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The Prophet of Emancipation.*

NEAL D. MCCLANAHAN (Monmouth College, Ill.).

THE gratitude of posterity is the monument of the martyr. Veneration enshrines his deeds and love crowns his memory. Happy is the spirit thus glorified, but more blessed the man who earlier enters his inheritance, who living possesses the homage of his own generation, who by a devoted and dauntless career has convinced the world of his readiness to yield even life at the call of humanity. Of such a life now nearing its sunset, of one who has lived grandly fourscore years, we would speak to-night. To him, though still on earth's side of that mysterious bourne, is due the tribute of our praise. Why should we reserve our flowers until the hand is rigid? Why should we withhold our sympathy until the cold bosom is no longer able to respond? Let us anticipate the hour not far distant when the world will lament the departure, and eulogize the character of the great Russian, Count Leo Tolstoi.

When midway in the last century Europe was convulsed by a general revolution, when the new wine of individual liberty burst the ancient bottles of autocracy, Russia alone was able to resist the uprising of the oppressed. Other governments were forced to make substantial concessions, but the franchise given the serfs by Alexander II. left them still the abject slaves of the nobility. Soon even this show of liberty was withdrawn, and in the Czar's domain, not increased freedom, but enlarged armies insured order; the gag cured complaints, and Siberia's snows cooled the hot indignation of the oppressed. When at intervals the long-pent wrath of the outraged serfs burst forth in revolt, the torrent swept away not the impregnable throne of tyranny, but their own few remaining liberties. "To Siberia," was the despot's decree, and the frozen, boundless waste received unquestioning and told no tales. After generations of this crushing servitude and destitution, throttled liberty offered no further resistance, and the links of despotism were welded anew. In this midnight of despair the nations beheld a sublime spectacle. From the court of the autocrat, from the highest eminence of culture and caste, steps down the kingliest Russian of them all and takes his place by the side of the oppressed serf. From that hour the eyes of the world rest upon this colossal champion and defender of the downtrodden—Count Leo Tolstoi. This great renunciation was not born of a sudden impulse, for the noble patrician, comrade of kings, had long observed and deplored the condition of the peasant. In retirement he had pondered means and measures for their relief. The redress of their wrongs weighed so heavily upon his heart that he traversed distant lands seeking a solution of the problem. He now lifts his voice for Russia's oppressed, and mankind to the circumference of civilization burns with indignation and melts in sympathy. He denounces the divine right of kings to obtain dominion by bloodshed and retain it by despotism. The oligarchy trembles, and the emaciated, despairing face of the peasant is again illumined with hope—Manhood again stirs in his bosom.

Count Tolstoi hates no man, but he hates deceit and greed and war. With the profound conviction that the sword is the most effective instrument of tyranny, the deadliest scourge of nations, the precursor of earth's desolation,

* In this issue we publish four more of the orations offered by competitors in the recent contest held at Notre Dame. Next week we hope to gratify our readers with the remainder.

he seeks by reason and the Golden Rule to restore and perpetuate peace. To this end he has made the strongest plea for arbitration in the world's literature. His book "War and Peace," was the chief agent in bringing together the Hague Peace Congress. Though a novel it is not fiction. Like all his books it was written with the strong purpose of lifting men to a higher moral and spiritual plane.

Though poetic the Count is not primarily a nature lover. Man, chief of God's works, is his loftier theme. It is not the dancing daffodils nor the rainbow's radiance which awakens thought too deep for tears. His heart leaps up when a faint bow of political promise arches the dreary future of the Russian peasant. His soul responds to the anguished throbs of their despairing bosoms.

The towering Matterhorn welcomes the thunderbolt. Its crags dissolve the storm-cloud, sending to the vale below only gentle streams and whispering breezes. Thus Leo Tolstoi, rising above the lowlands of selfishness and the fogs of superstition as champion of the oppressed, cheerfully endures the fury of the oppressor. For the cause of these downtrodden millions in the slow fire of cruel years he has suffered all that Russian hate can devise except Siberia. They dare not exile the world-renowned author. His powerful personality is his protection, and well they know that his words, which they can not banish, would be still further vitalized by his martyrdom. As Nazareth rejected her Divine Citizen, the Greek Catholic church cast out and pursued with bitter curses her one Christ-like man, Count Tolstoi. Social caste, that mongrel offspring of barbarism and fiendishness, henceforth barred his way to court, societies, and circles to which his learning and rank entitled him. Why does this Satanic triumvirate government, church and caste—thus pursue this noble peasant? They fear his opposition to their despotic rule more than the world's armies and navies.

Leo Tolstoi's altruism in scope and intensity is peerless. He counts himself the world's citizen and servant of the ages. Designing to benefit succeeding generations as well as his own, he is now preparing a system of school books. In these the ideal he presents to youth will be the highest, the ethics the purest; exposing the selfish prejudice lurking in patriotism and stripping from assassins their martial glory, he will teach that love embraces all lands and that prosperity and peace are inseparable; his inimitable pen will emphasize the truth that neither conquest nor fortune, genius or learning can bestow lasting renown; that immortal fame crowns only the good, that integrity alone is held in everlasting remembrance. Does not this project reveal the sublime patience of a great soul? He will mould childhood, and granite manhood will show his handiwork. He sows that coming years may reap; he plants that others may eat.

Not even the great dramatist entered the innermost chambers of suffering hearts as does this brother, born for adversity; into his ears the oppressed millions pour their fears and forebodings, their desperation and despair. His incomparable pen portrays their woes and the heartless cruelty of their oppressors, and though we shrink from the picture, awakened conscience compels us to remember those that are in bonds as though bound with them. He denounces selfish ease, condemns negative goodness, and we dare not dissent while we feel the eye of God and the gaze of the great cloud of witnesses, who from the spangled arch behold us passing beneath.

Tolstoi's realism is not art, but actuality. His readers' interest is not weakened by suspicion, nor his sympathy cooled by distrust. With a sense of the personal presence of the clear-visioned seer, we follow his thought as the blind lean on a brother. As we advance he dispels illusions, he dissipates moral darkness, and we realize the stupendous responsibility of manhood. All factitious glamour removed, life appears a solemn procession of souls, emerging from mystery, passing through stress and storm, mists of doubt and clouds of sorrow into deeper mystery, beyond which lies the one dread certainty, a White Throne, an irrevocable sentence. With thousands these impressions are as lasting as life, and will live again in their descendants on down the ages. Thus more than priest or potentate this patrician peasant will mould the centuries.

To Leo Tolstoi the accident of birth counts nothing and station matters not at all; both the Czar and the peasant are mere men. Therefore, in his attitude toward the former, there is no obsequiousness, toward the latter no condescension. Believing as did Sumner, that the lowly are most hospitable to truth, and that self-abnegation is indigenous to the vale of poverty, Tolstoi delights in the

comradeship of the serf. Their lack and his abundance constitutes an obligation unaffected by the remonstrance of worldly wisdom. His Master's command, "Give to him that asketh of thee," was never more cheerfully obeyed. During the fierce famines that scourge Russia, the Count feeds thousands. He will not feast while millions fast; he can not laugh while they languish. Thus in his life as in his writings the Count embodies the Golden Rule.

Is it not marvellous that from a court cruel as Nero's emerges a character aglow with active benevolence; that Russia, contrasting as sadly with our republic as her barren steppes with the Mississippi Valley, produces a citizen whose civic principles put to shame our statesmanship? For who dare claim that any American leader has expressed such utter abhorrence of bloodshed, or such infinite longing for universal concord, as the great Russian? Do not Tolstoi's words, "Can a man live without prayer?" explain the mystery and acconnt for this courtier, who is the court's antithesis for this Russian, who is Russia's paradox?

