

## TATTERS AND THE EDITOR.

The editor of The Budget failed to escape the rage for "Women's Editions," which swept over the land a few years ago. The ladies of a local society for the amelioration of something or other descended on him, and he surrendered, took two pipes, a pound of smoking tobacco, a fishing rod, and decamped, leaving The Budget in their charge for one week, with the privilege of making all the money they could out of it. His printer was supposed to stay, but, being by classification a tramp, and having a heavy board bill hanging over his head by a single hair, he embraced the opportunity two hours after the editor had gone to depart by way of the railroad track. This left the mechanical end of the office at the mercy of the inky imp called Tatters. The ladies were a good deal disturbed at the disaffection of the printer, but bravely decided to go ahead with Tatters and attempt to get out the paper. They called him in to give him some instructions. He stood before them wearing, as usual, a long apron stiff with ink, paste and unknown substances. The only thing which savagely twisted his face from being in the same condition as his apron was the fact that he was in the habit of constantly twisting it into many shapes, so that the ink, paste and other substances on it never had time to stiffen, like that of a jack-in-the-box, and in his left hand he carried a section of wet type.

"What are you doing, Tatters?" asked the lady who was President of the Amelioration Society, with some dignity.

"Throwin' in," answered the imp.

"Throwing in what?"

"Type."

"Into what?"

"The case. Think I was throwin' it into my hat?"

The lady looked at him coldly and he went on:

"But I'm 'most through an' you'll hear me hollerin' for copy in 'bout a quarter of an hour," and he retreated into the composing room and slammed the door.

The ladies were indignant, but there was clearly nothing to do but grin and bear it. A few moments later there came a most dismal, long-drawn wail from the other room which, after much effort, they managed to interpret as the promised "hollerin'." It was followed by the appearance of Tatters' head at the door.

"What is it?" asked the President, who had been chosen editor-in-chief, a little sharply.

"Copy," said Tatters. "Did you thing I was singin' the Doxology?"

"There is no copy ready yet. Can you do something else?"

"I can that," and he snatched off his apron and started for the door. "I can be goin' fishin' just as easy as not."

"Tatters!" cried the frightened editor, springing to the door, "don't you dare desert us. You stay here until some copy is ready for you."

Tatters retreated and put on his apron in an agitated frame of mind. A moment later one of the young ladies, who had been appointed managing editor, took a roll of daintily written manuscript from her handbag and said:

"Here, Tatters, is something you can begin on."

Tatters took it, sniffed, glanced at it, and asked: "What is it, spring poetry?"

"No, it is an essay that I read at the Commencement. We shall put it on the fourth page."

"What! the editorial page?" shrieked Tatters. "Put such stuff as that on the editorial page of The Budget? Not much!" and he tossed the manuscript on to the table.

"We shall certainly do as we see fit," interposed the editor-in-chief with great dignity.

"I resign," cried Tatters, again tearing off his apron and throwing it behind him, where it stuck in the city editor's map, greatly to her dismay. "I resign my position, that's all. Here, if you want it in ink, gimme a pen. Lemme write it out in black and white: Dear Madam—I hereby resign my posish. (Signed) Tatters. Gimme a pen, I say."

"Tatters, be calm—act reasonable," said the editor-in-chief in a soothing tone. "What shall we put on the editorial page?"

"Editorials, of course," he answered, slightly mollified.

"On what subject?"

"The danger in great political matters."

"But we do not know anything about politics."

"Neither does the boss, but he

writes two columns 'bout every week. But, if you can't do it, write 'bout automobiles."

This struck the ladies favorably, and one of them began an article on "Will the Automobile Supplant the Horse?" while the city editor handed Tatters an item, which he took, wrinkling up his nose and remarking that her question marks looked like button hooks, and retreated to the composing room.

For the remainder of the day they kept him pretty well supplied with work. When not so provided he spent his time perched on a high stool blowing a wheezy mouth organ, and occasionally shouting "Copy!" in an agonized tone. Once or twice something offended him and he threatened to resign, but as the ladies immediately surrendered, nothing came of it.

