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Retrospection.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.

THE road of life has many a bend
Ere comes in sight the misty end,
And all who tread the tortuous way
Must oft seek rest 'neath willows gray!

A quarter of life's long journey done,
Victories still must be fought and won;
Yet bonds which friendship formed of yore
Are broken to be knit no more!

"There is no Best Divorce Law."*

HON. WM. P. BREEN, A. B., '77, A. M., '79, LL. D., '02.



WHILE the subject of the president's address has not been prescribed in our constitution or our by-laws, it should be in harmony with the expressed objects of our association: "the advancement of the science of jurisprudence and the promotion of the administration of justice." It seems highly proper that it should deal with a question of present moment, rather than with some retrospect of the past. If there be an evil in the law, it seems to me that this is the time and place for its discussion, and in that spirit I desire to present for your thoughtful consideration some views on the subject of divorce.

No class is more interested in the permanence of the state, or more profoundly

intelligent in pointing out the dangers which beset our political being, than the lawyers. A philosophical thinker has well said: "The material progress of the world, the mastery of man over nature through the knowledge of her laws, the diffusion of knowledge and of the opportunities for acquiring it, are themes which ceaselessly employ the tongues of speakers and the pens of journalists, while they swell with pride the heart of the ordinary citizen. But they are not the things upon which the moral advancement of mankind or the happiness of individuals chiefly turns. They co-exist, as the statistics of recent years show, with an increase over all, or nearly all, civilized countries of lunacy, suicide and divorce."

In all the great commonwealths which are the constituent parts of the union, save in South Carolina, are to be found statutes permitting divorce. In South Carolina, with the exception of six years, during the reconstruction period following the civil war, the legislature has been the only court clothed with power to grant divorces, and in that great state of proud, historic memories, divorces have been conspicuously few. In all the other states it is observable that the frequency of divorces has fast outpaced a material, industrial and commercial growth unprecedented in the world's history.

Is there any menace to the perpetuity of our boasted institutions in the increase of divorce?

The family is the foundation-stone of our civil policy. The family, in this civilized age, can not exist without marriage. Marriage is the means; the family is the end; both must be sacredly preserved. Marriage is, therefore, indispensably necessary to the life of the state—the only source of its life

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blood. These propositions are axiomatic, and need neither argument nor illustration to press their full truth to conviction in the intelligent mind. Whatever interferes with the family and its purposes and aims in our economy is baneful. Death, war, disease and divorce are the arch-enemies of the family. Death is an inexorable, unconquerable foe. The pervasive wealth of human genius has found neither armor nor weapon of defense for use in the contest waged with our sure and grim destroyer. The higher sense of our civilization indulges hopes that before the end of this dawning century, pregnant with great possibilities, war shall have been eliminated from our civic economy and, as wager of battle, passed into desuetude before the umpirage of the courts. Contests of nations shall no longer be tried by wager of battle; but be settled by the arbitrament of international peace tribunals. International arbitrament has made some progress, largely attributable to the sense and judgment of the lawyers of the world, who regard the results of the past as but an earnest of the magnificent arbitral achievements to be unfolded by the twentieth century.

The medical profession is making gigantic strides in repelling the advances and minimizing the force and results of disease, both physical and mental. The marvellous discoveries evolved by the mentality of the surgical brain during the past fifty years have enduringly impressed a thoughtful world revelling in the prodigies of industrial, inventive and intellectual progress.

The legal profession, also, in conformity with the advanced spirit of the times, has made many simplifications of legal methods and wrought many changes in the law for the protection of human rights and the benefit of mankind.

The lawyer who drafts a petition in a divorce cause where the custody of children of tender age is the real issue, who looks thoughtfully and philosophically at the exercise of the judicial power which in the case takes from out the control of a father a baby girl and from out the control of a mother a little boy—her own flesh and blood—must ask himself, is there no way for the avoidance of the disruption of this family? Can not something

be done to prevent the girl from losing the home influence of the father and the boy from losing the home love of the mother? Is the system right which dismantles the home and deprives the child of one parent? Every lawyer of experience has seen agonizing cases where a mother in impenetrable mental distress has bidden farewell to her child in the shadows of the court-room, or where a father, alive to the parental instinct, with a heart too full for expression, has despairingly imprinted a parting kiss on the lips of his own girl. And when these scenes of terrible import were over, and the excitement of a disgraceful trial had passed, who shall tell the thoughts that agitated the hearts of the contending father and mother? If they were to speak their convictions, fashioned by their cooler reason, would they say that their separation was worth the sacrifice of a trial of marital differences before the world—the sacrifice of home and the ever-present sacrifice of the home companionship of their own children? Would they say in their heart of hearts that that system which they invoked and which brought this train of untoward circumstances was right?

A young man who has been married a few years to a young woman, because of mutual disagreement starting from trifles or mistakes which fill the lives of the young goes to the court for relief from seeming marital woes. No children have followed this—I will not say “blessed”—union. Under the elastic “cruel treatment” provision of a divorce law, a dissolution of the marriage contract results. He goes forth with the youthful impression on the surface that marriage is a failure, while probably in his innermost heart he communes with himself and reasons, as he gains sense, how easily the misunderstandings with the girl he wooed and won might not have occurred. As a citizen, does he, as a rule, become better or more valuable after the divorce?

She goes forth impressed, too, that marriage is a failure, but sometimes giving lodgment to the thought that, were the past to be lived over, she might still be the wife of the man she loved and married. Does she, as a rule, contribute the measure

of good to the community which she would have done if still a married woman?

As the years go on, and this young man and this young woman take on soberer, deeper thought, deep down in their hearts do they say that the system which permitted them to break apart was right?

How often does not later, better, cooler reason assert itself, and with its magic wand expunge the memory of former troubles, trial and divorce, and bring back these two disunited souls to connubialistic union which they formerly enjoyed and which they will preserve thereafter unto death?

How often does the judge upon the bench, listening to the never-ending recitals of oft-colored marital troubles, hesitate in the forum of conscience until the imperious obligation of his oath to enforce the laws presses him to the pronouncement of the fateful words which sunders the marriage compact? How gladly, did proprieties permit, would he fain lay aside the judicial ermine and step from the bench, have a heart to heart talk with these contending parties, point out, in unmistakable lines, the disadvantages to both that flow from divorce, suggest the infirmities of human nature, their consequent duty to "bear and forbear" with the weaknesses and shortcomings of each other, and constrain them to realize the wisdom of his advice and leave the forum with a forgotten past and an earnest desire to live thereafter in the wedded state.

