POPE PIUS X DIES OF PNEUMONIA; ILL FOUR DAYS

Rallied After Relapse and Crisis Was Thought Passed.

WAS UNCONSCIOUS AT END

Relatives and Officers of Church at Bedside—Last Sacrament Administered When End Was Thought Near.

Rome, Aug. 20.—Pope Pius X died at 1:20 o'clock this morning.

Already suffering from bronchitis and a weak heart, the worry occasioned by the war involving all Europe brought on bronchial pneumonia, and the aged pontiff is a war victim as truly as if he had been struck down on the field of battle. He was ill four days.

His holiness had lain unconscious most of the afternoon, but rallied in the evening, became conscious for a time, and gave the physicians hope that he might recover. But his strength was gone, he soon relapsed into coma and gradually grew weaker until the end. He died while sleeping peacefully.

Death Followed Relapse.

In the afternoon he suffered a relapse, and he received the last sacrament. His sisters lighted the candles before the miraculous images of St. Joseph and remained prostrate, praying for his recovery.

The ringing of the church bells notified the people of the exposition of the holy sacrament and called them to prayer.

Cardinal Merry del Val, who was called in, left after a few minutes and issued a summons for the cardinals who had left the city for their vacations.

Before the fatal turn for the worse the pope addressed the whole world on the subject of the war. When he was told that the roar of cannon in the Adriatic could be heard in Venice he exclaimed:

"The bones of the doges must thrill in their sepulchers at the familiar sound of battle, recalling the heroic days of old!"

Death Comparatively Sudden.

Death came to the aged pontiff after a battle of a few days, with the leading men of science on one side and the grim reaper on the other.

The streets of Rome, usually gay and filled with clamoring throngs, are quiet. The noise of the market places is hushed. Everywhere eyes are turned respectfully toward the golden dome of St. Peter's, which appeared to have lost its glitter in the dark pall of grief that hangs over the eternal city.

Hundreds of visitors crowded the wide streets leading to the massive gates of the Vatican, where the papal guard stood on silent watch. With bared heads and eyes glistening with tears, the throng gazed at the place where lay the "peasant pope," as he was affectionately called by his Italian countrymen.

Pius X. Was Born June 2, 1835.

Pope Pius X. was a native of the little village of Riese, in the Venitian province of Treviso, which in 1903, gave to the church a pontiff in Niccola Boccasini, who assumed the triple crown under the name of Benedict XI.

Born June 2, 1835, to a poor and humble family of the name of Sarto, Pius X. was christened Giuseppe (Joseph) and known throughout life by the dialect equivalent of Giuseppe, "Beppo."

The early life of Pope Pius was filled with activity. The district of Treviso is one of poverty, only those who have seen it realizing the struggle for existence that ever prevails.

From an early age Giuseppe, bred to sturdy outdoor life, displayed a bent for the priesthood. The educational resources of his birthplace were soon exhausted, and the lad's studious learnings demanded a wider field for their development. He was sent to a college at Castel, France, and from there was transferred to the Central Seminary at Padua, the world-renowned seat of Italian learning.

On September 18, 1858, the young seminarist received his priest's orders in the Cathedral of Castel-France. That year was a memorable one for Italy. The question of Italian liberation had been forced to the front by the attempt of Orsini to assassinate Napoleon III.

The diplomats of nations assembled, but the youngest priest was not concerned in the movement. He turned his back on the world and took up his duties as curate in the village of Tombelo. He soon was loved by his parishoners, to whom he endeared himself by his unselfishness, his self-sacrifice, and his tireless labor.

Became Parish Priest in 1867.

He was promoted as parish priest of Salzano in 1867, only a year after the cession of Venezia (Venice) to Italy, so that the future pope lived, for the first thirty-two years of his life, under Austrian regime in his native province.

The able discharge of his office recommended the pastor of Salzano to the notice of Monsignor Zinelli, at that time the bishop of the diocese, who nominated him to a canonry in the Cathedral of Treviso. This promotion was supplemented by bestowal of the deanery on Father Sarto and his appointment as Episcopal chancellor. To him also was confided the delicate and important charge of spiritual director of the Seminary of Treviso, in which college he was likewise given a professor's chair and an examinership.

Nor did his activities end here, for he was chosen as a judge in the Capitular Ecclesiastical court, and finally was appointed vicar-general of the docese.

