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## In Memoriam.

JOHN HARTE, 1905.

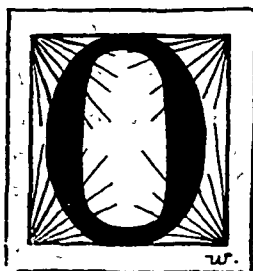
D. J. C.

ARK, shifting clouds are strewn along the sky,  
The songster's melody in grief is drowned;  
With garb of woe the face of nature's gown'd,  
And breezes weep where naught but deserts lie.  
The bright-haired sun hath closed his beaming eye,  
And vacant as a dream we gaze around  
To seek in vain for her whose work is crowned  
With one long sleep where daisies bloom and die.

There shines a star above this awful gloom,  
Whose rays of hope come quiv'ring thro' the night  
To soothe the tears which love and sorrow pour;  
We know right well we'll meet beyond the tomb,  
When sun-kissed hills our ways to thee will light  
To clasp your hand, and part, oh! nevermore.

"In War and Love All's Fair."

H. EWING BROWN, 1902.



ON the crutches of pride and hope, while the village clock tolled the end of the twenty-third hour of the day, a solitary little woman crept fearfully through the gate of the great yard surrounding the haunted house, and then paused as if to gain breath and fresh strength for the final effort.

Her name was Denise and her object there at this late hour was something strange and odd. She knew that Tom, her lover, had the fault of fearing ghosts—he feared them slavishly; and so, when he proposed—'twas just one night ago—that willful Miss replied:

"I'm going to the haunted house to-morrow night, and on the stroke of twelve I'll be in

the haunted room. If you would have an answer you can get it then; if not at that time, then forever after hold your peace, and we will be no longer friends."

'Twas cruel; "but," she reasoned with herself, "in love all's fair." She did not doubt but that her knight would come at the appointed time, despite his fear of ghosts; and now she was on hand to keep her part of the agreement.

But now she found her courage not so strong as it had been the night before. There seemed a threatening stillness in the dark. The wind was up, and it stirred the branches of the trees and made the shadows cast by the pale moon take strange, fantastic forms. The rustling of the wind among the leaves, the creaking of the boughs jarred on her nerves; and once when far away an owl sent up its doleful cry, she started fearfully. She stopped there at the gate, and looked in dread at the old haunted ruin.

The old house glowered upon her from behind its sheltering trees,—a big black solid mass of threatening darkness. 'Twas a large two-story building of the strong and simple style of old colonial architecture. From the gate a gravel walk led up to what had been in former days a wide and friendly porch, extending all along the front in hospitable style, and ornamented with a heavy wooden railing, now rotted and fallen away. And here the old planter who had owned the house had been wont to spend his evenings gossiping with his neighbors. And here, too, the young daughter, she whose ghost was now supposed to haunt the house, had "kept company" with the young officer for whom she died. At this same hour, perhaps, on many such a fine night as this, the old porch heard their whispered confidences as they sat, held close together, after the last guest had left for home and the old parents had gone indoors "for fear the night air might get into their old bones."

And now on this still night, the solitary trembling visitant, standing there at the gate, went over carefully all the legend of the ghosts who held full sway in the old forsaken ruin; a legend of the war and of a love made desolate through war; a legend of the sorrows of a girl and her young soldier lover.

The tale was told of how one fatal day, towards the close of war, the officer came spurring down the road, all smeared with dust and with the blood from a deep furrow on his forehead where a ball had plowed its way; and how the young girl, all alone that day, helped him from his horse; and then half-led, half-carried him into the house, while he gasped out his tale of how he had been all but captured by the enemy some five miles up the valley, and how even now a company of some two score were on his track and but a scant half-mile behind; and how he had come to say good-bye to her before he died.

As the girl and her wounded soldier reached the door, the first pursuer took the ridge and swung in sight far up the road. No time for quibbles now. The young girl led the wounded man up to her room,—the old north front room on the second floor at the head of the stairs. In this room was a closet, secretly designed for just such an emergency; and into this the wounded man was helped, and then the door was closed. It could be opened freely from within, but from the outside it was indiscernible and opened only by a spring, most cunningly concealed. This hiding-place had served in times of need before, and now it was with a sharp sigh of mingled trust and fear that the young girl went down to meet the searchers.

Two seconds later the old porch shook with the tread of heavy feet, as the score of troopers eager for their prey, pushed fiercely through the door. In vain the poor girl pleaded. Every room was ransacked, and the men, made angry by their long and bitter chase and the remembrance of their comrades slain by this same fugitive, left ruin in their path. Upstairs they tramped, and into her own room. And here the vandalism recommenced; and she looked on with blazing eyes and close-shut lips while all her little treasures were turned out upon the floor and her poor clothes thrown roughly round the room with coarse and vulgar jest. The young lieutenant in command, instead of giving a rebuke, laughed at and praised his men, and leered

in drunken fashion at the girl. And in the closet, hearing all that passed, crouched the poor prisoner, picturing to himself the scene that was enacting in that room so close to him,—and ground his teeth in anger and revenge.

And when the search was ended and the men were filing slowly from the room, the officer, with an insulting laugh, stepped up to the young girl and clasped her round the waist, and called aloud: "See, men! the little lady shall not say we robbed her; for we'll pay for all the damage we have done, each with a kiss." The girl broke wildly from his grasp, and in her flight instinctively ran toward the closet as if for help and protection.

The ruffian followed, catching her again. And then, just when he thought to attain his end, a cry went up from the men. For, as it seemed to them, the solid wall swung out, and, sword in hand, their prisoner stepped forth into the room. A moment, and the insulter had atoned with his lifeblood for his intended wrong; and there before the crowded soldiers stood the wounded man whom they were seeking, backed against the wall, and in his hand the stained and bloody sword. All that was noble in the hearts of those that faced him cried out in praise of his brave deed. But war was war—and all in war is fair—and twenty muskets pointed at his breast, as the officer next in rank called out, "Surrender!"

"Never!" gasped the soldier; and his head was thrown back valiantly, and his form straightened to his full height.

"One!" came the calm, slow tones of the Second Officer. "Two!" and the men began to slip their fingers past the trigger guards.

And then, just as the third call came, a shriek rang out, and the young girl leaped in before her lover as if she would shield him with her body. At the word, the rifles spoke; and the two fell together, clasped in a last embrace, pierced through and through by the same rifle-bullets.

Such was the tale; and as the years rolled by and the old house stood empty year by year and falling to decay, the story grew that it was haunted by the ghosts of these unfortunate young lovers and the drunken officer. And on a still night—so the story ran—the cry of the young girl was heard for miles around.

And this tale filled the mind of Denise as

she tremblingly advanced from the gate up to the steps of the porch. The old boards creaked ominously under her at each hesitating step, and already she began to wish she had not come. Slowly she pushed open the door, and then stopped on the threshold, staring into the dense blackness of the big old-fashioned hall. She had been here before in the daytime, and she knew that straight in front of her, half way down the hall, was the foot of a broad staircase, and up this stairway she must go to reach the old north front room. But now all in the hall was dark, for the moon could only cast the black shadows of the tall trees against the door and the two narrow windows on each side. The girl could not see even the dimmest outlines in the inky blackness before her; and everything was deathly still, and the warm, oppressive air of the long-closed house seemed to weigh down on her and choke her; and she felt her courage ooze away, and fell a-trembling violently. She dared not close the door behind her, and stood there holding to the door, ashamed to go and yet afraid to stay.

She had about decided to retreat and to wait for, Tom on the porch, when a glance down the street showed her two rough-looking men approaching slowly toward the house. Instantly all the tales she had heard of hold-ups, murders, and like crimes, came into her mind, and with all thoughts of ghosts forgotten she slipped quickly inside and closed the door to wait till the men should pass. She posted herself at one of the small windows to watch them go by.

