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THE SECOND DAY OF THE CENTENNIAL

Features of the Visitation Convent Celebration.

Impressive Services Held in Holy Trinity Church.

Monsignor Conaty's Glowing Tribute to the Old Georgetown Cloister—The Alumnae Luncheon.

A programme embracing spirituality, mentality, and feasting marked the second day's celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the Georgetown Convent of the Visitation yesterday, the opening services being held in Holy Trinity Church, and the festivities in the grounds and halls of the convent.

The day will long be remembered by those of the alumnae who attended. It inspired in old and young alike a newborn love for the alma mater, and cemented a union of forces that will in the future operate as a shield and strength to the name of the revered institution.

One of the features of the day which brought a touch of sacred joy to the hearts of all, was the receipt of a message of congratulation from the Pope, transmitted by the Papal Secretary of State, Rampolla. The message read: "The Holy Father heartily congratulates the Convent of the Visitation upon the occasion of its jubilee, and affectionately blesses it."

The day's exercises were begun at 9 o'clock by the assembling of the alumnae which has grown in attendance from the expected number, 300, to fully 700—in the corridors of the convent, to receive badges and souvenir pins and to form the procession which afterward marched to the Church of the Holy Trinity to attend the pontifical mass at 10:30.

The procession was led by a score of altar boys, headed by a cross-bearer, all clad in white cassocks and surplices. Next in line were the pupils of the school, followed by the visiting alumnae. Walking last, and entering the church after the ladies had been seated, was Cardinal Gibbons, together with Mgr. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University; Mgr. Stephan, Mgr. Sbaretti, of the papal delegation, and Archbishop Martinelli, Papal Delegate.

The church and altar were beautiful in decorations. The royal purple of the ecclesiastical dress, the varied tints and zephyr-like fabrics of the ladies' gowns, the animation of the magnificent music, and the solemnity of the service, all combined to make the scene one that will long live in the memory of the alumnae.

At the conclusion of the mass a most inspiring sermon was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Conaty, who told in words of reverence and eloquence the lives of the founders of the institution. At the close of the services the procession wended its way back to the convent, where lunch was served in a mammoth pavilion erected in the quadrangle. Toasts were proposed and heartily responded to by the ladies, and a pleasant two hours was passed, when the party adjourned to the halls and classrooms which they formerly frequented, and mingled in unrestricted social converse during the remainder of the afternoon.

The scenes in the pavilion and afterward in the spacious halls and large rooms of the old institution were varied. The emotions were appealed to in both joyous greetings and affecting meetings which brought tears and bestirred old memories.

In the lunch pavilion six long tables had been arranged with the table for the speakers in the centre. The first two tables were occupied by the alumnae of the past ten years, and the four other tables each represented a decade. All, however, were girls again. No birthdays were recognized in the celebration, and the young and old were alike, once more in the home of their childhood. Many pleasant railleries were indulged in and the younger generation of the fraternity were made to feel that they were but children, and were talked to in tones of mock severity by their elders.

From the balcony of the cloister, which gave a view through the gable of the pavilion, the proceedings were watched by the undergraduate classes and the sisters, with much interest. The elaborate menu served by Rauscher was commented on by the nuns, who are accustomed to the simple fare of their order, with quizzical expressions of wonderment.

Mrs. Moran's Address of Welcome.

After an elaborate menu had been partaken of Mrs. Emma Ethridge Moran, toastmistress, arose in her place in the centre of the pavilion and bid the fair guests assemble around her and welcomed them in the name of the alma mater. "I deeply regret," said Mrs. Moran, "that the many hearts beating within this sacred enclosure might not each express in its own eloquence the love and devotion and abiding interest that has summoned you from afar.

"We all have our ideals, but achieve them rarely in life. You behold at this time a woman who was never more proud nor happy than now, for she is now realizing far more than she has ever dreamed of or dared to hope for, but has undeservedly achieved, in occupying this place.

"I bid you welcome then with all my heart. A welcome that rings with the music of a long ago, but whose sweet strains are unforgotten. A welcome whose fullness is replete with the sparkling elixir of pure thoughts and perfect confidence in your high destiny. The dear old convent hails your coming with the sympathy of nature's May day smiles. With glad songs of birds, the soft whisper of the lazy wind, and the perfect surroundings of virdure-clad beauty.

"Today the reverend and faithful mother opens her portals to receive her daughters of a century. Her widespread arms long to embrace the children whom she has watched over and whom she has never ceased to love. On this venerable birthday let us rejoice together in this our alma mater's first century of noble work and triumphant achievement.

