C. The Pontiff is in the phone, and without a little change Rieta and with some Venice. It is his seeing his beloved voice of his people. Last year a young man, the Pope's prodler sister, ordered structured music but street ballads were Bat, like all those this arrangement of Pope's artistic songs, in this form, canned fruit—good procurable.

He professed not if not in the for music box, however, Sorella Sarto and part in the entire friends.

But the chief of photographs and bro her—their gorgonzola frame, there was a young much time with who made the grounds of the the hanging garden. A beautiful tinting the Pontif gondola when he momentous journe gorgonzola frame sitting room. A Pope giving his public, hangs in oldest sister.

Each sister has tion, each being and each having will descend to nephews and cousins wish of the Pope. All his gifts to tined for his ne gone conclusion to the poor all spare from the Vatican cannot to his family.

HER OFFICE. Anna is her brother Ma: tina and yet another when This watch, with only vanity of w Pontiff is guilty eldest nephew.

The sisters us own tongue—though they he dialect and of with that of Ve with the world even in Rome, are as the ways One of the l them speaks English. But Pope's sisters, their country, such her own manner which the most humble familiarly say prehend the gr—that he is the all things in C Church are accepted for granted his position quence of his aided learning.

It should be youths wrestle classics to which attribute broad humanis his learning at fact that he ching so galtimore Sun

"THE NA Speaking reform in Napl W. D. Goggin, though no gious prejudice breaking in o actual dawn of agerly made of a and the loyal be branded as see "There is" authority in authorize, dir one to commit the culprit I mitted, for I manded no men hath given one

So often scribes write meads," and teaching, as people have bad, any man taken to ach eyes, a moral good, and the bad, then, h conscience, th "But go Catholic ac commit crime boy was cry