

Religious Bulletin.

Feb. 7, 1923.

The Scribblers' Club.

Scribblers yes, but not the kind you mean. They're Commerce men who passed Distributive Justice and then went into business. They're writing off their excess profits in one-cent checks. They've all had writers cramp for the last hundred and fifty years.

The Clean-Up Squad.

We used to call them the Scoffer's Club. They're picking up the graces they lost during four years at Notre Dame. As soon as they get through they'll start picking up the graces they lost by their fellow-students through their goofy parties.

How Sweet! The Baby Show.

Those are not babies; you can tell by their whiskers. Their size depends on the time they spent in the state of grace. They had good mothers and they received the last Sacraments, so they will get into the kindergarten of heaven as soon as their whiskers fall out. They have to stay in purgatory until that happens. They used Mordeo and whenever they lose one hair they grow two in its place.

That Face Looks Familiar.

It should. That's the girl you took to the Sophomore dance. She became a nun. Remember what she told you about gin-parties? And remember how mad you got when she called a taxi and went home alone? But it taught you a lesson.

There's a Swell Lookin' Grandma.

I'll say. You ought to recognize your own wife. She was seventy-five when she died. And see that army following up? It's a clean-looking crowd. That's twenty generations of your decendants. The rest will be along on the next train. They stopped to help you out of purgatory. Now aren't you glad you got that trimming at the Sophomore Dance? I'll say.

What's This? The First Draft?

No, that's the crap-shooter's brigade. Color doesn't matter. They've lost Little Joe and they can't get into heaven without him. That gum-shoed Nubrian is chief of detectives -- Rameses II. He's been following clues since 1280 B. C., but he couldn't get into South Bend. He was afraid of the Ku-Klux.

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