"To be called her well-beloved; to greet from all quarters the women whom she has guided to virtue and to strength, is enough to fill the hardest heart with gladness, and certainly no convent girl of the past or present is here whose heart is not filled with joyous enthusiasm on this happy occasion. I cannot but think this scene forms a fitting presentment of another reunion where youth and joy know not the blight of age."

Mrs. Moran referred touchingly to the departed ones "who sleep on the little hill," and soon had her auditors in tears by her tender tributes to the memory of beloved teachers who were at rest. She concluded with an eloquent greeting to the daughters of the twentieth century.

Mrs. Mary Maguire Carr, of St. Louis, responded to the toast "The Visitation." She said in part: "When the Most Rev. Leonard Neale, Archbishop of Baltimore, gave his sanction to the three pious women who founded this convent in June, 1799, he wrote, 'I sanction the beginning of this work whence the inestimable advantage of a correct education may be given to the female youth not only of the present day, but of future generations.' Here are now assembled after one hundred years a worthy representation, the hope of a part of that future generation referred to by Bishop Neale. In this convent our special instructors have labored to give women not only the intellectual progress which this century demands, but the Christian training of mind and heart, the high sense of honor which fits women to dignify every rank and walk in life.

"Here have gathered from all parts of the country, North, South, East, and West, girls of different types and different creeds. And from here have gone forth women who have filled and graced many high and distinguished places. Women whose sons, we hope, will honor their country, and whose daughters will be proud of their mother's alma mater."

Toast to the Clock.

A toast to the "clock" was proposed and responded to by Mrs. Adele Morrison Kelley. Mrs. Kelley spoke as follows: "In thus becoming even for five minutes, the target for your critical shafts, I feel 'there lies more peril in your eyes' than twenty heroes could unblushingly encounter. In appointing me to reply to our present toast, 'The Clock,' the good sisters have given proof of a ruthless memory, as well as of a proper sense of the fitness of things. Who could speak more movingly upon this comprehensive subject than one who has so often outrivaled her companions in the role of Niobe before that sympathetic countenance in the hall. If, in our after days, we have had but a vague idea of time; if we have been late for breakfast and early for dressmaker appointments, may we not attribute our deficiencies in this respect to an erroneous impression of hours and minutes made upon our youthful intelligence by the too frequent contemplation of that grim mentor? Fellow-sufferers! Let us take advantage of this memorable occasion to give voice to our grievances, to feed fat our ancient grudge, and, in the interests of our successors, to unanimously demand the abolition of this barbarous mode of punishment.

"To some of us, perhaps, a clock may seem no more than a useful and ornamental article of household furniture. Some time ago I chanced upon one bearing the inscription, 'This is Time, what is Eternity?' Since then the purlieus of my mind have harbored a distaste for these ticking reminders of years and follies, these portable consciences that are forever pricking us with a tireless little bodkin of reproach. Even the convent sentinel, in its familiar corner, now blends its merry tick-tock with a graver cadence. 'Hurry,' it seems to say. 'Good intentions alone form too short a ladder. Behold my visage and measure the remnant of your youth. Ah, hasten to fill your space with deeds and not with lingering years.'

"There are some among us today who are just setting out for the Hesperides. Others there are who have climbed the mountain top and are preparing to descend thence to the table lands. Others have already reached the quiet plains. But for us all, life is, and has been, made up of the doing of tiny things with a giant heart.

"An admonitory glance from the powers that be warns me that 'the wise woman keepeth silent, knowing her time.' I cannot leave you, however, without a word for our absent friends, those both of the cloister and the hearth, who now dwell in the silent land; and one noble spirit in particular whose memory we have not cast into a dusky corner of our hearts. Fidelity of thought is the sole tribute we can render them. They are our sisters still, our sisters in time and in eternity."

To a toast, "The Convent Girl," Mrs. Wilhelmina Easby Smith responded with a graceful speech, which she introduced as follows:

"The convent girl. How shall I speak of her? Though nearly half a century, with its many changes, has passed since I first knew her type, still her gentle graciousness is observable now as then. A peculiar subtle charm of manner which, meet her where one may, marks her unmistakeably as the convent-bred girl. Trained by the gifted sisters, instructed in arts and science, letters and accomplishments, with the one end of learning kept ever in full view, dwelling in the shadow of the cloister, surrounded by an atmosphere of holiness, the maiden as she emerges from her school life is the embodiment of old-fashioned notions of modesty, reserve, and innocence. It seems a pity that with her entry into the world and its conventionalities, society and its blandishments, must come the risk of marring the exquisite bloom of her maturing beauty—a beauty of heart and mind far excelling that of form and feature, however perfect these may be."