Slowly the two came down the street till they reached the gate, and there they stopped, and seemed to be debating as to what they should do. Then they turned and opened the gate and began to walk slowly toward the house. With a sickening sense of her danger, the young girl realized the position she was in. Half fainting from fear, she hurried blindly down the hall, found the stairs, and had just reached the top, when the door swung open and the men stood on the threshold. Then a deep voice came up to her out of the darkness, as one of the men growled:

"Where's them stairs? It's dark in here as the inside of an elephant!"

And then she heard them carefully groping their way toward the stairs, and she realized that she was fairly trapped.

The door of the north front room was nearest her, and she hastily entered, while

one last hope came to her,—the secret closet Tom himself had told her how to work the spring not long ago, and if she could only find it now and get inside the closet, she felt she would be safe. She hurried across the room, and with trembling fingers felt for the little bulge in the corner, just at the jointing of the molding. Slowly the door swung open as she pressed the spring, and with a choking sob of thankfulness she stepped inside and gently closed the door. She heard the door of the room open and the two men enter, leaving the door open behind them. Then her tired nerves gave way, and the big burning tears coursed down her cheeks as she sank in a disconsolate heap on the floor of the closet.

For probably half an hour she lay there in a semi-conscious state, with her face buried in her hands, leaning heavily against the wall. Little by little the tears stopped and the figure lay still. It was a wonder those men hadn't heard her sobbing; but apparently they were wholly unaware of the presence of any save themselves in the house. She could hear them quite plainly talking together in low tones; and wondering at this, she turned carefully around in her prison and found that in falling she had pushed against the door and had opened it for perhaps a quarter of an inch. Putting her ear to this narrow little crack she listened intently to hear what the men were saying.

"I'll tell you what it is!" came the words, in what was intended for a whisper, "I don't much fancy this business of shooting at ghosts. In course, it may be that the bullets won't hurt them; but I wouldn't give much for the chances of any healthy ghost that gets in front of a bullet from this here little gun." And then there came the sharp "click, click," as of a revolver hammer carefully raised and lowered. The girl in the closet began to pray.

Then a second voice broke in:

"We're to shoot the first ghost that enters this room, ain't it? and the officer comes in first. Well, now, you shoot for his' heart, and I'll take his head. I guess that ought to settle him, and then we can take care of the other two. I don't s'pose they'll bleed much."

There was a pause of a minute, and then the same voice asked:

"What time is it?"

"Five to twelve."

"Pretty near time for the ghosts to be-

comin'. We'd better get ready. Remember, you aim for the heart, and I'll take the head—just as soon as he steps inside the door, mind!"

Then all was silent. Poor Denise in her prison was trembling violently, and her teeth rattled together with a sound that threatened every minute to betray her. Steadying herself by a great effort, she turned carefully round to look through the narrow opening. She could see no sign of the men, and concluded that they were at the side of the room near the windows. The door of the room was directly opposite her post, and she could see a short distance down the stairway, and then the darkness of the hall closed round everything.

"Hist!" came the voice of one of the men. "I hear some one downstairs. It must be the ghosts comin'. Get ready!"

The girl pressed her ear close up to the crack, and soon she heard the faint sound of some one moving about in the hall below. Then came the creaking of the stairs, as the person, whoever it might be, began slowly to ascend; and Denise's heart throbbed with hope as the thought came to her that surely this was Tom coming to free her. And then she realized how mean it had been of her to tease him, and how good and noble and brave he really was,—and how she loved him.

But next minute all her new-found comfort vanished, and her heart almost ceased to beat as she heard the low whisper of one of the men: "Steady, now! Fire just as soon as he steps inside the door!" and the whispered, answer, "All right! Remember, I take his head!" Then the room whirled round before her eyes, and there was a sound as of rushing waters in her ears, and she lay as one in a trance, unable to move, unable to cry out to warn the man who was steadily advancing to his death. O heavens! Why couldn't she be like that brave girl whose ghost they had come to watch, and at least die with her lover! But her limbs refused to support her, and her tongue seemed weighed down with a choking load, and she could only stare with frenzied eyes at the little patch of light outside the door, where the person,—and she knew it was Tom—must appear. Next minute the man appeared, coming steadily up the stairs. The face and figure were blurred at first, but as he neared the door her staring eyes saw only too plainly that it was Tom. Still struggling vainly against the spell that bound her, she watched him, in a very agony

of dread, as he slowly came up to the door and stepped inside.

Then the spell broke, and with one wild cry of "Tom!" she threw back the door and flung herself into the room. But the two revolvers cracked simultaneously with her cry, and Tom fell heavily toward her and lay still on the floor. In an instant she was by his side, calling to him, pressing his hands,—her wet face close to his. Vaguely she heard one of the men hoarsely whisper, "My God, it's murder we've done! Come, let's get out of this." And then the two men ran out of the room and clattered down the stairs, and she was left alone with her dead.

As soon as they reached the street the two rascals stopped to laugh and congratulate each other.

"We done that real slick, Bill."

"That's what we did. But, I tell you, I felt mighty sorry for that little girl when she was a-crying up there in that closet, and we lettin' on not to hear her. And then when he come, the yell she give: I can hear it yet. I had a good mind to tell her right out that them was only blanks we was firin', and that he hired us to do it. And, blame me, if I wouldn't have, only that it'd spoil his plans, and we wouldn't be earnin' the five dollars."

"Well, it's all right now; and judging from the way things was goin' up there when we left, his plans worked out o'sight. You can bet she won't have to cry very long till he'll wake up and comfort her,—and then she'll be all the better for it."

But the girl in the room upstairs knew nothing of this,—to her it was a stern reality.

"O Tom, Tom!" she moaned. "Don't die! I can't live without you. Tom, talk to me. Tell me you are not dead. O God, don't take him from me. I love him! I love him!"

And as if in answer to her prayer, the lips of the man parted slightly and the eyelids quivered. Then the lids rolled back, and the big brown eyes looked up at her with a dreamy, questioning gaze.

"Tom," she whispered, close to his ear, "Tom, tell me you are not hurt; tell me they did not shoot you."

Slowly Tom pulled himself into a sitting position, and passed his hand across his forehead, as if trying to recall his scattered senses.

"What happened, Denise?" he asked slowly.

"Why, Tom! they shot at you!"

"They! Who?"

"Why, two horrid men. They thought you

were a ghost, and they wanted to see if a bullet would hurt you. And they just waited for you to step inside the room and then—"

"And then you screamed," Tom broke in. "I remember now. I heard you scream, and then I must have stumbled just as they fired. I'm not hurt the least bit: and, little girl, I owe it all to you; you warned me," And he held out his arms to her and gathered her close to him.

"O Tom!" she murmured, "I feel so guilty. If you had been killed, it would have been all my fault. You came up here to me, in spite of all your fear of ghosts. And then to think that you might have been killed! O Tom!"

Just then the clock of a near-by church boomed out the midnight hour, and the two looked at each other questioningly.

"Tom! it's twelve o'clock. You know the answer to your question, don't you?"

"Yes, Denise."

"And Tom! I'm just as much afraid of ghosts as you are, and I'll never, never tease you any more."

They were married a month later. During the ceremony, in a rear pew of the church might have been seen two rough-looking men, attentively watching the bridal couple. When it was all over, and the crowds were filing out of the church, one of these two men leaned over toward the other and whispered:

"Do you know, I'm more proud of that than anything I ever done."

"Them's my sentiments exactly," answered his companion. And then the two big, hard hands met in a glad fierce shake.

And all in love is fair.

### The Chemical Dirge.

THREE sailor lads with ships Fe,  
And hearts like to Pb,  
Put off with tons of C and S  
Mixed with  $\text{KNO}_3$

The  $(\text{C}_2\text{H}_5)_2\text{O}$  blue  
Is overcast and dark,  
The  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$  in anger swells—  
Alas! poor little bark.

The  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$  just tinged Au  
Laps up  $\text{SiO}_2$ ,  
The stars like crystal C come out,  
The Ag moon to woo.

An urn of  $\text{CaCO}_3$   
Is on a foreign shore,  
Their  $\text{Ca}_3(\text{PO}_4)_2$   
Now rest for evermore.