Why has Count Tolstoi no compeer? Is truth so elusive, duty so ill-defined, that few can find the pathway? Nay: but readiness to do is necessary to clear perception, and in this man, from youth, succor sprang from sympathy, redress trod the heels of wrong. Conscience speaks, and Tolstoi's response is instantaneous and unreserved.

Twentieth century manhood scrambling for the handful flung by a modern Cæsar, awakens in Tolstoi both pity and wrath. Scathing as the simoon's blast is his arraignment of Christian philanthropy, which robs the grain field to garnish the park, withholds the primer and closes the schoolhouse to bequeath classics and found libraries. Millions for self, mills for charity in the name of Him who gave Himself, who lived to bless and died to save. And this great voice has been heard around the world, which in our day of stress and strife of tongues is much to attain. He has opened blind eyes, and is himself a spectacle for angels and men; perfectly frank, absolutely sincere, an open book.

Tolstoi's doctrine, like leaven, is working in all directions mightily. The Czar, the soldier, and the serf, feel the new order; perhaps to lament, perhaps to bless, but in either case powerless to prevent the change. In this day of active minds and dull hearts 'tis not learning but love for which earth hungers, and Tolstoi's throbbing sympathy, a streak of dawn in the darkness is welcomed by the world.

Hoary, bowed, venerable with years, we see Count Tolstoi approach the last milestone of life, while still far in the distance lies that ideal land where brotherly love sits enthroned as priest and king. Yet we trace no anxiety or doubt in the noble face. We read there only increased earnestness and intensity of desire to impart his zeal to others, that when he falls his life work may not falter. A little while and the world shall see Tolstoi no more, but his principles of justice and mercy, his abhorrence of tyranny and bloodshed, his Christ-like sympathy for the down-trodden shall neither depart nor decrease, but waxing stronger and stronger shall at last quell earth's discord and proclaim the endless reign of the Prince of Peace.

The Philosophy of the Race Problem.

FRED J. CLARK (Cornell College, Iowa).

The most unique and tragic figure in history is the American negro. No other race has plunged so deeply in despair, or been exalted to such heights of hope; no other race has viewed so black a night, or been dazzled by such a flash of promise; no other race has grasped so eagerly the prize, to see its substance turn to ashes. "The bright ideals of the past,—physicial freedom, political power, the training of brains and the training of hands,—all these in turn have waxed and waned, until even the last grows dim and overcast." Thus has ended the negro's dream of freedom. Yet it was not dreamed in vain; it served to lighten the task of the tired slave and to bring hope to his aching heart—it did more than that; it gave place to a dogged determination based upon a knowledge of reality, to somehow, somewhere, find something in this world akin to the visions of the past.

Why has the negro failed so miserably in the realization of his ideals? What is the nature of the force that binds him still to the lot of an inferior? It is the gulf between the races, the twofold difference of race and culture. The ages past, so crowded with the landmarks of Caucasian progress, still stretch before the negro,—a vast, unexplored wilderness. Through two centuries of bondage the

negro learned to regard slavery as the source of all his woes, freedom as the fount of perfect joy. Emancipation came at last—in a holocaust of blood and war. Since then forty years have past,—the dream of freedom is still a dream, and the negro rests under the shadow of a great disappointment. That gulf between the races, emancipation could not bridge; the ballot could not span its yawning depths. Standing on its verge, striving with longing eyes to pierce its mysteries is a man. As he looks and wonders, he has a strange vision,—a cloud of doubt rises before him, and in it he sees his own soul, "darkly, as through a veil," and in that soul he sees reflected a faint revelation of inborn power of a mission all its own. Suddenly, round about him shines a radiance of rare glory. Under its rays doubt vanishes and the innermost recesses of that gulf show forth their secrets. His heart leaps under the inspiration of a great conception. He can never cross that gulf, he can never be white, but he can be himself. And so in half-awakened consciousness he stands trembling upon the threshold of self-realization. The negro for the first time sees and knows himself. And so comes the third ideal that has possessed the negro race: education,—culture of hand, intellect and soul.

The racial strife of to-day is the logical outcome of present-day conditions. Two peoples of different degrees of culture are seeking to progress under the same institutions. The government, laws and educational system of a people and their social and industrial organization are the result of a growth, an evolution out of lower forms, which keeps pace with the development of a nation; and to be suited to a people, they must be an expression of the particular stage of civilization attained by that people. Language, laws and institutions are mile-posts in the evolution of a race, telling how far they have advanced and pointing the way onward and upward. And for a nation to ignore this evident truth, and to expect to lift a child race up to the plane of civilization occupied by itself in a day, or a year, or a century, is to ignore the teachings of experience and to fly in the face of law. Character is a gem which holds in the mysterious beauty of crystallization all the good, the noble and the true of the countless ages past. We can not take an African savage, cast him for over two centuries in the mold of slavery, and then, in a day, make him an equal member of the highest civilization in existence, by merely stamping on his back the word, citizen. We need not be discouraged because many of them have failed to progress. We ought rather to be encouraged, for while the unfit element of the negro race, under the law of natural selection, has failed to grasp the new conditions of its suddenly changed environment, and has deteriorated, the leaders have already grasped the issues, and out of the gigantic struggle for race existence—victors in a battle against great odds—emerge the names of DuBois, Council, Hoffman, Morris, Lyons, Dunbar, Booker Washington, and a host of others whose names are synonymous with ability, industry and worth; and the better element is already building the foundation for a new, fit, enduring negro race, and even now the listening ear can catch the clanging of their hammers and the buzzing of their saws echoed back from the walls of Tuskegee, Howard, Atlanta, and a hundred similar institutions, and the feeling soul may count the heart beats as they throb their hope and yearning to the One Kind Tender Heart above, which answers throb for throb for every pain and every striving of the human breast. Oh! the negro is human; he is human in that divine element of yearning for something better which separates him from the beast, and links his heart of desire to the great, over-ruling Heart of Pity above.

A son of the South, a United States senator, holds up the shrinking form of negro civilization,—"more sinned against than sinning,"—and in a spirit of derision compares it with the manly beauty of our own; then trampling it in the dirt, and standing with his foot upon its neck calls upon it to instantly arise and prove its fitness, or forever consent to grovel in the filth of slavery,—this he does in the heart of the North—and a maudlin people applaud his spirit. I would ask this gentleman, What is it you compare? You point to the highest civilization the world has yet produced, the product and pride of all the ages, and compare it with the civilization of an infant race. How old is the civilization of America? Over three centuries. Who fathered it? The proudest blood, the sturdiest sinew of Europe. What sought they thus afar? Freedom. Who now comprise it? Americans. How old is the civilization of the black American? Forty years. Who fathered it?

A savage. How came he here? In chains. Who now comprise it? Negroes,—debased, demoralized by over two centuries of slavery.

In the light of these facts, my hand would wither in the writing and my tongue in the speaking, had I to confess that our civilization was no further advanced than one conceived in injustice, and thrown out forty short years ago,—a very child,—to battle with an unkind world. All praise to that child-race who, simple and unversed in the ways of the world, unused to the powers of freedom, given thus suddenly the choice of good or evil, has so largely chosen the better part. Small wonder, if, under the conditions which surrounded its first taste of the sweet cup of freedom, it drank too deeply of that intoxicating cup. Small wonder that many have in the face of opposition and injustice and prejudice failed to measure up to the standards of the average white citizen. And though many in their weakness have fallen; though many may have been crushed under their burden of passion and prejudice, and have gone astray, yet I say it with head bowed in humiliation and with the blush of shame burning my cheek, the hand that piles fagots around a human being, the hand that covers him with oil that he may burn the fiercer, the hand that lights the match of hellish revenge, the hand that prostitutes the very name of civilization and brotherhood and even manhood—turn away your faces, ye seeing nations—that hand is white. The facts that prove the necessary inferiority of negro are not all in. When his civilization has been weighed in the balance for over three centuries and found wanting; when, after two thonsand years of Christ, he outrages the name, not alone of civilization but of God and humanity, planting the seeds of murder, anarchy and hell in the hearts of his children, if then he be charged with the possession of an inferior manhood, he may well stand dumb before an indignant age from whose stern lips falls the verdict: "Guilty! guilty! guilty!" We are too prone to overlook the powers of the black man, too liable to exaggerate his weaknesses, too apt to measure him by the standards of our own civilization. We can judge the Frenchman by the Spaniard, the Englishman by the German, the American by them all; but when we come to the American negro, there is none with whom he may be compared. He stands alone, without father, mother or brother, and must be judged in the light of his own history and his own opportunities.

