

The Mission Comes First.

Some of you think you have some very important engagements for nights this week. You have -- for the next five nights. The Mission comes first -- because the soul comes first.

The Accident Victims.

Wm. McCarthy will be out of the hospital soon; Henry Gajowski's case is more serious. He has a fractured skull, and it will be a few days until there is a definite turn. You are urged to keep up your prayers for his recovery.

Prayers.

Bob Duffy's father died Saturday. Edwin Lisiakowski's mother died during the summer. Three persons who are ill are recommended to your prayers.

Indiana Weather.

The chorus has started -- and it all goes to prove that you can't please everyone. The Indiana sun burned a lad from Florida, and the cool nights sent the boys from Duluth looking for extra blankets. Indiana has a respectable rainfall, but the boys from Arizona, who are used to getting all the rainfall for the year in ten minutes and in one place, don't like it. Campus puddles should make the boys from the Virginias feel at home, even though they miss their red mud. We'll have a fog in a day or two to make the boys from San Francisco and Boston feel at home, but we can't do anything for the Southern Californians: the old city hall simply won't sway fourteen inches.

But what's weather, after all? It's sleep you want, and it's sleep you're getting. Certainly Sorin Hall got it plenty Saturday morning, when there was a Mass in the church for a senior -- the Sorin delegation numbered nine.

This Matter of Confessions.

Yesterday morning's demonstration in the church should cure some of you of the habit of waiting till Sunday morning to go to confession. Confessions are heard all over the place all day long; specifically, the basement chapel has confessors on duty both morning and evening from 6:15 till 7:00; the bell at the door of the Sorin chapel will summon a priest at any time except during meals and during functions in the church, and the hall chapels are provided with confessors at night prayer.

The Origin of The Bulletin.

The Religious Bulletin came into existence when the boys refused to heed the advice given in the above paragraph. On October 24, 1921, which was the first day of the Mission that year, a bulletin appeared with the following notice:

"Three hundred students, college men, tried to go to confession this morning. Four priests were hearing confessions in the church; and one priest can hear, at most, 25 confessions in 30 minutes. Figure it out for yourself."

This item and a few other calling attention to local abuses constituted the first Bulletin. A continuation of abuses and the growth of new ones called for other notices during the rest of the week. After the Mission was over some of the boys asked for a little more of the same, and gradually the Religious Bulletin evolved into its present form. So today is sort of a birthday for the campus daily, and one wonders if it is worth while, since it has to call attention to the same abuses after eight years of daily hammering. You can figure that out for yourself.