The daily papers have just given us the story of a young artist who killed himself after penning the following note:

"I am tired of having people help me when I do not help myself. There is no place in the world for those lacking courage, manliness, and ambition - a quitter.

"This I have contemplated for years, and my only regret is that I ever postponed it. I am tired of the inevitability of tomorrow - the day I will do so much and accomplish so little."

The answer to this artist's philosophy of life is contained in Joyce Kilmer's poem,

"To a Young Poet Who Killed Himself."

When you had played with life a space
And made it drink and lust and sing,
You flung it back into God's face
And thought you did a noble thing.

"Lo, I have lived and loved," you said,
And sung to fools too dull to hear me.
Now for a cool and grassy bed
With violets in blossom near me."

Well, rest is good for weary feet,
Although they ran for no great prize;
And violets are very sweet,
Although their roots are in your eyes;

"The fight was on -- you ran away.
You are a coward and a craven.

"The rug is ruined where you bled;
It was a dirty way to die!
To put a bullet through your head
And make a silly woman cry!
You could not vex the merry stars
Nor make them heed you, dead or living.

Not all your puny anger mars
God's irresistible forgiving.

"Yes, God forgives and men forget
And you're forgiven and forgotten.
You might go gaily singing yet
And quick and fresh instead of rotten.
And when you think of love and fame
And all that might have come to pass,
Then don't you feel a little slow?
And don't you think you were an ass?"

Late Starters.

Those who didn’t start on time to make the Novena for Christmas are not forbidden by the laws of charity to receive as many Communions as possible for the intentions of the Novena.

DECLARED: WII Haskins, '22. Two special intentions.