

There is just one way to build a business.  
ADVERTISE IT!

# DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Call up 389 when you want the "News"  
Ad. Man to Call on You and Help  
You Make Your Advertising More  
Effective. He Can Do It.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1904. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

PART TWO.

## The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

### TRYING TIMES FOR THE POPE'S SISTERS

Took a Little Flat in Rome and  
Were Completely Overwhelmed  
With Peggars

HAD TO CLOSE THEIR DOORS.

Quietly Slipped Back Into Private House-  
Keeping Having no Taster for  
Society That Bowled to Them.

Special Correspondence.

ROME, Feb. 19.—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 acutely 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, No. 23, 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 sun 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.

IDEAL HOUSEKEEPERS.

The pope's sisters are ideal housekeepers, like most Italian women, and the little apartment is kept like a handbox. 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, each has 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 cell passages.

The feelings of this small maid must be mixed and amusing. Benig, a devout Catholic, the serving 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 analyzes 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 noisy (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."

TO ACT "THE LADY."

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 failed, 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 driver 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.

The pontiff in the beginning desired them to live in the palazzetto (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 have better go into a convent," said Mary, "and you know none of us ever felt that she had the location. 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 busiest streets of Rome.

NEVER WORE HATS.

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.

Before they came to Rome some amusement was occasioned by the speculations 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 décolleté 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 50 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.

GATHERING OF A CROWD.

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 Maria or a love letter?" "Nothing so exciting," she replied. "I could almost tell you without opening it. It must say, 'Most Illustrious Signor, for the love of heaven and the church come to the rescue of some poor unfortunate 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 to visit them and to lead their own lives, while there all would be etiquette and restriction, criticism and envy.

ISABELLA COCHRANE.

CROKER'S BACON FACTORY.

Planning to Drive American Bacon Out of Ireland.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Feb. 19.—Richard Croker has begun his residence in Ireland by



THE POPE'S SISTERS IN THEIR FLAT WITH PAINTING OF THEIR BROTHER ON THE LEFT.

throwing himself into the industrial revival that is proceeding there. His first scheme is the creation of a bacon factory in Tipperary. He is not going to run it exclusively as his own, but he is finding the money to set the machinery in motion. He has planked down \$20,000 to put up a building which will be supplied with the latest machinery and appliances for bacon-curing purposes. He has financed a delegation which is now exploring Denmark for the purposes of ascertaining the latest methods employed in that country in creameries and bacon-curing.

It is Mr. Croker's intention to work the factory on the cooperative principle. He has made a thorough investigation into the possibilities of the proposed business and has satisfied himself that the native product will drive American bacon out of Ireland. He is so far convinced of what he can do that he has been able to command for the scheme the support of one or two leading English and Scotch provision merchants. A meeting to discuss the subject will be held in London in a week or two, and it is understood that everything is in shipshape order to enable him to put the scheme on a practical working basis at once. The people of Tipperary are delighted with the prospect of having a real live factory in their midst which will help to stop the flow of emigration.

Special Correspondence.  
LONDON, Feb. 19.—Later details make more surprising than ever the remarkable hoax by which the British nation was fooled into purchasing, as a valuable antique, a statuette of Lord Nelson which was modeled in London only five years ago. It was, of course, under the delusion that this statuette had been presented to Lord Nelson by King George III that the supposed relic was bought by the Royal United Service Institution, which is one of the most dignified in this country. Toward its purchase both the king and the Prince of Wales subscribed and an appeal for public assistance in raising the amount needed—\$2,500—was made by Admiral Sir N.

### FULL DETAILS OF A GIGANTIC HOAX.

How the British Nation Was Horn-  
swoggled Into Buying a Nelson  
"Statuette."

Rowden-Smith, in the columns of the Times. The sum was realized, the statuette taken over, with several documents apparently substantiating its genuineness, and for the last four years the "relic" has occupied a place of honor in the museum connected with the Royal United Service Institution. And now it seems that the statuette was done in 1899 by a young English sculptor named Garbe who, however, sold it without having any idea under what deception it would be resold, and who, in fact, has been astonished as much as anyone else at the recent revelations.

VICTIMS BIT EAGERLY.

