

Religious Bulletin.

Feb. 6, 1923.

The Greatest Goofing Party in the World.

(A Meditation on the Last Judgement.)

Examinations are a sort of goofing party. The final examinations will be held in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and we will all be there. It will show up the four-flushers and settle all arguments. We have a chance to get into the reviewing stand now -- it will not be so easy then. Here comes the procession.

It's a Great Day for the Deep-Dishers.

My, how their brows have shrunk and their hands flattened. H.G. Wells could dance a hornpipe with a glass of water on his head, and never spill a drop. H. L. Menken looks pale and worn. Job has been telling him a few things: he knows plenty now, but he's not writing any more magazine articles. Can this be Conde Nast? He used to be the last word on form. His cutaway hasn't any tails! And it looks like a gunny-sack.

What Ho! The Zoo!

No, my child, that isn't a zoo. These hairy creatures aren't apes. That's the American Association for the Advancement of Science. And that buck they are trying to pass is the minutes of the Boston Meeting last Christmas.

Atlas?

Not Atlas, son. There never was such a man. That's the author of a best seller, and that load is the bad thoughts of his readers. He will have to carry it until his readers do penance for them. He made a lot of money but left it in Deauville.

Here Comes the Rainbow Division.

Not bad for an amateur. The white ones kept their baptismal innocence, and the colors represent the different sins the others corrected by daily Communion.

Oh! Look at the Snake-Charmers.

Clumsy work! Those are their tongues. Their tongues grew an inch for every cuss-word, and those sore-spots on their tongues are dirty stories. That angel-face with the fifty-mile tongue has been in purgatory 879 years. His mother thought he was such a sweet child that she should hurt his memory by praying for him.

Bed-Time Story.

(Owing to the fact that Achitophel's brother refused to read the bulletin during the examination days, the last installment was held over for to-day. -Ed.)

When Achitopel dropped off at Notre Dame on his next trip West he called on his old friend the prefect. "I'll give you a life subscription to Vanity Fair," he said, "if you'll break my kid brother of his habit of swearing."

(Note. -- The sequel will be published as soon as the kid brother reads and digests the original)