

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN.
November 15, 1924.
Feast of St. Gertrude.

This is a Penitential Year.

Keep this in mind tonight---and put the proceeds of your penance into the collection box tomorrow for Father Brooks of Toomiliah.

"St. Michael, Pray for Us."

This invocation will be on many lips today. And don't forget to thank God tomorrow.

The Novena for the Poor Souls.

The Novena begins next Tuesday. Hand in the names of your friends in time.

The Yearning for the Spotlight.

(Facsimile of a letter received by the Bulletin).

"Dear Father O'Hara:

Since this is a season of raps I wish that you would accept one of mine in the spirit in which it was given. According to your representations in the bulletin, the Engineers are a tough lot, men who care nothing for morals or religion, men who do not value anything at all. In campus life, the engineers are the ideal students, the only ones who devote a very great deal of time to their studies and among their number are the only men who never leave the campus.

"It is my sincere belief that the men of any one college are neither better nor worse spiritually than the men of any other college.

"The criticism about the English sed in the bulletin was good and one that I have wanted to make for a long time. I also want to ask that the bulletin equal to standards of other years. Up to the present time it has not even given me a good laugh.

"Hopefully yours,

"Happy Hooligan A.B."

Dear Happy: Your choice of a pseudonym was infelicitous. You have Ben Turpin's point of view.

You've been drinking ipecac again. The engineers may be slow of wit, but they are not spiritually dumb; they may be self-centered, but they are not immoral. If they stay away from town it is because they lose their savoir faire in the presence of a crowd. Six of them spent two hours recently trying to locate a disconnected ignition wire when their ford went dumb in the city.

The Religious Survey reveals certain characteristics as proper to each college.

The Bulletin has already disavowed any intention to set new standards of literary excellence; and, on the other hand, neither Bill nor the Editor will contest your claim to pinch-hit for Ring Lardner.

We are not meticulous.

We resent the implication that the Bulletin is intended to be a funny-paper. Its sole purpose in life is to give the devil his due, and we're not supposed to get a kick out of that until the Last Judgment.

The Wisconsin Trip.

"Dear Father: I have waited all week for a comment on the Wisconsin trip." No comment is necessary. The gentlemen need no praise, and those who made asses of themselves, even the label-collectors, will go to their graves unsung.

John F. O'Hara, C.S.C.