After such an apprenticeship it was not surprising that when the important see of Mantua became vacant, in 1884, Leo XIII chose Giuseppe Sarto to fill the place. It was no easy task to which he had been called, for his predecessor had allowed discipline to slack. His persuasive powers and administrative gifts were tested to the utmost, but he was fully equal to the ungrateful task.

Severe in personal taste, Signor Sarto showed himself zealous in maintaining the gorgeous ritual traditions of his church, and in 1886 the nine hundredth solemn centenary of St. Anselm was celebrated under his auspices, while in 1891 he presided at a like function in commemoration of St. Louis Gonzaga.

Two years later Pope Leo recognized Bishop Sarto's merits by raising him to the Sacred College, with the title of San Bernardo alle Temme, at a consistory held June 15, 1893.

At the same time he was chosen out of all the Venetian prelates to fill the patriarchate of Venice.

Won Support of the Radicals.

In his nine years' residence in the "seggiri" city the pope of the gondoliers was beloved and a familiar figure. His firm, dignified, yet genial rule quickly made him a force to be reckoned with.

Elected as Compromise Candidate.

Pius X. was, as befitted a democratic pope, different in many respects from his illustrious predecessor. Like the fisherman whose place he held, he found his recreation fishing in the Vatican ponds rather than in writing Latin verses. To his saintliness of character and moral worth, independently of all lesser and worldly consideration, memory doubtless will pay homage.

When balloting began to choose a successor to Pope Leo XIII., the name of Giuseppe Sarto was hardly considered at first. As balloting continued, however, the roll of votes in his favor increased. He was then regarded as a compromise candidate, and, finally, on the sixtieth ballot he was elected August 4, 1903, and five days later he was crowned in St. Peter's cathedral, Rome, with all the magnificance and brilliance of ceremonies that distinguishes the coronation of each successor to the apostolic throne.

From the post of spiritual head of gondoliers and peasants, a work that he loved, to the throne in the Vatican was the career of Giuseppe Sarto, Pope Pius X.

And he never had been ambitious to be the head of the Catholic church and the successor of St. Peter. He loved the simple life among his friends.

There was a great difference of opinion as to the qualifications of Pope Pius X. for his office. His election, a compromise, was particularly pleasing to Austria, Germany and France, and in these countries, with the exception of France in recent years, he was highly commended for wisdom and strength.

Brought Church and State Together.

As to Italy, he increased the cordial understanding between church and state, which was not thought wise by Italian churchmen. However, his action resulted in an uplifting of the church in Italy.

The diocese had been in a most deplorable condition because of the long conflict between church and state.

There was evidence of miserable conditions existing in the Italian emigrants. They have little or no instruction in their religion and paid no attention to it in this country, on the supposition that the Catholic religion did not exist here.

The pope pursued this matter to the proper outcome. He filled up vacant sees, stirred up comfortable bishops, and ordered the teaching of catechism all over the world. He aimed chiefly at Italy. In a word, he deserted diplomacy for the instruction and organization of the people. He gave up governments to look after the lost sheep of the household.

Disappointed diplomats then wailed about his timidity. But the wailing had no effect on the noble-hearted, simple man who was the head of the church.

When the trouble between the church and state broke out in France and the concordat was dropped, the world looked to the pope, speculating what course he would take. What he did seemed to be the only right thing according to the American idea. He ignored the nation.

Before Pope Pius had been on the throne three years he evidenced that young men who dreamed of the career of a courtier in Rome were going to be disappointed. The pope wanted bishops for the different sees, and the way for young diplomats to promotion, it was soon apparent, was through the tiresome but wholesome office of governing bishop.

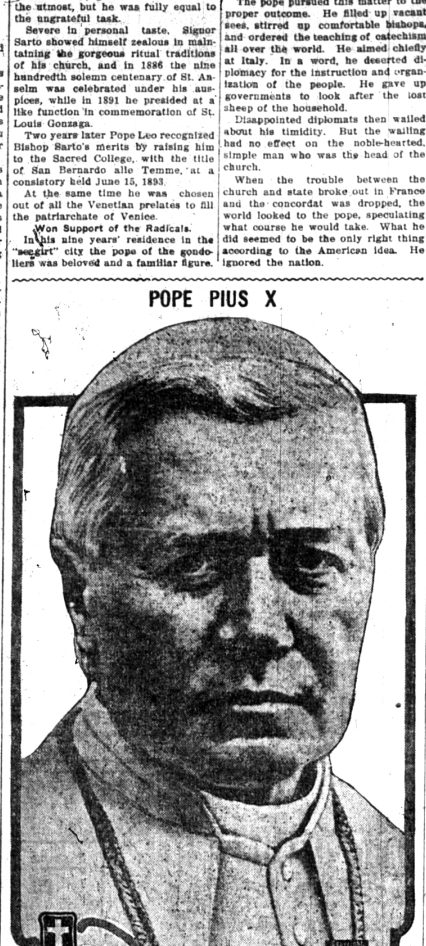
One great reform Pope Pius accomplished, and it promises to be ever remembered in history. He proved that diplomacy in church matters is a thing of little importance compared with the direct teaching and preaching of the gospel to the poor.