The next two days passed in a somewhat uneventful manner. By giving him plenty of work he was kept reasonably quiet. There was not much trouble Thursday, either, though, shortly after noon he set up a loud roar, saying that he had been taken sick and was in mortal agony. The ladies asked him if they could not do something for him and he only howled the louder, and finally lay down on the floor upon his back and began pounding the boards fiercely with his heels. A doctor was called, but as soon as Tatters saw him he got up quickly and went back to his work.

"What's the trouble with you, young man?" inquired the doctor.

"Antimony poisoning from the type," answered Tatters, dismally. "I'll go off with it some day just like—scat!" All good printers die of it sooner or later.

Tatters may have told the truth about his illness, but a different cause was given later.

Friday was press day, and the ladies arrived at the office early. Tatters rushed into the front room, and, addressing himself confidentially to the city editor, said:

"Say, want a bully item of news?"

"Why, yes, Tatters; what is it?"

"Dog fight," answered Tatters. "Jim Beasley's dog and Deacon Ketcham's. Down by the postoffice. The deacon didn't want his dog to fight, but Jim didn't care. Set down and get your pencil—tell you all about it. You see the dogs met, and Jim's sort of walked around the deacon's dog once or what's the matter? Ain't you goin' to use it?"

The editor said she thought not.

"What!" cried Tatters, in consternation, "nothin' about it, after I watched it, and got all the facts for you?"

"No, I don't think we care for it."

"Now, see here," said Tatters, dropping his voice into a still more confidential tone, "act reasonable, as you said to me. I saw last night your paper was goin' to be dull, that it needed livenin' up—I saw this, I say, and what do you think I did this morning just to help you out?"

"I don't know, Tatters, what was it?"

Tatters came closer, sank his voice to a whisper, and said:

"I drove the deacon's dog around to the place and then sicked Jim's dog onto him. All to give you an item!"

The lady was deeply touched by his devotion, and said as much, but was forced to add that they could not mention a common dog fight in their edition.

Tatters drew back and stood silently gazing at her. She expected nothing else but a final resignation on the spot. But his face showed sorrow rather than anger. The young lady thought she detected a tear, but this is not probable. For half a minute he did not move, and then he said:

auto and get the particulars?"

There was a loud shout behind them, and Tatters burst into the room, shedding his apron in his flight, and saying as he ran:

"I'll tend to that, girls! I'm the wild cow editor on this paper. Back in ten minutes."

The editor-in-chief ran to the window and looked down the street.

"Goodness gracious!" she said to the city editor, "there he goes in your auto, riding like the wind and shouting for everybody to get out of the way of the wild cow editor. What shall we do now?"

"I'll see if I can catch him in your auto, and I'll go on and find out about the accident, anyhow."

But though she knew how to handle the machine to get the most speed out of it, she might as well have tried to overtake an express train as the wild cow editor. Leaning forward, he tooted his horn continuously and never slackened his pace for the whole distance. When she arrived at Tarbox's she found that Tatters had got the facts, gone down a lane and started back by another road. She saw Tarbox, got his version of the affair and returned herself. Tatters was in the office, looking innocent and hard at work.

"Don't say anything to him," cautioned the others. "He'll surely resign if you do."

She wrote a paragraph about the accident and it was sent in to Tatters with the last of the copy. In a few moments he came out, holding the sheet of manuscript in his hand.

"See here," he said, "are you going to print such stuff as this about that cow fight?"

"What is it, Tatters?" asked the editor-in-chief.

"Just listen," answered Tatters. "She says: 'Yesterday afternoon Brookdale's worthy milkman, Mr. Tarbox, had a narrow escape. He had just separated a calf from its mother, when the latter became enraged and attacked him with her horns. He was badly shaken up, but escaped serious injury.' Do you hear that?"

"Yes, it seems to me all right. Put it in just as it is."

Tatters uttered a howl. "I ro—" Then he paused for a full minute, then said to himself:

"No, I'll stick to it. After all I've lived through this week, it's too late to go now."

