

## TRIBUTE TO AMERICA

HIS HOLINESS SENDS A MESSAGE  
HERE IN ENGLISH.

Archbishop Ireland says it is meant by the Holy Father as a mark of special appreciation of the Catholics of this country.

A recent event of more than ordinary importance to Catholics of this country, says the New York World, was the fact that a cablegram from his holiness Pope Leo XIII to the Catholic Total Abstinence union convention recently held at Hartford was in the English language. The message was as follows:

Michael Tierney, Bishop, Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.  
The Holy Father, accepting the filial greetings of the Catholics of the Total Abstinence society, sends to your lordship and to them the implored blessing.

This is the first time, continues the World, that the Vatican has consented to use that language for official or semi-official documents, and it is regarded as a remarkable tribute to the growing esteem in which the Catholic church in America is held by Leo XIII.

Heretofore missives of the kind coming from Rome were couched in Latin. Semi-official documents for the interior of Italy were frequently written in Italian. Some years ago, after quite a little contention and dispute, it was conceded to the French clergy that the French language might also, in certain cases, be used as a vehicle of communication to and from the Vatican, but there the line was drawn, and it was said in Rome by fairly competent authority that these three languages—Latin, Italian and French—would, for the future, be the only tongues in which authorities of the Vatican would consent to emit and receive messages and documents of any kind.

The reason given was that if other languages were officially recognized a staff of expert interpreters in all the languages of the human race would be necessary in the Vatican, since the pope is spiritual ruler over representatives of practically every spoken tongue. And, furthermore, it was explained that the three languages in question were familiar to the pope, and that he always desired to have important documents of every kind laid before him in their original form.

It will consequently be realized that it was something of an epoch making event for an official Vatican document to reach the United States in the vernacular of this country, and that the only obvious explanation thereof is the fact that the pope now ranks the United States as a center of Christianity at least as high, and probably even higher, than his native country, Italy, or than France, which long held the designation of "eldest daughter of the church."

It will be noted that the cablegram from the holy father to the Catholic convention at Hartford, although intelligible, nevertheless betrays the Latin phraseology, especially in the word "lordship" applied to the bishop, and in the words "implored blessing" instead of "blessing which you ask," as one would more naturally expect to find in an English document.

Archbishop Ireland, who was present at the Catholic Total Abstinence union convention, said, "This cablegram is in itself a remarkable tribute of appreciation on the part of the holy father, and is fully in keeping with the sentiments of affection and honor and with the expectation of future glory to Christianity which his holiness was pleased to express to me personally regarding the United States during my recent visit to Rome."

**A Princess a Convert.**  
Princess Ann of Prussia, widow of the Landgrave Frederick of Hesse, has abjured Lutheranism and become a convert to the Roman Catholic church. She was received into the church recently at Fulda, the Princess of Isenburg-Biengen, who is by birth an Austrian archduchess, having officiated as her sponsor. The Landgrave is the mother of Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse, who married the youngest sister of the kaiser and is a daughter of that Prince Charles of Prussia who was a younger brother of old Emperor William.

**Serve God.**  
If you cannot be great, be willing to serve God in that which is small. If you cannot do great things for him, cheerfully do little ones. If you cannot be an Aaron to serve at the altar or a Moses to guide the tribes, consent to be "a little maid" to Naaman, the Syrian, for the honor of God's prophets or a little child for Christ's sake, to be set by him in the midst of the people as an illustration of the sweetness of humility.

**Lonely No Longer.**  
Father Cronin, editor of The Catholic Union and Times, is quoted as saying for years he was the only Catholic priest in the United States of the name, whereas now there are sixteen.

Commenting on this statement, the Rev. Father O. H. Moyer, editor of the West Virginia Church Calendar, rises to remark: "We had a like clench for a number of years, but now there is another in Kansas City."

**Your Sorrows.**  
When sorrow, humiliation and sadness weigh upon you, do not ask God to deliver you from them. It is a service that he cannot always render you despite the pleading of his heart. Lovingly ask him to come and share your suffering. That is the service of a friend which he will never refuse you, and your suffering, shared with Jesus, will indeed be light.

## FOUR PRESIDENTS PREY OF ASSASSINS

Jackson, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley.