E. P.

### Varsity Verse.

#### ALL HOPE NOT DEAD.

AST down in spirit, ruled by discontent,  
His eyes fixed on a scroll of parchment old,  
The worth of which was more than bars of gold,  
A fair youth stood, noble of lineament,  
And there, the cause of his proud spirit's trouble  
He read, "O youth, to these few words give heed:  
Men say that Fame is rightfully my meed,  
And think me blest,—but Fame's an empty bubble."

But, as he further read, the youth's eye flamed,—  
Altho' he learned that Fortune, Wealth and Glory,  
Even as Fame, were phantoms, air-begot,  
Still to himself, one word oft-times he named,  
As if that added charm unto the story,—  
For 'mongst the *vain* he saw that Love was not.

T. L.

#### LOVE.

He gathered wealth, naught else, thro' life's full morn,  
While love lay fluttering near his heart unfed;  
When night had come and he all weak, forlorn,  
Then turned to Love,—  
He found that Love had fled.

S. J.

#### TRIOLET.

When Phyllis plucked a rosebud rare  
'To pin upon her gown,  
Two roses saw I bending there  
When Phyllis plucked a rosebud rare.  
That rose should cull a rose so fair  
Admiring I bowed down—  
When Phyllis plucked a rosebud rare  
To pin upon her gown.

J. J. S.

#### AN HOUR IN CHURCH.

I stop in yonder pillared nave  
And hear some word, some song of praise  
Of that one perfect man who gave  
His life to light the endless days.

The air seems charged with harmony;  
Yet faintly do the echoes steal  
Into my soul, that suddenly  
Awakes, and seems to thrill and feel

A joy and hope that last not long,  
But like some chord on loosened strings  
Is quickly done; forgot the song.  
Vain hope, to soar on leaden wings.

E. E. W.

#### AN ACROSTIC.

Joyously the spring draws nigh  
Emptying perfumes in the air;  
Now the skylark soaring high  
Now the daisy, bright and fair,  
Indicate the smiling spring  
Entered mid the woodland's ring.

How can man be aught but gay  
All this vernal joy to see!  
Yet for me how black the day!  
Daisy, lark nor budding tree,  
Ease can furnish unto me  
Nothing's fair away from thee.

F. B. J. H.

## My Monument.

Horace, Book iii—Ode xxx.

**M**ONUMENTS I have made, longer to last than  
brass,  
More sublime than the heights reached by the  
pyramids;

Which not ruining rain, neither the northern wind,  
Nor yet the numberless years uplift on the wings of  
time,

Shall be able to hurl down from the heights attained.  
Wholly I shall not die, much of me shall escape  
The dread funereal pyre. Ever and oft I'll rise  
In posterity's praise, while to the Capitol  
Rome's high priest shall ascend walking with virgins  
mute.

There where Aufidus roars, where poorly supplied with  
rain,

Danus ruled over tribes living a rustic life,  
I, grown great, shall be called founder of Æolic  
Verse, that flows in the smooth Italian measures  
Claim, Melpomene, pride merited and acquired;  
And now graciously crown me with a garland bright—  
Delphic laurels that tell of victories through thy might.

G. E. G.

## Father Damien the Apostle of Lepers.

VITUS G. JONES, 1902.

There is in every heart a deep and abiding yearning for great and noble men, and consequently an imperishable interest in their deeds. Still in our day materialism seems fairly to govern the world. Consolidation is a universal movement. The misery of the wretched rarely awakens sympathy in the heart of our millionaires. Wealth rules nations, and public men avow selfish interests with cynical disdain of charity. The governments of Europe are doing their best to extirpate religion, and literature tolerates the doctrine of Christ because it believes the Church is an aged weakling. Marvelous inventions intoxicate us; seldom do we give ear to silent deeds of valour. The memories of saints and martyrs are associated with the declining years of Rome. Now and again perchance we shower momentary praises on some person soliciting the attention of his countrymen, on some statesman, on some general that has left a battlefield reeking with the blood of the conquered—all of whom have laboured within the shores of their own land, for their own honour, for their own people, for their own country, for their own lives. All have had hope; all have been surrounded by friends. Their lives have been meritorious, and rightly

do they deserve our gratitude, for they wrested the tyrant's hand from their country's throat or died in their country's service. Yet the hasty spark that their deeds strike is straight cold again, and once more we are enveloped in the shroud of materialism. But in the latter days of the sad, lack-lustre, prosaic Nineteenth Century, when we in blissful ignorance of the fact that leprosy still walked the earth in all its original hideousness, had come to look upon that terrible curse as some far-away, biblical phantom, there happened the death of one that has shocked the world into an acknowledgment that Christian heroism still lives. And history is to record the name of that man more gloriously than all others, for he, and he alone, has been great enough to overcome the prejudices of rivals, of race, of religion; to overthrow the indifference of the age. He alone has won not only the admiration, but the love of every people; yea almost every man, for he gave us the grandest example of human sacrifice for the sake of others that this world has afforded since the time of Christ. That man is Father Damien, the Apostle of Lepers.

Resignedly he gave up father, mother, home, friends, everything that makes life dear, and went forth alone without so much as a kind word or a helping hand to cheer him on in his harrowing sacrifice. He had nothing of his own to work for, nothing to hope for except the betterment of afflicted barbarians. There was no feverish multitude, no thrilling strife, no whirlwind of passion, no aggregate of forces, no stimulus to hurry him on. He walked deliberately into the gaping jaws of leprosy, the most appalling disease in all the dreadful catalogue of human ills, the most dreaded arrow in the quiver of death. And the man that can make so boundless a sacrifice is not only my father and your father, but blessed, patriot, martyr and saint as well.

One of his contemporaries has said: "We are all brave men when the war-drum throbs and the trumpet calls us to do battle beneath the eyes of the world; when touching elbows with our fellows, and clad in all the glorious pomp and circumstances of war we seek the bubble fame even at the cannon's mouth; when the music of the battery breeds murder in the blood, the electric order goes ringing down the line, and is answered by the thrilling cheer, the veriest coward drives the spur deep into the foaming flank, and plunges like a thunderbolt into the gaping jaws of death,



into the mouth of hell. But when a man was wanted to go forth alone, without blare of trumpet or drum, and become a self-prisoner in a leper colony, only one man in all the world could be found equal to that supreme test of personal heroism, and that man was Father Damien."

Joseph de Vester, Father Damien, was born at Tremeloo, Belgium, January 3, 1840. Whatever he undertook was done with his whole heart; and this is one of the reasons that his after-life was conspicuous. His parents wished to educate him for a business career; but in his eighteenth year he was convinced that he had a God-sent mission to perform, and from the moment of that conviction his every effort was directed toward the fitting himself for that end. He believed he could best accomplish his mission by becoming a priest, so he entered the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary. In 1863 when he was still in minor orders, his brother, Father Pamphile, was appointed to a mission in the Sandwich Islands. But a few days before Pamphile was to embark on his wearisome journey he was stricken with fever. At once Joseph eagerly begged for his brother's place, for his heart burned with a zeal to comfort the afflicted; and a few days later Damien was bound for the sweetest but the saddest land ever known. Two months after he reached Hawaii he was ordained, and during the nine following years he underwent all the hardships of a missionary in a foreign land. But in 1873 he renounced even the small comforts of such a life for an exile and certain death among wretched lepers.

