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DINNER
TENDERED TO
HONORABLE JAMES FITZGERALD
BY THE
FRIENDLY SONS OF
ST. PATRICK
1906





Class F 128

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PRESENTED BY



James F. Howard

DINNER TO
HONORABLE JAMES FITZGERALD

GIVEN BY

THE SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDLY
SONS OF ST. PATRICK IN THE CITY
OF NEW YORK, ON HIS RETIREMENT
FROM THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT
AFTER THREE SUCCESSIVE YEARS.
FEBRUARY 17, 1906. DELMONICO'S.



1908:
ROGERS & COMPANY
CHICAGO AND NEW YORK

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Menu

Canapes Moscovitz

Hotages

Consomme Chatelaine

Tortue Verte Claire

Hors D'oeuvre

Radis

Olives

Celeri

Poisson

Alose sur Planche a la Manhattan

Concombres

Releve

Selle de Mouton, Sauce Colbert

Choux de Bruxelles aux Marrons

Entrees

Irish Bacon and Greens

Ailes de Volaille a la Genin

Petits Pois Francais

Sorbet au Marasquin

Roti

Canard a Tete Rouge

Salade de Celeri

Entremets de Douceur

Glaces de Fantaisie

Petits Fours

Pieces Montees

Fruits

Fromage

Cafe

Piesporter

Champagne

Mineral

Sherry

St. Julien

Liqueurs

M. P. W. S. M. y. '09

Music

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

WEARING OF THE GREEN

SOLO BY MR. JOHN T. BRENNAN

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

KILLARNEY

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

SOLO BY MR. JOHN T. BRENNAN

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD

AULD LANG SYNE

Officers

PRESIDENT

Joseph I. C. Clarke

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

M. J. Drummond

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT

W. Bourke Cockran

TREASURER

John D. Crimmins

REC. SECRETARY

Thomas F. Conway

COR. SECRETARY

Joseph T. Ryan

ALMONER

Edmond J. Curry

STEWARDS

Andrew A. McCormick

William N. Penney

Warren Leslie

William J. K. Kenney

George J. Gillespie

Edward R. Carroll

Committees

COMMITTEE ON SPEAKERS

Morgan J. O'Brien

John J. Delany

John W. Goff

W. Bourke Cockran

Frank T. Fitzgerald

Thomas F. Conway

Joseph I. C. Clarke

COMMITTEE ON TESTIMONIAL

James A. O'Gorman

Constantine J. MacGuire

John D. Crimmins

Edward Farrell

John F. Carroll

Howard Constable

Joseph T. Ryan

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC

Victor Herbert

John Stewart

Thomas M. Mulry

Myles Tierney

Edward Duffy

C. E. Byrne

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING AND PRESS

Stephen Farrelly

Thomas C. Dunham

John J. Lenehan

James S. Coleman

Edmond J. Curry

Francis Higgins

Victor J. Dowling

COMMITTEE ON SEATING

Andrew A. McCormick

William Temple Emmet

William N. Penney

Peter McDonnell

John O'Sullivan

M. J. Drummond

The Heralds of the Gael

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO

JAMES FITZGERALD

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK

The topmost glory of a race is bound
 Within the gleaming virtues of its sons.
Not by its carven gold shall it be crowned,
 Nor best saluted by its monster guns.
Its crown shall be to fashion day by day
The stuff of greatness from its common clay.

Age upon age the worst that man could wreak
 On fellow-man framed Ireland's hapless plight.
Freedom and learning—yea, the right to speak—
 Were trodden under in her bitter fight.
Her head was bowed: her breast and feet were bare,
But mind unconquered held her from despair.

And when by random flashes gleamed a path
 That led to lands with freedom's flag unfurled,
She 'rose amid the embers of her wrath
 With poets, scholars, captains for the world,
And sent them forth to shame the broadcast lie
That Ireland's glories were to fade and die.

So from her common people rise revealed
 The knightly heralds of the deathless Gael,
And lo, the boy who led the lambs afield
 Becomes arch-shepherd by the chancel rail;
The lad who drove wild cattle to the fen
Commands wide armies in the wars of men.

The youth who, clean of heart and fair of brow,
 Dreamed sunshine for his land by Shannon's tide,
And to her cause made all his life a vow,
 To have and hold in days of shame or pride;
Who sought in ancient tomes her golden lore,
 And heard her far-off harps resound once more—

Behold him, chosen of the free, to stand
 Before the marble altar of the Law,
And lift the iron scales with steady hand,
 And fearlessly the sword of Justice draw
To cut the nets the wrangling sophists throw,
And smite the malefactor high or low.

And him we honor at our board—our friend,
 Whose life is open, and whose judgment's just;
In whose fine fibre strength and sweetness blend;
 Whose hand-clasp is the pledge of faith and trust;
And best that in his heart and soul and face
 We see the stamp and purpose of our race.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

RESOLUTION ON THE RETIREMENT OF
HONORABLE JAMES FITZGERALD
FROM THE PRESIDENCY OF
THE SOCIETY

AT the quarterly meeting of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the City of New York, following the retirement of the Honorable James Fitzgerald from the Presidency of the Society in January, 1906, a committee of twenty-five was on formal resolution appointed by his successor to consider in what way the Society could best express its appreciation of Judge Fitzgerald's services. He had filled the Presidential chair for three successive terms. Under his leadership the Society had progressed in all ways. The committee, whose Chairman was Mr. David McClure, had, therefore, ample warrant for its conclusion, namely, to tender a banquet by the Society to their former President, accompanying it with a suitable gift of silver. The banquet was set for the evening of February 17, at Delmonico's, Fifth Avenue and 44th Street, and the great gathering that ensued testified unmistakably to the warmth of regard and admiration for the man and the judge in this community. It was a brilliant representation of the power and influence of the Irish race in New York. Almost all the men of Celtic strain foremost in this city on the bench, at the bar, in the other learned professions, or in business, were present to do honor to the distinguished Judge. The representation of bench and bar of the greatest city on the Continent as seen at the banquet table was indeed remarkable. The President of the Society, Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke, the widely known poet, journalist and dramatist, presided.

Grace was said by Rev. Francis H. Wall, D.D.

HEALTH OF THE PRESIDENT

ON rising to open the toast-giving, Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke said: In accordance with the olden custom of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, the first toast of the evening is one requiring little preface, and only needing that we should combine with it every good wish for the joy and lifelong happiness of the fair daughter, Alice, entering wedlock to-day with the man of her choice—to Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.

MR. CLARKE'S ADDRESS

AFTER the toast to President Roosevelt had been duly and warmly honored, Mr. Clarke said:

Gentlemen, Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of the City of New York: It is my great pleasure to rise this evening, and as President of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, to enter on my duties by paying heartfelt tribute to the retiring President of our association. It was the desire and wish of our society to honor its retiring President, and when I look around this hall and see this magnificent gathering, I say: fittingly have the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick gathered to honor him.