Jackson Miraculously Saved From a Lunatic's Bullet—Lincoln, the Beloved, a Victim of Fanatical Political Foes—Garfield Murdered by a Disappointed Office Hunter—The Stories of These Tragical Incidents in the Nation's History.

PRESIDENTS ASSASSINATED IN THE PAST CENTURY.	
Emperor Paul, Russia, choked.	1801
Sultan Selim, Turkey, stabbed.	1808
President d'Artis, Greece, shot.	1821
Duke of Parma, Italy.	1834
President Baiti, United States, shot.	1835
President Davis, Peru, shot.	1837
President Moron, Ecuador, shot.	1837
President Guthrie, Ecuador, shot.	1837
Sultan Abdul Aziz, Turkey, stabbed.	1874
President Garfield, United States, shot.	1877
President Garfield, United States, shot.	1877
Car Alexander II, Russia, bomb.	1881
President J. R. Barrios, Guatemala, shot.	1885
Queen of Korea, poisoned.	1890
President Carnot, France, stabbed.	1894
Shah of Persia, stabbed.	1894
President Jose Barrios, Guatemala, shot.	1896
Emperor of Austria, stabbed.	1898
King Humbert, Italy, shot.	1900

Prior to the assault upon Mr. McKinley at Buffalo three presidents of the United States had been attacked while in office with murderous intent. Of these three the first, Andrew Jackson, escaped unharmed, while the other two, Lincoln and Garfield, died from wounds inflicted by their assassins.

On the afternoon of Jan. 30, 1835, President Jackson was in the capital at Washington in attendance upon the funeral of Hon. Warren R. Davis, deceased member of congress from South Carolina. As the president, with Secretary Woodbury of the treasury on his arm, was retiring from the rotunda to reach his carriage at the steps of the portico he was confronted by Richard Lawrence, who stepped from behind one of the columns and pointed a pistol at the president, who was less than ten feet away. The percussion cap exploded with such a noise that several witnesses supposed the pistol had fired. On the instant Lawrence dropped the pistol and transferred another from his left hand to his right. He pointed the second pistol at the president and pulled the trigger, but again the cap exploded without discharging the pistol just as Mr. Jackson, with upraised cane, made for his assailant. Lawrence, however, was knocked down and secured by others before the president could reach him.

That Mr. Jackson was uninjured by the attack upon him was little short of marvelous, and his escape was discussed at the time by many in a tone of superstitious awe. Tests were made with the pistols of Lawrence after his attempt, and they were found to be an elegant pair in most excellent order and loaded with powder and ball almost to the muzzle. The powder was of the highest quality, and the percussion caps found on his pistols when tested proved to be of the very best of that time. In fact, the two pistols, with new caps taken from Lawrence's box, were fired at the first attempt in each case by the officers who tested them.

Richard Lawrence was a painter and had a shop in a thickly settled part of Washington. He was about thirty-five years of age and, though small in stature, was a handsome man. His father, an Englishman, had died some years before, but young Lawrence had a sister and other relatives living in Washington. At the trial it was shown that Lawrence was insane, that he had been unbalanced mentally for about two years. In justification of his act he claimed at his trial that President Jackson owed him money; in fact, that the president was his clerk and was withholding money that belonged to him. He also claimed to be king of England and America and made other wild assertions, some of which it was shown he had been making for a year or more before his attempt to kill the president.

Lawrence was adjudged insane and was sent to an asylum, where he remained an inmate for upward of thirty years, when he died.

Partisan feeling was running high at that time, and at first many, including the president himself, thought that Lawrence was the tool of others. So great was the excitement produced by

the affair that some of Jackson's political opponents, including Clay, Calhoun and Polk, were in the forefront of the moment suspected of having conspired to get rid of the president, but it was soon discovered that this suspicion was unwarranted and unjust, and that the crime was hatched and matured in the brain of a lunatic.

Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth president of the United States, was shot while sitting in a box in Ford's theater in Washington on the night of Friday, April 14, 1865, by John Wilkes Booth, an actor.

Washington was celebrating the surrender of Lee at Appomattox and the termination of the war of the rebellion. The streets of the capital for days had

been the scene of some of Jackson's political opponents, including Clay, Calhoun and Polk, were in the forefront of the moment suspected of having conspired to get rid of the president, but it was soon discovered that this suspicion was unwarranted and unjust, and that the crime was hatched and matured in the brain of a lunatic.

reward of \$50,000 was offered for his apprehension and \$25,000 for each of his accomplices.

