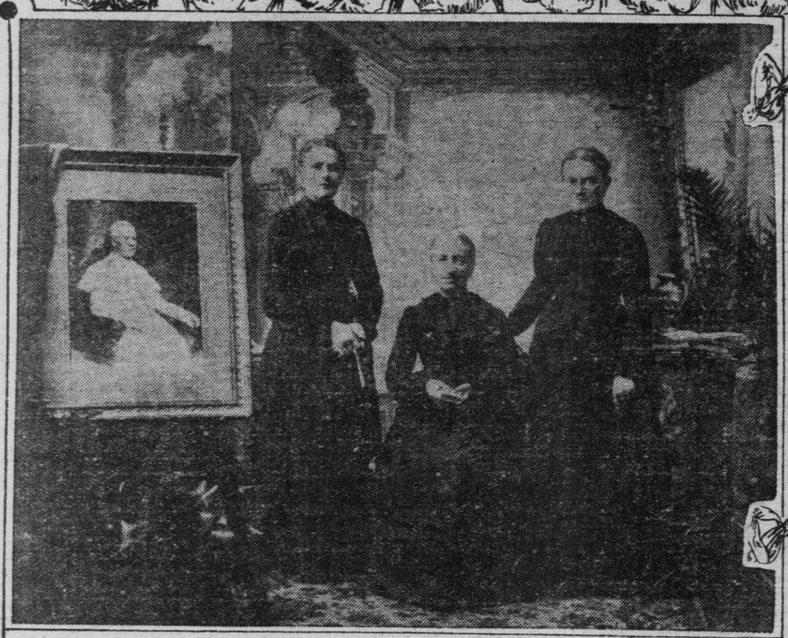
Three Homely Ladies Find Themselves Greatly Distinguished by Roman Populace

Much Interest Attaches to the Historic Knepp Castle Recently Destroyed by Fire



The Pope's Three Sisters in Their Flat, With New Painting of Their Brother at the Left.

The Picture of Marie Studholme's Teeth, Which Got a London Dentist Into Trouble.

Historic British Mansion Just Destroyed by a Fire, From Which the American Mistress of the House Narrowly Escaped With Her Life.

PEASANT SISTERS OF POPE ARRIVE IN ROME

Ladies Who Lived Obscurely Find Themselves Objects of Great Attention and Wear Their New Honors With Much Natural Dignity—They Remain Unmoved by the Consideration With Which They are Treated Everywhere and Receive Delegations of Beggars.

Special Foreign Service.

ROME, Feb. 20.—When the peasant sisters of Pius X. came to Rome they began, as had been their custom in Venice, by receiving everyone who was "kind" enough to call, until their modest apartment was besieged at all hours, and was more a public reception room than anything else. They found themselves being interviewed on all sides, their most innocent sayings misconstrued, and words put in their mouths which they had never dreamed of saying. Sometimes they were drawn out to say things which were certainly private matters, and which they, in the innocence of their hearts, imagined would go no further. They were veritable lambs in the clutches of the wolves. This went on for weeks, until they were actually uncomfortable, and until one day Pius X. questioned them about some things which they were reported to have said. Then the whole story came out, and from that moment, by order of the pope himself, absolutely no one is allowed to enter their quarters without direct permission from the Vatican, or the family of the pontiff outside Rome.

The three ladies live in a bright, pretty apartment of seven or eight rooms, 328 Corso Vittorio Emanuele, near the St. Angelo bridge, five minutes walk from the Vatican. They are lodged on the ground floor, and have plenty of that sun and air which their souls love. The rooms are simply furnished with old-fashioned lace curtains, and plenty of cretonne, with chairs not very remarkable for their comfort. The tenants are not accustomed to lounging and cushions.

The pope's sisters are ideal housekeepers, like most Italian women, and the little apartment is kept like a bandbox. It can scarcely be said that the management of the household is confided to anyone of the three, for each takes a pride in it, each orders as she likes, and, if the truth must be told, they cause the little maid-of-all-work to lead rather a life of it. She is a Roman, and although strong and willing, is not accustomed to the niceties of a house, and her mistresses are apt to find corners neglected and dust in odd places.