He went back to the other room and resumed his work.

It was after supper that night before they went to press, but, with the prospect of a goodly sum for ameliorating the unameliorated heathens, the ladies did not complain.

Tatters' friend, Jim Beasley, had been engaged to turn the crank of the press, while Tatters himself fed in the blank sheets and superintended the work. He seemed remarkably meek and pleasant, and the ladies all observed that they had not seen him in so amiable a frame of mind during the whole week. The auto ride did Tatters good, they remarked. He appeared, however, to be in a great hurry, and constantly urged Jim to turn faster, and advised the ladies to make haste with the folding and get the papers ready for the post-office.

The edition was off a little before 11 p.m., and Tatters began taking the forms off the press.

"I do not see the item about the Tarbox accident," said the editor-in-chief, glancing over the first page.

The city editor opened another copy, and began to run her eye down the column. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"Why, what's this down in the corner?"

"What is it?" asked the others in chorus.

"TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!"

"Yesterday forenoon, as old Bill Tarbox, the milkman, went into the barnyard to put a handle on his pump, the old one being entirely worn out, he was attacked by a wild Texas cow. The critter had hydrophobia and was gnashing her teeth like a hyena and was bellowing like an elephant. She was a large cow, higher than a horse, and had horns nearly a rod long. Tarbox hit her with the handle, but she tossed him fifty feet into the air and then caught him on the fly and hissed him up again. This time he lit in a tree, and was rescued by a hook and ladder company. The cow jumped a sixteen-rail fence and took to the woods. The mad cow editor of the Budget followed her and last saw her tearing up large hemlock trees with her horns. Tarbox is not expected to live. Full account of an interesting and important dog fight next week."

The ladies ran into the back room, but Tatters had escaped by a rear door.

Knowledge is not always uplifting. It is the groping after truth that leads us to the summits rather than the finding of it.

## LECTURE SYLLABUS FOR CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

The Catholic Summer School of America has completed arrangements for a session of nine weeks, from July 5 to September 5, at Cliff Haven, on Lake Champlain, near Plattsburg, N.Y. Courses of lectures will be given as follows:

Three lectures by Prof. Francis X. Carmody, Department of Constitutional Law in the Brooklyn Law School of St. Lawrence University, N.Y. Subject: America's Work in the World's Progress. July 5-7.

Evening Lecture Recitals, by Miss Charrille Runals, of New York City. Subject: America in Song and Story. Accompanist, Miss Marlan C. Pole. July 5-7.

Five lectures by the Rev. Joseph M. Woods, S.J., Woodstock College, Md. Subject: The Bollandists. July 10-14.

Two lectures by Rev. Valentine Kohlbeck, O.S.B., Chicago, Ill. Subject: Bohemian Literature. July 10-11.

Two lectures by Prof. W. F. P. Stockley, Halifax, N.S. Subject: The Religious Spirit in Shakespeare. July 13-14.

Five lectures by the Right Rev. Monsignor Loughlin, D.D., Philadelphia. Subject: The Vatican Council. July 17-21.

Two lectures by Prof. C. H. Schultz, Newman School, Hackensack, N.J. Subject: Cardinal Newman's place in the realm of prose and poetry. July 17-18.

Five lectures by Jean T. P. Des Garennes, A.M.L.L.M., Washington, D. C. Subject: A Comparative Study of French and English Comedy. July 24-28.

Evening lectures by the Rev. James P. Fagan, S.J., Loyola School, New York City. Subject: Forgotten Facts in the History of Education. July 24-28.

Lecture-Recitals by Camille W. Zeckwer, Director of the Philadelphia Musical Academy. Subject: Ancient Music to Fourteenth Century Folk Music. July 24-28.

Five lectures by Rev. John T. Creagh, D.D., J.U.D., LL.B., Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Subject: Religion and the State in America. July 31-August 4.

Evening lectures by Miss Helena T. Goessmann, M.Ph., New York City. Subject: A Copy Corner in Bookland: Some Facts and a Fiction in the Hall of Education. July 31-August 4.