There is that in an immortal soul which defies limitation. I come with no theory of equality other than the inborn right of every human being to the fullest development possible of every God-given power. There are those who, looking into the future, imagine a night when two racial giants shall stand face to face on American soil and struggle for the mastery. Prompted by some such dread fear, weak men would sacrifice principle and justice, and continue to blur with the marks of ignorance and degradation the image of the Almighty, stamped in ineffaceable outline on nine million souls. How mean a philosophy! How narrow a policy! Close your eyes to it if you will; rail against it as you will; call it mischance or call it Providence; the fact yet remains that the future of the black race is indissolubly linked with the future of the white. Leave the broader plane of human rights, and justice to the negro becomes a simple question of expediency. Let us, then, pursue a broad policy; one that, holding the races as separate socially as the castes of India, will still give this people every opportunity for development. By our treatment of this weaker race we fix our own destiny. Men and nations are measured by the opposing forces that come into their lives. The things that master us, limit us. While the forces we subdue become of tenfold power in our lives to help us on to a realization of the greater things in our destiny. The negro race exists to-day as the test and measure of the moral strength of our civilization. She stands as an orphan child trembling before great America's lust. With no father nation to protect her; weak, ignorant debased, yet feeling within herself the nobler promptings of a true womanhood, she stands in the full light of American principles, in the sight of all the nations, pleading for the right to live, to strive, to hope. When this new century shall have passed away and another is born, may it not enter into a heritage of some thirty million degraded human beings, into which some foe can reach his hand, and, holding one up to the ridicule of nations, say with the tongue of scorn: Behold an American citizen! Rather may it find a race uplifted, ennobled, into which our countrymen can reach, and, pointing with one hand to a savage, and holding in the other an American negro, say to the monarchies of the Old World: Behold the power of freedom and the triumph of American principles. Yesterday we took from Africa's shores a savage; to-day we hold up to the view of all the nations a black man without one vestige of savagery—a negro and an American!

Robert E. Lee.

FREDERICK B. MCKAY (State Normal College, Mich.).

The achievements of martial heroes have been a source of national pride in every age of the world's history. As the great races of the earth have come and gone, each has left us the memory of some unique character whose wonderful exertions have earned for him a lasting fame. America, though the youngest among the nations, boasts an assemblage of leaders whose soldiery qualities are unequalled by the warriors of any other age or country. Though the annals of ancient and medieval warfare furnish many striking examples of loyalty and chivalric devotion, it remained for a later time and for the American Republic, in her struggles for independence and national unity, to give birth to the ideal warrior. It would seem that our universal love of liberty, our free institutions and eminently Christian civilization, have implanted in the martial courage of the past a gentility which renders personal ambitions and interests secondary to country and to character. Washington, Greene, and Marion; Grant, Sherman and Thomas, stand as the embodiment of unselfish and lofty patriotism. But there is another who occupies a prominent place among these, our great leaders, and whose life typifies the ideal soldier and citizen—Robert Edward Lee.

This is an era of profound peace. The clouds of civil strife have forever passed away. North and South are united in loyalty to a common country. The Mason and Dixon's line once defined in sectional difference and traced in blood is but a vanishing shadow, and it is fitting now that a magnanimous and united people should pay their just tribute to our heroes in gray as well as to those in blue. The Civil War was a vital necessity. There were issues distracting and dividing this country which no legislation, no government, and no decrees of courts could settle. At one time or another they had to be fought to their final conclusion upon the battlefield. In that struggle be it said that the sturdy sons of the South lacked no loyalty to the flag for which they fought nor doubted for a moment the justice of the cause for which they gave their lives. To faith and courage wherever shown we bow with uncovered heads. Though the Confederate soldiers stood in defense of principles which history's verdict has proven were false, they and their great leader exhibited a degree of bravery, of devotion, of self-sacrifice, which fills us with pride that they also were Americans.

Robert E. Lee came of a family illustrious in England and America alike—one, as history attests, as worthy of him as he was worthy of it. No family was more prominent all through the colonial days nor contained more stalwart advocates of the cause of liberty than the Lees of Virginia. Our nation owes a lasting debt of gratitude to Richard Henry Lee, who stood in the Continental Congress, and in defiance of England's power declared that "the United Colonies ought to be free;" to Francis Lightfoot Lee, who dared to pen his name to the immortal document of American freedom; to Arthur Lee, our trusted Commissioner to France; to "Light Horse Harry" Lee, whose brilliant successes upon the field and statesmanship in Congress have insured his name a lasting remembrance. Always upon the patriotic side and doing noble duty alike in legislative hall and on the battlefield, they stand high among the leaders in that series of great events through which the fetters of tyranny were broken and a new star added to the galaxy of civilized nations.

But the renown of Robert E. Lee is due to the part he himself has played in both peace and war. His boyhood days were spent among the old Virginia hills, rich in colonial and Revolutionary associations. A youth of varied talents, he early imbibed the intense, assertive, and liberty-loving spirit of his soldier father, and upon his death, the continued illness of his mother revealed a wealth of tender affection never surpassed.

Coming to manhood he longed to follow in the footsteps of his worthy sires, and at the youthful age of eighteen he donned the uniform of the soldier and entered the service as a West Point cadet. Here his obstinate perseverance and complete mastery of military details gave promise of eminence in his life-work. The Mexican war called him to the field of battle, where he fought shoulder to shoulder with the rising leaders from both North and South. Scott's wonderful march to Mexico revealed his genius and won the carefully-measured remark of that general that this young man "was the greatest soldier in the army." By force of character and the energy

of his own unaided efforts he had laid, broad and deep, the foundations of a career that was to bring him into world-wide notice.

The beginning of the Civil War was the turning-point of his life. Until the actual breaking out of hostilities no one can question his absolute loyalty to the Union. He had acquired a military prestige that attracted the attention of the most prominent men in the country. Had he consented, one word from General Scott would have made him commander of the Northern army. Long and carefully he weighed the issues to determine clearly his duty, and though it involved sacrifice of feeling, of position, of interest, with a fidelity which only true citizens know, he threw in his fortunes with the state of his birth and affections. The necessities of the South called him to the leadership of her armies. Once in the conflict, the energy and rapidity with which he gathered together the undisciplined, ill-equipped, and ill-provided Confederate troops and forged them into a mighty thunderbolt of war astonished the civilized world and filled the Union generals with dismay. The South had found a leader.