Has a Trying Time.

The feelings of this small maid must be mixed and amusing. Being a devout Catholic, the serving of the sisters of the holy father is more than her ambition ever dreamed of, while their particular ways are, to say the least, trying. So while one moment she mentally kisses their hands, the next she anathematizes them. Her conversation to her intimates is something on the following lines: "Oh! the dear things! To think that I live with the sisters of his holiness, they are saints!" and five minutes later it is, "Oh! Madonna mia! how noiose (what a nuisance) they are. It is Maria here, and Maria there, and Maria you dirty girl, and Maria you careless thing, until I nearly burst!" After this outbreak comes remorse, and it is, "May the saints forgive me, relations of the holy father must do what is right, they cannot fail."

These simple and good folk at first tried very hard, as we would say, to "act the lady," but days of sitting with hands folded, as reading has no charms for them, soon palled, and it was not long before one after the other took up simple duties in a surreptitious way, until in the end they kept the maid only because Pius X. insists that it shall be so.

Italians do their marketing every morning, entrusting it to the cook, but the sisters Sarto delight in doing it personally, and drive very good bargains with the tradespeople, who are deference itself. Each has her favorite dishes, so they take turns in satisfying their tastes, each acting cook on her own day, the others meanwhile applying themselves to housework, with the diversion of scolding the maid. This fills in the morning. The afternoons are devoted to driving or walking, sometimes in the Vatican gardens, but more often about the crowded streets, as having few friends, they are pleased and interested in the movement and variety of a large city.

Would Not Live in Vatican.

The pontiff in the beginning desired them to live in the paldzetto (little palace) in the Vatican gardens, used by Leo. XIII. as his summer quarters and which was almost rebuilt by him, but for once in their lives they opposed the will of their brother, and flatly refused to do anything of the kind. "We might much better go into a convent," they said, "and you know none of us ever felt that she had the vocation. We would die shut away from the world like that, so quiet and melancholy with nothing to look at but a garden." Pius X. promptly gave way and let them choose their own habitation; which is on one of the businest streets of Rome.

In appearance the good ladies are comely, inclining to stoutness as becomes their years, but with nothing of the handsome looks of their brother. There is nothing to distinguish them from hundreds of other women of their class, but still they have shown a good sense and sturdy pride which many might envy. For instance, they have never worn hats, and when the nuns with whom they stayed when they first came to Rome, presented them with modest headgear, they promptly refused, replying proudly that they had always worn black lace and would continue to do so.

Selecting Their Home.

Before they came to Rome some amusement was occasioned by the speculation as to what they would do when they took their places among the haughty Roman aristocracy. Certain houses in the Eternal City which have remained faithful to the holy see, consider the pontiff not only their spiritual head, but their earthly sovereign also, so that his relations must be treated as royalty. Scoffers employed their time in drawing imaginary pictures of the sisters' embarrassment at dining, for instance, with Princess Massimo (who is connected with half the crowned heads of Europe), and at what they would say and do when their hands were kissed by sovereigns, and when they were required to wear decollette gowns and squeeze their hands into small gloves. These same scoffers, however, forgot that they had to deal with sturdy peasants, as proud in their way as their so-called "betters," sensitive, and with their eyes open, who had no idea of putting themselves in a position to be ridiculed, so the aristocracy called, had cards left on them in return, and there the matter ended.

For some time after they first came to Rome, the Sarto sisters were subject to another persecution besides the social one, that of the poor and needy. There was an endless procession of them. At first the sisters' charitable and simple hearts were touched and they promised their good offices with the holy father and the Vatican to all. When this did not work, and they were sadly deceived, even to having some of the things in their own house stolen, they promised to investigate each case and those deserving would be given aid. But it became apparent to them presently that it was humanly impossible to investigate an average of fifty cases a day, so their doors are now closed even to this kind of visitors. But the post and streets they cannot close, so a rain of letters falls each day, most of which never have any answers. Not to be discouraged, the seekers after subsidies make their applications into pellets, or anything which will throw, and with the sure aim of the hunter, cast them into the open windows of the apartment in the hopes of attracting attention.