All the priests of Hawaii were assembled at the dedication of a chapel, when their bishop expressed his deep regret for the stricken people of Molokai who were being devoured piece-meal by the dreadful disease, leprosy. Yet the bishop would not, he could not, ask anyone of his priests to go to the lepers as a father, to live with them, to die of their fatal malady: for to set foot on that accursed spot was to be declared unclean. He could not ask anyone to do what he himself shrank from in terror. It was an undertaking from which the most intrepid shrank, one which man, abandoned to his own strength, feels utterly unable to face, one sufficient to drive the strongest mad. It was the one mission from which the countless horde of saints and martyrs of nineteen hundred years have stood aloof, speechless,

in horror. But the moment self-sacrificing Damien heard his bishop's lament he sprang forth and said: "I will go to Molokai and labour for the poor lepers whose wretched state of body and spiritual misfortune has often made my heart bleed within me;" and that very day he set out for Molokai, that cesspool of misery, of despair, where, like at the gate of Dante's hell, its inmates were ever greeted by the terrible maxim: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here. In this place there is no law, no comfort, no peace, nothing but endless woe. This is the home of hideous disease and slow-coming death with which science in despair has ceased to grapple." Such was the bold step taken by charitable Damien without a thought of himself, and without the least motive of human consideration to prompt him, for he was away from the eyes of the world. Nor did he hesitate to live and to die the life of a leper. Thus "he shut with his own hand the doors of his own sepulchre."

Once on the island he resolved with determination never to abandon the miserable lepers; to wait with them till the foul disease should strike him with its slow but certain fangs. For eleven years he laboured among the outcasts of society, then he himself was seized with the plague which slew him. For seventeen years he lived amongst all the filth and corruption that human flesh is heir to. He found a wretched people without employment, without order, without government, without ambition, without hope, and, what was worse, without religion; a people living pell-mell without regard to age or sex; a people whose bodies were one festering mass of corruption that huddled together at night on a handful of straw in a corner of a hovel like so many beasts; a people crushed by the weight of their loathed malady; a people that had given themselves up to all the vices that utter misery and despair are capable of producing; a people that had banished all thought of a merciful God. Nor did they escape the terrible consequences of such an existence. Every kind of vice was rampant in that land of sin and disease: and in this condition they lived till the turn of each one came to die. But Damien's genial nature and consoling words sent a thrill of relief, of hope, into the souls of the most downcast, while his very presence struck awe into the heart of the lowest and most corrupted person in all Molokai. The moral force of his life absorbed their

wickedness and shrived them of their vices. Old and young alike obeyed and respected him. At his command gambling and drinking were given up, distilleries were destroyed, chastity restored; the idea and love of a merciful God dispelled their wretchedness and despair. So sweeping was his influence that the hell of despondent Molokai became the land of hope, the novitiate of eternity.

But Father Damien's work was not confined to the spiritual alone, for the physical condition of the lepers was no less deplorable. The word house was a mockery in the land. The lepers lived in miserable hovels made of branches, covered with leaves and grass through which the rain streamed down upon their dirty, shivering bodies, and thus added to their terrible condition. Father Damien himself lived for six months in the open air beneath the branches of a tree. Clothing was so scarce that the lepers were forced to go around half naked; and hunger, that unrelenting enemy, was eternally gnawing for satisfaction. Cleanliness and decency were unknown. The suffering, the misery, the despair, everywhere present only invited the hideous disease to hasten its victims on to the grave into which the rotten corpse was hurled without coffin, frequently even without shroud.

As soon as either father, mother, brother, sister, child, those suffering in their last agony, became helpless, they were driven from their already too miserable hovels to pine, to rot alive, to curse the God that made them, to die without so much as a kind word from those that should have loved them most; and when the tide of life had ebbed away, the kin came forth without the least trace of sorrow, with smiles to get rid of their fetid bodies. But the very smiles on those horror-stricken faces, in which the muscles seemed to have forgotten their office, sported delusively, and at times they seemed satirical, almost devilish. The emaciated face of each new-comer appeared more horrid than the last, for those faces were often swelled and drawn and distorted, with bloodshot, goggled eyes. Oh! what a heart-rending sight to look on those poor, lame, mutilated wretches without a friend; to see sisters fleeing from brothers, wives from husbands, children from parents, aye, even to see a mother—God's most sacred creature, that tender guardian that has climbed to the highest scaffold, who has reached to the foulest dens, and broken through the strongest prison bars in evidence of her death-

less love—to see a mother casting her infant in despair from her arms to squall out its ill-starred existence at her very door. And more, there were those things at the mere detail of which the heart sickens. But you have heard enough.

It was for this class of human beings, among whom corruption was running riot, that Damien gave up all else. He crossed over to that hell on earth to live in a polluted atmosphere, to gather up the helpless, to nurse the deserted, to dress the sufferers' sores, to wash their filthy bodies, to press the cup of cold water to their feverish lips, to visit their deathbeds, to close the eyes of the emaciated dead, and even to dig their graves. It was an undertaking to drive the bravest and the strongest mad; but mighty Damien wore away his life of silent endurance, and triumphed over all the sickening trials. In going into that saddest of all lands to console those wretches whom corruption and death had pursued from happiness to chaotic despair, he went forth to die as he knew he must die with his fingers falling from his hands, his flesh from his bones, a sight to appall humanity. He consecrated his life to those people, lived among them, educated them, clothed them, fed them and brought sunlight and happiness into their wretched lives. "It was his part by one striking act of martyrdom, to direct all men's eyes on that distressful country. At a blow, but with the price of his own life, he made the place illustrious and public. It brought supervision, for public opinion and public interest landed with him. If any man ever brought reforms and died to bring them it was Damien."

Although Damien had lightened the misery of Molokai a hundredfold, and raised the place from a living graveyard, from a living hell, to a land of hope, and that at the price of his very life, he was not to escape the hand of calumny. There was one man, a clergyman at that, who was stung by Damien's incomparable sacrifice; there was one man that tried to steal from his matchless glory by the vilest of all slanders; there was one person that set aside every principle of manhood to vilify saintly Damien. But those very slanders that were intended to injure, have only added to Damien's greatness and pulled the veil from his dazzling glory. To-day his deeds stand out more conspicuously than ever because the devil's advocate was forced to lie in his futile attempt to find a charge against him.



It is needless to say that Father Damien was not exalted in moral pride nor elevated in his own views, but modest, retiring, honest, and virtuous ever, yet firm and progressive. He was throned on truth; his kindness, his influence and his sacrifice were his fortress. His subjects were wretches tortured by leprosy; and his kingdom Molokai. His one thought, his one aim, was to make their burden light and their yoke sweet. For them he dwelt seventeen years in the midst of all the horrors and uncleanness that surrounded that island grave; for seventeen years he was their spiritual and bodily physician, their one friend, the only one that gave them hope; and the wild nightmare of their forsaken woe was finally softened by those years of unswerving devotion. But no human heart can know the agony which those years brought him, or the horrors of the creeping death of the last seven, after he himself became a leper. This must be forever the untold history of his heroism.

Search all history and you will not find another name, another sacrifice, another death to compare with Damien's. His victory and glory outshine the crimsoned fields of Marathon, Waterloo, and Gettysburg. He slew no man, but snatched hundreds from the grave. He raised a downcast people in triumph over the infirmities of their perverted nature; and rendered their sad lives, once deformed by passion and stained by sin, hopeful by his love, by his heart-rending sacrifice which is worthier of remembrance than all the blood-stained heroism that ever linked a name to the heart of man. He fought the greatest battle that was ever fought; he conquered the king of all tyrants, and gained eternity for a people that had been robbed of hope. He dared to do what no other man, except a few canonized saints, dared since the day Christ cleansed ten lepers nineteen hundred years ago. And in that mighty expanse of time the world has seen its millions of martyrs, patriots and self-sacrificing men—men that have braved the roar and rumbling of cannons, the tramp of cavalry and troops sweeping on to battle; men that have listened to the groans and supplications, and watched the writhings of the dying. But there was not a Damien among them. The silent awfulness of that death in life held the bravest of them in speechless horror. Damien alone dared to match his young life with the slow coming death that was eking out the existence of the Molokaians.

And we have the uncontrovertible testimony of Christ Himself that, "Greater love hath no man than this; that he give his life for his friends." This Damien did. He loved those forsaken people; not in profession, but in reality, in death. What more could he or any man do than that which he did? What more could he give? What more could he suffer?

