

A DAY WITH THE POPE.

HOW THE AGED PONTIFF SPENDS HIS TIME IN SUMMER—HIS BEAUTIFUL GARDEN.

Rome, September 21.

There is no personality in the world to-day which touches the imagination and arouses curiosity as does that of the Pope; not the Czar of

ago, good patriot, Liberal and monarchist as he is, but the explanation is simple to a degree. The Pope speaks almost exclusively with persons of his own party who see life and events all through the same spectacles, while the professor's are of a totally different color, and he delights in lending them to his august patient. Although the latter is often horrified at opinions expressed, he goes ever back to the same source, "with great benefit to myself," he once said. After the rest under the trees there is a regu-

him, responding as he calls its name, and eating from his hand. "They are about the only pets I have," he said one day. "I have had no dog since my young days in my father's vineyard, and the death of the creature cost me so many tears (I was only ten) that I have never had another." Last winter one of the does died from cold, and it was as if the Pontiff had lost an intimate friend.

Further on one comes to an inclosure which to ordinary eyes seems like any other, kept with

key. Immediately two gardeners come forward, cap in hand, and kneel reverently at his feet. Imagine the benevolent white figure in the act of blessing the kneeling men in bright peasant costume, encircled by the brilliant suite of officers and prelates, backed by the green of the vines, and, towering above, the grim palace of the Vatican, the whole gilded by the flaming sun of Italy. This particular inclosure contains grapevines planted by the Pope, and cultivated exclusively according to his theories, which are much more modern than those held in most parts of the peninsula. So far they have yielded no fruit, but their proud possessor declares, with a twinkle in his eye, that it will be one of the happiest days of his old age when he eats his own grapes and drinks his own wine at his own table.

A halt is now called, and a return made to the summer palace for audiences and such unavoidable state business as must be done from day to day.

The Papal summer afternoons are still more placid. After dinner and the siesta, Leo XIII goes to the adjoining coffee house, where Papal etiquette does not deny him the pleasure of offering a cup of coffee to those about him, and here he often dismisses all, and, left alone in the lazy heat of a Roman day, composes some of those sweeter Latin poems for which he is famous. Later, in the cool of the declining day, another nook of the vast garden is visited, either on foot or in his sedan chair. That is the flower garden, where roses grow in profusion and sweet perfumes make the air almost too heavy. Blossoms meet him on every side, but although he often touches them and remarks on their individual beauty, he never plucks one, this being one of his characteristics, carried to such lengths that the gardeners have to remove faded or fallen flowers, as it were, by stealth, as it seems to give him positive pain to see one gathered. One day he arrived, contrary to custom, in the morning, and caught an under gardener with a bouquet of freshly gathered flowers in his hand, for which he had been offered a large sum, it is said, by an American woman, who wished them as a souvenir. The consternation of the man was almost laughable. He fell at the feet of his master, who was rendered more indignant by the fact that he was breaking orders for money. Grace was eventually granted, but the woman went without her "souvenir."

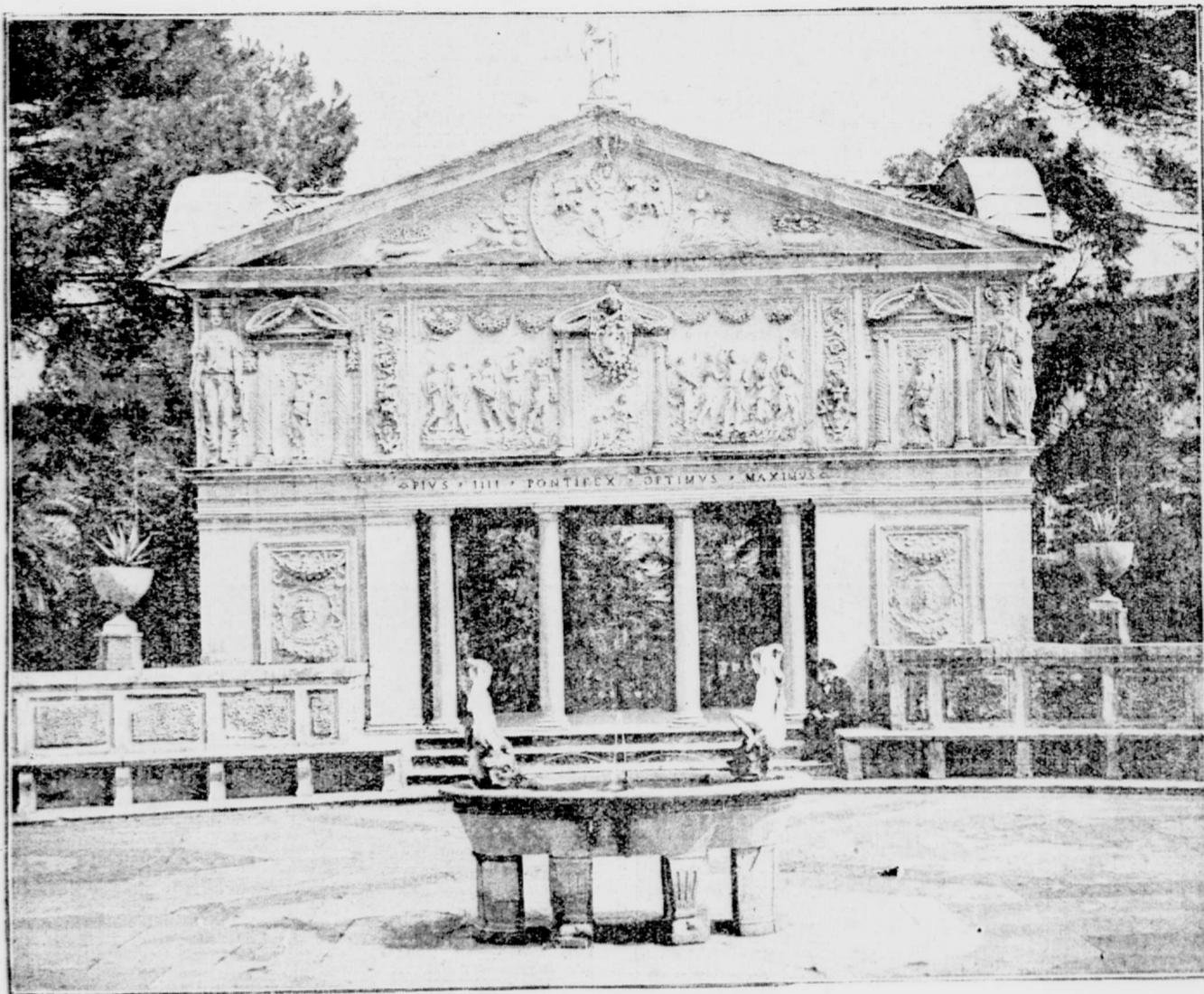
So pass the tranquil days of the only Pope simple in themselves, but containing their measure of work, and this often of immense importance to the world at large.