Many Beggars Seek Them.

I was one day chatting with the Signorina Rosa, one of the sisters, when suddenly something white fluttered in at the window, like a dove, and settled softly in her lap.

"What is it?" I cried, "a message from Mars, or a love letter?"

"Nothing so exciting," she replied, "I could almost tell you without opening it. It must say, 'Most Illustrious Signora, for the love of heaven and the church, come to the rescue of some poor unfortunates, who, through no fault of their own, are dependent upon charity, etc.' Just peep out of the window and tell me what you see."

This I did, and there beheld a long string of men and women, more or less well dressed, looking with anxiety towards the house, and with the appearance of having every intention of staying there for all time to come.

There has been considerable talk of the pope's sisters going to live in the Vatican to be near him, and such a thing would not be without precedent, but there are difficulties in the way and it is a question if they would be happy. Here they are free to have other members of the family visit them and to lead their own lives, while there all would be etiquette and restriction, criticism and envy.

—Isabella Cochrane.

The Middle Man.

He strove to climb the ladder of success;
But, though the top seemed always very near,
He never reached it. Yet he saw it clear
And thought each day that he might closer press.

Midway he stopped, and there he stands today,
While others pass him on their upward climb,
And does he, then, put in his precious time
Bewailing what the fates have sent his way?

Oh, no! He found that there was work to do,

He cheers all those who pass him, as they go;
Then, turning to the struggling ones below,
He cries: "Come on! There's room up there for you!"

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

DENTIST GETS EVEN

Marie Studholme Helps Toothpuller to Become Famous.

Special Foreign Service.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—When Marie Studholme, the actress, filed a claim for damages against Edward Foley, a London dentist, not long ago because he mutilated the accompanying photograph of her in an advertisement, no doubt she thought she was protecting her good looks and reputation most efficiently, but within a short time there will be a sequel to the affair which may cause the comely young woman to regret "rubbing in" her retaliation.

The matter first came to public notice through this statement which appeared in several London newspapers a few days ago:

"I, Edward Foley, of 75 Westbourne-grove, in the county of London, managing director of Foley's (limited), do hereby humbly and sincerely apologize to Miss Marie Studholme for having wrongfully and without her authority used her portrait for advertising purposes, in a manner calculated to induce persons to erroneously believe that certain of her front teeth are missing and have been replaced by false ones, and I admit that the advertisement so issued by me is libelous and I authorize the said Marie Studholme to insert this apology at my expense, in such public newspaper or newspapers as she may select."

It seems that Mr. Foley, like many other London dentists, advertises his work by means of illustrated booklets, and other reading matter. Some of the booklets contain photographs, calculated to emphasize the importance of beautiful teeth, a picture of a charming woman with a perfect set being placed beside one with irregular or incomplete dentition.

Among many other photographs in a shop window, Mr. Foley says he noticed that of Miss Studholme and on account of her beautiful teeth bought a copy. This he took to a photographer, who made two copies. On one copy the artist blocked out one or two of Miss Studholme's teeth, and two half tones were made, one to be labeled "good teeth," the other "bad teeth." Half a million booklets were printed containing the moral of employing a competent dentist, and it was one of these which brought Miss Studholme's solicitors down upon the unfortunate man.

Although Mr. Foley says he offered the actress a private apology or money compensation without public apology, she was evidently determined to get the last drop of satisfaction. According to English law the case was a clear one, and rather than let it come to trial the dentist put up $250 damages besides the costs which in this country are never sneezed at. The half million booklets cost Mr. Foley something like $425 to print, so he has put down a clean thousand to "profit and loss."