It was on Thursday, April 27, that the news came of the death of Booth while trying to escape from a burning barn near Port Royal, Va., where he and his accomplice, Herold, had been brought to bay by a party of troops under command of Lieutenant Edward Doughty. Booth was shot by Sergeant Boston Corbett and lived two hours. Herold was arrested.

The conspirators who were responsible for the assassination were tried by court martial at Washington, and four—namely, Payne, Herold, Atterdott and Mrs. Surratt—were hanged. The stage carpenter at Ford's theater who turned out the lights to facilitate the escape of Booth, the man who held his horse at the stage entrance and Dr. Mudd, who set the limb which Booth bent in jumping from the box, were sent to prison for long terms.



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN BY JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

[At Ford's theater, Washington, April 14, 1865.] Resounded with the music of bands. The inhabitants were hoarse with cheering.

At about 8 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln started for the carriage. As soon as they were seated in the carriage the president gave orders to the coachman to drive around to the home of Senator Harris for Miss Harris. A few minutes later the presidential party of four persons—the president and Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and Mr. Rathbone of Albany, stopson of Senator Harris—arrived at the theater and entered the front and left hand upper private box.

The play, "The American Cousin," was being presented by Laura Keane, the famous actress. From the story of that great crime as told in the life of Lincoln by John Hay and John G. Nicolay the following is taken:

The president had been detained by visitors, and the play had made some progress when he arrived. When he appeared in his box, the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," the actors ceased playing and the audience rose, cheering tumultuously. The president bowed in acknowledgment of this greeting, and the play went on.

The moon rose that night at 10 o'clock. A few minutes before that hour Booth called one of the underlings of the theater to the back door and left him then holding his horse. He then went to a saloon near by, took a drink of brandy and, entering the theater, passed rapidly through the crowd in rear of the dress circle and made his way to the passage leading to the president's box. He showed a card to a servant in attendance and was allowed to pass in. He entered noiselessly and, turning, fastened the door with the bar he had previously made ready without disturbing any of the occupants of the box, between whom and himself there yet remained the slight partition of the door, through which he had bored the hole.

The murderer seemed to himself, it was afterward thought, to be taking part in a play. He drew a pistol from his pocket and kept it in his hand in a morbid state. He paused as if expecting applause.

Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened the box door, put the pistol to the president's head and fired. Dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand, and when Major Rathbone sprang to seize him he struck savagely at him. Major Rathbone received the blow on his left arm, suffering a wide and deep wound.

Booth, rushing forward, then placed his left hand on the railing of the box and vaulted lightly over to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing daunted, he came to the stage and, in the habit of introducing what actors call sensational leaps in his plays.

He would have got safely away but for his spur catching in the folds of the Union flag with which the front of the box was draped. He fell on the stage, the torn flag trailing on his spur, but instantly arose as if he had received no hurt, though in fact the fall had broken his leg.

He turned to the audience, brandishing his dripping knife and shouting the state motto of Virginia, "Ere Semper Tyrannus," and fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight.

The wounded president was borne to the house of Mr. Petersen, across the street from the theater, where every thing within the powers of surgery and medicine was done to save his life.

It was at 7:22 Saturday morning, April 15, that President Lincoln breathed his last, closing his eyes as if falling asleep, his features bearing the repose of perfect serenity. There was no indication of pain and only the gradual



ASSASSINATION OF GARFIELD BY GUITAU.

[At Baltimore and Potomac depot, Washington, July 2, 1881.] cessation of his respiration to show that the end had come. The Rev. Dr. Gurley, pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, knelt at the bedside and offered fervent prayer, again voicing his grief a moment later in the adjoining parlor, where there were waiting Mrs. Lincoln, Captain Robert T. Lincoln and Mr. John Hay, the private secretary.

John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of the president, made good his escape. A

reward of \$50,000 was offered for his apprehension and \$25,000 for each of his accomplices.

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At almost precisely the time the president was shot an attempt was made to assassinate Secretary Seward, who was lying ill in his home. The would-be assassin, one of those in the plot with Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, entered the secretary's home by a subterfuge, fought his way to the room of the invalid and stabbed him as he lay in his bed. He then escaped from the house.