What becomes, in many instances, of the children of divorced parties? Do they come to the full measure of useful development assigned to children in better and happier home environments? Does the example of a father and mother separated inspire them with zealous and appreciative emulation of the good in either parent? We have all seen a devoted, tender and true father, separated by law from a woman who lost caste and fell from marital grace, living a life worthy of emulation by his children. We have seen, too, a patient, sweet-souled, loving mother, separated by law from an unworthy husband who broke away from all the instincts of high manhood and honor, leading a life that was inspirational to her children for all that is good and true and beautiful in life. But these are the

exceptions and but give emphasis to the proposition that, in the majority of instances of divorces, children of divorced parents digress from the paths of honor, rectitude and morality because of the absence of the directing hand of a father or the gentle influence of a mother, both of which are indispensable conditions—in the absence of death—in the composition of a well-ordered American home. The American home is the assurance of the propagation of the future sons and daughters who shall people the republic. In what other manner can you preserve this majestic republic for the perfection of its destiny than by contributing to the future not alone stronger men and women, but men and women instinct with deeper morality as well as higher intellectuality; and how can this instinct be created but through those first and deepest and most lasting impressions instilled in that school of morality—the home?

Many men and women of high character and the most wholesome aspirations have passed through the ordeal of a divorce case unscathed, but the paucity of their number, compared with the legion who have undergone the same ordeal under unfavorable circumstances and with unfavorable results as to character and reputation, has been most notable.

The growth of divorces, in the light of statistics, is appalling. In 1867 the number of divorces granted in the entire United States was 9937. In 1886 the number had grown to 25,535. And the total number during that period of twenty years, aggregated 328,716, of which Indiana's portion was 25,193. In 1870 the number of divorces granted in Indiana was 1170; in 1880, 1423; in 1890, 1721, and in 1900, 4669. In the year 1900 the ratio of divorces to marriage in the state of Indiana was one divorce to every 5.7 marriages in the entire state. The population of the republic from the years 1867 to 1886 increased about 60 per cent, while the increase of divorces in the same period was 150 per cent. It is impossible to obtain full statistics since the year 1886, but those at hand indicate that divorces, in percentage, have vastly outrun the percentage of increase in population.

No class of people have the opportunity for insight into human life comparable to

lawyers. No class have the opportunity for seeing and judging the effects of divorce like the lawyers. The world at large knows naught save the fact that a divorce has been granted and a couple separated. But the lawyer in the case knows better than anyone, outside the family, what that separation involves—the rupture of the wedding covenant, the disruption of the home, the division of the competence that joint hands and heads have gathered, the disposition of the children, the rueful consequences of their divided custody—and too often is he professionally called to witness the downward path which frequently characterizes the career of those whom the law has released from the marriage bonds. Many good men and worthy women have had the recuperative energy and moral strength to live down the trouble of a marital separation, and have been strong enough in mind and heart to see that their children have been reared as types of excellence in training and character, but they are the marked minority of the litigants in the divorce courts.

There is something admirable, something exquisitely dignified, something heroic, in the conduct of a wedded pair who, having found themselves mismated and unable to live with mutual comfort, prompted by a high sense of propriety and the good of their children, keep their troubles from the world and refuse the panacea of divorce which our law at present affords.

The commission for the uniformity of state laws, established for a beneficent purpose and proceeding under the auspices of the American Bar Association, has tried to do away with the scheme of the effete New Yorker, who, unable to get a divorce in his own state, which only recognizes adultery as a sufficient cause, speeds from his family to the Dakotas and returns to New York in six months with a copy of his divorce decree in his pocket. But the commission has been powerless to evolve any general law on the subject which would be of uniform application in this country, because of the widely divergent views upon the propriety of any divorce law in many states.

Public sentiment is gradually being forged into an antagonism against divorce. The

great churches are vigorously raising the restrictions against the great social evil which is made possible by the laws upon the statute books. Even in our own state, Senator Stephen B. Fleming, of our own city, who caught the sentiment, introduced, and the last legislature of our state passed, a law providing for limited divorce, divorce *a mensa et thoro*, but until the absolute divorce statute is repealed, the new law will not accomplish much good. If anyone asks the question: "What is the best divorce law," there is but one answer: "There is none."

The great profession of the law will not stand in the way of a reform which is demanded by the sense of our higher civilization, even though the change may affect their emoluments. The lawyer has always been found in the march of progress, regardless of the sacrifices entailed.

There may be cases in which it may seem that a husband or wife bears a heavy burden for the relief of which a divorce seems the only proper remedy; but the greatest good to the greatest number should be the objective point of every law, and individual cases of hardship can not be considered if their consideration involves the retention of a system engendering demoralization of society and the perpetuity of an evil which will not lessen, but will grow to such a force as to threaten the existence of the body politic.

Many men regard these suggestions as too radical; but the fairest days of the Roman republic were those in which divorce was unknown. And he who has at heart the future good of his country, and who, looking into the vista of the future years, casting the horoscope of the republic which we all love so well, and placing upon the plane of leadership, in intellect, culture and strength, can not fail to notice one obstacle all along the way, which interferes with his anticipations and his best and highest hopes, and that one obstacle is divorce.

The statute for divorce *a mensa et thoro* can be made applicable to every case of marital infelicity, but experience will demonstrate that there will not be one limited divorce where to-day twenty-five absolute divorces are granted.

With the abolition of absolute divorce more careful thought will be indulged in the contracting of marriage, family difficulties will be met with the old-time spirit of forbearance and thoughtful judgment which was in vogue one hundred years ago in this country; the family will be conserved; the home with its traditions and memories will be preserved; and our heaven-kissed country will grow stronger as the ages roll on.

A Modern Homily.

The pedler in the roadway calls the prices of his wares;
The brewery sign will guarantee to banish all your cares.

There's a lesson in that painting and a reason for those cries,

These men in varied paths have learned it pays to advertise.

The blushing maid of thirty who had caught a man at last,

Was happy when she found this scheme of tying them so fast.

This maid who solved the problem said: "This one truth underlies,

The fabric of our nation, that it pays to advertise."

The man who owned a corner of a marshy inland lake,

That suggested bitter quinine every breath a man would take,

Was helpless 'till the boarders came and hopes began to rise,

And even he will gladly say it pays to advertise.

The Russians learned a lot of tricks they should have known before

About the use of modern arms and other things galore.

The little Japs were always known this truth to realize,

When hunting stores and guns to buy, it pays to advertise.

The books of old have told us how the humble men succeed,

But times have changed and people now these books no longer read;

They spend their time in learning how the worldly men get wise,

And find it's not so difficult when once you advertise.