Lecture-Recitals by Camille W. Zeckwer, illustrating the Eternal Feminine in Music versus Sacred Music. July 31-August 4.

Five lectures by the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., Diocese of Albany. Subject: Philosophy among the Novelists. August 7-11.

Evening lectures by the Hon. Hugh Hastings, New York State Historian, Albany, N.Y. Subject: Battles with England in New York State. August 7-11.

Lectures by the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., New York City. Subject: Conditions in Palestine during the Public Ministry of Christ. August 7-11.

Five lectures by Prof. J. C. Monaghan, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D.C. Subject: The Gain of Empire—Commercial and Industrial Asia, Europe, America, Africa and Australasia. August 14-18.

Evening lectures by James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., New York City. Subject: Biology. August 14-18.

Five lectures by James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D. Subject: Some Steps in Physiological Psychology. August 21-25.

An International Song Cycle by Miss Maris Narelle, dramatic Soprano. August 21-22-24-25.

Five lectures by the Rev. Francis P. Siegfried, St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. Subject: Some Catholic Ideals in the Light of Common Sense, Philosophy and Poetry. August 28-September 1.


Lectures by Rev. P. J. MacCorry, C.S.P., of New York City. Subject: The Gospel Narrative as Illustrated by Christian Art, with a large collection of the finest views. August 28-29.

Three lectures by Mr. W. P. Oliver, Brooklyn, New York City. Subject: American Humorists. September 1-4-5.

Two lectures by the Rev. F. Pascal (Robinson) O.F.M. of Baltimore, Md. Subject: The True and False Interpreters of the Teaching of St. Francis of Assisi. July 20-21.

Conference on methods of advancing Catholic Educational Work in Parish Schools and Sunday Schools, under the direction of Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., of New York City. August 28.

Program especially devoted to the advancement of Reading Circles, by Warren E. Mosher, A.M., of New York City.



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The Schedule of Lectures also includes special lectures for Teachers; A Class of Physical Culture and Dancing for Children, conducted by Miss Loretta Hawthorne Hayes, of Waterbury, Conn.; and Lessons in Music on various popular instruments by Mr. Camille W. Zeckwer, Director of the Philadelphia Musical Academy, etc.

The Summer Institute for Teachers, under the direction of the Education Department of the State of New York, will be opened on July 3 and will continue for four weeks. Courses and instructions will be published in a separate prospectus.

A varied program of athletic sports has been arranged by Mr. James E. Sullivan, who was the Director of the World's Fair Athletic Exhibit at St. Louis, and is regarded to-day as the foremost exponent of amateur athletics and sports in America.

## THE ANTIQUITY OF THE HARP

Every country has an emblem, or symbol, by which it is known and respected. But perhaps the oldest symbol of antiquity is the harp which now emblazons the flag of the Irish people.

The history of this instrument, as well as that of the people who cherish it, is a noble one. The harp took its name from the Arpies, a people of Italy, who were supposed to be the first to invent it, and from whom it is said to have been borrowed by other nations. There is a dispute among scholars as to how it derived its name. Some say it got its name from the Latin word "harpa," others from the German "herpor," harp; still others say it came from the Latin word "carpo," because touched or thrummed with the fingers. Dr. Hicks derives it from "harpa," or "hearpa," which means the same thing—the first in the language of the Cibri, the second in that of the Anglo-Saxon. The English priest who wrote the life of St. Dunstan, and who lived with him in the tenth century, says chapter II, section 12: "Sumpst secum exmore citharam suam quam paterna lingua hearpam vocamus," which intimates the word to be Anglo-Saxon.

There are many doubts about the history of the harp, but it is the most ancient instrument of which we know the use. King David is usually painted with a harp in his hand, but we have no testimony in all antiquity that the Hebrew harp, which they called "chinnor," was anything like the Celtic. On a Hebrew medal of Simon Maccabaeus, we see two sorts of musical instruments, but they are both very different from the Celtic harp and only consist of four strings. Our harp is the same as the Theban before and at the time of St. Sestres, who adorned Thebes and probably caused it to be painted there, as well as the other figures, in the sepulcher of his father, as a monument of the superiority which Egypt had in music, at that time, over all the barbarous nations that he had seen or conquered.