Concluding, and it proves a just conclusion, the mind of man has not conceived a greater sacrifice than that of simple Damien. His love has moved the breasts of men as no other human force could move them. His mighty influence has sped to every corner of the earth; and has penetrated the most corrupted hearts, as could no other power but the power of Almighty God Himself. He taught a forlorn people that they were born for a higher, a grander destiny than that of earth. He pointed out to them that realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before them like the islands that slumber on the ocean; where their misery will be blotted out forever and forever. He left a monument of greatness as lasting as eternity itself. By his sacrifice he has achieved a record of heroism without parallel; and when all others will have been forgotten, he will stand with the redeemed through all the ages of ages in robes of radiant white at the right hand of Almighty God.

#### To the Woodpecker.

DAEME NATURE placed within thy throat  
Few bars of song;  
Few ever heard thy rasping note  
In music long.

Thou never at the break of day,  
Like lark hath sung—  
Or springing toward the morning way  
There sang a grand, ecstatic lay,  
The clouds among.

I see thee in thy crimson hood  
And black soutane;  
Thy wings like buff of tree or wood  
Thy yellow main.  
Thy cape of black and white surplice  
Thou bird grub bred—  
If thou wert gone all these I'd miss,  
Thy cap of red.

I see thee in the wood to flit  
And on a dead limb calmly sit,  
And there to rap;  
This old dry limb will now vibrate—  
List to the music thou dost make!

Ta, ta,  
ta, ta,  
ta, tap.

J. J. S.

## NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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## REPORTERS

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—On exhibition in the parlour, during the past week, were the five competitive charcoal drawings which had been sent to Chicago for criticism. Mr. John Worden's study on Venus of Milo held the place of honour. This exhibit, small though it was, called forth many an appreciation from the men around the University who have studied along this line of work, and reflected credit on the one, Prof. Paradis, who has trained the young artists.

—Owing to the late arrival of the commencement programmes the same will not be ready for mailing until next week.

The programme is a beautiful thing—one of the most artistic seen at the University in years; and much credit is due to the men that selected it. It runs as follows:

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 8 P. M.

Exercises by the Graduating Class

Washington Hall

Address by Hon. William P. Breen, A. B. '77., A. M. '80  
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

THURSDAY 8 A. M.—Closing Exercises

Class Poem Valedictory

Awarding of Medals Conferring of Degrees

## Father Morrissey Welcomed Home.

After convalescing in the South and West in search of his lost health, Father Morrissey returned to the University last Friday. We welcomed him with that deep feeling and sincerity ever characteristic of Notre Dame to its chief. When he appeared among us we saw that he was well and happy, though somewhat thin, and able to take charge of that work again for which God and nature has so eminently fitted him.

Five months ago when Father Morrissey was stricken down with pneumonia we followed closely every change in his condition. With every bulletin from his bedside our hopes rose or fell; and finally when the crisis was reached and passed we thanked God that our President had been spared to us. Meanwhile the care of the University had been left to Father French and Father Regan; and the wisdom with which they discharged their trust was evident to all.

With the crisis in Father Morrissey's illness the danger was not over, for then followed a long period of convalescence. Finally he went away to the sunny South and the life-breathing West to regain his lost strength.

When word reached us Thursday that Father Morrissey was on his way home Father French left for Chicago to catch his train; immediately meetings were held in the different halls; delegations appointed to greet him at the depot, and arrangements made to have the entire student body, led by the band, meet our President at the cemetery and escort him back to the University. But unfortunately rain came up and spoiled the latter plans, and we had to be content to welcome him as he entered the University grounds and Washington Hall.

In the latter place the students, members of the faculty and friends from South Bend assembled, and when Father Morrissey entered the hall everybody arose and there was tremendous applause. The band played Marche (Caddie) by Hall. Then Mr. John P. O'Hara, in behalf of the students and the class of 1902, spoke words of welcome to our President. He said:

FATHER MORRISSEY:—The students extend to you a most cordial welcome home!

Were you to return at any time after an extended absence, our welcome would be as sincere as it would be enthusiastic; and after all these months which have been for you months of pain and for us months of

apprehension, when we see you once more among us words fail to express our welcome.

Father Morrissey, we want you to know how thankful we feel that you have been spared to the University and to us, and how glad we are that you have returned to take up your work with us again. During your illness our prayers and sympathies were with you. Our hopes rose or fell as favourable or unfavourable reports came from your bedside. The anxiety we then felt is equalled only by the pleasure with which we learned that during the past few weeks you have been rapidly regaining your strength and that you were to be with us before the close of the year.

We all are glad to see you back, but your return is especially welcome to the graduates of this year. The others will have opportunity to be with you other years, but the members of the class of 1902 feel that they have only a few short weeks in which to cultivate those kindly sentiments which you have always manifested toward them.

With best wishes for your continued good health, we again bid you welcome back to Notre Dame!

He was followed by Col. Hoynes who delivered the address of welcome in behalf of the Faculty. Col. Hoynes in a low and subdued voice told of the feelings of apprehension with which the Faculty and the students had followed Father Morrissey through his long illness; of the telegrams of solicitation that had poured into Notre Dame from all over the country; he stated that from the stormy days in January till the twenty-third day of May, the time in which our President was ill, is not long if reckoned on calendar of time, but if measured by our grief and pain and hopes it is long indeed.

The words of welcome were full of earnestness, beauty and happy quotations which seemed to add a heightened charm from the manner in which they were used, and were delivered by Colonel Hoynes in his eloquent

and inimitable manner. Our regret is that we have not the Colonel's text in full.

Then the band played the Notre Dame Song, the words of which are by Mr. Francis Schwab of the Class of '02, and the music by Professor Roche; and the audience rising sang this beautiful song.

Father Morrissey responded with one of his pleasing addresses. His voice was not as strong as is its wont, but it had that clear metallic ring in it that has charmed us on so

many a previous occasion. He told us that during his long illness he had followed closely our victories on the athletic field and especially in the intellectual field where two debating teams had fallen before us. He stated that he believed in the men of the present year, for they kept up the reputation made by Notre Dame men in previous years. He referred to the many laudatory comments he had heard while away on Notre Dame men, and said that "if we are proud of Notre Dame it is because we are proud of her students."

Father Morrissey was interrupted

by bursts of applause. Many compliments are due Professor Roche and the gentlemen of the band for their exquisite playing.

At twelve all repaired to the refectory which was beautifully decorated. The orchestra played during dinner. Fathers DeGroot, Cavanaugh, P. Lauth; Cullinan of Niles, Lauchbieler of Detroit, gentlemen from South Bend; and members of the faculty sat at the President's table.

In the afternoon Benediction was given and the *Te Deum* chanted; and we all felt like giving Father Morrissey a personal greeting.



THE VERY REV. PRESIDENT MORRISSEY, C. S. C.

## The Elocution Contest.

Those present at Washington Hall on Tuesday morning enjoyed a pleasant hour. Each of the contestants read his selection with skill, and, though the judges made careful awards, the contest, particularly in the Junior Division, was very close.

Mr. W. M. Wimberg gave a scene from "King John." For his superior work he was given the Senior Elocution Medal. Mr. Wimberg has a pleasing stage manner, a good voice, and showed excellent training. Mr. Louis E. Wagner is always assured of an ovation. His effort, "The Vagabonds," was very well done indeed. Mr. Wagner's elocutionary exertions are principally commendable for their naturalness of manner and ease of expression. Mr. M. Gorski gave "Horatius at the Bridge" an intelligent and earnest reading. He merited the applause given him. Both E. J. Peil with "The Uncle," and W. J. Quinn with "The Dukite Snake" did superior work, for which they are to be complimented.