The magnitude of a struggle that calls for one million lives, two billion eight hundred million dollars, and four years of continuous warfare can be but ill conceived at best by the human mind. The toil, the hardships, the suffering freely given for the maintenance of opposing principles is without a parallel in history. Such a sacrifice never could have been possible but for the grim determination, the skillful, dogged resistance, and the perfect organization of that peerless master of strategy in the South. Consider, if you will, the Seven Days' Battle around Richmond, the never-to-be-forgotten battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg, the wonderful contest at Chancellorsville, the remarkable battle of the Wilderness, the defense of Cold Harbor, the prolonged defense of Richmond and Petersburg. There is no greater record in the annals of warfare. Consider further the fact that when the war began, Southern manufactories were undeveloped and her resources limited. As it progressed her agriculture was stamped out by the feet of traversing armies, her coasts blockaded by a vigilant navy, her soldiers poorly clad and poorly fed. If the world extols the qualities exhibited by the men who fought under Grant, what shall we say of the superb heroism of the Southern soldiers and their intrepid commander, General Lee? The South was defeated, not for lack of courage or generalship, but because her resources were exhausted, and because an Omniscient Providence had decreed that the institution of slavery should perish.

But in the hour of defeat, Lee gained a victory greater than any triumph of the struggle that preceded, for then he showed a spirit greater than the heroism of battles or the achievements of war. Though his shoulders were bent and his locks silvered by care, and his great soul crushed by disappointment and humiliation, yet he rode through the lines to deliver his sword to the victorious Grant with a soldier's dignity and bearing. Ever and anon he returned the friendly salutes from the men in the ranks, and then, gathering his grim, ragged, starving, battle-stained veterans about him—they who had followed him upon a hundred battlefields, they who had been faithful to duty upon the picket line, upon the skirmish line, at the front, through four long years, and now, with blasted hopes must return home to bravely face and conquer the sterner conditions which the future imposed,—with bowed head and trembling voice, the general addressed his troops: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you. My heart is too full to say more." And as they looked, many of them for the last time, upon him for whom they knew no better name than "Uncle Robert," down those hard, sunburned faces tear-drops trickled upon their coats of faded gray; and the Union soldiers, catching in that tragic moment the impulse of his mighty personality broke out in lusty cheers for this brave though vanquished hero. Now let fall the curtain if you will. Even in defeat he is one of the world's heroes. When the memory of Alexander and his victorious host at Arbela, of Cæsar and his conquering legions at Pharsalus, of Napoleon with one hundred thousand of Europe's best blood crushed and helpless beneath him at Austerlitz, when the memory of these spectacular heroes has faded in the oblivion of time, this pathetic, beautiful picture of nobility and veneration will live to bless mankind.

But great as he was in war, like Washington, he was greater in peace. When the conflict closed, the Confederate soldiers turned their faces toward desolate homes in a land laid waste. They found trade destroyed, traditions swept away, society disrupted, and four mil-

lion ignorant liberated slaves awaiting their guidance, while hatred and suspicion separated them from the North. The gloom of defeat seemed darkening into despair. Again the situation demanded a leader and again a helpless people turned to Lee. Honored and respected by the North and worshipped by the South, his was the opportunity to do what none other could. With a prophet's vision and a statesman's wisdom he threw himself, with all the passionate zeal of youth, into the work of reconciliation and reconstruction. He became spokesman and intercessor for his people and at the same time bent every effort toward rebuilding the shattered social structure. Reconstruction demanded education, and Lee was called to the presidency of Washington University. As in the days when the red banner streamed over the land and the South sent her sons to fight under his flag, so now they came again and sat at his feet, while he taught them the lesson of loyalty and good-will toward the government against which they had fought.

Ever counseling moderation, ever appealing to the noblest in human nature, his grand life, as it swept onward through those five remaining years, presented to the world a spectacle of patriotism and generosity that will remain a rich legacy to American youth through all coming time. The inspiration born of his work touched the responsive chord of the Southern heart, rekindled in the fiery zeal of Longstreet and Gordon, found a voice in the eloquent appeals of Hill and Grady, and echoes to-day from every sunny plain and vine-clad hill of the South, in a sentiment that shall have accomplished its appointed task only when the last lingering shadows of sectional difference have forever melted away.

The fitting eulogy of Benjamin H. Hill may well be pronounced again: "He was a foe without hate; a friend without treachery; a victor without oppression; and a victim without murmuring. He was Cæsar without his ambition; Frederick without his tyranny; Napoleon without his selfishness; and Washington without his reward."

Ah! Muse! You dare not claim
A nobler man than he—
Nor nobler man hath less of blame
Nor blameless man hath purer name,
Nor purer name hath grander fame,
Nor fame—another Lee.

Our National Crime.

MANFRED C. WRIGHT (DePauw, Ind.).

Civilization results from conflict,—the conflict of liberty with violence; of the humane with the savage in man. The struggle of these forces conditions all racial progress. As the race advances, unrestrained passion yields to rational impulse; outbursts of savagery disappear under the sway of love; society obeys the injunction of the ancient scribe, "Let it be done according to the law." Law, liberty, love, progressive and expansive,—these determine the ultimate goal of civilization.

Does the present stage of our national progress accord with this desired goal? Actual conditions force the answer, No. The spirit of lawlessness prevails. Ideal anarchy is an impotent theory, but practical anarchy is a havoc-working fact. Abounding disregard for law culminates in the mob. At Palmetto, Georgia, eight negroes, without trial or sentence, meet death by bullets and fire. At Paris, Texarkana, and Lansing, Texas, train loads of bloodthirsty men, women and children witness the burning of helpless wretches, and carry away fragments of mutilated bodies as grewsome souvenirs of diabolism. Nor do these fiendish crimes disgrace the South alone. Mobs in Springfield, Terre Haute and Danville crimson the soil of our Northern commonwealths. Outbreaks occurring almost daily show that lynching is not sectional but national; that it is not sporadic but epidemic; that *it is our country's crime.*

The origin of lynching is threefold; the causes, natural and aggravating. The initial provocation, or first natural cause, was trans-racial assault,—a crime born with the new status of the Negro which gave freedom without self-mastery to a race depraved by the animalism of slavery. The second natural cause is prejudice in the White race ready to find expression in the lawless execution of offending negroes. The third; or aggravating cause is the law's delay in the punishment of criminals.

Threefold in origin, the problem provokes discussion from as many points of view. The Southern view-point holds trans-racial assault to be the crime of crimes, for which mob-vengeance is the one effective restraint. The sociological view-point regards the lynch-

ing habit as the express weakness of popular government and looks for relief in statutory reforms. A philosophical view-point sees in popular uprisings to avenge atrocious crimes the reflection of a higher civilization.

An impartial judge must recognize the abhorrent character of the original provocation of mob-vengeance. Both North and South regard it beyond palliation, a crime unspeakable in nature, terrible in consequence, "unthinkable this side the gates of hell." But as we condemn the provocation let us be fair. Condonement for lynching on the ground that it protects White virtue in the South lacks consistency. Of America's ten million colored population four million are mulattoes. Let the defender of lynching for the "negro crime" explain how four million sable faces were tanned by Caucasian blood! Nor can we ignore the law's delays in criminal procedure. Greater dispatch and fewer technicalities should increase the effectiveness of our penal laws. But need of reform is no excuse for violence. No crime can justify the mob. To declare the contrary is to admit the failure of civilization. Moreover, in demanding justice we should avoid extremes. Laws that protect society must also shield the innocent. A drum-head court that precipitates from society a loathsome criminal may also plunge an innocent person to an untimely doom! Nor, again, can we deny that lynching is coincident with advancing civilization, that dull, moral concepts would render it impossible among barbaric peoples. This statement, however, is scarcely half a truth; for while insistence upon punishment for an awful crime may reflect a higher civilization, yet clamors for diabolical revenge are, at bottom, displays of primal' savage, bestial barbarism.

Having met these apologies for lynching, let us consider two important facts bearing upon the problem: the first, that lynching fails of its purpose; the second, that the evils produced by it are worse than the evil it seeks to cure.