A little before sundown he returns to the prisonlike palace, seat of the Holy See, at night once more falls over the silent and deserted garden, which one small man has seemed so completely to fill throughout the day.

IN UP-TO-DATE ST. JOE.

From The Archison Globe.

St. Joe, which had a lovely time in the spring, giving all the leading citizens titles of admirals or commodores, and launching a river scow, and later had a rubber tired bull fight, has struck something new to make the horses laugh—an automobile club. Nine men who have seen or ridden in automobiles will be the members.



FAÇADE OF THE CASINO OF PIUS IX. In the Vatican Gardens.

Russia nor the Shah of Persia nor the King of Siam is surrounded with such fascination and mystery, drawing the notice of all, and the reverence of millions, to himself.

This peculiar figure is in many ways unique in his habits and surroundings. He lives in the largest palace in the world, which contains art treasures of untold value; his everyday life has for twenty-three years been bounded by a few square yards of land—what is contained in a good sized garden—and he is the only sovereign without possessions, wielding immense power without temporal support of any kind.

And the man himself? A shrunken, bowed, small person, one would say, although as a young man he was above the average in stature, with deep, penetrating eyes, a benevolent air, and an inscrutable smile ever coming and going. Such is the occupant of the Chair of St. Peter at the present moment. Always dressed in white from head to foot, he moves like a wraith among his gorgeous hued court, from the cardinals in scarlet to the Swiss Guard in parti-colored uniforms, the bishops in purple and his servants in red.

In the winter he walks but little, being carried constantly in his sedan chair by four able-bodied men, but in summer he turns like a sunflower to the sun, and leads an entirely different life, being in the garden from early morning to sundown.

During the hot months permits to enter the garden are so rare as to be something of a curiosity, but one morning, after one need not say what pressure, the writer received a pass from a friend to enter the forbidden land, as His Holiness had announced his intention of not going out that day. As one stepped through the large iron gates, he felt that he was leaving the world and reality behind and entering an enchanted region, not because of its actual beauty, but from the atmosphere of mystery which wraps its solitary occupant.

The Pontiff is always gently driven from the Vatican to his so-called "summer house" in a closed carriage, accompanied by one of his private secretaries, and escorted by six or more of the Noble Guard. Arrived at what is half tower, half villa, he moves at once to a favorite seat under the trees, and there converses almost familiarly with those who gradually gather about him, as this man of commanding intellect and vast responsibility seeks relaxation from the cares of state in hearing the news of the palace and the chit-chat of Rome, on one condition, that it is never malicious, and what he likes better, impartial, but that, of course, it can hardly be. Many people have wondered and speculated at the instant liking he took to Professor Mazzoni, who performed the operation two years

lar daily round, more or less prolonged, but always in the same rotation. Not far off is the park where the deer are kept. The pretty creatures came to him as a Jubilee present, and are now such pets that each goes fearlessly to

perhaps a little more care. But that this is a mistake one glance at the Pope's face is enough to establish. With eyes bright with pleasure, and eager expression of face, he presses forward, opening the gate himself with a private



THE VATICAN GARDENS, WITH ST. PETER'S IN THE DISTANCE.