Anthony J. Burger captured the Junior Elocution Medal by his original interpretation of the rather difficult selection, "The Soul of the Violin." Mr. Burger's naturalness of interpretation, his voice and enthusiasm, though well restrained, made his effort most praiseworthy. Francis Kasper in "That Boy John" and Leport Van Sant with "The Young Actor" were close seconds, and it would be hard to say which one did the better. Francis Kasper's voice was well suited to his subject, and Leport Van Sant's gestures were very intelligent and clever. Bryan Taylor recited "The Dead Student" with good restraint and feeling. Following is the

## PROGRAMME:

## WEDNESDAY, MAY 21.—SENIOR DIVISION.

March—"Fantasma".....Hall  
 "The Vagabond".....Louis E. Wagner  
 "Horatius at the Bridge".....M. Gorski  
 "The Uncle".....E. J. Peil  
 Scene from "King John".....W. M. Wimberg  
 "The Dukite Snake".....W. J. Quinn  
 Gavotte—"First Love".....Heinway

## JUNIOR DIVISION.

"The Soul of the Violin".....Anthony J. Burger  
 "That Boy John".....Francis Kasper  
 "The Dead Student".....Bryan Taylor  
 "The Young Actor".....Leport Van Sant  
 Waltz—"Jasmine".....Kussner

## JUDGES.

Rev. Thomas Crumley, C. S. C.

Prof. John Cooney, A. M.

Prof. Daniel Murphy, A. B., LL. B.

## Exchanges and Magazines.

There is in the *Medical Record* a large fund of material of unusual interest. Each weekly number contains much new and valued information in medical science. Among the original articles of the latest issue is one entitled "Remarks on Arteriosclerosis" by I. Adler, M. D., and is of particular interest. There are also four full pages of editorials, and under the heading entitled "News of the Week" are six pages replete with useful information. To the medical man this periodical is indispensable, and for the general reader there is always an abundance of news. The clear-cut illustrations that usually accompany the subject-matter greatly increase the advantages of this valuable paper.

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The May *Holy Cross Purple* furnishes material for a favourable criticism. The paper, "The Musical Element of Poetry as Found in Tennyson," is somewhat original in its treatment of the rhythmical art with which Tennyson worked. The praise, however, is very lavish and the manner of writing the paper too florid. "In Friendship's Cause" is a well-written sketch containing a possible and a strong plot. But that which deserves the most praise is the editorial column. The editorials are unusually timely and are very logically done.

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The *University of Virginia Magazine* seems to write verse, fiction and serious prose in a happy combination. Very few of our exchanges can equal this magazine in the strength and finish of workmanship, in any of these departments. Not only this, but the exchanges, editorials and book reviews are well taken care of. Taken all in all it is a college magazine of the very highest rank. The *Alphi Rhi Pin* is a good piece of work, but it seems to us that such a thoroughly gruesome and heart sickening story would be better untold, there is plenty of sorrow and suffering in this world without putting it into literature. Moreover, sound ethics demands that such a villain as Morton should at least be hanged, drawn and quartered instead of merely getting a penitentiary sentence for a crime of rather secondary importance and one having nothing whatever to do with the story.

F. F. D.

Notre Dame, 6; Knox, 5.

The Varsity scored its twelfth victory last Saturday by defeating Knox on Cartier Field in one of the most exciting finishes ever seen here. It was our lucky day. With the score five to four against us in the last half of the ninth inning and two men out, the Knox team went to pieces and allowed Lynch and Farley to cross the plate with the winning runs on a combination of errors and wild throws.

Our fellows took a very decided slump in batting during the game, securing but three hits, while the visitors touched up Dohan for seven. The fielding was also a little off color on both sides. The redeeming features of our fellows' work were the fielding of Lynch at short, Stephan's phenomenal stop of Hemp's wild throw in the seventh, and Hemp's three bagger. Captain Lynch's work at short was sensational, and was by far the best bit of fielding seen on Cartier Field for many days. The visitors put up a good article of ball, but were nervous at critical periods. Dohan pitched a good steady game for the Varsity.

The Score.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Knox	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	1	0	1	10	1	Sch'weber, ss	2	1	3	6	0
Farley, cf	1	0	0	0	0	McKenna, cf	0	1	1	0	0
O'Neill, c	0	0	8	1	1	Porter, rf	1	1	2	0	1
Gage, 2b	1	0	0	1	0	McMullen, lf	1	1	1	1	0
O'Connor, 3b	0	1	1	0	0	Groogan, 2b	0	1	0	4	1
Hemp, 3b	2	1	0	3	1	Montg'y, 3b	0	1	4	0	0
Sh'ghnessy, lf	1	1	1	0	1	Hall, 1b	0	0	14	0	3
Stephan, 1b	0	0	15	1	0	Zalusky, c	0	0	1	1	1
Dohan, p	0	0	1	1	0	Arthur, p	0	0	0	2	0
						Essicson, p	1	1	0	3	0

Totals 6 3 27 17 4 Totals 5 7 26\* 17 6

\* Two out when winning run was made.

Base on balls—off Arthur, 2; off Essicson, 1; Dohan, 4. Stolen bases—O'Neill, O'Connor, Lynch, Stephan (2), Gage. Hit by pitched ball—by Essicson, 1. Sac. hits—Stephan, Hemp, Groogan. Struck out—by Dohan, 4; by Arthur, 1. Two-base hits—Shaughnessy, Essicson. Three-base hits—Hemp, Scharnweber. Time, 2:00. Umpire, Ipes.

Notre Dame Defeats Minnesota.

THE SCHOLASTIC, immediately after the Minnesota game on May 19, received the following telegram from its war correspondent:

Notre Dame, 9; Minnesota, 5. Hogan pitched great ball. Lynch, Farley, and O'Neill stars.—GOMEZ.

This is the first game on our northern trip. Minnesota got a good lead in the sixth inning by scoring four runs, making the score 5 to 1; but the Varsity rallied in the eighth inning when Minnesota was sure of victory. Three men got on base, and Varco dropped a difficult

fly scoring two men. Then there was a balloon ascension, and before Minnesota reached *terra firma* again 6 men had crossed the home plate.

"Peaches" O'Neill was the star of the day both in batting and fielding, having three runs, three hits and six put outs to his credit.

The Score.

Minnesota	R	H	P	A	E	Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Rogers, cf	1	1	2	0	1	Lynch, ss	1	1	0	3	0
Allen, lf	1	0	3	4	1	Farley, cf	1	0	2	0	0
Cameron, 2b	1	1	0	0	0	O'Neill, c	3	3	6	0	0
Metcalf, 1b	1	0	13	0	0	Gage, 2b	1	1	1	1	1
Varco, ss	0	1	0	5	3	Sh'gh'ssy, lf	0	0	3	0	0
Gunderson, c	0	1	3	2	0	Hemp, 3b	0	0	0	2	0
Redman, rf	0	0	1	1	0	Stephan, 1b	1	1	11	0	1
Shea, 3b	1	1	2	2	1	O'Connor, rf	2	1	3	1	0
Jordan, p	0	0	3	5	0	Hogan, p	0	1	1	8	0

Totals 5 5 27 19 6 Totals 9 8 27 15 2

Stolen bases—Gunderson (2), Redman (2), O'Neill (2), Shaughnessy. Two-base hits—Rogers, Stephan, Hogan, O'Connor. Three-base hit—Shea. Double plays—Jordan to Cameron; O'Connor to Stephan. Bases on balls—Off Jordan, 4; off Hogan, 2. Hit by pitched ball—By Hogan, 1. Struck out—By Jordan, 3; by Hogan, 5. Umpire, Figgemeier.

Tables Turned.

Special Telegram:—

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, May 20.

Game lost. Score, 9 to 7. Minnesota scored five runs in fourth inning.—GOMEZ.

The Varsity fell before Minnesota in its second game. "Bill" Higgins had a day off and Dohan was sent to relieve him in the fourth inning. But Minnesota had too strong a lead, and though we rallied in the ninth inning to the extent of scoring three runs the game was gone. Minnesota scored its nine runs in the first four innings. When Dohan struck the box they were unable to connect with his benders and twisters. Lynch and Shaughnessy carried off the batting honours for the Varsity; Gunderson for Minnesota.

The Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	MINN.	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	2	2	0	1	0	Rogers, cf	1	0	1	0	1
Farley, cf	1	1	1	1	0	Cam'r'n, 2b	2	1	3	2	0
O'Neill, c	0	0	7	3	1	Allen, lf	1	1	3	0	0
Gage, 2b	1	0	1	2	1	Metcalf, 1b	2	2	9	2	0
Shaughnessy, lf	1	2	1	0	0	Brigham, p	1	1	2	4	1
Hemp, 3b	0	0	3	0	1	Gund'r'n, c	0	3	7	2	1
Stephan, 1b	0	1	10	1	0	Dobie, 3b	0	0	1	0	1
O'Connor, rf	1	1	1	0	0	Shea, ss	2	1	0	3	2
Higgins, p	0	0	0	3	1	Redm'd, rf	0	0	1	0	0
Dohan, p	1	1	0	3	0						

Totals 7 8 24 14 4 Totals 9 9 27 13 6

Two-base hits—Metcalf, Shaughnessy, Dohan. Three-base hit—Metcalf. Sacrifice hits—Allen, 1; Farley, 1. Bases on balls—Off Brigham, 4; off Higgins, 2; off Dohan, 1. Struck out—By Brigham, 6; by Dohan, 4; by Higgins, 1. Stolen bases—Shaughnessy, 3; Stephan, 2; Cameron, 2; Lynch, 1; Farley, 1; Hemp, 1; O'Connor, 1; Shea, 1. Innings pitched—By Higgins, 3½; Dohan, 5½. Passed Balls—Gunderson, 1; O'Neill, 1. Umpire, Figgemeier. Time of game, 2:10. J. P. O'R.



## Beloit, 2; Notre Dame, 0.

## Personals.

The Varsity fell on May 22 at Beloit before Adkins whose twisters and benders our men were unable to solve. Dohan proved a stunner for the Beloit batsmen, seven tasting the dust on account of his speedy delivery. However, the Varsity did not have on its batting clothes and as a result we did not win the game.

In the very first inning Captain Lynch reached third base. Then the hit and run game was tried; but it failed, and Lynch was put out as he tried to steal the home plate.

The longest hit of the day was a two bagger, and here both Lynch and Gage chalked one of those up to their credit. Lynch is likewise credited with three stolen bases. O'Neill again showed his cleverness behind the bat with nine put-outs and two assists. The game was a sensational one, replete with brilliant plays.

## The Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E	Beloit	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, ss	0	1	3	1	1	Slater, 2b	0	0	2	1	0
Farley, cf	0	1	1	1	0	Merrill, c	1	1	1	2	0
O'Neill, c	0	0	9	2	0	Morey, rf	1	2	1	0	0
Gage, 2b	0	1	2	2	0	Adkins, p	0	3	0	3	1
Hemp, lf	0	0	1	0	0	Brown, ss	0	2	2	1	1
Sh'gh'ssy, 3b	0	0	1	0	1	Cronkhite, lf	0	0	1	0	0
Stephan, 1b	0	0	6	1	0	Mills, cf	0	1	0	0	0
O'Connor, rf	0	1	0	1	0	Planck, lb	0	0	7	1	0
Dohan, p	0	0	0	2	1	Loranger, 3b	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	0	4	23	10	3	Totals	2	9	27	8	2

\* Loranger out on infield fly.

Stolen bases—Cronkhite, Lynch (3), Farley. Two-base hits—Lynch, Gage. Double play—Stephan to Gage. Bases on balls—Off Dohan, 2; off Adkins, 2. Struck out—By Adkins, 13; by Dohan, 7. Time, 2:00. Umpire, Pickett.

## Reserves Defeat Culver and S. B. H. S.

While the Varsity were battling with Beloit up in Wisconsin the Reserves were giving Culver, the same team that defeated Indiana and Lake Forest, a dish of baseball as it is occasionally served up on Cartier Field. When the game ended the score stood Reserves, 22; Culver, 2. Doar was a puzzle for Culver, and they could find him for only five hits netting them two runs, and the Reserves fell upon Culver's slab artist at any and every time. Farabaugh did the back stop work for the Reserves, and the way he took in high fouls was startling. The feature of the day was a one-handed catch by McCreary. Immediately after the Culver game, the Reserves played South Bend High School five innings, winning by a score of 17 to 0.

Reserves—1 4 6 0 2 4 5 0 X—22 14 2  
Culver—0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0—2 5 6

Batteries—Reserves, Farabaugh, Doar, Culver, McQuaide, Pierce.

—We are pleased to note the visit of Mr. Otto Guenther, Jr., of Chicago to the University.

—Mrs. Dukette of Mendon, Michigan, visited with her son Frank of the Senior class during the week.

—Mr. Bernard McLean of Elizabeth, N. J., stopped off at the University as the guest of his brother, Brother Leander.

—Mrs. Geo. Krug of Dayton, Ohio, has been the guest during the past few days of her son Albert of Sorin Hall.

—Miss Hatch of Three Rivers, Mich., and Miss Susie Daniels of Chicago spent Thursday with Dan O'Keefe of St. Joseph's Hall.

—Mr. Frank Eyanson (Litt. B. '96), an old Staff member, has opened up a law office at 108 Fulton Street, New York. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him all success.

—Rev. John Hall of Dowagiac, Michigan, and Rev. Joseph Mulcahy of Benton Harbor, stayed at Notre Dame for a few days as the guests of Father McNamee.

—Father J. Maguire of the University had the privilege of entertaining a few weeks ago his sister, Sister Ameliana and Mother Seraphine, both of the Sisters of Loretto stationed in Chicago.

—Mr. Kanaley of Weedsport, N. Y., was present at the Notre Dame-Butler college Oratorical Contest last Wednesday night, in which his son, Byron, sustained Notre Dame and helped her on to victory.

—Mr. José Hernandez (LL. B., '01) has been practising law in Porto Rico during the past year. Mr. Hernandez expects to return to the United States in a short time to perfect himself in the English Language.

—Our genial postmaster, Father Maher, had as guest lately Mr. John Plywaczyk, Ass't Superintendent of Pilsen Station Postoffice, Chicago. Mr. Plywaczyk is a most capable postoffice official, and his visits are looked to with pleasure.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Coleman of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Strauss of Chicago and Mrs. Hall of Dayton had the sincere pleasure of seeing their sons, students at the University, receive their First Holy Communion on Ascension Day in the college church.

—Mr. Edward J. Houlihan, brother of Father William Houlihan, Director of St. Joseph's Hall, was ordained in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Fort Wayne, Indiana, by the Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, D. D., Bishop of the diocese. To-morrow, Trinity Sunday, Father Houlihan will sing his first holy Mass in St. Patrick's Church, South Bend. Our best wishes go with him.  
A. L. K.



## Local Items.

—The oratorical contest will take place in Washington Hall on May 28.

—Lost—On Carroll Hall campus, a gold watch with silver fob. Finder, please return it to Bro. Lawrence or John Riley, Carroll Hall.

—On our baseball schedule we have still two open dates, May 28, 30. After that comes Minnesota at Notre Dame on June 4, and Purdue here on June 7.

—All those that are desirous of singing a real live Notre Dame song should get a copy of Mr. Francis Schwab's song. The music is by Professor Roche. Mr. Schwab is of the '02 class.

—Office accounts close early in the week. No bills will be given, and those desirous of getting goods from the different stores should come around before the books have begun to be balanced.

—The Senior Lawyers did their stunt last week and appeared before Mr. McDonald, the South Bend photographer. The result of the appearance will soon be visible in Sorin Hall. It is to be hoped that the camera did not suffer any more than the men.

—Owing to a washout on the Wisconsin railroad leading from Minneapolis to Madison, the Varsity were unable to play Wisconsin University on May 21. This we regret, for we feel confident that we could have evened things up a bit for the defeat administered to us here by the same team on April 24.

—Brownson Hall clearly established its right to the Inter-Hall Championship by defeating the Sorin Hall team last Sunday afternoon in an exciting game. The game ended six to five. Both teams played fast ball, but Opfergelt had the best of Herbert in the twirling. The timely hitting of Padden and Groogan, and Fink's all-around playing were the features. The Brownson Hall team has not lost an Inter-hall game this season.