"Convent Days" was the title of a toast responded to by Mrs. Myra Knox Semmes, in which she recalled the many pleasant recollections and associations of her life in the convent.

"The Girls We Knew, and What They Are Today" were talked of by Miss Agatha O'Neale. This address brought out many personalities, and caused no little mirth and amusement.

Mrs. Moran then addressed the alumnae on the proposition to reorganize the association with a view to giving some form of financial assistance to the institution which was so dear to them, and closed the toasts by reciting the following verse:

"Holy in thy endless rest—
Ruling battle's fierce commotion;
Helper of the sore distressed,
Sweetly blessing their devotion,
Earth and heaven, sky and sea,
All belong, O God, to thee."

Congratulatory telegrams were received from the Rev. Father P. F. Healy, at one time President of Georgetown College and chaplain of the convent; Mrs. Fannie Whitney Hatch, and Mrs. Potter Palmer, Rev. Father Chidwick, former chaplain of the Maine, who was expected to attend, telegraphed that he was delayed in Boston.

The St. Louis graduates presented, through Mrs. Julius Walsh, as a token of their loyalty, one hundred five-dollar gold pieces, stacked up in a beautifully decorated cut-glass vase, around the standard of which was knotted broad satin ribbons of white and yellow, bearing the inscription, "St. Louis Alumnae to Georgetown Convent," together with the names of the donors.

Today will mark the close of the celebration, and another programme of excellence has been carefully arranged.

A solemn mass of requiem will be sung at the Church of the Holy Trinity at 9 a. m. for the repose of the souls of deceased sisters and alumnae; celebrant of the mass, His Excellency, Most Reverend Sebastian Martinelli, Apostolic Delegate; deacon of the mass, Rev. Jerome Daugherty, S. J.; sub-deacon of the mass, Rev. John Brosnan, S. J. At half-past 10 the Alumnae Association holds its reunion, and in the afternoon at 6:30 o'clock a dramatic entertainment by the pupils closes the festivities.

Miss Isabel McKenna will entertain the alumnae at her home this afternoon.

The following is the list of ecclesiastical dignitaries who were dined at the convent yesterday at 1 o'clock:

Father Sauthgate, Father Caughey, Dr. Strahan, Father Julius, Father Deville, Father Donovan, Father Griffith, Monsignor Sbaretti, Father Doherty, Dr. Conaty, Dr. Garrigan, Father Nicholas, Rev. G. A. Dougherty, Rev. Gilbert Simmons, Rev. P. E. Murphy, Rev. A. Magnien, Rev. I. I. Dillon, Rev. Felix, Rev. Shannon, Rev. T. Kennedy, Rev. J. J. Koch, Rev. Foley, Rev. Roocker, Rev. Mr. Kilrain, Rev. W. Emins, Rev. J. Daugherty, Father Mallon, Father J. E. Bradley, Father W. J. Higgins, Father O'Donohue, Rev. J. M. Barry, Rev. John Brosnan, Rev. J. F. Galligan, Rev. Edward Tuohy, Dr. D. J. Stafford, Rev. Stephen C. Hullesey, Rev. Father Glash, and Father O'Connell.

Monsignor Conaty's sermon delivered at the morning service was as follows: "Your Eminence, your Excellency, it was not an easy matter to compress within the time allotted the story of a hundred years of prominence and usefulness; to tell of the struggles of the pioneers, as well as of the faith that never faltered. In the quiet on the hill-top of Georgetown the Convent of the Visitation has stood for a hundred years, the cloistered home of consecrated virgins, the devoted teacher of noble women, the guardian of the interests of religion and society. It has overlooked the gateways that lead to a nation's capital. It has heard the surgings of political ambitions as they rise and fall in the history of a great Republic; it has seen the tides of war ebb and flow, heard the thunders of cannon in a nation's conflict, witnessed the coming and going on yonder historic river of the fleets of hostile nations, heard the requiem chanted over the dead in the people's cemeteries beyond the Potomac. Beginning its work with the century, and at the close receiving the congratulations of all who love virtue and religion, it has given its life to contribute its share to the making of those great chapters that tell the story of human progress in this century of enlightenment. Amid the din of battle, in the quietude of peace, this convent in the spirit of the Divine Saviour gave forth of its substantial life to the safeguarding of the homes of the land, in the establishment of true character in womanhood, thus protecting liberty in the individual and in the home with the blessings of education in which religion is the very soul.