It was about four years ago that the Royal United Service Institution started a special department in its museum for Nelson relics. Several of such had been secured when this silver statuette of the great admiral with its supposed history of presentation by George III to Nelson—as offered on loan, and naturally, accepted eagerly. The figure, which had a good many apparent marks of age, was said to have been cut from a solid block of silver. The documents with which the officials of the institution were supplied to prove the genuineness, were musty, faded and rather dirty—bare, in fact, every appearance of dating back to the king against whose rule the American colonies rebelled.

On the base of the statue appears the inscription "To N." set between a royal crown and Lord Nelson's coronet. A few months after the institution had placed the relic on exhibition, it was announced that the figure was for sale. To those interested in the museum this seemed an opportunity to be taken advantage of, so after agreeing

upon \$2,500 as a reasonable purchase price, the public appeal for funds was made. As it was necessary to raise the entire purchase price at once, several members of the institution supplied the \$2,500 on condition that the amount should be returned to them when the public had subscribed that figure.

KING STARTS SUBSCRIPTION.

Although the king started the public list with \$125, and the Prince of Wales signed for \$50, the first of last February found only \$1,250 on hand. Then it was that Admiral Sir N. Rowden-Smith wrote a letter to the Times, urging the public to come forward with the balance of the money needed to secure this precious antique to the nation.

Eventually the public subscribed the full amount and the Service Institution came into full possession of the "treasure." While the statue was on loan and after the institution bought it several experts examined the figure and all agreed that the museum was most fortunate in securing a perfect example of early nineteenth-century workmanship with such a history attached to it.

SUSPICION AROUSED.

Among others who had read Admiral Rowden-Smith's letter in the Times, however, was a well known London photographer named Beresford. Mr. Beresford remembered that some four years before his friend, Richard Garbe, then a student of sculpture, had received a commission from a London art dealer named Fleher to model in clay a statuette of Lord Nelson. As he recalled the circumstances it struck him that the figure he had made made answered accurately the description the admiral gave of the great relic, and thinking the coincidence, if such it was, might bear investigation, he wrote to Admiral Rowden-Smith and told him what he knew.

Mr. Beresford received no reply to his letter, but within a few days the assistant secretary of the United Service Institution called to ask him to see Col. Holden, the secretary of the institution. Mr. Beresford called and finding the secretary engaged strolled into the museum, which is in the same building, to have a look at the statuette. While he was doing so a man, who afterwards proved to be the colonel, came in and asked the visitor if he were interested in the figure. "I know the artist who designed the original," replied Beresford, who had recognized the statuette at once as a copy of his friend's work.

EXPOSURE SUPPRESSED.

Mr. Beresford, who is something of an antiquarian himself, says he then showed the secretary where sharp edges had been smoothed off with a file to give the figure a worn appearance and also called Col. Holden's attention to the fact that instead of a solid block of silver, the statuette was nothing but a silver shell filled with some metallic substance to give it the necessary weight. What the photographer had said, however, did not reach Admiral Rowden-Smith or any of the institution's other officials and the public subscription list remained open until not only the \$2,500 had been raised, but also an additional \$500 which was spent in an expensive pedestal and a large glass case for the relic.

Whereupon the fake statuette was set up in the United Service museum—which, by the by, is situated in the building in Whitehall, from which Charles I. stepped out on to the scaffold—and there it has stood all this time. Perhaps the fraud never would have been discovered had not the photographer Beresford's letter to Admiral Rowden-Smith suddenly turned up. It has not been made public just why this letter was not delivered to the admiral or how it came to reappear so suddenly but evidently the officials of the institution had their suspicions and they questioned Col. Holden. It is reported that the secretary admitted suppressing the letter, but declared that as so many experts had testified to the genuineness of the figure, he had not thought it worth while to call the

(Continued on page twelve.)

### GERMAN PRINCESS WENT DIZZY PAGE.

Spent \$8,000,000 in Five Years and  
Tried to Get a Great Deal  
More.

CAMBLED AT MONTE CARLO.

Also Bet on Horse Races and Led a  
Wild Life of Extravagance and Was  
Arrested by Creditors.

Special Correspondence.