—Last Tuesday the Cuban students at the University celebrated in royal style the beginning of their republic. A holiday was tendered them, and the bunch, numbering about fifteen, had a spread at the Oliver. Compliments to President Palma became the order of the day; and the intervention of the United States, which enabled the Cuban republic to come into being, was thoroughly discussed. Cuba has a patriotic colony at the University.

—The Notre Dame Sampsons have made rapid improvement in strength tests within the last few weeks. Piqued by the figures T. A. Toner made with the legs, and those made by E. J. Peil with the lungs, W. M. Langknecht set out to raise these figures. He set his muscles of expiration, gave one hard forcible blast into the manometer and sent

the indicator up to 62 kilograms. The average man blows about 15 or 20 and the manometer does not register higher than 70. R. F. Weber, Harvard's best man blows 66 kilograms—only 4 above Langknecht's. Langknecht says he is confident of defeating the Harvard record. Then came T. A. Toner, positive his legs were stronger than they showed, mounted the table, gave a tremendous lift and the dynamometer registered 680 kilograms, which is the record at Notre Dame for strength of legs.

—Next Saturday a remnant of our once powerful track team will compete in Chicago. The men left are Kirby, Sullivan and McCullough. The chance of a good showing is a very poor one indeed. A few points may come to us, but even here we are uncertain. Judging from comparative team work this is the way we should stand. We defeated Wisconsin by six points in a dual meet. Wisconsin defeated Chicago twice and Illinois once; Chicago defeated Michigan; therefore with our old team we should have a magnificent show to win the conference meet, if the team were in condition. Uffendell has not as yet had his eligibility as a Conference competitor passed on; Gearin, owing to varicose veins, can not compete, and Herbert and Staples are out of the runs. There is little gained in "roasting," but yet there is no doubt but that our team should be much stronger May 31 than it will be. We sincerely hope that this will be our last year in having four men, our best point winners, dropped a short time before the big meet of the year. However, we are building up a team of men that can carry an abundance of class work, and not let their heels run away with their heads. Draper, a "Prep" man, put the shot this week 39 feet 7 inches, and threw the discus 116 feet; he has likewise been doing 5 feet 6 inches in the high jump.

—The Faculty was handsomely entertained last Saturday evening by the Philopatrians. An exquisite programme was admirably rendered. The orchestra was the central attraction, the music being rich, sweet, buoyant, and merry. There were solos and duets that showed the individual merit of the young musicians to great advantage, and called forth spontaneous applause. The "Soul of the Violin," delivered by A. J. Burger and accompanied on the piano by J. Gallart, was splendid. The joint work of these two clever youths brought out the pathos of the piece, and seduced all the sympathy of an attentive audience. At the close of the entertainment Father French made a few remarks, complimenting the Philopatrians on their elegant exhibition of musical talent, and expressed his approbation of a college organization that could so well equip its members with social graces. Refreshments were served, appropriately concluding

the evening's pleasure. The Faculty seemed to enjoy this part of the bill immensely, all sorts of jokes and bright sayings were overheard from them in their talk with one-another. The Philopatrians have been a very successful organization this year. Its members consist of the best students in Carroll Hall; its orchestra has won praise on many occasions; its programmes at all times have been interesting. In measuring out credit to this society, we should not forget the man that trained them, the man who made the Philopatrian's organization what it is, Brother Cyprian.

—Mr. Leroy Armstrong in the *Morning Journal*, Thursday, May 15, prints an article relative to our standing with the Conference College League. We print this in part:

Every one at all interested in college athletics will watch closely the outcome of Notre Dame's challenge, or the "Big Nine's" amateur immaculateness—or immaculate amateurism, whichever it may be. The "Big Nine" colleges include Chicago, Wisconsin, Michigan, and others; and they will not play with Notre Dame. They allege as a reason that the Catholic school at South Bend is not clean in its athletic morals; that it puts on its teams strong young men whose expenses at college are paid by the college athletic club solely to secure material that can win games. The basic principle is that players must not accept remuneration of any kind, or they lose character in the class of amateur athletics. Notre Dame retorts that the accusing colleges are not without similar sins and defies them to inspection.

My judgment is that Notre Dame is excluded because her boys win; because on the average, they are better than the teams from the other schools; because they "beat the other boys."

The cold shoulder to Notre Dame has long been turned. It is an established condition, and all that can come of the examination to which the "Big Nine" is challenged will be a proof that the "Big Nine" has as much professionalism, as much hiring of athlete-students, as has Notre Dame herself. The latter will not be permitted to play in the backyard of the Standard Oil School on the Midway, nor dance on the campus of any of the rest of the Pharisees. And it will be, in truth, not because the Pharisees are any more innocent of hiring players, but because they know the Notre Dame boys will win.

This is about the situation. Now for the cause: Notre Dame is a Catholic school. It does not exclude students of any faith, but the student class is almost wholly of the communion of that Church. The Catholics of this country are pretty largely Irish. And therein is the explanation. On the average, there is more fight in an Irishman, young or old, than in the representative of any other race under the sun. Except in one matter of national defence they are the best "scrappers" on earth; and every game in athletics requires combativeness. The side with it will win, even against "form."

After showing the real value of combativeness, Mr. Armstrong concludes:

Do not for a moment imagine that those Notre Dame boys devote their energies exclusively to physical culture. They study. They send out splendid fellows—like Casey; they develop great teachers—like Maurice Francis Egan. They send out into the world every year a host of clear-headed, clear-limbed, hard-muscled and well-instructed young men, who know all this discussion about purity in college athletics—as my friend Ike Dryfus of Delphi, would say—is stuff and nonsense; that Chicago will not play Notre Dame because Notre Dame can beat Chicago.

We would like to say that a strict enforcement of Conference amateur rules by the board

of athletic control has put off of our athletic teams, track and baseball, five best performers whose services we can illy spare at this time.

—We called a few days ago upon a person of our acquaintance, who was about to give a large evening party; and upon being ushered into the drawing-room found the whole family in high glee. Our intimacy prompted us to inquire "Why so, all of this?"

"Oh!" said the eldest daughter, "the Sorority has accepted—all of them are coming!"

"And who are the Sorority?" we ventured to ask.—"My goodness!" exclaimed everybody at once, with an excitement which nearly caused us, being of a nervous temperament, to have a stroke of paralysis. Is it possible you don't know the Sorority?"

We confessed with shame our ignorance of the parties in question.

"Why, the Sorority is another word for the Sewing Circle, and they are such delightful creatures," continued the second female olive-branch. "We were so afraid they would not come, because they are always engaged; so we drove out a week ago to give them a personal invitation. You probably saw them hanging around the carriage—sweet things—just like trailing arbutus."

"And you have just received their reply?" we subjoined. "It looks as if they waited for something else that didn't come."

"Oh, no," said the olive-branch, almost offended, "they were waiting to obtain the services of a chaperon."

"And what does the Sorority do to make them so delightful?" we inquired.

"Oh, almost everything," said the olive-branch. "Lizzie draws such lovely pictures. In fact, I have only seen one person who could draw better, and he was the dentist that drew sister's teeth. And 'Oh-Jack' is perfect on the piano. He played 'Ocean Waves' for us one evening and pa and ma got sea-sick—so realistic. Then they are so tender-hearted and sentimental—wouldn't even strike a match."

"Then Georgia is such an oddity, and such a nice person," chimed in another admirer of the Sorority. "He sings the drollest songs and he can whistle just like a bird."

"Hark! there's the bell."

"Don't peep at the window, Maggie, they'll see you," said the olive-branch to her sister, who was endeavoring to discover who the visitors were by taking a covert observation through the window curtains.

"It's that horrible Mr. Hovie and Mr. Dinky."

The new-comers entered the room, and at the same time we left; not, however, before our fair young friends had told the "horrid Mr. Hovie and Mr. Dinky" how angry they were with them for not calling more frequently, and how delighted they felt now that they had come at last.