A Surprise Party.

J. W. McINERNEY, '05.

Of course it was no fault of Worthington's, for how could he be expected to know that his family and household effects had been transferred? And still you can not blame Mrs. Jack Worthington, for she had wired him twice and had failed to locate him, and the lease having expired there was no other course open. Accordingly another flat was secured just around the corner of the next street. Then again, Mrs. Worthington did not expect him to return at this time, for her husband had kept this a secret wishing to surprise her on his return.

Let the blame rest where it will, the fact remains that Worthington reached Chicago about 11.30 one Saturday night and lost no time in hurrying to his home. He had to walk several blocks after leaving the car, but he passed the few minutes of that lonesome walk in picturing the surprise which he knew his arrival would occasion. The events of the past week had been most unfortunate for him, but the pleasure he would have at his home would soon blot out the affairs of the past. The loss of his mileage book, scarcity of orders, and the smash-up of a trunk had been part of his misfortune; but the last and crowning mishap of all was his failure to make a train which delayed him several hours and prevented his arrival home at supper time as he had planned.

All these things were revolving in his mind that night as he hurried down the street, but he really felt grateful that his luck had been no worse, and might have been satisfied with his lot, had he not stumbled over a projection and fallen full length to the sidewalk. The fall bruised his face a trifle and damaged his appearance considerably, and the noise of his fall aroused all the dogs in the neighborhood and one large black dog in particular. This dog seemed to resent the intrusion on his hours of sleep more than the rest and proceeded to hunt up the intruder. Worthington realized his danger, and as he was only one block from home he decided to run. Later he thought he had made a mistake for the dog started

in pursuit, with the remnant of a chain dragging and clanking on the sidewalk so as to be heard plainly in the quietness of the night.

Now Worthington had always hated dogs, and the later at night he met them the less he liked them. His wife had a little fox terrier at home, which he endured only because of its size, but in that evil moment he determined that the fox terrier should die. He would even up with one dog at least. Worthington reached the house at last, and throwing his suit case over the fence he sprang over after it, and gave the door bell a violent twist, just as the dog arrived at the front fence. Worthington was not yet safe, but he knew the bark of the fox terrier would soon arouse the house and gain him an entrance, and he listened for the sound of its voice. But again he was disappointed. Instead of the bell-like bark which he expected, the sound of the bell had just died away, when the deep, resonant voice of a ferocious bulldog echoed through the house, and a scamper of feet on the inside told him where he was located. There was no time for delay. Caught between the two fires, and with the big dog on the other side of the fence trying to get in and the other trying to get out, Worthington clambered up the post on the porch and awaited results.

All this time the noise from within was tremendous, but no one answered the bell. Time went slowly on top of the post and Worthington's patience was entirely lost. He started to throw his watch through the glass door but was spared the trouble. The light on the porch was turned on suddenly and the front door pushed open about three inches, and as Worthington started to call out to his wife, a revolver was levelled at him and a man's voice called out "hands up." To obey that command meant a great deal to Worthington and he hesitated about complying. The sound of that voice had been the last straw, and Worthington was preparing to drop from the post into the jumble of growls and snarls directly below him, when a few others arrived on the scene.

Several taps of a gong had been heard but had passed unnoticed under the stress of circumstances, until blue-coated officers

began to close in from all sides, each one carrying a large revolver and seemingly anxious to use it. The dogs were driven away; and covered by a dozen revolvers, Worthington was allowed to drop down from his elevated position. He was indeed a sorry specimen as he stood there surrounded by the big policemen, for his clothing had suffered materially during his late gymnastics, and the left side of his face showed a large bruise as a result of his fall. Porch-climbing was the charge and the evidence seemed conclusive. No explanations would be heard. They could be given at the hearing next morning, they told him, and prepared to take him away, when one of the neighbors arrived and rescued him from their hands. The explanations were then listened to by both sides, and it was then that Worthington learned for the first time that he had been trying to enter a stranger's house. With apologies to everyone and a promise of a box of cigars to the police station, he proceeded to the new address, and an hour later his surprise had been completed and he was fast asleep.

The events of the night had left their impress upon his weary brain, and strange visions disturbed his hours of rest. He seemed to be upon the brink of some precipice and at his back were countless numbers of dogs, ferocious and wild, rushing toward him. All of them wore helmets and stars and large brass buttons, and the smallest of them looked larger than any dog he had ever seen. Below him was a sea of dogs arrayed in the same manner watching the cliff, with their red mouths open and large teeth protruding, and between these he had to choose. He woke just as he started to jump, and found himself in bed, with heavy drops of perspiration on his forehead and a feeling of thankfulness that he had escaped; and as he lay there dreading to fall asleep again he renewed his vow never again to perpetrate a surprise on any one regardless of conditions or circumstances.

NEVER believe that what dims the mental view or deadens sympathy is from God. In giving us a mind and a heart, He wills that we should know and love.—*Spalding.*

The "Ancient Mariner."

JAMES R. RECORD, '05.

During the first year that Coleridge and Wordsworth were neighbors, at a time when the powers of both were fast ripening—that of the former destined nobly though briefly to rise, then sink itself in useless pursuit of metaphysics; that of the latter, happy enough to go on developing and increasing until it was forever weakened—the cardinal points of poetry were frequently discussed. On their walks over the hills and through the woods of the beautiful lake country, the ideas about poetic diction, soon after included by Coleridge in his "Biographia Literaria" and by Wordsworth in the famous preface to the "Lyrical Ballads," first took shape.

The question as to the difference between the language of prose and poetry must often have arisen, and doubtless in the course of these debates such arguments as Wordsworth afterwards used publicly to disprove the existence of poetic diction and Coleridge employed to establish its importance, were primarily formed and tested.

To one of these frequent rambles we are indebted for the writing of the "Ancient Mariner." The brother poets, accompanied by Dorothy Wordsworth, set out on a short tour of the surrounding country to study the choicest bits of scenery, the spots of historical interest, the sites especially dear to a poetic sensibility; and in order to defray the expenses of the trip, the ambitious young writers agreed to build conjointly a short poem from which a trifling sum would be realized. A dream and certain ideas that came partly from a book of voyages but largely through imagination furnished a suitable groundwork for the poem. Before the task was fully under way, Wordsworth frankly confessed his inability to follow the plot accurately along the proposed lines, and noting at the same time the peculiar aptness of Coleridge's superior imagination for the unusual composition undertaken by the two, withdrew.