"The story of the Visitation Convent may be found written at the hearthstones of thousands of families throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is burned into the very lives of devoted women—mothers, daughters, and sisters, Catholic and non-Catholic,—who offer the tribute of their love to the nuns who trained them in the ways that lead to life. It is found in the sanctified sacrifices of saintly nuns who, unknown to the world, have for a hundred years given their lives to the guardianship of the better education. Here you find the cell of the recluse, the altar of the contemplative, the torch of the educator. The convent tells of progress through privation, of success through courage, of sacrifice through love. They sowed, indeed, in tears, but they reaped in joy. As they look today upon the harvest of the years, they cannot fail to remember the sorrows of the trial during the years of the seeding."

He then entered into a history of the foundation of the Convent of the Visitation, dwelling with marked emphasis upon the life of Father Neale, afterward Archbishop of Baltimore, who was the founder of the order in the United States, and alluded to the proscriptive laws against the Catholics in Maryland, although it had been established as the home of religious liberty by the early Catholic colonists. Associated with Father Neale was Miss Alice Lalor, who was known in religion as Mother Teresa, who became the foundress of Georgetown Convent and for many years its mother superior. Born in Ireland and reared in an atmosphere of religion, fervent, modest, zealous, devoted to the Blessed Sacrament, this young Irish girl, with all the religious fervor of her race, had consecrated herself to God by a vow of virginity. The formation of the community known as "The Pious Ladies," the opening of a school beside the convent, the suffering which these religious women had to endure, and their subsequent success, were all detailed. The establishment as a religious order in 1814, the permission for solemn vows in 1816, and the establishment of the institute, with all the privileges and rights of the visitation in 1829 were dwelt upon.

Mgr. Conaty also gave a history of the upbuilding of the academy, from 1802, with its meagre accommodations until its present flourishing condition. The growth of the order by the establishment of houses in other cities of the United States was also mentioned.

He then asked the question, "What gave inspiration to the work that has been done by this institution? What is its soul and character? I find it engraved over its doors in the motto, "Vovete et reddite Domino." "Vow ye and pray unto the Lord your God;" "Make vows and keep them;" in other words, service and sacrifice are the principles of the nun's life. For her, life belongs to God, its thoughts, its aspirations, its services are all for God. For her the coziest, quietest, happiest nook is an altar before which to pray. Simplicity, austereness, plainness are the characteristics of her cell. Elegance may be bought, but elegance is often delusive and leads seldom to happiness. Happiness comes by sacrifice, and its value is tested in the virtues of life.

Judged by certain tendencies of the age in which we live the convent is an anachronism. It is such largely because spiritual perfection to many is an anachronism. If men judge a convent out of place in the nineteenth century, is it not largely due to the fact that spiritual perfection finds no place in the code of living approved by worldly people? Christians are not so foolish as to believe that enlightenment began with the century. True enlightment is from the Cross of Christ; true civilization is from the Saviour at Bethlehem. Salvation is as necessary in this as in the first century, and the estimate placed upon it by the early Christians is the true estimate. Salvation is still subject to the conditions laid down by Christ. With all the progress of the modern age, there will not be found for sin any other salvation than the redemption through Christ; there will be evolved no other means of salvation except those laid down by Jesus Christ. There is no variant in the conditions of salvation. The words of Christ to the young man in the Gospel to sell all and follow Him, is still heard by souls anxious for the more perfect life. Poverty, obedience, chastity, freely chosen and lovingly enjoyed, are the pride and joy of the religious life, the higher expressions of the spirit of Christ which peopled the desert with anchorites, which produced a Francis de Sales, a Vincent de Paul, a Francis Xavier, a Teresa, a Gertrude, a Jane Francis de Chantal; which developed the monastic system in the Eastern and Western Churches; which built the monasteries, the schools, and the asylums; which civilized and Christianized the world.

Christianity from the beginning has had its Marys, who have chosen the better part with the Saviour, while its Marthas have worried in solitude for the things of the world. Christianity has repeated in all ages the words of the Saviour in vindication of the Marys of religious life, "Why do you trouble this woman?"