For three terms has the Judge presided over the banquets and meetings of the society, and it has been our joy and our pleasure to sit beneath his genial, wise, impartial and kindly sway and listen to the words of eloquence that rolled so freely from his lips, and to know that behind those words was something that came from the heart. It is not, gentlemen, the mere words that we utter, but the force of soul behind them that counts in this world of ours; and when I look back over the three years of the society under the presidency of Judge Fitzgerald, I can say that they have been three years of unexampled pleasure in the meetings of the society.

I am not surprised that the society should turn out in such numbers to honor such a man. But, my friends, this gathering is something more than the gratitude of a society to its presiding officer. It is the voice of love of the man. It is the voice of admiration for the citizen. It is the appreciation of the man in public life who does honor to himself and to his race. These are the qualities that bring us here to-night; these are the things that join us heart to heart in raising our hands and our voices to say to Judge James Fitzgerald, God bless you!

And who is James Fitzgerald? Far away in the dim times of history, there was a family that came to Ireland from Normandy in the train of the conqueror. Not long had they lived in Ireland, not long had they had wholesome fights with the Irish chieftains, before they

learned to love the land that they came to rule and to rob. They were a noble race, albeit of piratical proclivities; but when they settled in Ireland they learned the sweetness, the gentleness, the tenderness of the Celt, and, believe me, in the eight hundred years that we have known them, they have proved a wonderfully strong breed, both in fighting and in loving on the side of Ireland. It fell to the lot of our poet, Thomas Davis, to write of the Geraldines; and what does he say of them?

The Geraldines, the Geraldines; rain wears away the rock,
 And time may wear away the tribe that stood the battle's shock;
 But ever sure, while one is left of all that honored race,
 In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzgerald's place.

But this race of the Geraldines that furnished such splendid soldiers to Ireland, suffered with Ireland, and, driven from their ancestral halls, under the providence of God, mingled with the Celts and became part of the common race, of the common soul of Ireland. It was no longer the question of Norman or Celt; it was the question of Irishmen who loved Ireland. And of this race comes James Fitzgerald.

When we consider that something about half a century ago the young Fitzgerald's first outlook upon the world took in the beautiful hills of Clare, the broad sweep of the rolling Shannon, and the lofty spurs of the Kerry mountains, we can well account for the fervid patriotism that starts at an early age and claims for its own the soul of James Fitzgerald. We may follow him from Kiltrush in Clare up the broad reaches of the Shannon, to the city of Limerick,—the City of the Broken Treaty,—where he further learned the lesson of patriotism and the lesson of duty to his fellow-men and to his God. We may follow him across the ocean and see him, in the busy marts of this great town, a young man struggling for fortune, honorable, gifted, and prodigal of himself in the service of his friends. In America we find him thrilled with the spirit of the love of America which every Irishman brings to its shores. At least

half-way on the journey over we are Americans. I remember that when I first saw the American flag floating over American soil—it was down at one of the forts in the Narrows—it came like a benediction to my eyes, and my young heart leaped when I saw it. It was not the sight of a new and a strange flag; it was the sign or emblem of something I was born to love and the love of which should last me through my life.

ROOSEVELT AND FITZGERALD

AND so with James Fitzgerald. We find him a young man of twenty-seven entering the Legislature of New York.

[*A Voice*: "The Gas House."]

We do not, retorted Mr. Clarke, mind whether it was from the Gas House or any other house. If it were not for that accident of birth, my friend, it might end in the White House. [*Cheers and laughter*] My friend, and my friends, there is a house up in Albany which he may yet fill. [*Renewed cheers and laughter*]

After the amusement incident to the interruption had subsided, Mr. Clarke went on:

Four years later Judge Fitzgerald entered the State Senate of New York and there made a name and a mark for himself among the legislators of the State. There, too, he met a remarkable man. A year ago, on St. Patrick's Day, in this hall, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick entertained the President of the United States, and the opening words of his address were these:

"It is a matter of peculiar pleasure to me to come to my own city and to meet so many men with whom I have been associated for the past quarter of a century." Then, turning to Judge Fitzgerald, who presided, he said: "For it was nearly that time ago, Judge, that you and I first met when we were both in the New York Legislature together."

And that friendship has remained unbroken, because to-day, in spite of all that was making things busy in Washington, I received this message, which I was asked

to read to you and to Judge Fitzgerald in the name of Theodore Roosevelt:

“Let me extend my cordial regards to Judge Fitzgerald and wish him all success in the future.”

It is not, of course, my purpose to detain you long in demonstrating the beauties of the character of Justice Fitzgerald. Others who are here to-night will fill out details in a much more eloquent and much more knowledgeable way than I can pretend to. I have known Judge Fitzgerald for the last six or seven and twenty years, and the friendship that sprang up between us at the start has remained unbroken in the interim, and will, I trust, remain unbroken to the end. In Judge Fitzgerald, we find a man of the highest reputation; but, my friends, to me it is gratifying that James Fitzgerald's character equals his reputation; because reputation is what others think of us, but character is how we deserve to stand in the eye of Heaven.

Mr. Clarke in concluding read, amid applause, his poem, “The Heralds of the Gael,” which he dedicated to Judge Fitzgerald. (The poem is printed in full on page 7 of this volume).

JUDGE FITZGERALD'S REPLY

JUDGE FITZGERALD, in responding, said: Mr. President and Friends: The emotions aroused by the many acts of kindness displayed for me to-night are not of a character that is conducive to fluency of speech. My heart is too deeply stirred to make it possible for me, even in a feeble way, to give expression to my thoughts. When I see these hundreds of friends who are assembled to give me kindly greeting, and when I compare my poor merits with the splendor of their recognition, I can only exclaim from the depths of my soul, How good and noble are the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. To be a member of such a society is a great honor—a society that existed before the Government of the United States was formed, and during all of these years has unobtrusively and consistently persevered in its works of charity, friendship and patriotism, and which, judging by its prosperous condition to-night, is bound to continue the same estimable labors for an incalculable time in the future.

The roll of Presidents of the Friendly Sons, from Daniel McCormack down, is a roll of honor; for a man's name to be inscribed upon it is not only a great distinction, but it is a rich heritage to bequeath to those who come after him. The three years to which you have alluded, sir, during which I have had the privilege of occupying that office may have been years of progress, but very little of credit for that success can be justly accorded to me. Former administrations had made my road an easy one. My predecessors, for a full dozen of years, had, by their patriotism, their labors, and their work, brought the society to a foremost rank among kindred bodies in this city. David McClure, James S. Coleman, John D. Crimmins, Morgan J. O'Brien, and James A. O'Gorman had splendidly blazed the way. The unanimous and consistent support that I received from all of the members of the society made every task a pleasure and rendered the performance of every duty a joy and a source of happiness. There never was any

friction in our ranks; it was only necessary to make the slightest suggestion to any individual member or to any committee and it was responded to with promptitude and cheerfulness, no matter what sacrifice or labor it might entail.

