

SHERIDAN'S FISH STORY.

By John C. Linehan in February Donahoe's.

Contrary to expectation, considering what he had been through, he possessed a voice as sweet and musical as that of a woman. On my mentioning this to him, he smiled and said that was about the first remark made by parties presented to him, and added: "I suppose they expected to find a man tall as a steeple, as heavy as an elephant, and with a voice like a foghorn." As evidence of this he said: "When I was stationed in Chicago, before taking command of the Army it was my custom to take a hunting and fishing tour in Wisconsin. Several of my staff accompanied me. We took our camp equipage with us, locating at intervals along the banks of river or creek wherever the fishing was good. One morning I awoke at day-break and found it was ideal weather to cast a hook, there was a heavy mist with an occasional rain-drop. I got up, slipped on my clothes, took my rod and bait, and started to fish up the creek. The grass on the banks was heavy, fit for the scythe, and as I trudged along I found I left quite a trail behind me. As I noticed this I said to myself 'if the owner of this field gets sight of me I will get a Scotch blessing.' Just as this thought occurred to me, as I was turning a bend of the river, whom should I meet face to face but a man who, judging by his looks and actions, was the individual in question. I had on an old blouse, slouch hat, and high boots, not making in consequence a very presentable appearance. I had in my pocket a nice flask of brandy which had not been tapped. He wore an old straw hat with flapping sides, had a scythe on his shoulder, and a deep scowl on his face. As I approached him I said: "Good morning, uncle. It is kind of damp, wouldn't you like something to warm you?" at the same time unscrewing the cork, and handing him the bottle. He took it, looking me all over from hat to boots, put it to his mouth, and took a good swig. He did not get the flavor until he had taken it from his lips. Holding the bottle in his hand he looked at it wistfully. "All right, uncle," I said, "if you like it take a drink." He repeated the act, and when the bottle left his mouth this time full half of the contents had disappeared. As he handed it back he asked: "Who may I thank for this?" "In Chicago," said I, "I am known as General Sheridan."

"The hell you are," said he, "who in the devil could hear a little cuss like you on the battlefield? But your brandy is all right."

"Just think," said the General, "the idea of a commander being heard by his men in action," and he laughed again.

A REMARKABLE PERIOD IN ENGLISH LETTERS.

By James Keating in February Donahoe's.

Lionel Pigot Johnson was born of Irish parentage at Broadstairs, Kent, March, 1867. He received his early education at Winchester, whence he entered Oxford; from there, in 1891, he graduated with the degree of A.B. and other honors and distinctions. Even at school he had been remarked for an almost phenomenal brilliancy of intellect which during his university years flowered in such precious bloom that when he went to London to devote himself to literary work he found welcomed entrance into the pages of "The Chronicle," "The Academy" and other journals and periodicals of prominence. It was a remarkable period in English letters, those years between 1887 and 1897. A school of keen, brilliant and able young men was flourishing in London; Arthur Symonds, Max Beerbohm, Laurence Binyon, Oscar Wilde, Ernest Dowson, W. E. Henley, W. B. Yeates, George Moore, G. Bernard Shaw, were writing plays, poems, novels, and essays, while Aubrey Beardsley sketched epigrams and illustrated moods. The Celtic revival was in its portentous beginnings. William Morris was creating a new style in poetry and reviving an old style in printing. The influence of Coventry Patmore and Walter Pater

had not waned. Probably at no time have the humanities been more in honor, in England at least. To obtain a hearing and win approval was the meed of high talent, and this Johnson obtained, in prose and verse. His first book of poems was hailed with acclaim by critics and readers; his volume on Hardy was accorded equal honor. In all the movements of the day he was prominent; he contributed to "The Savoy" and "The Yellow Book"; he was one of the founders of the London Irish National Literature Society; a friend as well as a disciple of Walter Pater; the critic to speak the final word on Coventry Patmore. At this time, also, he was formally received into the Roman Catholic Church, whose ordered teaching, whose care for the individual, whose reverent silence before mystery had long appealed to him. As Symonds says of Patmore he found in the Church "the sufficient symbols of those beliefs which were the deepest emotion of his spirit."

ARCHBISHOP FARLEY.

Interview With New York's Popular Prelate.

Archbishop Farley, says a writer in the New York World, is likely to become in time as renowned as President Roosevelt for the facility with which he disposes of a vast variety of matters presented by his visitors. A word here, another there, a few low-toned conversations, lasting perhaps half a minute each, every caller rising as the prelate approaches his chair, and in a few minutes the reception room is cleared of all save two or three whose business requires more extended consideration. These are escorted one at a time into the rear parlor, where the Archbishop seats himself on a red-upholstered sofa, with his visitor in a chair close by and the matter at interest is discussed with an entire absence of formality.