The world with its maxims of ungodliness, with its ambitions for earthly pleasures, with its absolute gratification of self, with its vanities, and its impurities, will not understand the spirit of sacrifice by which men and women who feel themselves called to the duties of religious life voluntarily sacrifice all things human for God and God's children. These have heard the call of the Saviour to the higher life; they seek to follow, not merely the duties of the ordinary Christian, but also the higher call to the evangelical councils. Their souls are absorbed in the love of Christ, and they remember that he was obedient unto death; he had not whereon to lay his head; he was the pure, unspotted one, and they follow him; like him they would be obedient, poor, and pure. Leaving all things, they follow Jesus, that they may manifest to him the love of the true disciple. Obedience to God is to them the highest liberty; sacrifice of self leads them to the truest freedom. Consecrated to religion, they live for God alone, and their lives are spent in doing not their will, but the will of the God, whom they have chosen to serve. Obedient with his obedience, poor with his poverty, pure with his purity, their lives are passed in union with him that like him they may go about doing good. They have felt the spirit of a divine vocation, and they realize the words of Christ to the apostle: "I have chosen you, and I have appointed you that you should go and should bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain." The morbid, the unreligious, the worldling, men and women without faith cannot understand this vocation, this mission or this life, for their minds are dulled and their vision dimmed by prejudice and worldly ambitions.

What more beautiful in our earthly conditions than the life of the consecrated nun, so beloved and revered by all who know her, and yet so often misunderstood by the unbeliever and the non-Catholic. Yet there is not a stronger example of the divinity of religion than the self-consecrated life of the devout religieuse. It stands as a bulwark against the tide of irreligion that is sweeping us from the moorings of faith. It places on the shoulders of woman the mantle of purity, protecting her from the degradation of unholy loves; for as a pure, unspotted virgin was chosen by God to be the mother of the Redeemer, so the Christian virgin was ever to be the ideal and the protector of true womanhood. In all walks of life, the woman with purity wins the admiration of mankind; in the religious she stands in the perfection of that purity, in the virginity consecrated to God. She walks among us bearing our nature, and clothed as it were in the garments of another world. She talks with us, but her talk is influenced by the one thought of eternity. She is beautiful without vanity, intellectual without pride, living without sin, for she is vowed to God. She is the earthly angel of our world, the evidence of grace in humanity, the perfection of our human nature. Her conversation is steeped in celestial joys, her life is passed in cheerfulness, for her life is absorbed in the contemplation of God; her vocation calls her to virtue, sacrifice, love.

Freely stepping aside from the broad ways that lead to earthly honors, she walks in the narrow way that leads to heaven. Freely she has immolated on the altar of her God and for her God the ambitions of life, because she desires to make sure the happiness of eternity. Freely she has cast off all the trappings of earthly vanity, that she may devote herself to a life of charity and humanity. The daughter of wealth, she gives up wealth and freely adopts poverty; the daughter of fondness and home love, she rises to higher thoughts of life with God, and she gives up father and mother that she may be the devoted child of God to serve him without hindrance. Gifted with intelligence, trained in the ways of scholarship, she consecrates her life to the instructing of the ignorant, lifting up the fallen, giving hope to the despairing, begging bread for the starving, nourishing the sick, caring for the leper, mothering the outcast.

The nun, properly understood, is as the sunshine of our life, the very salt of our society, the aroma of our existence. No wonder the child loves her, for he finds in her something more than earthly love; no wonder the tears drop from the soldier's eyes as she lifts his drooping head and administers sweet charity to him, for he has never seen elsewhere such charity; no wonder the scoffer ceases his scoffing as she passes, for she is purity, religion, life, love—she is indeed an angel of God in our sinful world. Men and women who know her not cannot understand her. Those who know not the spiritual life, who do not appreciate to the depth the characteristics of Christ and Christianity cannot understand the spirit of religion which prompts the nun's sacrifice. She is an enigma to them, because the supernatural is unknown, misunderstood by them. Let men know Christ better, touch to the vitals the spirit of Christianity, and they will realize the meaning of virginity, they will understand the nobility of the religious celibate, they will see that in virginity is a saving grace for society. If they will but fathom the depths of the true ideals of religious devotion, they will understand the steps that led to the priest and the nun, consecrated virgin children of a virgin Saviour, who has forbidden his followers to give up all things and follow him.

The world seems to have a peculiar hatred for the evangelical counsels; it calls obedience slavery, poverty degradation, chastity unnatural. Not so the Christian. The virtues of obedience, chastity, poverty are foundation virtues in the Christian life; their perfection are found in the vows of the religious life. Obedience to God is true freedom of will, for it leads to the perfection of life.