Opposed to Woman's Suffrage.

An instance of his well-known uncompromising attitude against advanced tendencies was afforded in his opposition to woman suffrage as voiced by the pope upon the occasion of his reception of a delegation of Italian Catholic ladies.

"Woman can never be man's equal," he told his fair visitors, "and cannot, therefore, enjoy equal rights. Few women would ever desire to legislate, and those who did would be classed as eccentrics. Scripture, and especially the three Epistles of St. Paul, emphasize woman's dependence on man."

By virtue of one of his documents, known as the "Sapienti Consililio," the congregations composing the Roman Curia of the Catholic church have been reformed and the American hierarchy has been accorded a recognized voice in the government of the church



POPE PIUS X

PETER RABBIT FOUND A RING

Prized Wedding Band Lost Twenty-Five Years Ago Discovered by Bedtime Hero.

"Peter Rabbit," a pet Belgian hare, belonging to Eugene Warndorf, will no longer be chased from the lawns of neighbors on Retreat street, Bellevue, Ky., according to the Cincinnati Times-Star. In fact, "Peter Rabbit" has attained a degree of heroism that has earned for him many caresses at the hands of the busy housewives and the adulation of the youthful members of the Bedtime Stories club in the vicinity.

While his young master was visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Nagel recently "Peter Rabbit" grasped the opportunity to do a little investigating among the tender grass shoots beside the walk in the back yard. He discovered something about the same time that Eugene discovered that the little rabbit had been digging again. "Peter" was about to be scolded, but when the result of his excavation was exhibited Eugene was happy. It was round and bright and shiny, and Eugene picked it up and examined it. He found that it was a ring, and took it to Mrs. Nagel.

"Why, that is my wedding ring," she exclaimed. "Where did you find it?"

He told her that "Peter" had dug it out of the ground.

The ring had been lost about 25 years ago by Mrs. Nagel's son, then a little boy, who since died. It was identified by the inscription.

EVENING UP THINGS

By HAROLD CARTER.

John Hilton stooped down and raised a small, speckled object out of the mud of his garden. His friend adjusted his spectacles upon his nose, stooped down also and began examining it.

"John," he said solemnly, arising, "you are a lucky man."

"Then—" began John Hilton, with trembling voice.

"It is just what you thought," answered the other. "It is the blended strawberry."

"Worth?"

"A plant like that would be worth about two thousand dollars," said Price. "But you must take care of it, John. How in the world—"

John Hilton told him. The blended strawberry, which would bear fruit all the summer, had already been created, six years before, by Bergback. But the plant died, and fifty thousand crossings had failed to develop it again. It was, in fact, a "sport," a cross between two species that would not produce fruit, though it was a simple matter to induce a luxurious growth of leaves. John had seen the possibilities of strawberry culture. And he, only a commuter, toiling all day in a stuffy insurance office, had grown this wonder.

The seeds of the strawberry would be fertile. There was no doubt of that. But the plant had borne only one fruit, just as Bergback's had done. Bergback's had died in a nipping frost that swept down upon his plantations. But this was June, and there was no fear of frosts any more.

"Minna!" called John Hilton excitedly, as he saw the lilac ribbons of a sunbonnet appear at the back porch. "Minna, come here! Come at once!"

A pretty little woman made her way toward the excited pair. Minna Hilton was a bride of eight months. She was still as much in love with John as when

"What!" Yelled Both Men in Chorus.

they had been married, and he with her. She was not of the intellectual type; but she was pretty and dainty, and the face upturned under the sunbonnet was marvelously sweet and good-tempered.

"Well! Have you two old fogies found something remarkable?" she asked.

Henry Price was an old bachelor, and reputed to be a woman-hater. His affection for John, whom he had known a good many years, had managed to survive John's marriage. In time he even brought himself to the point of feeling at home when he called. But his distrust and fear of womankind had never left him; and then, too, he had never overcome his feeling of jealousy toward the woman who had come to share John's life.