HARMONY ALWAYS PREVAILED

OF the Board of Officers who acted with me I scarcely know how to speak. The detail work of the organization devolves a great deal of labor upon them and it was necessary for us, in order to accomplish anything like good results, to meet frequently and to confer often. You, Mr. President, will bear me witness, for you were of our Board, that we never had, in all of these gatherings, extending over all of that time, an unpleasant incident. Every step we took was taken unanimously. Everything we did was in perfect accord; and we never separated from any one of those numerous gatherings without experiencing increased feelings of respect, friendship and admiration for one another. It would be invidious to individualize, but I now return to every officer of the society, to the members of all the committees, and to the stewards, my heartfelt thanks; and I take this occasion to proclaim the value of their services. While such men are to be found within our ranks, the future is assured. They are of the type that renders failure impossible and guarantees success.

Our membership to-day embraces the best elements of our race in this community, and experts upon the subject say that there are no better Irishmen to be found the wide, wide world over than are to be found upon the Island of Manhattan and in its contiguous territory. The *esprit de corps* of our Society could not be improved upon. We have no chronic faultfinders; no dissatisfied spirits. Anything that cannot be done with general accord, we deem it wiser to leave undone. We have full ranks, an ample treasury, a distinguished membership, a glorious record; but, grander than all these, we have none but fraternal feelings for each other and a

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spirit of friendship for all mankind, irrespective of race or religion, that is as broad as the principles of Christian charity.

GRATEFUL TO OLD FRIENDS

To those outside of our ranks who are here to-night, I return my sincere thanks. I am especially grateful to my brethren of the Judiciary who are with us in such large numbers. It would be a labor of love for me to tell you how much I owe to all of these distinguished jurists, but this is not the time nor the place, and I can only thank them for the honor of their presence, and, while they cannot all be Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, I think I can, in your name, assure them of our confidence, respect and affection.

To the members of the bar, of the medical profession, of the press, the men of affairs, the representatives of trade and commerce and other great metropolitan interests who are here, I return my thanks. I see about me many old friends—men who have known me since boyhood, who have been with me in dark and adverse days, as well as in bright and sunny times; men of my own race and blood, and men of other races; men who worship God before the same holy altar at which I kneel, and men who praise their Creator in different sanctuaries; men who entertain the same political views that I do, and men who, on every public question, differ from me as widely as the poles; and it is my great gratification to feel that I enjoy the friendship and regard of all. May no act of mine forfeit their good opinion, which I value more than I value life.

I wish to express my thanks to this veteran of our race (turning to Samuel Sloan) who, fifty-one years ago, was President of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and who, in his ninetieth year, braved the rigors of a winter's night to come to this dinner in order that he might display his regard for me. I thank you, Mr. President, for all that you have so kindly said, and for the way in which you said it; for the friendliness that prompted

your expressions—expressions not alone in prose, but in the musical language of the Bards of Erin, whose rôle you so magnificently fill in this great Western Continent. To be lauded by the pen of any poet belonging to the Irish race would be certainly a magnificent compliment; but what can I call it when the pen that inscribes my praise is the same that wrote “The Fighting Race—Kelly, Burke and Shea?”

I know, sir, that under your wise guidance the old society will move upward and onward to higher levels, to loftier ideals. I know that you will keep the attention of the members steadily wedded to the memories and hopes of the old land, to the interest and welfare of the new—a connecting link, as it were, between poor, but proud old Erin, the historic island of our fathers, and mighty Columbia, beloved Columbia, our country and our home.

A ROOM FULL OF JUDGES

MR. CLARKE, in introducing the next speaker, said: I can only say, gentlemen, that that high injunction laid upon me by Judge Fitzgerald shall, I hope, serve to be my guide while I am destined to sit in this chair; but I think, after all, you will agree with me that it was a little turning of the tables for the Judge to plant thrills of emotion in my breast, when, really, they properly belonged only in his own. He has reverted to the unanimity with which everything was done during his three administrations and the promptitude with which everything was acted upon that he suggested, but he failed to tell you that it was because of the breadth and beauty of what I may call the judicial smile with which he accompanied his suggestions; and, indeed, much of the prosperity of this society of ours—a great deal of its orderliness and its subjection to the law of association—has been instilled in it by the remarkable succession of brilliant Judges of the Irish race who have filled this chair for the last nine years. When I look to the right of me, or look to the left of me, or almost anywhere in front of me, I am confronted by the sight of the majesty of the law. When you think that one whole court full, holding as many people as are listening to me now, can be thrilled by the terrors of the judicial frown of any one of these judges present, you can imagine in what danger you really sit to-night if you venture on the slightest infraction of the law. Therefore you may well respond to the judicial smile, you may well hearken to the voice of the Judiciary, and I am sure that you will listen to the words, the golden words, that will drop from the lips of Judge James A. O’Gorman, who is about to tell us of his experience of sitting on the bench in the same court with, and of observing the career in the Judiciary of Justice Fitzgerald.

JUDGE O'GORMAN'S TRIBUTE

JUDGE O'GORMAN said: No friend of the guest of the evening can contemplate this splendid demonstration in his honor without being impressed with the sincerity of the tribute and the merit that evokes it. There were many reasons why Judge Fitzgerald was selected President of this ancient society three years ago. From his boyhood he was devoted to the ideals of his race; from his youth he gave support to every movement that promised help to his native land. To him the hopes and traditions and aspirations of his race were a priceless memory of hallowed memory.

As President much was expected of him, and he has not disappointed us. He has realized our highest anticipation, and the achievements of his administration have been so numerous and so notable that it is our proud boast to-night that the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick occupy a higher place than the society ever enjoyed in all the preceding years of its history. But a brilliant administration as President does not account fully for the warmth and the glow and the enthusiasm of this greeting. He has other claims upon our regard. Honorable ambition confers many rewards upon its favorite: to some, wealth; to some, honor; to some, fame; but we are told that the most valued treasure is the possession of a good name such as our friend has had in this community since that day, many years ago, when he landed upon this island, a mere boy, an exile from that land in the distant seas to which we in this society all owe allegiance.

The wise men tell us that a good name such as he enjoys is a security that can never be destroyed or impaired by the vicissitudes of fickle fortune. The world has not been unkind to our guest; he has had a long and an honorable and a distinguished career, and there is no man to dispute that he well sustains the distinction which this long life of public usefulness has conferred upon him. Whether we regard our ex-President as a legislator, as a public prosecutor, as an able lawyer, or as an

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eminent judge, he has carved out a career for himself that may well excite the admiration of his friends and the emulations of those who strive for public favor and approbation.

But while we honor him for his public service, while we are proud of the distinguished position he occupies in the State of New York, there are other qualities—his genial mind and his sweet personality—which are the passports to the affection of his friends. The public honors Judge Fitzgerald, his friends within the circle of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick or outside of it, are devoted to him, and I can only conclude, gentlemen, by expressing the hope that his future years may be full to overflowing of that happiness and prosperity which you all wish him and his amiable wife who has been his companion and inspiration these many years.