Chastity, as St. Ambrose says, makes angels, and he who observes it is an angel; St. Thomas teaches that its source is not on earth, but in heaven. This virtue is peculiarly Christian. The life of Christ was the embodiment of the most austere devotion to purity. He chose a spotless virgin for his mother, and made his favorite of the one apostle who was a virgin. The apostles left everything to follow Christ.

Men and women in the different centuries of the Church have assumed the spirit of poverty that they might be free from the cares and worries of worldly goods; to be detached from all earthly affection for them, and thus giving their lives wholly to the service of God, feeling their reward in the words of the Saviour, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Such, dearly beloved brethren, is the answer the Church gives in vindication of the life of her religieuse; such the inspiration which began and carried on the work of the Sisters of the Visitation at Georgetown. What historian can write the history of a hundred years of such an institution which finds its soul in such a life? God alone knows the full value of of such an institution among men; yet passersby, who in the hundred years they have looked upon this institution, who have read the story of its life, who have witnessed its rise into the prominence which it today possesses, these can express but feebly an appreciation of its real worth.

You alumnae of the Visitation, you whose young lives were passed within the sacred precincts of the academy halls of the Visitation, you who have seen the daily lives of the nuns, who have watched them coming in and going out, who have felt the sweet influence of their sanctified lives, who have been trained by them in the ways of womanliness, of virtue, of social strength—you, indeed, are witnesses to the world of the value of the nun in our modern life.

A hundred years! How much they contain! Beginning with the century, reaching to its close, seeing the rise of the Church in this new land, a witness to the development and progress and glory of the Republic, almost coeval and coexistent with the Republic which has had its trials and its glory, the Visitation Convent deserves well of the people. "She hath not eaten her bread idle." Today we commemorate its glorious life with its deeds of goodness. In the presence of its success it may well exclaim with the royal prophet: "What shall I render to the Lord for all that he hath rendered unto me?" What, indeed, shall be the thanksgiving for the graces of God, which for a hundred years have incessantly fallen on this community? What shall be our gratitude for all that this community has been to religion, to country, to the individual? "I will take the chalice of salvation and I will call on the name of the Lord." Yes, I will take the chalice, and I will fill it with the privations cheerfully borne, the deeds of mercy lovingly done, the obedience of will, the purity of life, the poverty of spirit, the humility of action of the generations of nuns who have passed through these cloistered walls, the word of God gently spoken, the souls won to God, the lives sanctified—all these deeds done for the glory of God, may well be placed in that chalice, and holding it up before heaven by the merits of him whose spouses they are we will call upon the name of the Lord.

Honored name of the Visitation, honored servants of Mary, devoted children of St. Francis de Sales, St. Jane de Chantal, and the venerated Neale, a hundred years give tribute to you. Visitation Convent, thou art the joy of Israel, the pride of our Church in America, and the glory of the people. "Blessed art thou by the God in every tabernacle of Jacob, for in every nation that shall hear thy name, the God of Israel shall be magnified on account of thee." "Prospere, procede et regna"—prosperously proceed and reign. May thy days lengthen into the centuries, may blessings attend thee, may prosperity reward thee, mayest thou rule in sweet religion over many homes, and mayest thou ever be honored by men and beloved by God, the valiant woman whose children rise up and call thee blessed.

Death of Benoni Allunst.

Boyd's, Md., May 30.—Mr. Benoni Allunst, a highly esteemed citizen of Dawsonville, near this place, died at his residence there this morning, aged sixty-four years. He had been suffering for the past two years. Mr. Allunst was widely known throughout this country, having a large family connection, and was well known in Washington, where he has many friends. He was a large farmer. A widow and eight children, seven sons and one daughter, survive him. Interment will take place at Monocacy Cemetery at Beallsville, tomorrow.

Free Speech for Americans.

(From the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

The frank, outspoken American citizen frequently gets disgusted with the restraint put on Army and Navy officers in the matter of free speech. He looks upon the defenders of our country as men with as great a measure of rights as anybody, and likes to see them break over the red tape lines occasionally and burst out with something that has bark on it. He is likely to withdraw from his proud position when he hears that General Merritt declares that we have outgrown the Constitution.

Bicycle riders should drink plenty of Henrich's beer before going on their evening rides, because Henrich's will give strength and energy to the rider and make him feel like riding any distance.