With unaccustomed activity Coleridge fashioned, and the original motive was elaborated with phenomenal facility. A

change of plan was deemed advisable. In place of a single poem by Coleridge they decided to issue a joint volume to embrace two kinds of composition: in the one the incidents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; in the other, subjects were to be chosen from actual life. Coleridge's industry balked with the completion of the "Ancient Mariner;" the more energetic Wordsworth found it necessary to fill out what was lacking, and under his name the "Lyrical Ballads" appeared.

The fact that the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" is the "one complete work of a life filled with many beginnings" lends unusual interest to the critic and student. Had Coleridge accomplished one-half of what he proposed to himself posterity would correctly have termed him a voluminous writer. As far as literature is concerned he lived but two years, 1797 and 1798, and during this period the "Ancient Mariner" was written.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was all imagination, and the "Ancient Mariner" alone seems to indicate that. From frail materials—a friend's dream and two suggestions by Wordsworth, namely, the crime of the Mariner and the navigating of the ship by the dead sailors—the imagination has constructed the best-known poem of its type in our language, a poem unequalled in fantastic thought, in weirdness, in imagery suggestive of the preternatural; a poem that surpasses the best efforts of the other great "Wonder" writers, and absolutely defies the critic of the "pigeon-holing" variety who seeks to label with proper stamp all literary productions.

Wordsworth contributes a few lines in the beginning:

And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

Again in the body of the poem we find two verses of his:

And thou art long and lank and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

With trifling exceptions of this kind the composition was entirely Coleridge's.

The "Ancient Mariner" may be classified as a ballad with a moral which is well defined and might be expressed: Love "both man and bird and beast." The clearness of the story in general is never impaired;

the interest is sustained throughout; the supernatural character of the plot never loses its vividness. The climax for me—when my interest is most intense—is coincident with the appearance of the dying pair, Life-in-Death and Death on their skeleton ship:

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother, send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered,
With broad and burning face.

The characters are few but vividly drawn and correspond well to their surroundings. In intensity the sufferings of the Mariner resemble most strongly the fate of the conscience-stricken Orestes, and the old sailor himself seems one of those unknown spirits doomed by pagan laws to wander for one hundred years before entering the Elysian fields.

The characters that people the "Ancient Mariner" are realistic, flesh and blood creations, not repugnant to reason, and herein they differ from the ghosts of Shakspeare. Those of the latter are too palpable, too evident in their intrusion from the spiritual world, and consequently seem very unreal. The reader is thrown into a trance, as it were, by Coleridge, and while in this state an array of preternatural characters glide before the dreamer without shocking his credibility.

From the quaint side-notes by the author the setting is easily known; it might, however, be inferred with equal surety from the body of the poem—the trip southward, the meeting with the albatross, the appearance of ice and snow, can put one in mind of no other region than the drear sea about the South Pole. The bits of vivid description interspersed here and there—tiny rents through which sunshine sifts down into a vast, gloomy forest—lifts for a second the supernatural mists that hover over the lines and force the reader from the trance into which he invariably falls.

The style is fresh and concise, and, in keeping with the general character of the poem, is somewhat fantastic. The epithet picturesque best describes the composition as a whole. Lowell in his "Prose Works" writes of the "Ancient Mariner": "And how picturesque it is in the proper sense of the word. I know nothing like it. There is not a description in it. It is all picture.

Descriptive poets generally confuse us with multiplicity of detail; we can not see their forest for the trees; but Coleridge never errs in this way. With instinctive tact he touches the right cord of association and is satisfied, as we also are."

Coleridge in his theory of poetry designates two tests for figures of speech. Are they grounded in common-sense? Are they more effective in conveying the author's ideas than plain words? The figures employed—not profusely but most effectually in the "Ancient Mariner"—comply with these conditions. Coleridge's diction is terse and so simple that Wordsworth's contention about the similarity existing between the language of prose and poetry might be well illustrated in the work of his most persistent opponent on this one point. Coleridge scanned his lines by beats instead of by syllables; a tetrameter verse received four beats or accents into which the writer would crowd as many syllables as he wished, instead of allotting the eight regulation syllables. The number of accents represented the number of feet, as:

From the sails the dew did drip,
Till clomb above the eastern bar.

Some have gone so far as to pronounce the metrical style of Coleridge the very best in English literature; the rhythm, however, of the "Ancient Mariner" is for me inferior to that of the Miltonic masterpieces. Coleridge considered metre as the stimulant of attention, and it undoubtedly fulfilled this purpose in the "Ancient Mariner."

Not the poem which we read, writes Coleridge, but that to which we return is essential poetry; by which he made a long stride in the criticism of his own work. No one is content with a single reading of the "Ancient Mariner"; it must be re-read, though, unlike Milton, not often. One can indulge too much in its musical delights, simplicity of thought, and weird imagery. The "Ancient Mariner" is not a poem to soothe the reader, nor has it the indescribable charm of rhythm and beauty of sentiment that attracts one to Milton. The power of reducing multitude into unity of effect, the ability to treat a subject removed from the experiences and interests of the author, the awakening of

associated ideas through figures—innate abilities, if we accept Coleridge's theory—are most noticeable in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

The ending of the story is happy; after the author has enticed the unsuspecting reader off on an ocean voyage, conducted him through strange seas, frightened him with storms, introduced unearthly characters and wonderful experiences, the poet returns him awed but safe to the friendly harbor "steeped in silentness."

Such plausibility, remarks a critic, as Coleridge gives to the marvellous may have resulted in some degree from the experiences of the opium-eater—his noting of the elusive phenomena of dreams. This attempted explanation is wholly wrong, for Coleridge did not become subject to the drug habit until 1801, three years after the "Ancient Mariner" was written. An imagination naturally stimulated invented the incidents, and a poetic gift with fineness of touch outlined the ghostly figures.

In unity, in completeness, the "Ancient Mariner" gains over "Christabel," which, after all, is really only a fragment, the mere beginning of a great poem.

To conclude, we append a famous quotation from Coleridge's theory of poetry as illustrative of the closeness of the author's practice to theory: "Good sense is the body of poetic genius, Fancy its drapery, Motion its life, Imagination the soul that is everywhere and in each and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole."

An Idol Shattered.

A suit case was really the cause of it all. There it was, handsome and brown though travel-scarred and labelled with hotel and railway tags in number sufficient to make it interesting. A young man erect of carriage, clear of eye and bronzed of skin stood near nonchalantly puffing a cigarette. Near by were two pretty girls in smart gowns evidently about to return to boarding-school. I was occupied with my report to the Tea House which paid my munificent salary, but I couldn't help listening, in spite of the slang, for indeed the vivacious character of the conversation condoned that.