IN introducing the next speaker, Mr. Clarke said: Nothing could be truer, more tender, or more just than Justice O'Gorman's tribute to his fellow Judge, and I am now about to call upon another luminary of the bench to tell us something of the old times when he was associated with Justice Fitzgerald in the early days. I would ask His Honor, Recorder Goff, to address us to-night.

RECORDER GOFF SPEAKS

RECORDER GOFF said: Mr. President, Friendly Sons and Guests: It has been generally shown by the addresses which you have heard that when a man's life work makes an impression on his day and generation it ought to illustrate a great moral lesson, that success in life does not depend so much upon what is actually achieved as upon the ways and the methods used in the achievement. Whatever a man may succeed in, whether in intellectual or material things, or both, his life, to be worthy of consideration, should present certain traits and characteristics which of themselves should furnish the lesson of things to avoid or things to emulate.

How bleak and barren is the life of a man who has achieved success merely in the material things of life without regard to the morality of his ways or his methods! Such a life, while in existence, does not command the respect of fellow-men, nor, when ended, does it evoke their regret or incite example; but the life of the man who achieves success by honest endeavor, who is actuated by a noble purpose, who reaches his destination by means that are honorable and just—that life unfolds a beneficence and it illustrates a guarantee of fidelity to principle, of devotion to duty, of loyalty to friendship. Such a life men love to honor. Instinctively we pay tribute to that which is good; we, of our own motion, when allowed to be swayed by our own best impulses, recognize that which is worthy of credit; and this evening's demonstration but illustrates the feeling in human nature to pay tribute to that which is deserving and to accord a just meed of praise for work well done; and, in according a just meed of praise, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick do not indulge in a mere convention of social custom or the expression of polite and flattering sentiments, for it may be with truth and propriety stated that, while the Friendly Sons are generous and hospitable, they are, at the same time, critical and jealous—critical in their individual capacities, because most of them have passed through the

crucible of life's trials, and through their brightened experiences and sharpened wits are enabled to perceive quickly the difference between the spurious and the real, the false and the true; and, in their collective capacity, they are jealous, for they have a rich heritage, mellowed with age, rich in associations and illustrious in names. And in paying this tribute, it is all the more valuable, because of the spirit which prompts it and the advantage of the recognition which directs it, and it should therefore be all the more valued and prized by its receiver. While it has taken a form of complimenting the guest of the evening on his retirement from the presidency, the true and pervading spirit of this demonstration is a recognition of the virtues of life and the traits of character which made James Fitzgerald worthy of being chosen President of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

HAD THE DIVINE DESIRE

RARELY does it fall to the lot of man to retire at night in obscurity and awake to fame in the morning. Such things have occurred, but when they have, men regarded them as phenomena, and contented themselves with marveling at what they could not explain. There is nothing marvelous in the life of Judge Fitzgerald. He did not capture men's imaginations by phenomenal performances; nor did he reach the presidency of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick by leaps and bounds. His life has been a well ordered progression. Starting in youth unembarrassed by riches, but rich in intellectual culture, he conceived a desire—the divine impulse of desire—the desire not to have, but to become. I have called the impulse divine, for it is a force that has impelled men in every age of history that has recorded the achievements and the developments of the race. Without it man is a clod; he is feeble, tottering, and the slave of circumstances. With it he is an animate, virile being, strong in action, enlightened in purpose, controlling the fates until he masters the world. In every age, in the

tongue of every civilized man, in every record of ambition, upon every page where human effort has left its trace, whether inscribed on parchment or limned upon the canvas, or carven in stone, no word has the sublime import to the human race as that simple word "desire"; and that desire James Fitzgerald felt and conceived in all its force, and he nurtured and cherished it to the fruition and enjoyment of honors of life which, to-night, are showered upon him.

Few were his advantages, and except for Nature's endowments, he had no capital that would justify a prediction of the brilliant career which has followed his actions. Indeed, he was not free from certain filial and fraternal obligations which rested upon him, which obligations he discharged with a loyalty and a devotion which won the admiration of all who knew him. Some may think that these cares and responsibilities of youth are impediments to progress and development of youthful character; but I think the better opinion is that they act as a steadying impulse; that they serve as ballast to the topsails of youth; that they tend to make character, for he who is not true to his own cannot be true to his neighbor.

Our guest of the evening early in life conceived a purpose and he recognized the difficulties in its accomplishment. He had no false allusions as to what he had set before him. Work, patient and unremitting work, and a determination to be a man among men, to acquire the arts and graces which would enable him to participate in the discussions of the great questions of the day; to fit himself for the practice of a profession which was the most exacting in its demands, the keenest in its rivalries, and in which triumph was the most difficult of attainment. Even his recreations were tinged with the reflection of his more serious work. Things light and gay were tipped with classical and poetical allusions. I wonder if I would shock the confidence of the bar or of his brethren of the Judiciary, in the soundness of his judicial opinions, were I to disclose the fact that, in early days, he wrote poetry. Yes, on several occasions,

he wooed the gentle Muse in rhythmic numbers, but, whether it was that she took offense at the attempted familiarity or that he became affrighted at his own temerity, I will not dare to say; let posterity decide. But, at all events, he never wandered far from the straight and narrow path which finally led him to distinction.

THE LESSON OF HIS LIFE

HE considered that every opportunity of life should be seized upon, every situation utilized; from every tree and shrub that grew along his path he plucked the flowers of knowledge, and stored them up to meet the exigencies of his after years; and he continued in his progress, without those advantages which sometimes are burdens. Indeed, it may have been well, because it frequently occurs that advantages already prepared to hand are but seldom availed of, and knowledge attempted to be impaired under comfortable circumstances is rarely appreciated or assimilated. Rarely do we prize that which we obtain without an effort, and seldom do we value that which we win without a struggle; and the man who ascends to the pinnacle of a lofty mountain by toilsome steps can appreciate the magnificence of the view, the panorama of beauty, the glories of sunrise and sunset to a far greater degree than the man who is conveyed in ease and comfort by a funicular railway.

From your life, Judge Fitzgerald, a student may draw a truthful lesson that when a man conceives a purpose and nurtures a noble ambition, everything will not only invite, but lovingly impel him forward to the accomplishment of the highest achievements of the race. Of the many that started with you on your journey, some, not deeming the goal worth the race, have slipped into ease and obscurity; others, becoming faint-hearted, have dropped by the wayside, while of those who continued, few, if any, have reached the goal which you have reached and have harvested the honors and the rewards which have fallen to your lot.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO HONORABLE JAMES FITZGERALD

To-night every warm heart in this room throbs with friendship and regard for you, and, of all those, no one expresses the wish more fervently that you may have long years to enjoy those honors and rewards, than it comes from the lips and the heart of the friend of your former days.