Now comes the subtle revenge. Mr. Foley at present is having made another half million booklets containing half tones of the same sort that got him into trouble using, of course, another photograph. Following the illustrations will be a complete account of his troubles with the actress as published in the London dailies with a few comments of his own to heighten the general effect, and he believes that before the first lot is distributed, Miss Studholme will be anxious to make some arrangement for the withdrawal from a second edition of the booklets.

HISTORIC KNEPP CASTLE LIES IN RUINS

Home to Which Sir Merrick Burrell Took His American Bride Is Destroyed by a Fire Which Burned Many Priceless Paintings by the Old Masters and Spoiled One of the Show Places of Which England Was Proud.

Special Foreign Service.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—As the house in which the daughter of a prominent Baltimore family nearly lost her life, unusual interest attaches to the historic Knepp castle which was destroyed by fire a few nights ago. It is not quite two years since Sir Merrik Burrell, one of England's foremost country squires, married Miss Wilhelmina Winans, of Baltimore, and brought her to Knepp castle, the magnificent seat which now lies in ruins. Although his family had been established there only a comparatively few years, the original Knepp was one of the six feudal fortresses of Sussex and the fragments still surviving show handiwork of the Norman architects.

Knepp castle was a veritable house of treasure and the damage done by fire is estimated at about $300,000. Valuable paintings by Holbein, Sir Peter Lely, Romilly, Vandyke and other famous artists have been destroyed, besides some of the rarest and most valuable manuscripts in England. The Burrells are one of the oldest families in Sussex, which is also one of the oldest counties in England, and constantly archeologians quote from "The Burrell manuscripts." Almost all the personal belongings of Sir Merrik and Lady Burrell are lost, including Lady Burrell's wonderful furs, which were valued at $30,000. Her jewelry, which is of very great worth, was fortunately saved. Taking refuge in a house on the estate, Lady Burrell was obliged to telegraph to London for some $500 worth of clothing to be sent her immediately.

The fire brigades succeeded in saving the servants' quarters, which is a comparatively new portion of the castle, but of the older part of the building, but little more than ruined walls now stand and the beauty of Knepp castle has for ever passed away.

Miss Wilhelmina's marriage continued a delightful romance, for ever since she was a little girl of fourteen Sir Merrik had been in love with her. As a lieutenant in the First Royal dragoons Sir Merrik served in the South African war, his mother and sister at home in England daily praying for his return. But no sooner was he back from the war than he won the hand of the girl he had so long been in love with and his mother and sister had, perforce, to give up their home.

Miss Winans and her family were then almost as well known in England as in America, since for three generatinos the Winans have been prominent in London society. Besides his home at Baltimore, Miss Winan's father, Mr. Walter Winans, owned Surrenden Park, in Kent, and it was her grandfather, also a Mr. Walter Winans, who was for some years the tenant of Downshire, one of the immense corner residences in Belgrave square, London, and which is now let to Mr. Pirrie, the great Belfast ship owner. It now stands unique, for so great an establishment, in being staffed entirely by women servants. The Earl of Downshire has in the meantime come in for his own, but the enormous wealth which had accumulated during a long minority was speedily disposed of, domestic and financial losses being often discussed in the courts.

The marriage of Miss Winans presents a case in point where, although given a big yearly allowance by her father, the American bride brought to her husband no marriage settlements, a matter which is of very little moment in this instance, however, for Miss Winans is an immense favorite in her husband's family. Her uncle, Mr. William Winans, was the famous American shot and millionaire.

Although Knepp castle is a ruin, Sir Merrik Burrell still possesses West Grinstead Park in Sussex, Ockenden house, Cuckfield in Sussex and Valentine house in Essex. His mother was a Miss Loder, a very handsome woman, whose family has represented Sussex in parliament almost ever since there has been a parliament, and when the last Loder died in Sussex, a little more than a year ago, the quaint old custom of carrying him to the grave on a wagon was revived. The wagon was covered with purple leather and the coffin placed upon it, while the men of his estate, who helped to carry the coffin and drive the team, were dressed in black smocks, in accordance with the custom of hundreds of years ago.