Dr. Warner says there was no nation where heraldic distinctions were better regulated than in Ireland. When a chieftain distinguished himself in battle against the enemy his name was immediately entered into the record of his house to be transmitted down from father to son, in order to inspire the several branches of the family with emulation to imitate such a great example.

The harp was the earliest national symbol of the Firbolgs, or first inhabitants of Ireland. When Heber Flonn and Heremon, brothers and children of Milesius, as chiefs of the colony divided the island between them, about 1260 B.C., they differed about a musician and poet; but the matter was settled in a friendly manner by Ambergin, their brother, who adjudged the musician to Heber, and the poet to Heremon. Heber then assumed the harp as an emblem of the harmony that prevailed between them.

In the days of chivalry the harp passed for the most noble and majestic of instruments, and on this account the romancers placed it in the hands of their heroes, as the ancient Greek bards did the lyre.

In Ireland it was used as a favorite instrument. The innocence and

at the same time the utility of their sports and amusements brought it into frequent requisition. On any of those occasions the utmost deference was paid to women. A special palace was apportioned to their use which was called "Griannon na Ningheon" or council of the ladies. This council had delegated to it power to regulate all things appertaining to women, and in such an assembly the harp was the principal instrument. This instrument was in such general favor that an old poet has made it the subject of a poem called "La Diet de la harpa" (the ditty, or poem, upon the harp). He praised it as an instrument too good to be used in taverns or places of debauchery, saying that "it should be used by knights, squires, persons of rank and ladies with plump and beautiful hands," and that "its courteous and gentle sounds should be heard only by the educated and the good."

Such is the history of the harp which adorns the emblem of Ireland—an emblem which has been in all the great wars and on all the great battlefields of the world; and which is loved by the Irish people and honored and respected by nearly all the nations of the world.—Daniel L. Madden, in New World.

## WAR ON WAISTCOATS.

This Men's Garment is Generally Condemned in England.

The war declared against waistcoats by E. N. Marshall, headmaster of Kingston Grammar School, is generally, but conditionally, approved by hygienic experts.

A representative found several hygienic experts at the office of the Incorporated Society of Medical Officers of Health willing to express their opinions on the matter, and with one accord they were in favor of reforming the waistcoat, but not of abolishing it.

They agreed that the waistcoat, thick in front and with only thin lining at the back, was a death trap. "In winter every boy and man should have his waistcoat lined at the back with flannel," said one expert, "and all the year round it should be of uniform thickness."

"Too much care cannot be taken of the back," said another authority. "The spinal cord, which is a continuation of the brain, dominates every vital organ."

"The waistcoat as generally made is the most absurd garment conceivable, from a hygienic point of view," was the dictum of another medical man. "Either abolish it altogether for a cardigan jacket, which is really thicker at the back than in the front, or for some similar garment, or else insist upon having all waistcoats made of uniform thickness."

The manager of a large outfitter firm said that not one in a hundred orders for clothing stipulate for a flannel-lined waistcoat.

"I think," he said, "schoolboys themselves would revolt at the suggested abolition of collars. My experience is that boys are growing increasingly fond of looking smart about the neck."

"Some school prospectuses require that the boys have six linen shirts or four flannel ones, and the latter alternative is very largely chosen."

"From the hygienic point of view the suggestion of wearing jerseys over the flannel shirt in the winter is an excellent one, but I am sure it would not find favor among either the boys or their parents. It would cause the boys to grow careless of their appearance as they grew up. Having never accustomed themselves to collars, they would not relish the first few weeks of discomfort on adopting them, and would probably decline to wear any other than a flannel shirt to the end of their lives."—London Express.

The being which has attained harmony, and every being may attain it, has found its place in the order of the universe, and represents the divine thought at least as clearly as a power, or a solar system. Harmony seeks nothing outside itself.—Amiel's Journal.