(I am no purist anyway when a woman's gown has the look of Worth's make, even though it be an American imitation.)

"I'll bet you, Jeanette," said the taller, "that he's been down at Panam—some government attaché or something of that sort."

"Don't you ever believe it, Mabel, those legation attachés don't get out in the sun and get burned like that. They're too careful of themselves, and they're always all smiles, too,—they simply couldn't put on that tragic frown. I met a number of them that winter we lived in Washington, and some of them are really the cleverest fellows;" and an arch smile conveyed the information that perhaps some of the attachés had found some favor despite their paler hue of skin and inability to wear a heavy frown.

Then Mabel made a deduction which would cause Sherlock Holmes to pale with envy. "Why, just look at his suit-case; why he's been all over the world. I'll lay odds that he's one of those men like Richard Harding Davis' heroes, who go about visiting rajahs and fighting Indians and rescuing princesses, and those romantic things. My! such an existence must be just lovely. Wouldn't like to try it for a year Jeanette. You know last winter Uncle Tim was going to take me to Paris, but Aunt May got the measles, and we had the tickets all bought and everything. I *would* like to know what he is, though, I just—"

"Well, maybe we'll see when he boards the train. I do hope that he is from one of the good old families," sighed Jeanette; and I judged that she probably resided on the equatorial side of Mason and Dixon's line. The rest of her observations were lost to me, for a bell clanged, the gates were thrown open, and the people pressed forward to the train.

A short portly man broke through the crowd, waddled excitedly up to the young man and seized the suit-case. Then by way of farewell, he jabbered in a strong Hebrew accent which defies spelling: "Ach Fritz, now tend strictly to business. You have two funerals on the West side and the fellow killed by the train at Nassau place. Your cabbages in the suburbs will not be watered regularly, but never mind, I'll remember you reach Berlin," and the owner of the undertaking establishment boarded the train as his assistant turned away.

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Notre Dame, Indiana, September 24, 1904.

—Sunday, Sept. 18, the school year was formally opened at Notre Dame with the celebration of Solemn High Mass in the presence of all the students by Very Reverend President Morrissey, assisted by the Rev. Martin Regan as deacon and by the Rev. Thomas Corbett as subdeacon. Rev. James J. French, Vice-President of the University, preached the sermon, wherein he gave utterance to thoughts which might well be commended as practical working maxims to students who have self-improvement genuinely at heart. He laid down the fundamental principle upon which the university is conducted—that mere intellectual development without sturdy moral training is essentially baneful.

He pointed out the need of an ideal, which, even though never attained, serves all who struggle upward as the pole-star does the mariner. He advised finally that all put trust in God, not as in an abstract platitude but as in a living reality and a practical aid. Students who wish to be successful will do well to consider Sunday's sermon.

—The leading article in this issue is from the pen of the Hon. Wm. P. Breen, delivered before the Bar Association of Indiana, of which body Mr. Breen is President. The article has been widely republished throughout the country, attracting attention both on account of its intrinsic merit and the prominence of its author. The expression of such wholesome views on the dangerous trend of divorce are indeed especially timely; and it is with pleasure that all at Notre Dame read the article of this distinguished son of the University.

—Every student registered in the Secretary's books this month was immediately debited for a Lecture and Concert Course ticket. He was thereby asked to pay for the only "extra" that the University compels all students to take, and by clubbing with his fellows to provide entertainment to break the monotony of the approaching winter months; and if he grumbled at the charge, he did so unadvisedly, as he himself will freely admit before the year is ended. He will come to realize that the Lecture and Concert Course is arranged for his benefit, to secure for him an entertainment to relieve the strain of study, a recreation that will carry with it something of improvement and of benefit. His ticket, secured at the price ordinarily paid for three entertainments, will entitle him to admission to all the concerts and lectures given at the University during the year; it will afford him opportunity of seeing some of the most noted men of the country and listening to their discussion of important questions, and of hearing concert companies and skilled musicians of the highest rank.

That the University places a high valuation upon the concert and lecture platform as an aid in the development of the student, is evidenced by the list of noted speakers already secured for this year. The authorities have not been idle during the vacation, and as the result of their successful negotiations the course this year is assured some strong numbers in the way of lectures. Several concert companies have been booked, and the lyceum bureaus are still sending lists of the bookings of their best companies from which to make selections.

One of the most noted lecturers we will have with us this year is William Howard Taft, Secretary of War. He has promised to come to Notre Dame on October 5th, and his lecture will give the students the benefit of his experience in the Philippines. Notre Dame is to be congratulated on securing the promise of a lecture by this statesman, whose opinions and statements just at this time are especially worthy of note. Later in the year we will have another distinguished guest in the person of the Right Reverend Abbot, Dom Gasquet, O. S. B., President-General of the English Benedictines. He will spend at

least a week at Notre Dame, and] will give six lectures to the students. We will also have the privilege of meeting and listening to Mgr. Falconio, Apostolic Delegate, who has promised to be at Notre Dame in November and pontificate at the students' Mass. And we will welcome once again some who have made themselves favorites with us and from whom we know we can expect the best kind of entertainment without fear of disappointment. Among these we number Bishop Spalding of Peoria, Bishop O'Gorman of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and Right Rev. Mgr. Nugent of Liverpool, England, who will tell us of the "Waifs and Strays," Rev. Father Nugent, LL. D., Des Moines, Ia., and several others. The musical attractions booked up to date are Rosati's Royal Italian Band, Matius and his Royal Hungarian Court Orchestra, Mendelssohn Quartette Club. A complete list of the lectures and concerts for the year will be published at an early date.

—As is apparent from the space at the head of this column, there are many vacancies to be filled on the SCHOLASTIC board. The opportunity for new men has probably never been so great and should certainly be improved. What is needed is men who can write and will fill assignments cheerfully and promptly,—in fact, only such men will be accepted for the board. At present material for the magazine is extremely scarce, and those who have true college spirit and pride can show the same in this field as well and profitably as in any other branch of college activity. So if the SCHOLASTIC for the coming year is to be a success as it has been in the past some hard work must be done. Many have the ability to write and should certainly be willing to exercise it; others perhaps have powers still latent and should develop them. At all events, let an earnest effort be made to maintain the high standard set by our predecessors. The board will soon be selected, and the SCHOLASTIC as a college enterprise will be on trial in the forum of public opinion. The nature of the verdict will depend largely upon the interest which contributors show in their work.

History.