Another curious tradition is the family's firm belief in the family ghost. This, it seems, always takes the form of a white owl, appearing just before a death is about to take place. The last person to see it was the present Sir Merrik's mother. While talking to two of her daughters one day Lady Burrill suddenly was startled by the apparition, which flew against the window. She at once assured her daughters that some calamity was about to happen. An hour afterward Mr. Wyndham Burrell was brought into the house dying, from the effects of a bicycle accident.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S LONDON HOME

Unpretentious House Contains Priceless Art Treasures.

Special Foreign Service.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—Like most London houses there is nothing in the exterior of 13, Prince's Gate, just off Hyde Park, to indicate that it is not a most ordinary and stuffy dwelling. It is one of a solid block, all exactly alike, and separated only by the party walls.

But appearances are deceptive, for the house is the London home of Pierpont Morgan, and contains most of those wonderful old masters for which Mr. Morgan has been paying unknown hundreds of thousands of dollars in the last few years, with the expectation of taking the pictures over to the United States eventually when he can come to terms with the customs authorities.

Although the house is always ready for use at a moment's notice it has been little occupied. Such dinner parties as the financier has given there were not strictly society functions, the guests being less interested in bridge than in larger forms of gambling. But now Mr. Morgan is to blossom forth, following the example of the Bradley-Martins in buying the house adjoining his own and knocking the two into one. This move is especially interesting, for Mr. Morgan's next-door neighbor at 14, Prince's Gate, was Mrs. Schenley, of Pittsburg, whose death recently resulted in the dispersion of a huge property among her relatives here and in America.

Rumor credits Mr. Morgan with the intention of spending more time over here in the future and going in for society on a larger scale than he has ever dreamed of doing before. He was present at the dinner given by Mr. Choate to the king and queen through a personal expression of the king's approval, and with this and other royal recognitions on the one hand, and with his financial connection with so many of the British aristocracy on the other hand, Mr. Morgan could fill his house with the social elect without having to stop the gaps with any nonentities. It seems to be the understanding here that he has lately acquired rather a taste for this sort of thing.

The younger Morgan, known to his intimates here as "Jack" Morgan, has also manifested a new interest in social affairs since he took a fine mansion recently in ultra-fashionable Grosvenor square. The Morgan son and heir, however, takes after his father in being primarily a business man, and until lately has manifested no particular interest in anything else. Of course, that is what is usually said of people who want to get into society and cannot. But in this case the statement seems genuine, for the greater part of British society, with the exception of some of the very stiffest old families who hold themselves even a little better than the royal family in some ways, would gladly receive the Morgans with open arms. Another fact that points to the possibly permanent residence of Pierpont Morgan in London is the prospect that his great underground railway schemes, which Yerkes hitherto has managed to keep in abeyance, now seem likely to go through. I am informd that Mr. Morgan's interest in these schemes has gradually become something more personal than merely financial capital.

The Humorist.

Behold the cheerful Humorist; take note of him, I say,
Who steals God's sunshine from the skies and prints it every day.
Behold the cheerful Humorist; what griefs may be his share,
Who knows? And yet he lets the world know nothing of his care;
He tunes his song to Joy alone and makes the weary way
Of Life a little happier for someone every day.

He asks no man to bear with him the burden of his care,
He plucks the sob from weary hearts and sets his laughter there,
The bowstring of his fancy twangs, his smiling arrow flies,
To find the heart of Care, and dead upon its way it lies.
For he is God's own optimist; his heart is ever new,
And by the weary way of Life he comforts me and you.

God bless the cheerful Humorist; and may he reap some day
The fruits of all the Happiness he scatters by the way.
And some day God will smile on him and bid him come away
To where the Sun of happiness makes bright an endless day,
To where the angels' laughter always echoes through and through,
And God will give him back the smiles that he has given you.

—Foley, in Bismarck Tribune.