"Don't tell her, John," he whispered, covertly. "If she knew that strawberry was worth a fortune—"

"I know what you want to show me, dear," said Minna. "It's that funny speckled strawberry, isn't it? I noticed it this morning."

"Yes, my dear," answered John in a choking voice. "And please remember that it is to be preserved very carefully." But though he seemed calm enough he was angry with Price. What right had the old fogy insinuating that Minna was—"

He knew why he was angry. Price had suggested that Minna was mentally slow. And John knew it was true. Pretty Minna Hilton was not an intellectual woman, though she made none the worse wife for that.

"All right, Johnny," answered Minna. "But I really think you might have waited till after dinner. However, I suppose you are interested you are in the garden."

She turned on her heel a little huffily and John surmised that she had seen Price's nudge. Minna was not very fond of Henry Price; she tolerated him for her husband's sake.

"John," said Price, as he stood at the door, saying good-by, "I'm sorry if I accidentally—"

"O, that's all right, old man," answered John. His good humor was completely restored by that time; he never bore grudges very long.

"But, John," persisted Price, "for heaven's sake don't say a word about it to anybody. You understand, don't you? If the story got about, what with the interest in Bergback's experiments, our garden would be racked fine as a toothcomb on the first dark night. John, you have a fortune in that single plant."

Certainly it did seem as though the only safety lay in absolute silence. The single fruit was invaluable. Bergback's experiments had shown conclusively that the blended strawberry would produce fruit only from the seed, not from the runners. And there had been only one fruit thus grown. The fruit was to be plucked as carefully as though it were the last hair from the Buddha's head, and placed in a pot, and Price was to convey it to a greenhouse, and—

It was, in short, a remarkable conspiracy against one poor strawberry.

Thursday was the day set for the experiment, and on that afternoon Price came to tea. Minna made them leave tea before going into the garden. But both men were too much absorbed in thought to eat much. In vain Minna tempted them with her scones and cakes.

"Won't you try a little more of my jam?" she asked Price coaxingly. "You know, it was you and Johnny who are responsible for it."

"How is that, my dear?" John asked.

"Why, I've made it from the best fruit in the garden," she answered, "and I put the blended strawberry in, just as you told me—"

"What!" yelled both men in chorus.

"Dear me, how excited you both are," said Minna loftily. "Didn't you tell me, Johnny, that it was to be preserved carefully?"

"You—you put the strawberry—the strawberry in that jam?" inquired John Hilton, gazing at his wife stonily.

"Yes, Johnny. Wasn't that right?"

"O, yes, it was right enough," replied her husband. "Only—well, you have lost us a fortune, Minna, that's all."

Henry Price glared at the poor woman and then, without a word, dashed out into the hall and thrust on his hat. A moment later the garden gate slammed to behind him.

This second indicative of his final departure, relieved the tension of the situation. Minna put her head down upon her folded arms. John rose up awkwardly and came behind her and put his arms about her.

"Never mind, dear," he said. "It was my fault, and you couldn't have known. I'll try again, Minna. Don't cry!"

The tears were streaming down Minna's face, but she was not crying; she was laughing hysterically.

"O, Johnny," she said, "I—it—well, it wasn't true!"

"Not true! You didn't put the blended strawberry—"

"No. It's still there where it was growing. But I just wanted to pay that old Henry Price for being so mean. You see, I heard what he said, and—"

"Minna," said John, solemnly, five minutes later, when he had satisfied himself that the strawberry was really there, "I guess things have been evened up now. You'll forgive old Henry, won't you? And we'll ask him to tea tomorrow."

"All right, dear," answered Minna. "And we won't say any more about preserves, will we?"

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EASY TO DEFEAT THIS ENEMY

Peril That Lurks in the Unwashed Hand is Great, but There is One Way to Safety.

Just a minute please—the most dangerous and vicious enemy of the home, the family and civilized society has again been discovered lurking in its lair or something equally as bad. Every now and then, you know, this dangerous enemy is run to earth and exposed like a gopher with a fox terrier at its heels—and the home, the family and modern society are rescued in the nick of time, like the maiden torn from the burning building by the picture show, says the Detroit Free Press. On this occasion Dr. C. E. Langworthy of Washington tells us that the most dangerous enemy of our lares and penates and other institutions is the human hand, because the hand spreads germs, especially when used in a none too clean state in the preparation of food. Diseases thus spread are likely to dash us on the rocks of oblivion or some other immovable, inert object, see? Doctor Langworthy does not go so far as to suggest amputation of unclean hands when found in the possession of cooks. That would be rather too radical, wouldn't it? He merely gently intimates that to abolish this peril to society, health and happiness cooks would do well to cultivate the custom of frequently bathing their hands in clean, pure water diluted with an alkaline mixture known as soap. Easy, isn't it? And the remedy is procurable almost anywhere at an expense so small as to be within the reach of the leanest purse.