The professed purpose of lynching is twofold: to punish the guilty and to restrain others from crime. Does it accomplish these ends? Let us see. "The end of punishment," says Grotius, "must either have the good of the criminal in view—or the good of all indifferently," or, in other words, the welfare and protection of society. According to Grotius, then, the mob, failing to promote the good of the criminal or of society defeats the ends of punishment. On the morning of June twenty-third, in the city of Wilmington, Delaware, a negro murderer of a young white woman was taken from the work-house where he was imprisoned, conveyed to the scene of his crime, and there, with the usual barbarities, burned at the stake. Two days before this deplorable outburst of savagery, a minister of the Gospel, in the same city, addressing his congregation from the pulpit, urged the lynching of the brute, the ground of his inflammatory utterance being that of vindication. Vindication of what? Vindication of virtue when murder avenges outraged womanhood? Vindication of justice when scales give place to torch and the arm of the law is paralyzed? Vindication of racial honor when the superior race maintains supremacy by brute force? Vindication! Vindication of a negro-baiting mob composed in part of ex-convicts! Vindication that has soiled the name of Delaware with an everlasting shame! Vindication? Retaliation,—unreasoning, purposeless revenge!

Nor does lynching decrease crime. According to official reports more men were lynched in North Carolina in the last fourteen years than executed by lawful process,—in some years twice as many. During this same period the number of murders increased twofold, manslaughter fourfold, and other crimes about seventy per cent. Let these figures be reinforced by the dictum of History and Psychology. Did the awful torture and death of two centuries ago in England and Continental Europe humanize the brutal classes? The criminal record of that immoral period answers, No. It declares that passion does not curb passion; that fear of torture is not the cure for criminality; that lawlessness is not decreased by the addition of lawlessness! Inhuman treatment arouses the very spirit it seeks to repress. So far from protecting virtue, it breeds vice; the bullet, the rope, and the torch, inflame the fiends of arson, homicide and lust. So far from preventing rape, it fires the passions of an emotional race; when Prejudice burns a negro at the stake, Retaliation cries, "Let us have revenge!" To others of his own class the lurid light of the burning victim reveals the martyr.

But not only is lynching indefensible on the ground of a justifiable purpose. Its positive

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

—We cordially greet Monsenhor Vicente Lustoza, Prothonotary for Brazil and Canon of the cathedral of Rio Janeiro, who arrived lately at Notre Dame. Our distinguished guest, who is making a tour of the United States for the purpose of studying our institutions, is an accomplished author and a valued contributor to the best Brazilian magazines. He is very favorably impressed with what he has seen of this country, an impression which, we trust, his experience at Notre Dame will fully sustain.

—It is to be regretted that so many subjects good in themselves are so wretchedly written about, while so much care and cleverness of expression is wasted on those worthless and trivial. The student ambitious to contribute to his college paper has half won the day when he selects a good subject, for originality of treatment and expression will not be required to so high a degree as would be necessary where treatment and expression constitute the only virtue of a piece of composition. The commonplace is of no more interest in writing than it is any place else. The unexpected, the unusual and original turn of plot, or a treatment of the hackneyed which is so clever that the skeleton does not show through,—these are some of the things that make reading pleasurable and writing worth while. If writers gave them more heed results would be more satisfactory for all concerned.

—One of the unpleasant features rather strongly in evidence at athletic contests is the disagreeable tendency of some onlookers to shout coarse personal remarks at the members of the opposing teams. The practice of rooting, though questionable in itself, is tolerated by college etiquette, and no fault is to be found when it is not abused. But there is a difference between rooting and personalities; the latter are never used by anyone who has the slightest pretension to gentlemanly breeding. True wit is always appreciated, but certainly there is nothing preternaturally clever about calling the captain of a team irritating names, and that when he is making a reasonable objection. Yet at a recent game this seemed to be the chief pastime of a few rooters who at times mingled their rooting with remarks of a very personal and objectionable nature. Such expressions are necessarily painful both to the players and to impartial, self-respecting spectators, and create a bad spirit between the different colleges. All true sportsmen should discourage them.

—A great amount of routine work has to be done in this world, and this work is very unevenly divided. Many men who think themselves entirely unfitted for such employment speak disparagingly of it. If there were no routine work performed, those who belittle it would not have three meals a day nor live in the upper stratum of a civilization that is as much the outgrowth of routine as of anything else. The plodder may not always win the highest success, but the fact that he plods does not disqualify him for the trial. The moments of immortal and creative endeavor are few and fleeting, yet they are struck oftener on the flint that is most used. These men that think themselves totally unfit to do routine work are, perhaps, and that is a pity for them; but so long as institutions flourish and civilization grows, regular hours and plodding work must be done by a goodly number of people. And all praise be to these, for they will never sell their birthright.

The Elocution Contest.

Among the honors sought each year by the students of Notre Dame, none excites keener competition than the Barry Gold Medal for elocution. Annually a public contest in elocution is held in Washington Hall, the contestants being from Professor Dickson's elocution and oratory classes.

The contest last Wednesday, while not so close as some former ones, fully came up to the degree of excellence, both in reading and gesture, set in preceding years. Both in junior and senior divisions the competition was spirited. The medal in the junior division was won by C. H. Joy. His selection was "European Guides," and his rendition of this serio-comic piece was almost perfect. The parts of the French guide, "A Worshiper of Christopher Colombo," and the skeptical American professor were well acted throughout. This was Mr. Joy's first appearance as an elocutionist, and we predict a brilliant future for him as one of Notre Dame's amateur actors. Francis Kasper was the winner of the second place in this division. Mr. Kasper's established fame in college theatricals was enhanced somewhat by his splendid interpretation of "That Boy John."

E. L. Symonds gave an intelligent recitation of "The Enchanted Shirt." His voice at times was not well modulated, but on the whole his rendition left a pleasing impression.

John MacDonald Fox, the other junior competitor, showed a careful study of his selection, "Horatius." His gestures were timely and appropriate.

In the senior divison, the contestants were all collegiate men, students who had appeared many times in college theatricals. The medal was won by Bernard Fahy, a member of the junior collegiate class. Mr. Fahy in his skilful rendition of "The Face on the Floor," fully sustained the reputation he gained by the well-studied presentation in the contest of last year. His stage presence, voice and delivery were almost perfect. Mr. Fahy's selection was, without question, the most difficult on the programme, and the manner in which he rendered it speaks volumes for Prof. Dickson's ability as a teacher, and Mr. Fahy's skill as a trained elocutionist. George Gormley, who tied for first place a year ago, was given a hearty reception. His interpretation of "The Dandy Fifth" in some parts was not up to his usual standard, but he redeemed himself by excellence in other passages.

Thomas D. Lyons' fame as one of Notre Dames first orators, led us to expect a great deal from him. His rendition of "Napoleon" but added to the name he has won as a college orator—for that is what Mr. Lyons is, an orator of much power. Daniel L. Madden's "Erin's Flag" gave great promise of elocutionary ability. His gestures while few were appropriate, and his interpretation good. Altogether, the contest was a high-class exhibition, which fully justifies the esteem which Professor Dickson enjoys as an instructor in his favorite field of student work:

PROGRAMME.

PREPARATORY DIVISION.

Music.....N. D. U. Orchestra
"Horatius".....*Macaulay*
John McD. Fox
"The Enchanted Shirt".....*John Hay*
E. L. Symonds
"That Boy John".....*Anon*
Francis Kasper
"European Guides".....*Mark Twain*
C. H. Joy

COLLEGIATE DIVISION.

"Napoleon".....*Anon*
Thomas D. Lyons
"The Face on the Floor".....*Anon*
B. A. Fahy
"The Dandy Fifth".....*Gassaway*
George E. Gormley
"Erin's Flag".....*Father Prout*
D. L. Madden
Music.....N. D. U. Orchestra

JUDGES.