Easy to Take Easy to operate—is true only of Hood's Pills, the best, mildest, safest cathartic ever offered the people. Prepared by the proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

To the Marquise de Merinville, formerly Miss Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, of Washington and Baltimore, has fallen the honor of receiving the Laetare medal for 1899. The medal itself is a disk of gold suspended from a bar of gold and purple enamel. On the upper surface of the disk is an etching of Caldwell Hall, the building at the Catholic University, founded by the marquise in the days of her girlhood. The badge was presented by the University of Notre Dame, Ind., and is a tribute to the splendid generosity of the marquise. The Laetare medal is presented each year to whoever, in the estimation of the faculty, has most distinguished him or herself in the realm of religion, education, or morals. This is only the third time that it has ever been presented to a woman.

Former Postmaster General Gary and family, who have been spending some time past in foreign travel, will sail for home next Saturday and go at once to "Summit," their summer home, at Catonsville, Md.

Miss McKenna will give a reception this evening in honor of the alumnae of Georgetown.

Mrs. Potter Palmer and Miss Julia Grant were among the passengers from Europe who arrived in New York yesterday. Mrs. Palmer and Miss Grant were met at the pier by Mrs. Fred Grant, and the party drove at once to her home, in Sixty-third Street. After a few days they will go to Newport, where they will be joined later by Prince Cataeuzene, who will reach this country in August.

Lord and Lady Huntington, who arrived in this country a short time ago, came over, it is said, especially to attend the wedding of Miss Julia Grant and Prince Cataeuzene, with both of whom they are on terms of friendship. In the mean time they will visit points of interest in this country and upon their departure will continue the journey. They intend to make a trip around the world. Lady Huntington is a native of Australia and is an aunt by marriage of the American Duchess Consuelo of Marlborough. Lord Huntington is a descendant of the Plantagenets, while his earldom is the third in seniority of creation. Both of them are tremendously fond of outdoor sports and put in a good deal of time traveling wherever their fancy takes a whim.

Mrs. John A. Healey and her sister, Miss Minnie Downing, have gone to Atlantic City.

Miss Lela M. Tucker, the daughter of Mrs. M. A. Tucker, of Connecticut Avenue, and Lieut. D. F. A. De Otte, of the United States Revenue Marine Service, were married Monday afternoon at St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Rev. John Aspinwall, D. D. officiating. Mr. George H. Evans, the bride's half brother, escorted her to the chancel, and the best man was Mr. Charles Cowles Tucker. There were no other attendants. At the close of the impressively simple service the bride and groom left directly for Newbern, N. C., where Lieutenant De Otte is now stationed.

The Cosmopolitan Reception Club held its eighth annual reception Monday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Frank R. Whitney. An excellent programme of a musical and literary character contributed to the pleasure of the guests, and dainty refreshments were served. The club will hold its next meeting in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Hopkins and Mr. Jeffrie Hopkins will go to Old Point tomorrow for a stay of several weeks and then go to Bar Harbor for the summer.

Hon. R. C. Shannon and Mrs. Shannon were among the passengers who will sail for Europe today on the American steamship New York.

At the reception held Monday evening by Mr. Charles Lyman, Chief of the Division of Appointments of the Treasury Department, to the employes of that division and their families, the guests included Mr. and Mrs. Hough, Miss Hough, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. Clark, Miss Millward, Dr. Dickinson, Mr. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Miss de Mowbry, Mr. Bond, Miss Wilbur, Miss Householder, Mr. Witman, Miss Holmes, and Miss Lord.

WILL ARRIVE HERE TODAY.

The Remains of Col. John M. Stotsenburg to Rest at Arlington.

The remains of the late Col. John Miller Stotsenburg, who was killed in the Philippines April 23, while at the head of the First Nebraska Volunteers, will reach Washington this morning at 7:45 over the Pennsylvania Railroad from Chicago. The body is being brought from San Francisco in charge of the widow of the dead soldier and his nephew, Lieut. William Cavanaugh, of the Twentieth Infantry. The remains will be taken to Arlington and placed in the receiving vault.

Arrangements have been made by Major Romayne, of this city, to have the funeral take place tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. There will be no church service. At the grave the burial service of the Episcopal Church will be conducted by the Rev. S. J. Wallace, formerly a chaplain in the Army. The pallbearers will be named today.

Colonel Stotsenburg was well known in this city, having lived here many years, though he is a native of Nebraska. He leaves a widow and two daughters. Judge J. H. Stotsenburg and wife, the parents of the deceased, accompanied by the dead soldier's two daughters and brother, Dr. Evan B. Stotsenburg, of New Albany, Ind., arrived in the city last night.

A Catholic College Dedicated.