James A. Garfield, the twentieth president of the United States, was shot while in the Pennsylvania railroad station in Washington on the morning of Saturday, July 2, 1881. He had just entered the station, accompanied by James G. Blaine, secretary of state in his cabinet, to take the train for Long Branch.

As they entered the street door of the station Charles Jules Guitau stood waiting near the center of the women's reception room. The president and Mr. Blaine walked through the room, while the assassin circled about until he was behind them. He drew a revolver and fired. No one seemed to realize what had happened. The president half turned, with a bullet through his left shoulder. An instant later Guitau fired again. This time the bullet struck Mr. Garfield in the back, over the left kidney. He staggered forward, sank to his knees and then pitched to the floor.

Mr. Parks, the ticket agent, saw the shooting through the window of his office and as the second shot was fired ran out and grabbed Guitau as he dodged to get into the street. He held him until a policeman ran up. In his



ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY BY MCGOWAN.

[At Buffalo, Sept. 5, 1901.] hand Guitau waved a letter, which he shouted was for General Sherman and explained everything.

The president himself was the first to realize his condition. In the station, after Dr. Townsend had made a hasty examination, he asked his opinion. The physician replied that he did not consider the wound serious.

"I thank you, doctor," said the president, "but I am a dead man."

All that day the president talked calmly and courteously to those about him. He was suffering great pain and was partially under the influence of opiates. In the evening the course of the ball was traced. It was found to have fractured the eleventh rib and penetrated the liver. It was seen then that the condition of the president was exceedingly serious. It was believed that he could not live beyond midnight. The next day Mr. Garfield was worse, and from that time, during the three months that life lasted, he improved and failed intermittently.

For a time his physicians were hopeful, and the bulletins for a period led the public to believe that the president would resume his duties, but when the torrid weather of midsummer came the patient failed perceptibly, and, although it was done at great hazard, he was removed on Sept. 6, 1881, by a special train to Elberon, N. J. The invigorating sea breezes seemed at first to have a beneficial effect, but on Sept. 15 unmistakable symptoms of blood poisoning were discovered, and on the 19th, after a few hours of unconsciousness, he died.

Charles J. Guitau, who had fired the pistol at the railroad station, had been promptly seized and taken into custody. He had been a persistent but unsuccessful applicant for an appointment to office, first as minister to Austria and then as consul general at Paris. He described himself as a lawyer, a politician and a theologian.

Guitau was sentenced to be hanged after a sensational trial, in which his sanity was one of the main points involved. The leading insanity experts in the country testified. The sentence of the court was carried out, although by many it was believed Guitau was crazy.

## NOW TODDIE JONES WAS SPILLED DOWN

There was a new girl in school. She was not a pretty girl. She had very red hair and freckles and the tiny little pug nose which invariably goes with the combination.

Toddie Jones disliked little girls when they were not pretty, and although Fannie Sanders appeared to have all that could be desired in the way of good manners and temper, Toddie lost no opportunity for teasing her.

Toddie's teasing was something one wished to avoid.

"Hi, Freckles! Where'd you get 'em?" was his favorite way of mistaking the luckless Fannie.

He derided various means to torment her. He tied her poor little pig-tails fast to her chair so that she could not get up to rectify when the teacher called upon her, he flipped her up with twine strings from the rounds of one desk to another, he pinned pieces of paper to the back of her dress calling attention to her hair and freckles, and he even went so far as to slyly prick her with pins when he found her good nature was proof against all other annoyances.

In fact, Toddie Jones set out to make Fannie's life miserable, and if it had not been for a certain circumstance no doubt he would have succeeded.

All of this would not be worth telling if Toddie Jones had not had so prominent a place among his classmates. Toddie was not only first on the playground and among his school fellows, but he easily distanced them in studies as well.

And it is a curious thing to record that Toddie was more proud of his achievements in school than out. There was nothing on earth he liked so well as to be able to figure out a sum on the blackboard that the others had failed in or to be called upon to read for the superintendent or to display his writing when the school commissioner called or to spell the class down at a spelling match.

Spelling match days were great occasions, but up to this time the children had grown rather tired of them because of the fact that Toddie always carried off the prize, and it is quite certain that no one would have cared for them at all if the teacher did not occasionally offer a second prize.

A grand spelling match was ordered for the close of school. Every one entering was given a pretty little red ribbon badge to wear, and the school room was specially decorated for the occasion.