Rev. B. J. Ill, C. S. C.
Professor W. J Mahoney
Rev. James Trahey, C. S. C.

Considering the many advantages that Notre Dame offers to students, in particular to those taking oratory and elocution, we reasonably expected that many would enter the competition. Such, however, did not occur. Though the ability of the competitors was high they were disappointingly small in number. Our Very Rev. President struck the keynote on one occasion when he said that nothing so well shows a man's education as the faculty to express himself intelligently and clearly. This truth can not be too forcibly impressed on students. To have something worth saying and to say that something well is an accomplishment of inestimable worth, and nowhere is there better opportunity of cultivating it than at Notre Dame. We hope more students will realize this before the next elocution contest. R. E. PROCTOR.

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evil aspects are appalling. So far from restraining the vicious, it tends to progressive lawlessness. It began with avenging the dark crime against womanhood. Now it has extended to other offences until only one-third of the number of lawless executions are for that crime. So far from being the "bulwark of society," it is the sweeping away of the dykes and the letting in of floods of ruin. In the language of Governor Durbin, "It breaks down the barriers which centuries of civilization have erected between brute force and human rights." In truth the term "lynch law" is a misnomer; lynching is the enforced absence of law; and that means anarchy pure and simple. Carried to a logical conclusion, it means the overthrow of government. Sowing the mob means the reaping of revolution. "Where law ends tyranny begins." The reign of the mob portends our civic dissolution. Ours is a government of law administering justice and human rights by constitutional authority. When this prerogative is surrendered, self-government ceases; society falls into chaos; the covenant of mutual protection between individuals breaks; and the charters of our liberties mock our helpless condition. One of two alternatives must result inevitably from mob rule—anarchy or despotism.

Such is the grim prophecy. What shall be the fulfillment? The solution of the problem is twofold. First in order of discussion, though second in importance, is the indirect solution,—the removal of causes of popular vengeance. These causes were shown to be the initial crime, race prejudice, and the law's delay. The removal of the first two causes must come through moralization and education. The fiend that commits rape does so because the beast transcends the man; the remedy is to make the man transcend the beast. The fiend that applies the torch does so because prejudice triumphs over reason; the remedy is to make reason triumph over prejudice. But the evolution of men from beasts and the triumph of reason over prejudice are not the achievements of a day. We must, therefore, find a remedy less remote. The third, or aggravating, cause will yield to immediate judicial reform. Punishment, as well as being reformatory, should also be adequate and inevitable. Appropriate and impartial laws speedily and rigidly enforced would reduce criminality to the minimum. When fact, not farce, shall determine the criminal's fate; when justice, not technicalities, shall guide legal procedure; when the welfare of society, as well as that of the criminal, shall be sought as the end of punishment; then the excuse for lynching shall be removed, and law — respected and supreme — shall guarantee our security and peace.

Second in order of discussion, but first in importance, is the direct solution of the problem. Increasing crime demands reform in the administration of law; but increasing violence demands forcible repulsion. Lynching must not be palliated by inadequate execution of penal laws. To meet it directly is the paramount need of the hour. The effective remedy is that recently applied by the chief executive of Indiana, and by Governor Yates and Sheriff Whitlock of Illinois. This treatment meets lynching with ordinary police and military force. It lays hold of violence with the iron hand of law. It disperses the mob as a conspiracy against government. It charges the lyncher with murder and holds responsible the officer who surrenders a helpless prisoner to the fury of the mob. It asserts with terrible emphasis that lynching and law are not congenial to the same soil.

But authoritative restraints are not sufficient in themselves. Back of these restraints, back of brave officials, there must sound the voice of eighty millions of free people. In the face of maddened mobs it must assert the majesty of law. It must affirm the dignity of courts and declare that they, not mobs, are the arbiters of justice. Public opinion is the mightiest voice of modern history. It spoke at Runnymede, and a reluctant king signed the Magna Charta. It spoke in the peal of Liberty Bell over Independence Hall and struggling colonies became sovereign states. It spoke in Garrison's printing press and musketry and cannon echoed and re-echoed "I will be heard." Public opinion must solve the problem now before us. Already it begins to speak. Hear it in the burst of admiration for a martyred President's words uttered in the face of his assassin. Hear it in protests against the demagogue's inflammatory utterances and in popular denunciations of violence. But as yet Public Opinion lacks unification against this crime. Now it is the distant thunder of an approaching storm. Let the lightning of its wrath, through Platform, Press, and Pulpit, burst forth upon the hideous

forms of Anarchy, Tyranny, and Vengeance and send them to their doom!

Let the American people address themselves to this, their peculiar problem; for it involves the supreme test of popular government. Let the nation that has conquered tyranny and oppression; that challenges the unspeakable Turk and champions the cause of the Russian Jew—let that nation purge from her escutcheon the stigma of her own sin, nor yield to any internal foe. Shall Violence wave the flag of anarchy above the Stars and Stripes? Shall Riot build a throne upon the ruins of the Republic? In the name of our splendid history, in the name of our fathers' God, this can not, this must not be. Patriotism shall triumph. Law shall prevail.

Senior Banquet.

Responding to his toast "Conviviality," Mr. Lyons happily struck the chord whose resonance shall be the supreme echo of the class banquet of 1904 held Wednesday evening at the Hotel Oliver, South Bend. Ceding to the universal feelings of good fellowship that reigned in its highest significance, the mastery that swayed the evening, sparkle of humor and tinkle of strings coupled the work of the Programme Committee in blazoning a triumph in new fields and strengthening the bonds that have made the present Senior class an unselfish and fraternal unit. Never in the past has so large a class with so little diversity of temperament and such capacity for brightening and making merry the collegiate byways gathered in the banquet hall. Many years hence shall not see as cheerful and sociable a gathering doing justice to a Menu that has made Hotel Oliver famous wherever its guests have wandered.

The supper and musical programme of the evening were so far above the standard of excellence that only after they had passed would everyone put on his "boldest suit of mirth." The passing thrusts of wit and humor awoke laughter and merriment that paused but an instant when the Toastmaster launched the surprise of the evening, a programme choice and balanced, teeming with all that has made the class of '04 foremost in all the departments of collegiate life.

The joys of the past and the hopes of the future, story and strains poetic, provocations of laughter and recollection danced easily from the fanciful imagination of him chosen to spice and direct the enjoyments of the evening. At the table's head, Mr. Kanaley allowed each of his many attributes to brighten remarks that he alone can father. His varied introductions were masterpieces bubbling over with all that made his position the envied one.

"The Spirits of '04," at the hands of Mr. Stephan, mellowed into one of the tastiest efforts of the occasion. Briefly and well he coursed the ways that have led to the ascendancy of '04 and the brilliancy of their final gathering. The toast, "The Faculty, Present and Future," was a happy mingling of the serious and humorous. Mr. MacNamara extolled the deeds of the pioneers of Notre Dame, and mentioned some of the successes of the present Faculty. When with his characteristic humor he recalled some incidents in the history of the class, even the most serious were seen to smile. Lastly he assured the members of the class that wherever they wander there will always be at Notre Dame those ready to extend a welcoming hand to a "grad" of '04.

Mr. Farabaugh, responding to "Notre Dame," drew deep on the pent-up feelings of the class when he voiced the love and affection each day strengthens. To the appropriateness of his topics he added a grace and serious depth, and a vim that shall be remembered even in after years for its sparkle and the music of its ripple. One of the rarest treats of any man's life would be to sit through an eulogium so well delivered and so vitally full of merit as was the tribute to "The Glorious West" given by Mr. Gardiner. The nation shall ruin the eyes of ages seeking one who with as little prejudice and great adherence to true tribute shall laud the resources of the West. His was truly the master effort of his course, and to say that it rang deep tones of merit well placed would be to repeat the zealousness the speaker inspires into his every undertaking. Than Mr. Lyons no fitter responder could be chosen to declare the "conviviality" prevalent among the members of '04. The vim with which he impelled his subject and the brilliancy of his wit stamped him as the exponent of that spirit which has made the class the criterion of all that makes a host.