Norfolk, Va., May 30.—The handsome college erected by the Catholic Order of Xavierian Brothers of America, near Old Point Comfort, and which has been under course of construction two years, was dedicated this morning, with impressive services, which were participated in by dignitaries of the Church from all over the country. The ceremonies were presided over by Right Rev. A. Van De Nyver, Bishop of Richmond, who delivered a sermon after the celebration of high mass. The Rev. Father Donohue was master of ceremonies, and addresses were made by priests from various parts of the country. The graves of the Union dead in Virginia soil were decorated today by three G. A. R. camps. The holiday was generally observed through this section.

Organized Capital.

(From the Richmond Times.)

Organized capital is a necessity of the age, and it will be. There must be large corporations, there must be great combines to carry on the great affairs of this progressive age, and all that any party can do or will do will be to regulate these corporations and with reason and with due regard to the rights of stockholders, compel them to serve the interests of the people.

A Real Cure.

(From the Boston Herald.)

"Of what did the faith-cures cure you?" asked the skeptic.

"Of my faith," said the ex-devotee.

Has never failed to cure the worst cases of Malaria, Fever and Ague. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

ELEGANT PRESENTS For PREMIUM STAMPS KING'S PALACE. 812-814 7th St. 715 Market Space.

BUY BOSTON BAKING CO.'S BREAD, BEST BAKED.

Grandma's Old Homestead.

Whole Wheat for Health.

YOUR grocer sells it.

Goldenberg's

The Dependable Store,

922, 924, 926, 928 7th st., running through to 704-6 K st.

3d floor upholstery needs.

Furniture Linen, for making loose covers—strictly all linen in new and attractive designs—worth 50c—for..... 29c

Floor Linoleum, in a line of choice patterns—extra fine quality—worth 50c a yard—offered for..... 29c

Best quality Silkolines, full yard wide—in pretty patterns—such as sells usually at 12 1-2c a yard—for..... 8c

Golden Draperies, heavily finished in gold tinsel—in a lot of beautiful patterns—worth 10c a yard—for..... 4⅞c

Full size double Bed Spreads—in neat Marseilles patterns—hemmed and ready for use—worth $1—for..... 69c

Notions at prices you like.

5c 60-inch tape measures 1c.
10c Stockinet Dress Shovels, 4c.
5c Kirby Beard & Co., hair pins 2c.
15c double Nainsook Dress Shields, 10c pair.
10c Sateen Corset Stays; 4 or 5-hook; 7c pair.
5c Kid Curlers, 3c dozen.
Never-Hot Iron Holders, 5c.
5c Fancy P. K. Trimming Braid fast colors, 2c yard.
5c Feather Stitched Braid, 12 different patterns, 2 2-4c piece.
5c yard P. K. Trimming, 6 yard pieces for 21c.
5c Nickel Plated Safety Pins, all sizes, 2c card.
15c Black and White P. K. and Silk Placket buttons, with cord, 10c set.

Fancy ribbons, 17c yd.

50 pieces of all colors of Fancy Ribbons in Plaids, Stripes, and different effects, with the newest colorings, 3 1-2 to 5 inches wide—go for 17c yard today.

Some Summertime needs.

Ranney hardwood refrigerator, with removable waste pipe, patent drip cup, lined with galvanized iron, 41 inches high—worth $6—for..... $4.89

Walnut finished screen doors, complete, ready to put up—all sizes—for..... 69c

Walnut finished window screens, strongly made—size 17x33—for..... 9c

THE "KING" OIL STOVE—strongly made—double burners and 3 1-2-inch wicks—for..... 49c

2-gallon water cooler, galvanized iron lined and nickel faucet—are neatly decorated—go for..... 95c

Nursery refrigerator, with water cooler attached—oak finished and charcoal lined—for..... $1.95

AMUSEMENTS.

COLUMBIA. WASHINGTON'S LEADING THEATRE. TONIGHT AT 8:15. First Appearance in this City of BLANCHE BATES —IN— "THE DANCING GIRL," WITH THE Frawley Company. Carriages may be ordered at 10:45.

SEATS: LOWER FLOOR, $2.00. BALCONY, (Reserved), $1.50. GALLERY, (Reserved), $1.00.

NATIONAL. TOMORROW NIGHT. —Only One Performance— Charles Frohman Will Present MAUDE ADAMS In a Special Production of Romeo and Juliet. William Faversham as Romeo, James K. Hackett as Mercutio.

GLEN ECHO AND AMPHITHEATRE. —THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING— Fifth Maryland