Origin of Moss Rose.

A German story gives the origin of the moss rose as follows: Once upon a time an angel, having a mission of love to offering humanity came down to earth. Being tired, he sought a place wherein to rest, but as it fared with his Master, so it fared with him, there was no room for him, and no one would give him shelter. At last he lay down under the shade of a rose, and slept till the rising sun awoke him. Before making his way heavenward he addressed the rose and said, as it had given him shelter which man denied, it should receive an enduring token of his power and love, and so, lest it be lost, twig by twig, the soft green moss grew around the stem, and there it is to this day, a cradle in which the new-born rose may lie, a proof, as the angel said, of divine power and love.

Pass the Vinegar.

A gaily gowned and garrulous housemaid sat down by an acquaintance on a trolley and at once said:

"Hello, Sadie! Where you livin' now?"

"Nowheres," was the reply.

"How's that?"

"I'm married."

"You ain't!"

"Sure thing. Look at that!"

She held up her ungloved left hand in triumph; for there on the third finger was a shining new wedding ring.

Staring at it in wonder for a moment, the other girl asked, "Well, who got stung?"—Associated Sunday Magazines.

Breaking It Gently.

Fallon (who has bought a small farm)—"Tell me the truth, Mr. Carney; is the soil rich or poor?" Expert Gardener—"Well, sor, I should say it wor wanst rich, but it's now in raydooced circumstances."

GERMAN WAR BOOK IS AID TO FOES

Take Advantage of Bernhardi's Strategy Treatise.

WATCH OUTFLANKING MOVES

Teutonic Principle Is to Attack All the Time With Superior Force and "Overlap"—Stories of Refugees.

London.—There is the best reason for believing that the Anglo-Franco-Belgian armies will take full advantage of the candid exposition of German military strategy contained in the book written by General Bernhardt of Berlin, writes Edward P. Bell to the Chicago News. The German principle, according to this authority, is to attack all the time in superior strength and always to "overlap." In other words, the Germans, said General Bernhardt, when the war with France came, would hurl themselves with irresistible force against certain points in the French line of defense and at the same time outflank the enemy on the north and south.

Allies Watch Flank Moves.

The allies are especially vigilant in watching for these outflanking or enveloping movements. They have every confidence that their center of defense is proof against any assault however formidable. The allies expect to stand firm against the invaders, permitting them to break wave on wave against the line of forts, guns, rifles and mountains until they are seriously shattered and wasted and until the Russians demand attention on the east.

Then the defensive armies expect to issue from their trenches, earthworks and mountain covers and take the offensive. The object of this offensive will be to seize sufficient territory to compel the Germans, hard pressed as they are expected to be by the Russians, to conclude a peace which will be regarded by the democratic nations as safeguarding Europe from the perils of an aggressive war for at least a century.

Even if the Germans break through the line of the allies or turn it on the north or the south they will not find the roads to Paris unobstructed. The allies are not likely to put all their money on one card, strong though that card may be. The roads to Paris are guarded by growing forces which at present will not take any part in the fighting. The battle line from Holland to Switzerland is merely the first barrier the Germans must clear.

Chicagoan Tells of Trip.

Louis A. Dumond, the Chicago municipal investigator, has reached London after a fortnight of interesting and severe experiences in Germany and Belgium.

"August 3, while I was in Hamburg, the army began to mobilize," said Mr. Dumond. "Troop trains were running in all directions and the regular schedules were reduced hourly. The American consul advised me to leave immediately and escape to London by way of Belgium. I left Hamburg the same afternoon and was due on the Belgian frontier at 12:30 a. m. The train was delayed at every station and at Cologne we were forced to wait two hours. We reached the German frontier town of Herbesthal at ten o'clock the next morning.

"There we found that the Germans had violated the neutrality of Belgium and were marching in the direction of Liege. The Belgians had destroyed the railroad from Herbesthal to Verviers, which place I managed to reach. The trains had stopped running and it was impossible to return to Germany, as Americans had been ordered to leave that country.