"The Ladies" seldom received more chivalrous treatment than they did in the response of Mr. Donnelly. With delicacy a tribute to

their memory, and sincerity an offering to their position, he eulogized them so easily and modestly that in the polish of touch and depth of tone he must henceforth take his place in the foremost ranks of post-prandial gallants. Through the long vista of bygone days the Class Historian, Mr. W. Daly, led us, fixing more lastingly "Memories" of those vanished years. His was a toast worth doing well; therefore the records of '04, a continuous parade of successes, enjoyments and memorable epochs, could not be offered in any style but his.

With a touch that aroused the heartstrings' slumberings, Mr. Carey opened to a realization of its real worth, "Our Ethical Development," tributing with more than ordinary phrases the associations that shall ever remain unsevered and the ideals that have been stamped on the heart and mind of even the listless. Versatility and his graceful wanderings even to the border of pathos, reared the responder to the same high plane where his spontaneous remarks had enthroned the class of his toast. The glories of '04, her athletic and forensic achievements, recounted unboastfully always please. Hence any other theme than "The Class" would have proved less worthy of the careful and deliberate treatment of Mr. Griffin. His contribution was eloquent and notably appropriate.

The regular responses were now things of the past, but the mirth imps dropped down again to the festooned board when the toastmaster happily introduced the guest of the evening, Patrick J. MacDonough, '03, whose interests and hopes have been one with those of the class of '04. Mr. MacDonough's apt remarks touched all and increased even further the esteem in which he is held by the class. He protested his deep appreciation of the honor done him, but his auditors were unanimous that they were the recipients. The memorable feast is over, but long will the class of '04 cherish remembrance of their guest and of the night when with him they drank deep of rarest enjoyment. G. M. J.

Athletic News.

The first game of the Minnesota series was an easy victory for the Varsity men. Rain prevented the second game. Following is summary from Minneapolis.—*Tribune.*

The Minnesota cripples ran up against a hard proposition yesterday afternoon on Northrop field, and came off second best with Notre Dame, who scored 13 runs to the Gophers' 3.

It was a heart-breaking contest from start to finish, as the plucky but unfortunate Varsity men strove to stem the tide of victory that rolled towards the visitors' score column. Although playing with a team weakened by injury and several of the men playing out of their regular positions, the Gophers put up a game fight. Their batting was good, and but for some sluggish base running the game would have been closer.

The trouble started in the first, when Monte Brown, the freshman pitcher, issued three passes and was touched up for a single. An error and two passed balls also contributed to the destruction.

Then, in the second, after giving two more free rides to first, Brown proceeded to throw the ball over Linde's head and into the grand stand. Two visitors raced home, and a moment later another came in on a wild pitch.

BROWN IS REPLACED.

That was too much for Captain Leach, and he ordered Bond into the box. Bond proceeded to hit two men and issue a pass. A single nearly finished his time in the box, but a neat double play by Bond, Metcalf and Helon Leach, and a grand stop by Tyler finally retired the side.

After that the game was more even. The Gophers scored by opportune hitting with the assistance of two passes. The visitors added to their total from time to time on the same kind of plays. Bond was retired at the end of the fifth inning, probably for use again soon, and Rogers went into the box for the first time this spring. Rogers pitched good ball for four innings, and may be used in some of the later games.

The teams will line up again this afternoon at 3:20. Gleason will probably twirl for Minnesota. Burns, a new man, may be tried out by the visitors, but Alderman will be ready to pitch if things go wrong.

The score yesterday:

Minnesota	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Linde, 3b, 2b	3	0	0	0	4	0
Varco, c. f., ss., 3b	4	1	3	2	1	1
Rogers, rf., p.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Metcalf, 1b	4	0	0	9	2	0
McGroarty, ss., 2b	5	0	0	1	1	1
Leach, c.	1	2	0	8	1	0
Berg, lf.	3	0	1	2	0	0
Tyler, 2b	3	0	2	3	0	2
Brown, p., rf.	1	0	1	0	0	1
Bond, p.	2	0	1	0	2	0
Gleason, rf.	1	0	0	1	0	0
Total—	32	3	9	27	11	5

Notre Dame	AB	R	H	P	A	E
McNerny, 2d	3	2	0	4	1	1
Stephan, 1b, capt.	4	3	3	10	2	0
Shaughnessy, c. f.	5	1	1	3	0	0
Salmon, r. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Antoine, c.	4	3	2	4	3	0
Kanaley, r. f.	4	0	2	0	0	1
Geoghegan, s. s.	4	0	1	1	4	0
O'Connor, 3b	4	1	0	4	3	0
O'Gorman, p.	2	2	0	0	1	0
Totals—	35	13	10	27	14	2

Notre Dame—3 5 0 1 2 0 2 0 0=13
Minnesota—0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0= 3

Summary—Earned runs, Notre Dame, 1; two base hit, Stephan; three base hit, Salmon; base on balls, off Brown 5, off Bond 3, off Rogers 2, off O'Gorman 6; struck out by Bond 1, by Rogers 2, by O'Gorman 3; left on bases, Notre Dame 9, Minnesota 8; double plays, Bond to Metcalf to Leach, Geoghegan to Stephan to O'Connor, Geoghegan to O'Connor; wild pitch, Bond 1, O'Gorman 1; passed balls, Leach 4, Antoine 1; hit by pitcher, Stephan, Kanaley; umpire, Figgemier.

***

"South Paw" Alderman was too much for the Purple players in last Saturday's game, only one hit being made off his delivery. The feature of the game was O'Connor's hitting: Following is *Record Herald's* account:

Northwestern's baseball team lost another game yesterday, Notre Dame being the victor. The score was 9 to 1.

The Evanston men were unable to find Alderman, the Hoosiers' southpaw, but one hit being made off him. Nutall, on the other hand, was hit hard at times. O'Connor opened the run-getting for Notre Dame with a home run over the right field fence in the third inning, and the Hoosiers hit freely thereafter.

Northwestern's only run was made in the third inning on a base on balls to Roberts, a fumble by Alderman and a muffed ball by O'Connor.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
McNerny, 2b	1	1	6	1	1
Stephan, 1b	2	2	10	0	1
Shaughnessy, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Salmon, r. f.	1	2	1	1	0
Antoine, c.	1	2	9	3	0
Kanaley, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0
O'Connor, 3b	0	3	1	2	3
Geoghegan, s.s.	2	1	0	4	0
Alderman, p.	1	1	0	2	1
Totals—	9	12	27	13	6

Northwestern	R	H	P	A	E
Weinberger, s.s.	0	0	0	2	2
Nuttall, p.	0	0	4	5	1
Isaacs, c.	0	0	0	3	1
McGowan, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Balmer, 2b	0	0	2	0	0
Wilkinson, 3b	0	0	1	4	1
Bragg, 1b	0	0	11	1	1
Bugge, c. f.	0	1	3	0	0
Roberts, r. f.	1	0	1	0	0
Total—	1	1	24	15	6

Notre Dame—0 0 1 3 0 0 2 1 2=9
Northwestern—0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0=1

Stolen Bases—Salmon, O'Connor. Two-base hits—Salmon, O'Connor. Home run—O'Connor. Double plays—Nuttall to Bragg to Wilkinson; Weinberger to Balmer to Bragg. Struck out—By Nuttall, 3; by Alderman, 9. Bases on balls—Off Nutall, 2; off Alderman, 3. Wild pitch—Nuttall. Passed ball—Antoine. Time of game—2:10. Umpire—Irwin.