IN introducing the next speaker, Mr. Clarke said: We cannot all be judges, and after what we have heard it is fortunate that so few of us hope to be poets: but Judge Fitzgerald, in extending his warm feelings to those sitting before him, mentioned those of other professions than the law, and it will be my good fortune to introduce to you a gentleman of another of the learned professions, who has been a friend of Judge Fitzgerald from his youth, and a man who has been my friend from my youth, a man trained in the best schools of the healing art, a physician of prominence in the City of New York, and who, in his early days, showed that disposition to evince the qualities of the fighting race by going to the Franco-German War, with the Irish ambulance sent to look after the wounded on the side of France, and who, when the opportunity offered, was fain to do a little fighting for himself; who, in the course of his service of the healing art, did such deeds that the Government of France bestowed upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor, particularly at a time when the bestowal of that cross meant, perhaps, a great deal more than it does to-day. I beg to introduce to you Dr. Constantine J. MacGuire.

DR. MACGUIRE ON OLD FRIENDS

DR. MACGUIRE said: Mr. President and Fellow-Members of the Friendly Sons: I appreciate highly the honor of being asked to speak here to-night, and I have not any words to express my appreciation of the high compliment paid to me in the introduction made by your President. I feel singularly complimented and I thank you, sir, that among this assembly of sincere friends and warm admirers of the guest of this evening, I have been selected to speak to the sentiments of "Old Friends."

There is no theme that appeals to the best in us more truly than that of "Old Friends." The memory of old friends, the friends of our youth, the friends we made when friendship was conceived, born, nourished, matured in the soil of love and affection independent of commercialism—ah! the memory of such old friends is a heritage to be cherished forever. Though friendships good, true, and lasting are made as we get along in life, yet the disinterested friendship of early youth or manhood is the one that stands the test of the strain of the petulant temper, the political difference, the rivalry—the things that go to sever friendship. Business interests frequently cause a loss of friendship; selfishness usurps the place of love and devotion. Time—time alone—is the arbiter that holds the old friend, and I can say frankly, honestly, that the crucible of time has proved the guest of this evening, the friend of all of us, to be free from all dross. We have the genuine article, all wool and at least a yard wide.

In this great city of New York the attainment of high position in any of the walks of life is not easy. When it is gained it counts for more than in any other city of this great country—no matter what may be said of the Street Cleaning Department, the Police Commissioner or the District Attorney. I can say, too, that the percentage of men of success here in New York who do not deserve success is particularly small. Accident, or luck, as you will, plays a part, but a small one. There

is always the fellow who knows it all; the fellow who is where luck never strikes; when luck calls at his home, he is always absent; the fellow who always thought the public had never recognized his merits; the fellow who is always ready to give advice to other people how to conduct their affairs.

And I am reminded of a fellow of that character, who, a little time ago, traveling through the country, passing by a farm yard, saw the farmer feeding his hogs—feeding them with raw vegetables, carrots and potatoes—all those things that are given to pigs in the country; and this fellow, leaning across the fence, looked at the farmer, and he said: "Well, now, do you know that those raw vegetables that you are giving the hogs take something like from eight to sixteen hours to digest?" The farmer looked up; was interested. "Now," this fellow continued, "if you would boil those—cook them—those hogs would digest them in half the time. See what a saving of time." The farmer looked at him rather contemptuously, and said, in his peculiar way, "Hell, what is time to the hogs?"

Ability, backed by industry, honesty and loyalty to friends, go to make success. Frequently it is said if a man succeeds beyond his fellows, "What luck! What blind luck! He had nothing in him that I did not have except the luck." This is not so. He had that luck that first follows ability, and next the perfected fitness for presented opportunity. The rail-splitter would never have been the emancipator of a race, or the hallowed of eighty millions of people, if in the gloomy surroundings of a log cabin he had not fitted himself for the great destiny that Providence had made possible for him.

The old and too freely accepted proverb, "Opportunity makes the man, want of it the fellow," might be better changed to, "Opportunity sometimes makes the man, but more frequently shows the fool." Opportunity came to you, sir [turning to Judge Fitzgerald], and it found you equipped with all the attributes to command success—the success that passed along, as has been so beautifully described here to-night from the

time when you and Recorder Goff had started your careers, up to the crowning success of this night.

Now, luck is a peculiar thing. In the matter of matrimony, I am willing to admit, luck plays a part. First, any man who is lucky enough to get a wife is particularly fortunate; but I know a few who have none; I think the women have missed nothing in their cases. But when a man gets a wife, gets a helpmate so sweet and charming as is she who has done so much to make your success and your happiness, sir, then he is truly blessed.

I am sorry for the bachelors. There are none on the platform—except His Reverence. But he is to be excused. It may be said that he is better off—particularly when he gets home late at night from a night call. Speaking of calls, I must now talk shop somewhat. During my long career in New York I have been through many successive epidemics. Among diseases difficult to treat, but self-curable, is the hypertrophied head. Though you have had your share of the ills that humanity is heir to, Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, I thank the Lord that you were never afflicted with or showed a symptom of that fell disease that has caused such havoc amongst some of our leading citizens. The hypertrophied, or, more popularly known, swelled head, you have never suffered from. Neither your memory nor your eyesight becomes defective at the approach of an old friend, no matter what happens to be his station in life; whether he is seated at the bench of the shoemaker or on that of the Supreme Court; the same cheery greeting and the same honest grasp of the hand are extended. The traits and characteristics that made your friends love you in the old days and made your popularity possible then have increased with each successive year.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO HONORABLE JAMES FITZGERALD

Then here 's to the hand of friendship,
Sincere, thrice tried and true,
That smiles in the hour of triumph
And leaves the best joys with you.
It stands in the night of sorrow
Close by when the shadows fall,
And never turns the picture
Of an old friend to the wall.

THE PRESIDENT: We will now, if you please, extend the circle of acquaintance of the guest of the evening. In this great commercial City of New York, this industrial metropolis of the western world, it would not be fitting to advance the evening further without calling to the front as witness some one of those who have risen in the mercantile world and are among its leaders to-day. I would ask our First Vice-President, Mr. Michael J. Drummond to now address us.

MR. DRUMMOND ON OLD TIMES

MR. MICHAEL J. DRUMMOND: Mr. President, fellow members and friends of our honored guest: Listening to the addresses of the evening and remembering those so often heard in this banqueting hall, I am mindful of the fact that generally our judges, our lawyers and our public men address you, and the standard of their speaking has always been high, filled with interest or sentiment and with a lofty spirit of friendship or patriotism. Their profession lays the burden and their experience gives them facility and ease. I am simply a layman, not a public speaker. I am injected into this programme to-night because I have had the honor of serving under Judge Fitzgerald for three years as the Second Vice-President, and because, in addition to that, I am his life-long friend. So you will please bear patiently with me while I recount briefly, in a simple and direct statement, some few pleasant memories of my early association with James Fitzgerald.

