

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN.
Jan. 27, 1925.

God Help the Thief!

A student reports that during the holidays a burglar or somnambulist (cross-word sharks please notice) broke into his locker and decamped with the contents, among them a football, basketball and two monogram jerseys. He remarked that the thief cannot use the jerseys around here. Neither can he use the football or the basketball around here. Liars and thieves have no place in Notre Dame sport.

While a person low enough to steal a monogram sweater has no conscience to appeal to, he may have a bundle of fears and superstitions that will make him come back with the goods, and if the culprit in question is open to superstition, he should know right off that he is coming to a bad end in this world or in the next, possibly both. He should know that there is something sacred about the monogram, that it is a badge of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, just as the scapular is, that it is a sign of shame to those who would wear it unworthily, just as it is a mantle of glory to those who honor it.

While the individual may not be reached by this appeal, it is made in order to put other students in the knowledge of the fact that there may be a Judas Iscariot in their midst. Strange things happen here at times. An individual (let us hope that not more than one) has taken to shaving down blessed medals to use as telephone slugs; and when sacrilege can go that far, Satan is stalking abroad. Be on your guard---and when you catch the culprit, don't wait for the spring thaw---cut a hole in the ice.

A week ago Saturday, a Stanford man took the convalescent horseman and his chaplain to the opening baseball game at Stanford. Half an hour after the party arrived at the university, the host suddenly remembered that he had locked his car. It really hurt him to think that he had violated the Stanford tradition of never locking anything on the campus. Can we let Stanford outdo us in ideals of honesty?

Notre Dame in Mississippi.

The football team was surfeited with welcome and encomiums during the Pasadena trip. No welcome was more wholesome or made more of a touching impression than the welcome and God-speed accorded by little groups that boarded the Illinois Central in the little towns of northern Mississippi. One meets few Catholics in the northern part of this state, although some of the towns along the Gulf are almost entirely Catholic. These northern towns are hotbeds of bigotry and strongholds of the Klan; yet every one of them send a delegation aboard, and in every case the spokesman said something like this: "You all just can't realize how much good you've done us down heah. It's great to be a Catholic this yeah. Mah name's Culligan..... and I suah do hope you all clean up on Stanfo'd like you did on Nebraska."

New Year's Day.

Wherever there are horses there are sure to be horseflies. A lot of them swarmed at Pasadena. Many of them were former students. A horsefly sucks blood, but he doesn't contribute to the support of the horse. On the morning of January first the horseflies were too full of gin to remember that it was a holyday of obligation. If they had gone to Mass that morning, there might have been no injuries that day.

Prayers.

Charles Donahue asks prayers for his uncle, whose funeral will be held in Chicago today. Five students ask prayers for special intentions, three for sick relatives, and two for deceased relatives.