J. P. O'RIELLY.

Personals.

—Rev. Francis S. Schaefer, Batesville, Ind., made a recent visit to the University.

—Rafael U. Gali, Ph. C., '03, is a practising pharmacist in his native city, Sancti Spiritus.

—We have received a card announcing the marriage on June 1 of Mr. John Woolverton to Miss Lilian Otis More in St. Paul's Methodist Church, South Bend. Mr. Woolverton was a student at Notre Dame in '97 and '98. Both he and his prospective bride have our sincere wishes for a happy union.

—We have heard of the death of Francis Gallagher, A. B., '82 at Somerville, Mass. The news caused deep regret among his acquaintances here. It is consoling to know that he bore his long suffering with Christian resignation and died fortified by the rites of the Catholic Church. Notre Dame sympathizes with his bereaved relatives.

—The Rev. P. S. O'Connor of Oelwein, Iowa, accompanied by his sister, Miss E. M. O'Connor, made a brief stay at the University last week. Eugene J. O'Connor of Sorin Hall, a member of the senior Law class, is his brother, as is also Dr. J. O'Connor of Oelwein, who was a popular and successful student at Notre Dame some years ago. We hope Father O'Connor will soon again please his friends here with a visit.

—Des Moines, Iowa, May 13.—Counting deliberately and regularly the seconds that hastened death, Dr. Crayke Priestly, a great-great-grandson of Dr. Joseph Priestly of England, discoverer of oxygen, died of pneumonia to-day.

When a sudden turn for the worse told the young physician that his end was near he raised himself on his elbow and, as though counting time on a fallen gladiator, he commenced to call his pulse beats:

"One"—"Two"—"Three"—he called, his voice growing weaker. Before the fourth count he had fallen back dead.

Dr. Priestly was one of an unbroken line of physicians of more than ordinary distinction since the days of the great London physician. His father, Dr. James Taggart Priestly, survives him. Young Dr. Priestly became afflicted with pneumonia a few days ago. When he felt himself growing rapidly weak he dispatched messengers for friends, who came in time to see the young physician "count himself out."—*Record-Herald.*

The deceased is well remembered at Notre Dame, being a student here from '88 to '92. The grit he exhibited in his student days was with him to the end. To his relatives we offer our sincere sympathy.

—We learn from the *Sun* that an impressive celebration in St. Andrew's Church, New York City, marked the third anniversary of the "midnight" Mass for night workers. The newly-appointed auxiliary bishop of New York, Right Rev. Thomas Cusack was the celebrant and the sermon was preached by the Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J. The innovation for which the pastor Rev. L. J. Evers obtained permission from Rome, has

proved a great boon and has now extended to other Catholic churches in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. Father Evers was graduated at Notre Dame in '76, and received the Master's degree later.

—Visitors' Registry:—Mr. E. J. Burke, Mrs. Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. Symonds-Clarke, J. E. Leahy, Chicago; Mrs. Minnie J. McClung, Muncie, Ind.; H. B. Gilbert, State Centre, Iowa; Lucy C. Scharp, St. Mary's Academy; Mr. and Mr. James Malone, Sioux City, Iowa; P. D. Cravin, Covington, Ky.; T. P. Yarsdorfen, South Bend; A. Yarsdorfen, Marshall, Mich.; Mrs. D. J. O'Brien, Miss O'Brien, Miss F. Splann, Indianapolis; F. J. Kehl, Sheboygan Falls, Wis.; R. Cornell, Pittsburg, T. Quinlan, Jr., Chicago; Oscar A. Veazly, Pratt, W. Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Rempe, Chicago; Charles J. Kauffman, Cincinnati; Miss Louise Studebaker, Miss Gertrude Myers, Miss Bessie Haughton, Miss D. M. McCray, Miss Adoh Sawyer, Miss Vera Campbell, South Bend; Mrs. John M. Waters, Edward J. Waters, Logansport; Mrs. J. C. O'Connor, Delphi, Ind.; Mrs. D. C. Tracy, Herbert Tracy, Margaret Tracy, Coldwater, Michigan; F. May Pendry, Detroit, Mich.; S. F. Knight, Ruby Phelps, A. F. Douglass, Buchanan, Mich.; Erie J. Green, Charlotte, Mich.; Elder E. P. Walker, Pleasant Grove, Utah; Mrs. W. L. Connelly, Toledo, Ohio; Elder A. Rasmussen, Redmond, Utah; Mrs. P. J. Rice, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. E. Fitzgerald and Miss Eugenia Fitzgerald-Smyth, Albany, N. Y.

Local Items.

—Some of the locals and personals in the present issue were held over from last week.

—The senior Law class will banquet in the Hotel Oliver next Wednesday evening.

—Found—A gentleman's gold watch. Loser may have same by calling on Brother Albius, steward's office.

—The tinsmiths have been at work, lately, on the rain spouts of Sorin Hall. Evidently they have been pressed into service.

—A chart showing the ranking in the Oratorical Contest and the percentums awarded by the judges is held over until next issue.

—The date set for the closing of accounts in the students' supply office is almost at hand. Orders should be given in as soon as possible. None will be received after May 26.

—Members of the Western Club held an important meeting Thursday evening in the Philopatrian Society room. An interesting program was arranged for the remainder of the school term.

—Will the person who borrowed (?) the sheets of music from the piano in the Brownson Gymnasium, kindly return same as soon as convenient. By doing so he will greatly oblige the Brownson Hall students.

—From latest authenticated reports from the scene of action, Automobile Joe, has not been as yet observed taking his customary spring plunges in the lake. It will soon be warm enough for swimming and he will have lost his opportunity. It is not amiss to warn Joe to "make new friends but keep the old."

—Why do certain students on entering pews in the church assume the right to the seat next the aisle, thus inconveniencing those who come in later, and often making it difficult to learn whether the benches are filled or not? Only where seats are numbered and admission is by ticket is this practice justified. At Notre Dame it is a mark of hoggishness and should be stopped.

—At the golden jubilee celebration of Bishop Phelan of Pittsburg, held May 4, more than three hundred and fifty priests were present, together with Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan and many other prominent church dignitaries. Notre Dame was represented by Father Corbett, C. S. C. It may be recalled that the venerable Bishop Phelan was one of the prelates who attended Father Sorin's golden jubilee.

—A couple of "classics" recently set out for a stroll toward St. Joseph's Lake where they were greeted by a grand chorus of frogs. The choir, which consisted of several thousands of voices, so delighted and charmed these youthful artists by their splendid harmony that the latter were unable for a considerable time to leave the performance to which no admission was charged. They understood why Aristophanes had introduced frogs into one of his plays; and though they saw how far he had come from expressing exactly the mellifluous tenor, the high-sounding soprano, the sweet contralto, and the thundering bass, they could not reasonably blame him.

—Recently the Corby Hall baseball team journeyed to Kankakee, Ill., to fill an engagement with the diamond representatives of St. Viateur's College. The visitors lost by a score of 6 to 3, but so pleasant was their experience in other respects that defeat lost all its sting. The Corby team played clean, fast ball. Burns by his excellent pitching and Lonergan with the bat materially aided our boys in their uphill fight. Corby offers no excuse, except that their route was over the "Three I," and that owing to the presence of the team at the Inter-State oratorical contest held at Notre Dame, the players had little rest the night before the game. The visitors gratefully acknowledge the kindness they received from the President, Faculty and students of St. Viateur's, and hope to have the privilege some time of entertaining the victors at Notre Dame.