Nights like these make us forget the troubles and burdens of a busy life, and afford us the sweet charm and solace of looking backward to the early days, when cares and troubles were few,—and so I recall the scenes and acquaintances of my boyhood days. It was there and then I met James Fitzgerald. He was in this country only a short time, but he had gotten the American spirit. He was eager, alive to the advantages of education, looking into affairs.

Among my treasures of those old days is a copy of the "De La Salle Monthly"; the date is October, 1869. The Williams Literary Union about that time gave an entertainment, and in mentioning the account of it, the editor dwelt upon an original oration by James Fitzgerald on the lofty subject of American patriotism. To me to-night it seems but yesterday, although it is some thirty-six years ago. The details of that occasion are treasured in my memory, because it was the beginning of an association with our honored guest which has run on through all the years. I can see him now as he was that night, a

lad of slender build, rosy cheeked, bright eyed, eager, manly, lovable.

In a later issue of that same magazine there is a reference to a more ambitious undertaking. In the old Plympton Building, down on Ninth Street, the Celtic Literary Club had its meeting rooms. On the evening of November 23, 1870, a lecture was delivered there which I attended. The lecturer was only a lad, not old enough to vote, barely long enough in the country to entitle him to citizenship papers, and yet the pretentious subject on which he discoursed was "Government. Its Origin and Objects." The lecturer was James Fitzgerald. I will detain you for one moment to read you the comment of the editor on the lecture.

"Mr. Fitzgerald traced the existence of government from its foundation, explaining the changes that it has undergone as the world progressed, and illustrated its condition at the present day. He made an eloquent defense of the principles on which our government is established, and an earnest protest against those unreasonable usurpations of power which disgrace other countries. His plea for the independence of Ireland called forth the enthusiastic applause of the large audience assembled to hear him. The lecture throughout was well received and was a great success."

Gentlemen, thoughts of just government, and hatred of oppression, a desire for an independent Ireland, are natural feelings in an Irishman. I know we have such thoughts and, thank God, we do have them, and we and the world are better for it. James Fitzgerald had them, and it is for that reason that he is the man that he is tonight, and it is for that reason we are here to honor him

It may be of interest to you to mention a circumstance which probably had much to do in turning the thoughts of our guest towards a public career. It was in the early part of 1873, a neighbor of ours desirous of public office asked me to interest the young men of the vicinity in the formation of an organization for the purpose of advancing his nomination. The candidate took the treasurer-ship, thus insuring the payment of all the bills. John W.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO HONORABLE JAMES FITZGERALD

Goff was the secretary, James Fitzgerald the vice-president, and I modestly took the presidency. [*Laughter*] We all then were clerks, occupying humble positions in mercantile houses. To-night we are here again associated. John W. Goff is the Recorder of the great City of New York, James Fitzgerald is a Justice of the Supreme Court, and I—well, I am the First Vice-President of the greatest Irish Society in the universe, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

I esteemed it a high honor, as it was a great delight to be chosen to serve under Judge Fitzgerald as the Second Vice-President of this Society. During those three years in which I was associated with him in office, my faith in the soundness of his judgment became stronger. He is back in the rank and file again, but he is still with us. His friendship is ours; ours is his. His heart will never turn away from us and his tongue and his voice, always eloquent, will still be heard, and we shall always delight to hear him. And now, with a life-long intensity of affection and friendship, I join with you in expressing the hope that he may be spared long to us, and under Divine Providence, may continue to rise and go along in the same old road, the way of progress and labor, of honor and religion, through all his life and up to his eternal reward.

AT the close of Mr. Drummond's address Mr. Clarke said: I would ask you, gentlemen, to remain seated; the best is yet to come. We have heard many silvery words spoken this evening. We have heard words of kindness and friendship from the guest of the evening's associates on the bench; from his friends in the professions, and, through Mr. Drummond, we have called back to us the echoes of applause in that hall thirty-five years ago, and, thank God, we are in a position to repeat them. I would now ask your attention for the words and the expressions of another of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, who already has been honored at your hands, a citizen of New York who stands high at the bar; and it is not the least claim upon our sympathies to-day that he also has had a joyous event take place beneath his roof, which is the parallel of that which took place in the White House to-day; and I ask you all to give, with the kindest expression of your regard, with the best wishes for the future of that young couple who went forth this afternoon from beneath his roof, for their joy and happiness and long life—I ask you to give a warm welcome to David McClure, for he, gentlemen, has a final word to offer in this gathering, and a final act to accomplish. I am sure when I say that his words will be silvery, that the deed will follow the word. Mr. David McClure.

DAVID M'CLURE'S SPEECH

Mr. McClure said: Mr. President and Gentlemen: By reason of my position upon the Committee of Arrangements, I am given the great privilege of saying a word or two, not at all silvery words, but words which relate to silver which is to be presented to Judge Fitzgerald. It will be to your benefit and satisfaction that because of the hour and the fact that other speeches are to be made, my words will be very few.

WAS ELOQUENT EVEN IN BOYHOOD

I HAVE some reminiscences of Judge Fitzgerald myself. Over thirty years ago, I being then, as you may assume, a mere lad, ventured into Cooper Union one night upon graduating class exercises, and was attracted by the speech of a young man whose name I did not then know. It was an Irish voice which attracted me, one even then eloquent. It was the figure of a young man, very slim. He has grown in every way since then.

The committee did not know what to do in the way of a testimonial to Judge Fitzgerald. His friends were so numerous, the affection of the Society for him was so great, that we did not know what to tender him. First, we thought of giving him a house, and then remembered that another great man lost much of his reputation through the gift of a house. We talked about giving him an automobile but some of us knew that the very acme of disaster was to have an automobile; and finally we wound up with a set of silver. A man in Judge Fitzgerald's position might use knives and forks in carving up his enemies if he had any, particularly if they belonged to the Appellate Division. The ladles are quite suitable to take a man out of the soup as well as put him in it. He may be relegated to using these implements in his every-day life at his every-day dinner table, upon his every-day fare; that is, the knives and forks in carving his daily meal of canvas-backed duck and the ladles in disposing of diamond-back terrapin.

When Sir Charles Russell, who afterwards, by virtue of his ability, character and versatility, became, notwithstanding his race and faith, Lord Chief Justice of England, was carrying on, on behalf of Charles Stewart Parnell and his associates, the defense before the Parnell Commission, he, one day, dropped one of his papers, and one of the opposing counsel (then Sir Henry James) picked it up and handed it to him. Sir Charles said: "Where did you find it?" and Sir Henry said: "I found it where we all are, Sir Charles—at your feet."

PRESENTS A SILVER SET

WE are all to-night at the feet of Judge Fitzgerald. We appreciate to the fullest extent his high character. I will not dwell upon or refer at length to the various positions in public life which he has so capably filled, but will speak more particularly with reference to his connection with the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. He has displayed an anxious consideration for its welfare. His connection with the members of that Society has been so close that it excites a spirit not only of respect and admiration, but of affection from every member of the Society; and therefore it is that we are all, metaphorically, at the feet of James Fitzgerald to-night.

