

At the Holy See



HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.



FRONT VIEW OF ST. PETERS



ENTRANCE TO THE VATICAN

around the room occupied by Pius X. who was formerly the patriarch of Venice. The Pope was a peasant and he has never outgrown the humble habits of his lowly origin. As a child he had no little opportunity to gratify his yearning for knowledge, that it was his habit to read a book while herding the cows. Recently when told about some student who rides a bicycle to school, the Pontiff sighed and said: "Ah, how the times have changed. When I was a boy I walked seven miles to school every day, and went barefooted in order not to wear out my shoes." One of his sisters keeps an inn in the little hamlet of Riese near Venice. She does her own work in the kitchen of her small hostelry, and the nieces of the Pope are the waitresses therein.

What His Holiness Said.
The news of the election of Pius X was received with general favor in the United States on account of the accurate and simple traits of character. His appearance bears out this impression. His benign and kindly manner makes a direct appeal to your sympathy and respect. He looks older than he appears in his photographs, but seems to be in good health. He received me in a room adjoining his library, and my first thought was that if all public men were as easy to converse with, how much more satisfying the professional interviewer's work would be.

Pope Longs for Old Haunts.
His Holiness has three other sisters who have moved to Rome and taken up their abode near the Vatican so they can see him at intervals. Neither of these estimable ladies can read or write, which fact was brought out not long ago when an American lady requested them to write their names in her autograph album. At the time of his election the Pope was so unwilling to assume the high office that it took the Cardinals several hours to induce him to accept, and only then by convincing him that it was the will of God. It is said that he has never become reconciled to his confinement in the Vatican; that often when walking in the gardens he pauses long to look toward Venice. The old man is homesick for his familiar haunts. He cares little for the pomp with which he is surrounded, but yearns for the call of the gondoliers on the lagoons and the flutter of the pigeons in St. Mark's. The pontiff rises at 5 A. M., devotes 45 minutes to saying mass, after which he has breakfast, and then receives the secretary of state. From 10 to 11 he receives important personages in private audience. After luncheon he holds more private audiences, and from 2 to 3 receives pilgrims. During each week hundreds of people fill the big reception-rooms at the Vatican to kneel before him and kiss the sacred ring he wears. Many who cannot make the pilgrimage to Rome send their crucifixes and charms to be blessed by him. I saw a party of girls from Philadelphia kneeling before him, and each of them had across her forehead a dozen or more crucifixes and rosaries which belonged to devout Catholics in America. One of these girls produced a

turn for a last look upward to the window where the lonely old man of the Vatican keeps his vigil. What a big thing it represents! He is virtually a prisoner in his huge palace, yet all the world comes to see him. He is without an army, without territory, and without a voice in the councils of the nations, yet he rules 25,000,000 subjects with the gentle sway of spiritual sovereignty. As you go away the bells of St. Peter's begin to clang, and you realize that it is the hour of vespers; you realize that the message of the sound bells that is should be found in the markets will open. We do not want to accept an inferior article, we do not want to countenance the making of it here. We want the best in the world, made in Oregon, and we want the people to profit by the larger benefits which will result.

MESSAGE FROM THE POPE TO AMERICANS, CONVEYED THROUGH MR. HASKIN

"I have the greatest admiration for your wonderful republic, and the highest esteem for the American people. I am proud of the great body of Catholics there, and will always counsel them to be thankful for the religious freedom which they have. I am also thankful to non-Catholics for the courtesy which they have shown to the Holy See. Say that I send my love and blessing to all Americans, irrespective of creed, and that I earnestly pray for a continuance of the harmony and prosperity which they now enjoy."

Office Cat for Rebate.
A fertile-minded agent, now one of the widest-known life insurance officers in the country was trying to sell a client a policy on which the agent's share of the first premium was \$1.50. The client desired the policy, but he wanted a rebate of \$100, and this the agent was willing to give. The agent was casting about in his mind for some method of hiding the rebate, when the office cat—were in the client's office—chanced to rub purringly against his leg. He looked down at the cat and his method was ready.
"What a beautiful Angora cat!" he exclaimed gratefully. "My wife loves cats. She's tickled to death to have that one. I'll give you \$100 for it."
The client assented, and the policy was taken. Receipts were exchanged, the cat was caged in the waste basket and wrapped up, and the agent went away with tabby under his arm—and no rebate law could touch him.

Vatican Has 11,000 Rooms.

Adjoining St. Peter's is the Vatican, the home of the Pope and the largest palace in the world. This extraordinary structure is a worthy neighbor of massive St. Peter's and may be realized from the statement that it contains 11,000 rooms, has 20 magnificent halls, nine galleries, seven grand chapels, 20 courts, eight state staircases and 200 smaller ones, besides museums, libraries and archives. It is indeed a treasury of art. It is said that the contents of the Sixtine Chapel alone are worth a million dollars. Who could estimate the price that Michael Angelo's Last Judgment or Raphael's Transfiguration would bring if they were offered for sale? While no combination of circumstances can be conceived that would lead to such a possibility, if the contents of the Vatican were ever offered for sale, there is not a fortune in the world large enough to pay the price they would command.