Directness is the chief characteristic of Archbishop Farley's speech. He doesn't "beat around the bush." His first words, in talking with the World reporter, were an expression of his horror of appearing in the light of posing before the public.

"It would simply make me ridiculous," he said, "to advertise my views on this subject or that through a newspaper interview, when there is no special occasion for it."

But when the subject of Catholic education was broached the Archbishop began almost eagerly to tell of his plans for the extension of the system of parochial schools.

"The position of the Catholic Church on the subject of education has been justified by experience," he said. "For years we were alone in holding that children ought to have daily religious instruction in addition to that which they receive in church and Sunday school. Parents are negligent in this respect, and in many cases they are incompetent. It is therefore a duty which devolves upon the Church to see that the young receive proper religious and moral training."

"Other denominations are at last coming around to our way of thinking. A committee of seventy prominent educators, representing Yale, Harvard and many other famous institutions of learning, is to meet in Chicago in February to seek a remedy for the woeful lack of religious spirit in American schools and colleges. The necessity for the calling of this meeting is in itself an indorsement of our position."

"From a secular standpoint, the success of our schools is established. Many of them carry pupils further than the public school and are, in fact, high schools. Their certificates are accepted as readily as those of the public schools by the higher institutions of learning."

"We intend to extend the system until we shall have a parochial school for every church in the diocese. Five new schools will be ready for opening next September."

Archbishop Farley showed indignation and aggressiveness when his attention was called to an address made by him a few weeks ago at the Catholic Club to an audience of society women interested in the charities of the Church. He told these women that they could aid the Church in combating the efforts of Protestants who are trying to

make proselytes among Catholic immigrants, particularly Italians. "We have plenty of proof," declared the Archbishop, "that there is an organized movement to seek Protestant converts among Italian immigrants in this city. I could give the names of prominent millionaires who are supporting the movement. I will not do so, but I will give you an article which contains some of the names and which gives the facts of the situation more completely than I have time to do to-day."

"I wish to give notice to these gentlemen that they are wasting their money. I have lived in Italy and I know the Italian people. It may be possible to lead them astray—to make bad Catholics of them—but they can't be made into good Protestants. You might as well try to turn a paving stone into diamond."

The article referred to appeared in the January number of the Messenger, a copy of which the Archbishop gave to the reporter. It is entitled "Evangelizing the Italians," and was written by Thomas F. Meehan. The millionaires mentioned are Morris K. Jessup, president of the City Mission and Tract Society, and John D. Rockefeller, a Baptist mission at Oliver and Henry streets. The tone of the article is bitter, the managers and supporters of Protestant missions being referred to as "soul hunters" bent on "robbing of their faith these poor people, whom a godless government has driven from their country."

The Italian Industrial School of the Children's Aid Society, at No. 156 Leonard street, is described as a "convent factory."

In one of his first speeches after his elevation, at the laying of a church corner-stone, Archbishop Farley referred to New York as a "wicked city." It was thought by many persons that he had in mind the system of police blackmail under which various forms of vice are permitted to flourish. He was asked by the reporter if this assumption was correct.

"I did not refer to the police or to any particular manifestation of vice," he replied, "and I do not care to discuss those matters now."

"What I had in mind was the general condition of society wherever multitudes of people are gathered together, as in New York. The gravest danger to society in our city, I believe, comes from the rapid accumulation of wealth and the consequent indulgence in excessive luxury. I believe this is largely accountable for the appalling growth of the divorce evil."

The archbishop was asked if he shared the opinion which has been expressed by many clergymen that the degeneracy of the stage is lowering the popular standards of morals.

"I am scarcely competent to reply to that question," he said, "except in the most general terms, because I never attend the theatre. I can not speak from knowledge of any particular play, but I am in full sympathy with the demand for the suppression of immorality in stage exhibitions. The glorification of vice, especially when surrounded with the glamor of the stage, can not fail to have a far-reaching evil effect. The danger to young persons is particularly great, and parents should exercise care in selecting the plays which they permit their children to witness."

Man in Background—That fellow just getting up is one of the company playing at the opera house. Girl in the Background—You don't mean to say he is only one of the company? Why! He's big and good-looking enough to be a star.—Brooklyn Life.

"Herbert calls on me every evening," said the confiding girl. "Don't you think that is a sign he really cares for me?" "I can't be sure," answered Miss Cayenne, "whether it indicates that he is in love, or that coal is scarce at his house."—Washington Star.

Old Lady—Shame! The idea of all you big boys jumping on that poor little lad and robbing him. Big Boy—We ain't robbing him, lady. We are just playing the Powers in Venezuela, and he wanted to be Castro.—Chicago Daily News.

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