

TEMPER

You have heard the expression, "stolid plodding farmer." It has been used countless times and often in a sneering manner. It implies that a farmer is a spiritless sort of person, a man who never has enough nerve to use the approved sulphurous language of the alleged "He-man." This implication is false in most cases.

It is true that you seldom see a farmer lose his temper rave, and swear, but that does not mean that he has no, temper. It merely means that he has good control of it. He has to have an iron control of temper or he would be a raving maniac in a short time. I can prove this by showing you a few of the misfortunes that befall a farmer in the run of a day.

He gets up in the morning and goes to milk the cows. Now, every cow has a nasty habit of hitting you in the eyes with her tail when she is being milked; so our farmer receives a few well-directed blows before he finishes the job. He gets great practice in self-control by refusing to retaliate.

After breakfast he hitches up the horses and goes to the field to cut hay. About eleven o'clock the flies get bad and the horses become very hard to manage. One horse steps out of his trace and, while our farmer is fixing that, the other horse breaks his bridle by hooking it under the pole and then swinging his head. Our man then has to unhitch his horses and go home. He knows the trouble was caused by flies but, as he cannot get anywhere by swearing at flies, he grits his teeth and says nothing.

After dinner he fixes the bridle and goes back to the field to finish cutting the piece of hay. Everything goes well until the cutting bar of his mower hits a stone that happens to be in the wrong place at the right time. The stone wedges between the guards and breaks the knife. With an annoyed look on his face, he jumps off and unhitches the horses, knowing full well that he cannot cut any more until he gets the knife mended. He knows that it is his own fault, because he should have picked up that stone when he was harrowing the field the year before, and, since a person doesn't start calling himself names

and swearing at himself, he says nothing. He just takes the broken knife out of the machine and goes home.

On the way home he decides to go to the village garage to get his knife welded. He figures that if he hurries he may get back in time to cut a few swaths before dark. But as he is getting ready to go, his wife decides that she wants some groceries, so he has to wait patiently until she makes out a list.

He finally gets started and is about three miles down the road when he remembers that it is Wednesday afternoon. This means that the garage and stores are closed. Too weak with the heat to give voice to his feelings, he turns his horse and goes home. He consoled himself with the thought that he can do a great many other things in the afternoon.

As he nears home, he sees something that needs his immediate attention. His cows have broken into the green oats. He hurriedly stables his horse and proceeds to put the cows in a safe place while he mends his pasture fence. Now, cows also have an instinct for going in the wrong direction. They do not understand either vitriolic language or ordinary direction and the only sort of persuasion they know is the plying of a good stout whip.

When he gets his cows penned up, he goes to fix the fence. He gets the broken wire patched and begins to tighten it with stretchers. One good pull and the wire breaks, as the farmer falls flat on his back. By the time he gets the wire patched again, the black flies have discovered his presence and proceed to make things even more miserable for him.

With these annoyances he cannot do his best work; so it is supper time when he is finished. How he looks forward to that splendid meal which his wife will have prepared for him! But when he goes into the house, he sees no one about, and on the table he finds a note which reads something like this:

"John:

I have gone to pick berries. You can get your own supper. The milk is in the cellar.

Mary."

Then, with a resigned air, he throws up his hands in despair and goes out to find kindlings to light the fire.

—*Frank Corcoran, '46*

THE LEPER-PRIEST OF MOLOKAI

Probably no one on earth has felt more pity for the suffering than Father Damian, who saw the need of several hundred unfortunate people afflicted with the horrifying disease of leprosy and thus decided to devote his entire life to the spiritual and temporal welfare of these lepers.

On May 10, 1873, Father Damian landed on the shore of Molokai and took up his residence at Kalwao, which had a population of about seven hundred lepers. These disabled creatures looked upon the arrival of this beloved martyr-priest as a gift from God, because, before his coming, they were practically abandoned and, regardless of age and sex, were crowded together in tiny huts and given to all sorts of vice.

In this desolate hole Father Damian began his life's work with remarkable zeal and heroism, his only hope lying in the goodness of God. Many nights he was forced to sleep on the bare ground because, at first, he had no home of his own. Later, some kind friends furnished him with sufficient means to erect a little house for himself. In order to carry on his great work he needed an abundance of strength and courage which he acquired by long hours of prayer.

Before giving an account of Father Damian's work, it might be well to describe briefly the terrible sickness of leprosy. Of all diseases it is certainly the most dreadful. It destroys the whole body; it eats away the nose and ears; and it decays the hands and feet. There are some whose faces are completely covered with running sores. Even little children are afflicted with it. Sometimes their heads are swollen and wrinkled so much that they appear to be dwarfs or freaks. Finally, those afflicted must exile themselves forever and are banished to homes or settlements for such cases. It was to work among