The tremendous extent of the Vatican as well as the incomparable amount of treasure it contains, is shown in the story about a room which for some reason was walled up and became lost for centuries. After a long search an entrance to it was gained through a window overlooking the roof of the Sixtine Chapel, and the rare decorations on its walls were again brought to light. It is known that some valuable frescoes are hidden by wooden wainscoting in another room once occupied by a luxurious cardinal, and it is not unlikely that other art treasures have been lost entirely in its labyrinthine extent. Naturally the greatest interest centers

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PAUSES LONG ENOUGH TO LOOK TOWARD VENICE.



A CORNER OF THE VATICAN

ROME, March 24.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—The story of the Roman Catholic Church is a colossal subject. Once when I asked a priest to tell me something about it, the old man plucked a bit of foliage from an overhanging tree and said: "My son, the record of the church runs through the history of the world like the veins that intersect this leaf." It was a good simile. Its origin is said to have been the words of Christ which are quoted in the eighteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Matthew: "And I say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." This is the authority for considering the great apostle the first head of the church, and why each successive Pope is called the heir of the shepherd.

Character of the Popes.
Volumes have been written about the personalities and eccentricities of the Popes. Sixtus V was so aggressive that he changed the face of Rome and the world in five years. Pius IX was such a chronic speech-maker that he delivered 61 addresses in little more than four years—an average of two a week. Gregory XVI was hard headed and opposed the construction of railways because he believed that mechanical industry would deprive many people of their means of livelihood. Macaulay says that Leo X occupied himself with games, jewels, antiques and new sauces. Nicholas V was fond of books and had a passion for building. Leo XIII was cold, calculating and scholarly, and accomplished much by his masterful diplomacy. The private character of some of the Popes has been assailed, particularly that of Alexander VI, who was in power when the news of Columbus' discovery of America reached Rome.

The Travels of the Cross.
The migrations of the emissaries of the new doctrine spread to all lands. It is told that while Gregory the Great was strolling in the market place in Rome one day he noticed some slaves with fair skins and pleasing appearance. When told that they were English he said, "they must be saved." So the monk Augustine and his 40 companions were sent to the Christianized England. We hear of St. Remy in France and St. Boniface in Germany. Priests accompanied Columbus on his voyage and planted the cross on all the shores he visited; friars marched with the legions of Pizarro in South America, and with Cortes in Mexico. The travels of Father Marquette in America are more familiar still. Others followed in the wake of these intrepid pioneers, and at this time more than a million priests are administering the functions of the faith throughout the world.

Sacred Relics in Rome.
The wealth that is invested in the churches is almost beyond estimate. They are decorated with the best works of the masters of sculpture and painting, and hardly one of them but has its sacred relic, more highly prized for its tradition than for its intrinsic value. Among the latter are included the stress from Jerusalem where Christ received his sentence from Pilate, a pillar against which the Savior used to lean while he was expounding the Gospel in the temple at Jerusalem, several columns from Solomon's Temple, two boards from the manger where Christ was born, a portion of the crown of thorns which he wore when crucified, and the swaddling clothes in which he was wrapped when his parents fled to Egypt. There are scholars who doubt the genuineness of these relics, but the multitude raises no question concerning their origin. There are enough miraculous stories connected with the churches of Rome to

St. Peter's, the Giant.
St. Peter's not only dwarfs all the other churches of Rome, but ranks as the giant edifice of the world. A famous author likened the surprise occasioned by the first view of its towering proportions to the feeling one would have if he met a man 40 feet tall. Figures and comparisons can only partially portray the real magnitude of this colossus. It covers six acres. Its main aisle is an eighth of a mile long and its dome is a twelfth of a mile high. If St. Peter's were flooded, the largest ship that sails the ocean could steam up the central aisle and its masts would scarcely reach above the top of the high altar. If its capacity were taxed to the utmost, a congregation of 50,000 people might assemble within its walls, and 50,000 more could wait outside within the enclosure of the colonnades. In the lofty dome there is a mosaic of St. Luke with a pen in his hand. From the great height the pen seems of ordinary size, but in reality it is eight feet long. On account of its age, and because it shelters the burial place of the apostle for whom it was named, St. Peter's has been called the parish church of Christendom. When Nero's executioners led the old fisherman away to his death, he was so infirm that he could not carry his cross, and they crucified him where he fell beneath its weight. The old chronicles state that a few weeping Christians knelt there in the yellow sand that same night to pray, and men have been going there to worship ever since. First a little chapel marked the spot, then a larger structure covered it for 150 years, finally to give way to the present towering pile, which was commenced 400 years ago. Great toil and great wealth were expended in rearing this mighty cathedral, and many of the earth's great deeds are asleep in its friendly shelter. It is hallowed by such sacred associations that all who enter instantly feel the spirit of its majesty.