Two prizes were to be given, the first a \$5 goldpiece presented by the new superintendent himself and a little fancy box filled with candy as a consolation prize for the second best.

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"See here, Jim Davis," he said to the village carpenter, "I will want to see you next week about making that fish aquarium. You say you can do it for \$5."

Toddie thrust his hands deep into his pockets with the air of a young millionaire, and Jim grinned and nodded.

The momentous day arrived, and the children, with freshly scrubbed faces and hands and clean plunkers, assembled in the schoolroom. Mothers and fathers were there, too, to witness the spelling match.

It was a proud moment for Toddie Jones. He saw them nodding and whispering about him, he watched his teacher out of the corner of his eye as she explained to the new superintendent about her "brightest pupil," and he waxed warm and glowing under the flattering smiles of the little girls.

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CALLING ATTENTION TO HER AND FANNIE.

nose was deep in the pages of her spelling book. She was giving herself a rare spell over at the hard words. Toddie spied her and his own nose curled with scorn. However, he let extremely indulgent and instead of plaguing Fannie he strolled over to where she sat and patronized her.

"Studying, are you?" he said. Fannie nodded her head and kept on.

"Expect to win the second prize, Freckles?"

Fannie closed her book with a sigh. "No," she said. "I expect to win the first."

Toddie was made almost speechless by Fannie's remark and he sat staring at her for a moment.

## THE SPILLING DOWN

Now Toddie Jones was spilled down. Toddie Jones was a very red-haired and freckled boy with a tiny little pug nose which invariably goes with the combination. Toddie Jones disliked little girls when they were not pretty, and although Fannie Sanders appeared to have all that could be desired in the way of good manners and temper, Toddie lost no opportunity for teasing her.

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All of this would not be worth telling if Toddie Jones had not had so prominent a place among his classmates. Toddie was not only first on the playground and among his school fellows, but he easily distanced them in studies as well.

And it is a curious thing to record that Toddie was more proud of his achievements in school than out. There was nothing on earth he liked so well as to be able to figure out a sum on the blackboard that the others had failed in or to be called upon to read for the superintendent or to display his writing when the school commissioner called or to spell the class down at a spelling match.

Spelling match days were great occasions, but up to this time the children had grown rather tired of them because of the fact that Toddie always carried off the prize, and it is quite certain that no one would have cared for them at all if the teacher did not occasionally offer a second prize.

A grand spelling match was ordered for the close of school. Every one entering was given a pretty little red ribbon badge to wear, and the school room was specially decorated for the occasion.

Two prizes were to be given, the first a \$5 goldpiece presented by the new superintendent himself and a little fancy box filled with candy as a consolation prize for the second best.

There was little doubt in the minds of the pupils as to who would win the \$5 goldpiece. In fact, Toddie was already speculating on the strength of it.

"See here, Jim Davis," he said to the village carpenter, "I will want to see you next week about making that fish aquarium. You say you can do it for \$5."

Toddie thrust his hands deep into his pockets with the air of a young millionaire, and Jim grinned and nodded.

The momentous day arrived, and the children, with freshly scrubbed faces and hands and clean plunkers, assembled in the schoolroom. Mothers and fathers were there, too, to witness the spelling match.

It was a proud moment for Toddie Jones. He saw them nodding and whispering about him, he watched his teacher out of the corner of his eye as she explained to the new superintendent about her "brightest pupil," and he waxed warm and glowing under the flattering smiles of the little girls.

There was only one little girl who did not smile at him. That girl was Fannie Sanders. Fannie's small pug

Now Toddie Jones was spilled down. Toddie Jones was a very red-haired and freckled boy with a tiny little pug nose which invariably goes with the combination. Toddie Jones disliked little girls when they were not pretty, and although Fannie Sanders appeared to have all that could be desired in the way of good manners and temper, Toddie lost no opportunity for teasing her.

Toddie's teasing was something one wished to avoid.

"Hi, Freckles! Where'd you get 'em?" was his favorite way of mistaking the luckless Fannie.

He derided various means to torment her. He tied her poor little pig-tails fast to her chair so that she could not get up to rectify when the teacher called upon her, he flipped her up with twine strings from the rounds of one desk to another, he pinned pieces of paper to the back of her dress calling attention to her hair and freckles, and he even went so far as to slyly prick her with pins when he found her good nature was proof against all other annoyances.

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