

Religious Bulletin.
February 28, 1924.

The Rear Guard.
(Contributed from an exchange.)

He strolls into Mass at the "Sanctus,"
Or maybe a moment before,
And lest he should bother his neighbors,
He drops on one knee at the door.
Good seats near the altar are vacant,
In fact, there is room and to spare,
But why should he push himself forward?
He'd be so conspicuous there.

He doesn't look up at the altar,
But keeps his gaze bent on the floor,
We notice him yawning a little
As though it were rather a bore.
He squats for the last Benediction,
And then, ere the service is through,
We look for him there in the background,
But find he has melted from view.

So strange! Now, we fancied we saw him
Last night at the vaudeville show;
It seemed to us then he was fighting
To get in the very front row.
He must have been there before seven --
Oh, surely some minutes before --
He headed the line that was waiting
Outside of the gallery door.

And when the door opened, good gracious!
How active he was in the race,
Upstairs, and then over the benches
And down to the very front place.
My! how he applauded the singing
And laughed at the jokes that were cracked,
His eyes never leaving the footlights --
Transfixed till the very last act.

This can't be the man who this morning --
This slowest and dullest of chaps,
We must have seen some other fellow
Last evening, -- his brother, perhaps?

More Apolesauce.

- T. A. Day

A former student writes: "Don't you think a small fee should be added to the tuition so that each student could receive a copy of the Bulletin every day? The chiropractic adjustments of our weak moral spines given in the Bulletin are soon forgotten if the reminder is taken from view or review.

Which Reminds Us.

Proper discretion should be used by those who send copies of the Bulletin away from Notre Dame. It should be remembered that the Bulletin is a caricature, not a portrait. A portrait is too faithful: it leaves a scar.