We to-day boast so much of this "age of enlightenment and civilization" that the phrase has grown to be almost trite. We like to tell of our prodigious strides along the lines of commerce and invention, and yet let us not forget that in branches not tinted with commercialism but purely intellectual, an advancement has been made. Even history, though more or less neglected, has not been at a standstill but has changed with the course of time.

History may be divided into two periods, an ancient and a modern. The ancient school, in which the historians of Greece and Rome were conspicuous, is characterized by a carefulness and beauty in style marred by a neglect in accuracy. Among the moderns the reverse is true. Style of writing is a secondary matter, whereas accuracy holds first place. In the old school one thing is probably worthy of mention and that is the existence of the dramatic quality in history. Of Herodotus especially is this true. The simplicity of his era is stamped upon his history. It is a beautiful intermingling of truth and pictures of the imagination. To sift the one from the other is difficult, and hence this man can not be considered a true historian.

A good historian is rare. We look over the world's catalogue of illustrious men and we see in each department some one who has brought forth a work wellnigh perfect. In the domain of history this is not so true. Several have made great attempts and have nearly reached the ideal of the historian. In each, though, we detect some fault that mars his work.

Two faculties are especially brought into service by the writer of history, namely, the imagination and the reason. The historian must be accurate in his enumeration of facts, and the narration of these facts must be made interesting by the aid of the imagination. But this must not be carried too far else the work becomes mere fiction and has little or no worth from an historical point of view. Reason must be employed to see events in their relation as cause and effect. A restraint must be kept on this faculty also to prevent the writer from

"casting his facts in the mould of his hypothesis."

Besides the nice care that is required in the two ways just mentioned another burden is placed upon the writer. If he wishes to write of past ages he must be able to transport himself to those times, be as a man of that period was, see the events of that date not as a man of to-day but as one living in that period in which those occurrences took place. Again, if he writes for those to come he must be careful to enumerate enough, for at a future age facts now taken for granted may be obscured by time. He must write so that his work will be understood about as well five hundred years from now as it is to-day. The difficulty of carrying out these four points probably accounts for our lack of a truly faultless historian.

Let us glance at the benefits this study may have for us. It is an immense subject and its diverse phases offer advantages to us from youth to age. The child begins to read of events. Its interest is centred on battles and renowned men. Its imagination is aroused. It remembers events and dates, thereby cultivating the faculty which is as yet merely infantile. As time goes on this store of facts and dates increases, and the grown student begins to classify them and to search for the cause of this event and the effect of that. Mere happenings are now looked upon as raw material out of which must be framed the underlying principles that govern the events of human life.

If a man wishes to become a great observer, in what better way can he be schooled? He sees what men of a certain character did in former times under certain circumstances, and if he meets a man of that same type he can foretell to a certain extent what that man will do. This is nothing out of the ordinary.

We sometimes hear it said, "I can judge what Falstaff or Macbeth would do under such circumstances." The character is known so well that it has become a personal friend. Why then can not the historian do the same with an historical character? Again he goes into a thorough study of events that may have turned the course of nations. He sees the workings in all the

nice details, and it gives him a clue when similar occurrences of his own day attract his attention. He sees what has caused the rise or fall of an empire, what was the cause of war in a certain instance, what led to an alliance, and so on, and with these as a base he can become a sort of prophet in regard to great national movements. It is sometimes said that human nature is always the same. Hence to know the characters of those of the past is a key to human nature around us.

One thing that brands many historians as faulty is their inaccuracy. On account of prejudice, lack of information, or for some other reason, they have misstated facts, or by a statement of some circumstances of an event and the ignoring of others have succeeded in giving the world a wrong impression. To this may be due in some measure probably the outrageous deeds attributed to the Church by so-called historians.

The spirit of this historical age is to get at the truth by deep research, and not to be satisfied with any slipshod information that may be picked up here or there. It appears that Catholics above all should be diligent in getting at the truth of the past so that the slanderous errors urged against the Church may be overthrown.

A knowledge of history is necessary also in a study of literature. In many writings there are references to historical characters and happenings without the knowledge of which much of the worth of literature is lost. Moreover, the knowledge of the time in which a writer lived is an almost indispensable condition to estimate his true literary standing. In still another case is history an aid in the study of literature. Take Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar," for instance. We know the Cæsar of Rome. We also see him portrayed by the artist, and we note the twists and turns the genius gave the character to make it suit his purpose.

No study has a wider range than history, and withal it appears that it receives more than its due of neglect. Why this is so is hard to tell. It may be due to neglect on the part of educators to keep alive a zeal for the study. It may be that the idea is prevalent that the

subject is uninteresting and lacking in material for deep thought, or it may be that it is the season of rest for this study, while attention is lavishly paid to philosophy and science. There is abundant matter in the field of history, but interest is lacking, and the attention of man for the greater part is directed into other channels.

Rev. James Boyle.

Father James Boyle, who was the fourteenth member to be enrolled in the Notre Dame Post, No. 569, Department of Indiana G. A. R., is the pastor of All Saints' Church, Ware, Mass. He was born in Berkinhead, England, on August 15, 1845, and came to this country when a boy, arriving at the outbreak of the late rebellion. He responded promptly to President Lincoln's first call for troops in 1861, and enlisted at New York City on the 9th day of May as musician of "C" Co., 37th New York Volunteers, for the period of two years, this being the length of enlistment then asked for, as it was supposed that the rebellion would be suppressed in even shorter time. Early in his military career, his officers perceiving the true spirit of the young soldier—he was then but fifteen years old—transferred him, July 25, 1861, from the position of musician to that of private in order that he could be advanced, in line of promotion, to an officer's commission. In the latter part of December, 1861, he was ordered to New York on recruiting duty, and as a result of his soldierly qualities he was rapidly advanced through the several grades of non-commissioned officers, and on November 11, 1862, won the straps of lieutenant. During the whole course of his service in the war, he gained the esteem of his superiors by close attention to duty, obedience to discipline and courage in action.

His regiment served in Co. Phil Kearney's "old red patch" division, the first division of the 3d Army Corps, and up to the end of the term of its enlistment fought with and helped to make the history of the celebrated old 3d Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac. Comrade Father Boyle was seriously wounded at Williamsburg,

Va., May, 5, 1862, and admitted to McKim's Mansion Hospital, Baltimore, Md. He was mustered out of his regiment at New York, June 22, 1863, at the expiration of the regimental term of enlistment. Soon after being mustered out he began his study for the priesthood, and was ordained at Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada, Dec. 18, 1875. He has been pastor of All Saints' Church, Ware, Mass., for many years. Father Boyle is a gentleman of the old school whom it is a pleasure to know, and his disposition is social and genial. Not only his parish but all the citizens of Ware and vicinity have the greatest confidence in him. He was mustered into the Notre Dame G. A. R. Post by the courteous act of J. W. Lawton, Post 85, Department of Ware G. A. R.