BERLIN, Feb. 7.—It will be uncommonly interesting to see what effect her recent narrow escape from imprisonment for fraud will have upon Princess Alexandra von Isenberg, whom it is no exaggeration to describe as one of the most extraordinary spend-thrifts Europe ever has produced. It was, of course, this handsome daughter of one of the oldest and noblest of German titled families who succeeded, after her romantic divorce and second marriage, in getting rid of a fortune of over \$5,000,000 in less than five years. One might have expected her highness to practise economy for a bit after that, especially as she was heavily in debt, but instead she "realized" upon various historic estates which still remained to her and with the proceeds plunged into the wildest sort of speculation. Most of her coups failed, and before long the bearer of one of the proudest names in Germany was penniless again. Her position, however, made it comparatively easy for her to borrow huge sums, with the aid of which she went in for betting on horse races, hoping in this way to retrieve her fortunes. On the track, however, the princess lost more heavily than ever, so she borrowed more money and tried her luck at Monte Carlo, but that venture turned out as badly as the others had done. There was a sensation when, half-dressed, acting under the influence of drink, she was "held up" by the police in the streets of Stuttgart and took from her what valuables she was carrying, and another when the noble woman opened a boarding house on the shores of Lake Constance, and every one supposed that the princess's career was about at an end when she was arrested not long ago at the instance of moneylenders in Munich, Frankfurt, Kassel, Stuttgart, Constantinople and other cities, from whom she had borrowed, and ordered to be tried for fraud before the Frankfurt court. But the trial has resulted in the remarkable decision that though the princess' methods of gaining funds undoubtedly were shady, she did nothing absolutely illegal. On this ground she was acquitted, and now German society folk are asking each other what the next chapter will be in her amazing life story.

ONLY DESCENDANT.

The princess, now a woman of 48, is the only living descendant of the former electors of Hesse-Nassau, some 600 years ago, who lived in the ancient castles of Falkenberg and Waechtersbach 800 years ago, and upon whom wealth, titles and all sorts of distinctions were conferred. Princess Alexandra inherited a fortune of \$5,000,000. Her first husband was her kinsman, Prince Adalbert of Isenberg, who also was immensely rich. She married him at 20. They went to live in Stuttgart, but the signs of her extravagance were so evident that their life would be a happy one. They both had youth, their social position was distinguished, and their homes and estates numbered up less than nine.

STRANGE INFATUATION.

Trouble, however, came almost immediately in the shape of an infatuation formed by the princess for a military officer named Pagenhardt, who was stationed at Stuttgart. What the attraction was it is hard to tell, for Lieutenant Pagenhardt was not good to look at, and, moreover, was poor and a nobody. However, the Princess Alexandra sacrificed everything for his sake, left her home to live with him, and did not defend the suit which her husband promptly brought against her for divorce. This was granted him, just two years after his marriage with the princess. The noblewoman resolved back her dowry of \$5,000,000, and immediately married Pagenhardt, after which she exerted all her influence to get him ennobled, finally succeeding in gaining for him the title of baron.