Goods Manufactured in the State of Oregon
Woolen Products Are Languishing Because State Demand Is Lacking.
(Article II—Written for the Manufacturers' Association by Edith L. Niles.)
BETWEEN 22,000,000 and 25,000,000 pounds of wool are raised in Oregon annually. In the raw state this represents a value of approximately \$4,000,000, and this is a very conservative estimate. In the finished fabric, cloths, suitings, woollens and blankets, its value is approximately \$10,000,000.
The weaving industry, one of the most desirable that a country can be blessed with, is practically a cipher in Oregon, compared with what it might be. It is appalling to state that of the 25,000,000 pounds of splendid wool produced in this state annually, only 2,500,000 pounds are utilized by the mills within its boundaries.
This means a loss in money value to Oregon of something like \$5,000,000, for the finished woolen product is worth more than 100 per cent more than the raw.
But even graver losses result. It means the loss of a very large and exceedingly desirable population, such as is necessary to large and successful weaving operations, and a tremendous loss in prestige which the production and distribution of high-grade fabrics would give to the state.
Like its numerous other products, Oregon wools are high grade. But when they go to Eastern mills their identity is lost. Mixed with other wools, good, bad and indifferent, they are reduced to a common level. The result is such mixture, and in many instances to the added indignity of adulterations.
Oregon possesses every advantage for the weaving of fine woolen goods and yarns and of accomplishing it economically. Water power is plentiful and well distributed, atmospheric conditions are unexcelled and the pure state of the wool is a great asset. "Cut a bale of wool in two," says an expert weaver, "weave one-half in the east and the other half in the west of England, and I will tell you with my eyes shut, from the feel of them, which piece came from which part." This for the reason that the West of England is endowed with sun-kissed snow waters, delightfully soft and entirely free from alkali, such as abound in Oregon.
England sends the product of her looms all over the civilized world. Her entire area is only 55,000 square miles. She has a teeming population and numerous other industries and must depend upon Australia in a great measure for her wools. Oregon with her area of 87,274 square miles, with thousands of acres of it waiting for flocks but already producing 22,000,000 pounds of wool, utilizes herself only 2,500,000 pounds. The market in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, an Utah alone for materials such as Oregon is capable of producing is now worth annually \$10,000,000. Of this opportunity Oregon now avails herself to the extent of a beggarly \$400,000 annually. If it were asserted that the people were deliberately sending 22,000,000 or 218,000,000 out of the country, a cry of disloyalty would go up from all sides, and vigorous and most justifiable protests made. And yet the blame for this tremendous leak in the wealth of the state is due almost entirely to the apathetic attitude of the people themselves. Nowhere can a dry goods or tailoring establishment be found where the demand for Oregon-made materials is anything more than casual. A few loyal spirits demand it; occasional Eastern visitors inquire for it from curiosity, but the rank and file, the

Goods Manufactured in the State of Oregon

people in whose power it is to make or destroy the market for any commodity, purchase what is put before them without seeking to learn its origin. They are perhaps buying fabrics made from Oregon wools but not made in Oregon, and mixed with materials which seriously impair their quality. For be it known Eastern manufacturers must overcome the freight rate across the continent both coming and going in order to compete with our home product.
It is in the hands of the consumers to build up this wonderful industry. Every householder should demand the goods from Oregon looms for every use to which it can be put in the home, out of the home. The demand should be for as worthy an article as the East can produce. And it can be made right here and now. The possibility for doing this has been demonstrated by competent and practical weavers, and the minute there is a market for it, it will be produced. The "Made in Oregon" mark should be upon it, and a serious penalty laid for the use of this mark except upon Oregon-made goods. Oregon's matchless wools can be kept from adulterations of any character whatever and a superior quality of goods made and sold for what is paid for the Eastern fabric, with fair profit to manufacturers.
If the people want Oregon to go ahead, if they want a larger, readier market for their product, be it of farm, factory or mill, let them waken their ability to aid in upbuilding other industries, without extra effort or expense to themselves, and to the importance of doing so.
If the 22,000,000 pounds of wool now raised in Oregon were converted into woolen goods, from 7,000 to 8,000 weavers would be given employment. The wages of weavers are high and they would put an immense amount of money into immediate circulation, by selling in large lots to all other industries and trades. This, of course, cannot be accomplished at one stride. But the beginning can be made and it can be made a right now. If serious and determined demands are continued for "Made in Oregon" goods, dealers will be quick to meet it, and the weaving industry once established upon the sound basis that it should be found in markets will open. We do not want to accept an inferior article, we do not want to countenance the making of it here. We want the best in the world, made in Oregon, and we want the people to profit by the larger benefits which will result.

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