Athletic Notes.

Louis J. Salmon, the man who has been entrusted with the task of rounding out a champion eleven, has a reputation as a player which extends from coast to coast. No one who has seen the "golden topped" wonder rip up line after line would ever hesitate to declare him one of the stars of the football firmament. Line bucking, punting, or in the defensive line, he has few equals, and the great success achieved by last year's eleven was due in a great measure to his individual effort when as coach and captain he brought order out of chaos, and by his example infused the spirit into his men that never flagged for an instant, and finally brought them victory. Encouraged by the splendid work he did last season we do not hesitate to predict his success this season. We have every confidence in his abilities as a coach, and so have the men under him. With proper encouragement from the rooters, the Varsity of '04 will keep Notre Dame's colors floating at the top.

* * *

A week or so more and the great struggle for supremacy among the different college elevens of the country will be on. From now until Turkey day the numerous championship battles will be waged with varying fortune, no doubt by some; with success by others. Somehow we feel

certain of being classed with those "others" on whom victory is going to lavish her sweetest smiles. And proud we may feel if we again succeed in winning the title of "Champions of Indiana." This title has been at our peak for some years past, and our greatest efforts shall be made to keep it here. The Indiana Championship question is usually the hardest of any of the championship questions to answer. Purdue University and Indiana University are foemen worthy of our steel, and we may be certain of meeting with strong opposition when we line up against them. Last year Wabash College disputed the question with us, but they were completely overwhelmed on Thanksgiving Day.

* *

Of last year's eleven, several stars will be missing, among them Salmon, Lonergan, Nyere and Steiner. To replace that crack back-field of Salmon, Lonergan and Nyere will be the hardest task of any. Steiner at tackle will also be hard to replace; however, McNerney proved a strong man last year and can be relied on no doubt. Another position that requires attention is that of guard, left open by Furlong.

* *

Rooting is distinctly a feature of college sports, a form of support without which the gridiron hero or the diamond artist would fail completely. Coming from his own college mates, it encourages him to greater deeds, deeds that will win him more of that loud, deafening, noisy display of approval; coming from the opponents in the form of jeers and groans it serves to discourage, although now and then it only causes the player to redouble his efforts. At any rate, it is necessary to the success of any college sport—that is, clean, gentlemanly rooting—and so let us have it, and plenty of it. The zeal the rooters manifest at a game can be taken as a good criterion of the esteem which the players enjoy with their own fellows. Every hall at Notre Dame is anxious to see the Varsity succeed. We know that for a fact. But the way to prove it to those outside is to get out in a body and root. Root when the team is winning, and root harder

when it is losing. It may often revive the drooping spirits of the men and enable them to stave off defeat. Get together, fellows, learn the yells, compose your songs, and root, root, root, for the team and victory.

E. L. R.

* *

From now on until Thanksgiving Day, Cartier Field is the Mecca which will draw towards it all the loyal rooters of Notre Dame. Within its fences, Coach Salmon is putting through their paces the men whose good fortune it will be to defend the record made by the teams of the past few years, and if possible place Notre Dame's pennant higher up among those of the other noted teams of the West.

The task which Coach Salmon has undertaken is no easy one. The loss in one season of such men as Lonergan, Cullinan, Furlong, Steiner and Nyere, each of whom was a player whose reputation was not merely local, is one which would disrupt the team of many a university whose attendance is much larger than ours. But when added to this, Salmon, the greatest full-back the West has ever seen, is compelled to step aside from active participation by reason of the four-year rule, the handicap under which the Coach and Captain Shaughnessy are working can be easily appreciated.

* *

In response to the call for candidates nearly twenty-five men have appeared upon Cartier Field, eight of whom have already earned their monograms. So far there seems to be a lack of heavy men to fill up the line positions left vacant by Cullinan, Furlong and Steiner; but there is a large number of fast ones who, under the coaching of Salmon, should develop into very good backs. If the coach can find one or two heavy linemen, then our timidest supporter will have no need to fear.

Sheehan, Beacom, Fansler, Healey and McNerney of last year's team are back, and should form the foundation for another stone wall such as we had last year.

* *

All readers of the SCHOLASTIC, either here at Notre Dame or elsewhere, will miss the writing of J. P. O'Reilly, who for some

time past has been Sporting Editor of the SCHOLASTIC, and who is now occupying that position on the *Toledo Bee*. It is to be hoped that his successor may be able to keep up to the standard set by Mr. O'Reilly, although that is no easy task.

* *

Graduate coaching seems to be the rule in the West this year. Notre Dame, Wisconsin and Illinois are the large schools which have adopted this form of coaching.

* *

Pat Beacom, the pride of the rooters, has reported for practice looking bigger and better than ever. He should prove a tower of strength to our line this year.

* *

Trainer Holland has been kept back in his work by the late arrival of so many of the football candidates, but from now on the genial "Tom" will lead the aspiring candidates for honor, a merry chase, so that when the whistle blows for the opening game with Wabash all will be in fit condition.

* *

Fortin, captain of the 1901 team, assisted Coach Salmon during one of the afternoon sessions last week.

* *

Although there are about twenty-five men out at present Coach Salmon has suits for a number of more good players.

* *

Manager Daly, who has been away owing to sickness in his family, will make public his schedule next week.

* *

Wabash College will open the season here at Notre Dame next Saturday. Wabash had one of the strongest teams in the state last year, being defeated by Notre Dame only, and as their team is practically the same as it was last year, the game should be very interesting.

* *

Lonergan, a member of the Varsity during 1901-1902-1903, has been engaged to coach the football team at Columbia University, Oregon. "Happy" has the best wishes of all at Notre Dame for his success and that of his team. R. R. C.

Card of Sympathy.

On behalf of the class of 1906, we the undersigned, sincerely sympathize with our fellow-classman, John P. Cushing of Cambridge, Neb., in the loss he has sustained by the recent death of his father.

M. J. URICH
W. P. FEELEY
H. N. ROBERTS
J. A. DUBBS.
JOSEPH LANTRY.

Personals.

—Robert J. Sweeney, '03, is making a short visit at the University. Mr. Sweeney is on his way to Harvard where he has spent the year past in the study of law.

—Rev. D. A. Clarke, who was a student of Notre Dame during the 60's, paid us a visit during the summer, and conducted a retreat for the priests of the arch-diocese of Chicago.