Says Roads Were Blocked.

"I made numerous attempts to get through Liege ahead of the German army, but was unsuccessful, either because the roads were blocked or I was turned back by German bayonets. The banks were closed and no shops, hotels or business men would cash checks, recognize letters of credit or trust any one. English and American travelers had little Belgian money and most of us had to rent the cheapest kind of rooms and buy food in the shops, thus living on a few cents a day. The Germans seized Verviers, suppressed the newspapers and subjected the inhabitants to strict control. Every window facing the street had to be closed. The houses were shut and in the evening nobody was allowed out in the streets.

Prevented From Leaving the City.

"For many days every one was prevented from leaving the city. Horses, automobiles and every other means of conveyance were appropriated by the Germans unless the owners could show credentials from the German army. The Belgian citizens were reduced to a state of terror. Cannonading began at noon, August 4, and was incessant day and night, rain or shine. Houses trembled, windows rattled and at first it was impossible to sleep because of the noise. Afterward we got quite used to the uproar.

"I saw 2,000 or 3,000 Belgian prisoners marched through the streets of Verviers and it was pitiful to watch the crowds of relatives, fathers, mothers, wives and sweethearts running beside the prisoners trying to throw bread and cigars to them. The captives were not given time to catch the gifts, but were ruthlessly hurried on by the German soldiers. We Americans sympathized heartily with the Belgians. Persons who had escaped from Liege told us that the Germans had taken three forts, caused a small fire in the city and captured 3,500 prisoners.

Citizens Shot at Liege.

"August 14 a party consisting of two other Americans, myself and two Englishmen and a Frenchman obtained from the German commandant passes to return to Herbesthal on the way to Aix la Chapelle. Armed with these, we attempted to get a conveyance to the German frontier, but the cab drivers were so terrified that we tried five different men before we found one with sufficient nerve to take us. Even then I was compelled to conduct the driver to the German commander to get a paper guaranteeing the safety of the cabman, his horse and his vehicle. Our horse was so old that we had to walk up the hills. The age of the beast, the driver said, was the only thing that kept the Germans from taking it.

"While we were in Liege several citizens were shot because of remarks they made to German officers and soldiers. Apart from this the Germans appeared to treat the citizens well and paid for their supplies. The larger portion of the population who work in the woolen mills are reduced almost to starvation. The Germans buy most of the meat, bread and other supplies, and no supplies can be brought in from the outside.

"At Herbesthal we were searched and examined by German officers, and were then allowed to take a military train to Aix la Chapelle, from which place we got a cab to the Dutch frontier. At the village of Baas they told us that we could get a train to Maastricht. On arriving there we found the Dutch army mobilized, practically all the trains used for soldiers and the main roads and bridges blockaded to resist an army of 150,000 German soldiers just outside.

"We deemed it inadvisable to wait at Maastricht for a possible train, and the next day we hired an automobile. This broke down at ten o'clock that night. The chauffeur worked frantically two hours to repair the machine, but at midnight announced that it was impossible to run on account of a flat tire. Finally he consented to go on.

Left Stranded in Auto.

"At 1 a. m. we were still twelve miles from Helder, whither we were going. The chauffeur stopped in the village of Durne. He refused to budge and left us stranded in the middle of the road while he roused nearly every one in the village in search of a horse and carriage. He returned in an hour or so and announced that it was impossible to reach Helder, and that we must spend the night in Durne. The next morning we got a train from Durne to Rotterdam. We found that city flooded with Americans from all parts of Europe, most of them possessed of only the clothes they were wearing. The next morning we caught a train to Flushing, and thence came on a crowded boat to England.

"German officers in Liege assured us that they had captured the forts, driven the Russians back on the eastern frontier and would be in Paris in two weeks.

GERMAN SIGNAL CORPS AT WORK

GERMANS THINK ENEMY FRENCH AT HAELEN

London.—Geoffrey Young telegraphed from Haelen, Belgium:

"Fine fellows, these little Belgians—intelligent and quick to respond; rather weary now and strained, for many have been already long in the field. Day and night they have been fighting at odds of ten to one. They are men who think, and they fight better for it.

"A desperately exhausting fight it is, dispersed as they are in parties over their immense front. The wounded German prisoners, as they came in, were treated with just the same care and their death was dignified with the same respect as were our own friends.

"I was even allowed to speak to some of the wounded prisoners in their own language. Not one had a word of complaint.

"Poor fellows! They all believed they had been fighting against the French."