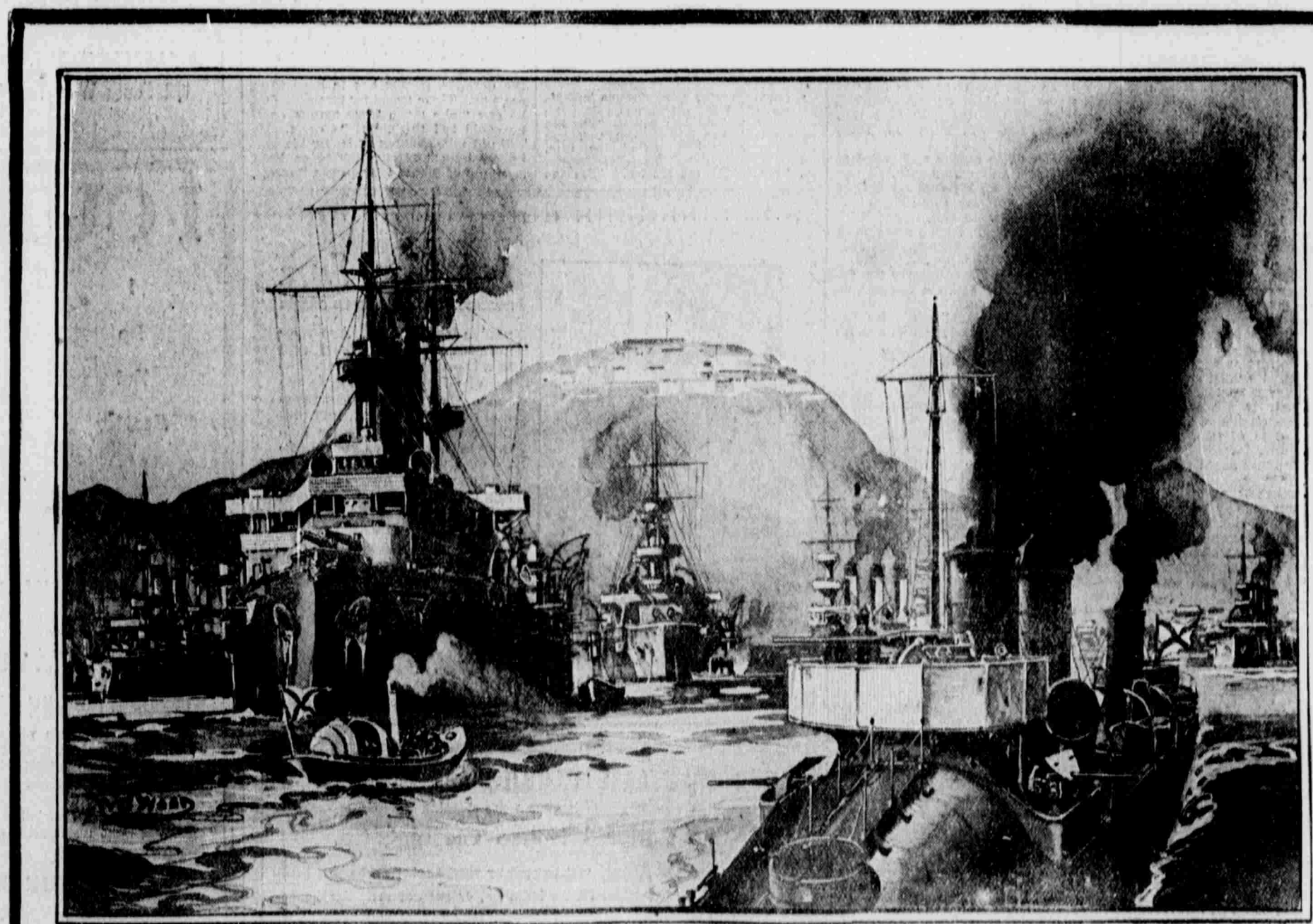
WENT A DIZZY PAGE.

Then this couple started on such a life of ostentation and extravagance as would have beguiled a Cossack or a Rockefeller. They took a palace in Stuttgart—in spite of the fact that the princess' former husband still was living in the town—which they made their chief home, but they had also a country house in Bavaria, a shooting lodge in the Tyrol, a villa in the Riviera, and a town residence in Berlin. The staff which was required to run a household of this kind consisted of some thousands of servants, and the couple kept over 300 horses. They had a private yacht more magnificent than that owned by the emperor, and all their traveling was done in their special train, which was fitted up throughout with a luxury equalled by few drawing rooms in the fatherland. Princess Alexandra seemed to wear an evening gown that had cost less than \$50, and when she appeared in a playhouse or other place of entertainment, she displayed jewels worth at least \$250,000. The baron was as lavish. No clear was good enough for him that had not cost a dollar or more, and he would buy no cheaper ones for his guests. Perhaps this couple's extravagance reached its climax, however, when, one winter, they banqueted 100 guests on 100 evenings in succession, the viands being lit with such a blaze of lights being literally the choicest that money could buy.

MONEY RUN LIKE WATER.

At first the princess and her baron tried to live this Midas-like existence on the interest of the former's money, but it soon became evident that this could not be done, so they commenced upon the principal. Within three years the original \$5,000,000 were practically dissipated, but, just in the nick of time, the princess came into three more

### SOME OF THE REMAINING FIGHTING MACHINES OF THE GREAT WHITE CZAR—PORT ARTHUR LAND FORCES IN BACKGROUND.



of the colossal northern power, since the war vessels on which the sea-supremacy of the Russian empire depends in the great conflict with Japan, illustrates graphically the remaining resources of the colossal northern power, since the destruction of so many of her best ships by the mikado's fleet in the various engagements at sea.