Now, Judge, I offer to you for your acceptance this token of appreciation. It is unpretentious. It is of very little intrinsic importance. It carries with it very little, except a reminder of the volume of affection and respect which the members have for you. You will not need to be reminded of that fact, nor that, during all of your life, you will carry about with you the abiding regard, esteem and love of your associates of the Society. But some day, to those who will come after you, it may be a pleasant reminder that, on a night in February, 1906, there was a large assemblage at which you were asked to receive at the hands of your friends of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick a reminder of the affection, the love which they held for you. I know you will appreciate it, and I give you with this chest of silver,

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on the part of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, the suggestion that with it goes all of their love, all of their regard.

JUDGE RETURNS THANKS

IN responding, Judge Fitzgerald, with great emotion, said: After all that I have listened to to-night, it is exceedingly difficult for me to say a word. Judge O'Gorman, my associate on the bench and old friend, spoke so feelingly about me that I felt if I only deserved a tenth of what he said I would have reason to feel exceedingly proud. Recorder Goff, who has known me equally long, spoke with an earnestness that recalled old times and brought back to memory scenes and faces of long ago. Dr. MacGuire, in his eloquent remarks upon friendship, not the evanescent feeling that lasts for an hour or for a day, but the sentiment that continues for a lifetime, touched me deeply, and the handsome allusion that he made to my wife filled me with sentiments of gratitude for his good nature, his kindly feeling, his loyal friendship and his manly action exhibited toward me and mine under every and all circumstances of life. And my good friend, Mr. Drummond, who evidently is a methodical man and keeps a scrap book, recalled an ambition that I early had to be a poet, but which, fortunately for literature, was nipped in the bud. Your worthy President said so much in introducing each one of those gentlemen as to increase the obligation that I was already under to him; and now my old and valued friend, Mr. McClure, presents me on behalf of the Society with this beautiful and costly gift, which will be appreciated by me and by the loved ones of my home, not only for its intrinsic value, but for the sentiments of kindness and friendship it symbolizes. It will be ever treasured by them as an heirloom. It will, as Mr. McClure feelingly said, recall to me the kindness and friendship, the many honors, and the generous rewards conferred upon me by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

I take occasion, following the suggestion of your President, to congratulate Mr. McClure on the happy event that transpired in his house to-day. An equally happy event took place in the White House. We congratulate Theodore Roosevelt and David McClure, and

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO HONORABLE JAMES FITZGERALD

hope that the lives of both brides will be ever sunny and happy. For the beautiful gift I return my thanks, not once, nor twice, but a thousandfold.

MR. CLARKE: Gentlemen, in announcing the close of the joyous, the gratifying proceedings of the evening, let me congratulate the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick on having so grand a man as Judge Fitzgerald to honor as a guest, and to have honored him so splendidly. To one and all, good night until we meet again.

THE SEATING OF THE GUESTS

DAIS

David McClure
John W. Goff
Recorder of the City of New York.
Francis M. Scott
Justice of the Supreme Court of
the State of New York.
James S. Coleman
Michael J. Drummond
John Proctor Clarke
Justice of the Appellate Division
of the Supreme Court of the State
of New York.
Chester B. McLaughlin
Justice of the Appellate Division
of the Supreme Court of the State
of New York.
Samuel Sloan
President of the Friendly Sons,
1857-1858.
James Fitzgerald
Guest of the evening.
Joseph I. C. Clarke
President of the Friendly Sons.
Morgan J. O'Brien
Presiding Justice of the Appellate
Division of the Supreme Court of
the State of New York.
James A. O'Gorman
Justice of the Supreme Court of
the State of New York.
Frank C. Laughlin
Justice of the Appellate Division
of the Supreme Court of the State
of New York.
John D. Crimmins
Frank T. Fitzgerald
Surrogate of the County of N. Y.
Henry A. Gildersleeve
Justice of the Supreme Court of
the State of New York.
Dr. Constantine J. MacGuire
W. Bourke Cockran
Member of Congress.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO HONORABLE JAMES FITZGERALD

TABLE A

Bernard Downing
 John F. Doherty
 Anthony McOwen
 Howard Constable
 George William Kemp
 Edward Kemp
 J. Edward Addicks
 William H. Kelly
 A. J. Dittenhoefer
 Mitchell A. C. Levy
 Bernard F. Coleman
 Austin Finegan
 Cornelius E. Byrne
 Peter B. Olney
 Edward J. McGean
 James F. McNaboe
 John Jerome Rooney
 Edward L. Parris
 Edmund L. Mooney
 Denis A. Spellissy
 John Slattery
 Terence F. Curley
 Hugh Slevin
 John O'Connor
 John P. Butler
 James A. Manning
 Charles J. Perry
 Joseph G. Geoghegan
 Edward F. McManus
 John F. Dingle
 Maurice H. Ewer
 Peter J. Loughlin
 Louis F. Doyle
 Stephen H. Keating
 T. P. Kelly
 Frank S. Gannon, Jr.
 J. Walter Gannon
 Joseph T. Ryan

the State of New York.
 Daniel Noble
 Louis F. Haffen
 Dr. Charles E. Nammack
 John J. Delany
 Corporation Counsel of the City
 of New York.
 Dr. Charles Phelps
 Thomas L. Feitner
 Former President of Dept. Taxes,
 City of New York.
 Michael J. Kelly
 John R. Dunlap
 Joseph P. Fallon
 George E. Chatillon
 John J. Ryan
 John Morgan
 Thomas J. Byrne
 Edward Duffy
 Colonel 69th Regiment.
 William Schickel
 Lieut. John P. Everett
 James W. Hyde
 Patrick Kiernan
 John O'Connell
 Victor Herbert
 Joseph F. Mulqueen
 F. G. Corning
 Rollin M. Morgan
 John T. Brennan
 Lyttleton Fox
 Joseph M. Schenck
 F. James Reilly
 Robert Watchorn
 William F. Reilly
 Joseph Murray
 Peter J. Collins
 Edmond J. Curry

TABLE C

TABLE B

Henry Bischoff
 Justice of the Supreme Court of
 the State of New York.
 David O'Brien
 Farrell F. O'Dowd
 J. Henry Haggerty
 Peter P. McLoughlin
 Michael J. Mulqueen
 James W. McLaughlin
 Edward Roche
 John B. McKean
 David Gerber
 William F. Sheehan
 Former Lieutenant Governor of

Robert A. Van Wyck
 Former Mayor of Greater New York.
 Herman Ridder
 Isaac Guggenheim
 Augustus Van Wyck
 Former Justice of the Supreme
 Court of the State of New York.
 Charles W. Morse
 John F. Carroll
 R. Ross Appleton
 Emanuel Blumenstiel
 Henry Steinert
 Richard R. Hunt
 Philip J. Britt
 Isaac Fromme
 James J. Martin



COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO HONORABLE JAMES FITZGERALD

Vincent J. Slattery
 John Fox
 John P. Caddagan
 Edward C. Sheehy
 Bartholomew Moynahan
 Mark W. Brenen
 Samuel Adams
 John O'Connell
 John O'Sullivan
 Sylvester J. O'Sullivan
 John J. Adams
 Frederick B. Tilghman
 John Lynn
 Charles W. Dayton
 William L. Briggs
 Gerald Fitzgerald
 William P. Mitchell
 James J. Duffy
 Patrick F. McGowan
 James J. McGuire
 Joseph F. McLoughlin
 Dr. Joseph J. Higgins
 Oren Root, Jr.
 Daniel M. Brady
 Henry Sanderson
 Frank S. Gannon
 Herbert H. Vreeland
 Stephen Farrelly

TABLE D

Myles Tierney
 James McGovern
 Dr. Samuel T. Armstrong
 Walter E. Frew
 Thomas M. Mulry
 Fred A. Smith
 John McClure
 Frank W. Goodwin
 B. T. Kearns
 Walter J. Drummond
 John J. Pulleyn
 John F. Joyce
 Dr. D. C. Potter
 P. J. Scully
 Raymond F. Almirall
 George W. Adams
 Edmond J. Butler
 Michael F. McDermott
 Luke D. Stapleton
 P. J. Casey
 R. A. McCulloch
 Michael E. Bannin
 Sterling Potter
 P. J. Carlin
 Thomas J. Brady
 James Butler
 Hugh King
 Joseph J. O'Donohue, Jr.
 Peter McDonnell

Nicholas J. Hayes
 Sheriff of the County of N. Y.
 William J. Fransioli
 Joseph P. Day
 John J. Kennedy
 Alfred J. Johnson
 Charles F. Walters
 Robert Huntley
 Eugene A. Philbin
 Former District Attorney of the
 County of New York.
 Robert J. Collier
 Grenville T. Emmet
 James W. Osborne
 William Temple Emmet
 Dr. Peter Murray
 Andrew A. McCormick

TABLE E

Thomas F. Bardon
 John V. Donahue
 M. J. Quinn
 F. J. Stoltz
 James Kearney
 Augustus A. Ireland
 William J. Farrell
 Roderick J. Kennedy
 George T. Coppins
 Joseph P. McDonough
 Daniel O'Connell
 James J. Nealis
 John J. Quinlan
 John J. Sullivan
 John B. McDonald
 Edward J. Farrell
 James P. Farrell
 James Mulhall
 Randolph Guggenheimer
 Former President of the Board of
 Aldermen of the City of N. Y.
 John C. Sheehan
 Miles M. O'Brien
 William L. Turner
 William C. Beer
 E. Clifford Potter
 Edward S. Clinch
 Justice of the Supreme Court of
 the State of New York.
 Charles F. MacLean
 Justice of the Supreme Court of
 the State of New York.
 John Fitzgerald
 John C. McCall
 J. H. Rothchild
 Thomas Byrnes
 William W. McLaughlin
 John E. McGowan
 Dr. John J. Quigley
 William R. Delehanty

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO HONORABLE JAMES FITZGERALD

Dr. Daniel Elliott
 William B. Ellison
 John B. Mayo
 Edward B. Amend
 Justice of the Supreme Court of
 the State of New York.
 Edward D. Farrell, Jr.
 Edward E. McCall
 Justice of the Supreme Court of
 the State of New York.
 James Smith, Jr.
 John J. Freedman
 Former Justice of the Supreme
 Court of the State of New York.
 Edward D. Farrell

TABLE F

Martin T. McMahon
 Judge Court of General Sessions.
 Francis W. Pollock
 Rufus B. Cowing
 Judge Court of General Sessions.
 Thomas C. O'Sullivan
 Judge Court of General Sessions.
 Daniel J. Kenefick
 Justice of the Supreme Court of
 the State of New York.
 Emmet J. Murphy
 Edward R. Carroll
 Frank S. Beard
 John J. Harrington
 William N. Penney
 Francis J. Lantry
 Commissioner Dept. Correction.
 William J. Clarke
 Samuel Wolf
 John H. Naughton
 John J. Lantry
 John V. Coggey
 Terence J. McManus
 Edward A. McQuade
 Alexander McKeever
 John Hall McKay
 Peter Padian
 C. J. Ryan, Jr.
 James P. Keenan
 Charles E. Le Barbier
 Samson Lachman
 Herbert C. Smyth
 Thomas F. Donnelly
 Former Senator of the State of
 New York.
 Thomas F. Keogh
 John B. Finn
 Francis Higgins
 Jno. Williams
 Francis B. Delehanty
 Justice of the City Court of N. Y.
 Edward H. Warker

Thomas T. Williams
 John Stewart
 James Dunne
 John R. Voorhis
 Edward F. O'Dwyer
 Chief Justice City Court of N. Y.
 Thomas C. Dunham
 Dr. S. J. Walsh
 William S. Rodie
 Samuel Seabury
 Justice of the City Court of N. Y.
 Lewis J. Conlan
 Justice of the City Court of N. Y.

TABLE G

Ferdinand D. Canda
 Dr. Francis J. Quinlan
 Eugene Kelly
 John C. McGuire
 William McAdoo
 Former Asst. Secy, U. S. Navy.
 John E. Kelley
 Thomas H. Kelly
 Vernon M. Davis
 Justice of the Supreme Court of
 the State of New York.
 Joseph F. Daly
 Former Justice of the Supreme
 Court of the State of New York.
 James A. Blanchard
 Justice of the Supreme Court of
 the State of New York.
 Edward J. McGuire
 Timothy Murray
 Abner C. Thomas
 Surrogate of the County of N. Y.
 James J. Phelan
 Adrian T. Kiernan
 John J. Phelan
 Paul L. Kiernan
 Warren Leslie
 James W. O'Brien
 David Leventritt
 Justice of the Supreme Court of
 the State of New York.
 Richard Deeves
 John Delahunty
 George Burnham
 Daniel F. Cohalan
 Dr. Bryan D. Sheedy
 John Quinn
 Edmond J. Healy
 Richard J. Lyons
 Robert D. Petty
 Edward J. Stapleton
 John F. Cowan
 William J. Walsh
 Dr. John J. Morrissey
 Theodore Connoly

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO HONORABLE JAMES FITZGERALD

James A. Dolan
Charles L. Guy
William A. Kane
John Whalen
Former Corporation Counsel of
the City of New York.
Charles A. Hickey
Henry D. Macdona
Frank E. Smith
Loyal L. Smith
Thomas F. Conway

TABLE H

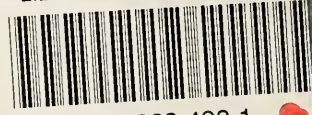
F. D. Cadmus
T. J. Reilly
John P. Dunn
S. J. McArdle
C. F. Collins
Joseph M. Byrne
John Moonan
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