—Major E. J. Vattmann, Chaplain, U. S. A., retired, is a very welcome guest at Notre Dame University. Father Vattmann has delighted his many friends here with reminiscences of his Philippine trip, and they eagerly anticipate another call from him.

—We chronicle with pleasure the recent wedding of our well-known and popular instructor, Mr. Sherman Steele, to Miss Huldah Dotson of Lancaster, Ohio. The SCHOLASTIC and their many friends at the University extend best wishes for a long and happy life.

—Friends of Mr. Daniel P. Murphy will be pleased to learn that he was united in marriage to Miss Katharine Margaret Kelly on June 25, 1904, at Austin, Illinois, the home of the bride. Mr. Murphy is at present engaged in a profitable law practice in Chicago, previous to which he had a position at this University as instructor in law,—a capacity in which he acquitted himself most commendably. He was also a member of the law and business partnership of Hering and Murphy of South Bend. Friends at that place and Notre Dame join in wishing him continued prosperity and unending happiness.

—Cards are out announcing the recent marriage of Mr. Clement C. Mitchell of Chicago to Miss Nellie Harrington of Long Branch, Michigan. Mr. Mitchell was graduated with the Law class of 1902 of which he served as president. He was one of the members who represented the law school in debate with the Illinois College of law,

and was entitled to his share of credit for the victory. At present he holds the highly lucrative and responsible position of Vice-President of the Jennings Real Estate and Loan Co. of the First National Bank Building, Chicago. His many friends at Notre Dame extend hearty congratulations.

—All at Notre Dame deeply sympathize with William and Ralph Ellwanger, former students of the University, in the sad bereavement occasioned by the death of their beloved mother, Mrs. John Ellwanger. A lady of charming personality, in her home life she was as amiable and hospitable as in all things she was kindly and generous. Mr. John Ellwanger, her devoted husband, has long ranked among the leading citizens of Dubuque, Iowa, and his position enabled him amply to second her in all her good and charitable works. The SCHOLASTIC condoles with him in this lamentable severing of family ties so tender and loving, so true and confiding.—*Requiescat in pace!*

—Recent visitors to the University were Miss E. T. Murray, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. J. Emil Gefell, Rochester, N. Y.; Olavak, Olsen, Mary Cahill, C. J. Kelly, E. W. Washburn, G. E. Washburn, Dorothy M. Petrie, Josephine Gerhardt, Chicago; Elizabeth McKane, Niles, Mich.; Joseph Naughton, New York City; Mrs. J. C. Lightner, Pittsburg; Thomas O'Leary, Marshall, Mich.; Ella K. Kauffman, Omaha, Neb.; K. L. Stebbing, Alice C. Stebbing, Bingham, N. Y.; Effie M. Conger, Plymouth, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Henry, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. O. S. Sykes, Huntsville, Ala.; Mrs. E. Agnew, Mrs. H. B. Sykes, Elkhart, Ind.; Miss Sara Bremmer, Laporte, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. E. Ray Hill, Cromwell, Ind.; Miss Carrie Engledrum, Miss Emma Engledrum, Jamaica, N. Y.; Margaret Murphy, Racine, Wis.; Lulu Whalen, South Bend; Mrs. J. T. Foley; Mary Ellen Foley, Nashville; Martha Carter, New York City; Anita Hostetter, Marie Hostetter, Ladoga, Ind.; Howard Hostetter, Stuart Hostetter, Roachdale, Ind.; Frank Woodruff, Frederick Ehrke, Battle Creek, Mich.; Frank Upman, Chicago; Roscoe E. Westcott, Iowa City, Iowa; H. P. Menico, Jerome, Arizona, Frank Sullivan, Denver, Col.; M. J. Wike, Mary E. Wike, Tyrone, Pa.; Mrs. A. R. Wike, Grace Wike, South Bend, Ind.; Rev. Joseph F. Timmons, Chester, Pa.

—The many friends of Mr. Byron V. Kanaley, '04, who was prominent in SCHOLASTIC work, athletics and debating, will be pleased to hear of his recent success in the broader arena of politics, and confidently hope that he will continue to advance in that field. We extract the following from a report of the Cayuga County Republican Convention, which appears in the *Auburn Daily Advertiser*:

Mr. Kanaley was unanimously chosen to preside. During the roll-call substitutions for absentees were made on the delegations from the various wards and towns, on motion of C. L. Hickok.

When Mr. Benham announced that Mr. Kanaley had been selected without opposition, there was great applause. Mr. Kanaley was invited to take the chair, and as he ascended the platform Mr. Benham introduced him as one of the rising young Republicans of Cayuga County. Mr. Kanaley justified the introduction, for he is very young, but the brilliant address which he made in accepting the chairmanship justified the prognostication that he was a coming power in the party.

He said he wished to thank the convention for the honor it had conferred upon him; but because of the heat and the amount of work before the convention he believed that he could best show his appreciation of the honor by being brief. The honor weighed more heavily upon him when he looked about him and saw so many men of more mature years; men of experience and wisdom over whose deliberations he had been called to preside. The motives which prompted the great Seward to purchase Alaska had prompted Roosevelt to complete the Panama canal which would be one of the greatest achievements of the nation.

“Mr. Kanaley's address concluded amid applause which continued for several minutes.”

Local Items.

—Carroll Hall played the first game of football for 1904 last Thursday afternoon when Captain Heyl's men defeated Captain O'Connor's team by the score of 10 to 0. The game was very interesting and full of star plays, principally among which were Tillet's tackling and Captain Heyl's line bucking.

—The Philopatians organized for 1904–1905 last Wednesday evening under the direction of Bro. Cyprian. Officers were elected and a very interesting programme arranged for next meeting. About forty pupils of Carroll Hall became members of this society. The officers and members look for a most successful year. The officers elected were: Director, Bro. Cyprian, C. S. C.; President, Franklin Peterman; Recording Secretary, William Heyl; Corresponding Secretary, Richard Wilson; Treasurer, Thos. Butler; Sergeant-at-Arms, Robert Paine.

—St. Joseph's Literary and Debating Society held their first meeting of the year last Wednesday evening, and the following officers were elected: P. Marvin Malloy, President; Edward O. F. Gim, Vice-President; James V. Cunningham, Secretary; John D. Sheehan, Moderator; L. E. Power, Sergeant-at-Arms. After the elections were over Messrs. Malloy, O'Flynn and Sullivan amused the audience by recitations, and Mr. Wm. Robinson gave a well-prepared oration that brought forth much applause. After some words of advice by Bro. Florian, who was chosen Honorary President, the meeting adjourned.