

Religious Bulletin.

May 24, 1923.

A Wasted Year.

If this year has not brought you closer to God it is worse than wasted. "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world if he suffers the loss of his soul?"

Booze vs. Brains.

Fighting Booze is a losing fight. All the drinks of history, from Noe down to the present time, have had regrets that never come to sober brains. And most of the drunks don't rate history. You can trace them through life, as they leave a trail of broken bottles and broken hearts, and on their headstones you will find the inscription: "Here lies a drunken fool."

Empty Bottles for Empty Heads.

It doesn't take brains to guzzle moonshine: any old fool can do that -- the bigger the fool the bigger the guzzle.

"Good Stuff."

There isn't a man born since the Spanish-American War who knows good whiskey. It takes years to educate a connoisseur. On the other hand, there isn't anything sold that isn't "good stuff". Good labels bring good prices these days. "Private stock is a delusion and a snare since the booze-burglar came into existence."

Blasted Educations.

Who
The young man of today/wants to learn how to drink will have to turn his back on the Stars and Stripes. The materia docendi is absent. A vitiated taste is all that can be developed on shellac. A man on the Edwardsburg road will sell you a receipt for \$20 that will tell you how to make "Johnny Walker" out of radiator mixture and liquid air.

Don't Embarrass the Folks.

If you want to commit suicide, try accidental drowning or something the folks can explain. Wood alcohol is hard to alibi.

The Pledge.

Kneel before a crucifix and say: "I promise, in memory of the Sacred Passion of Our Lord and His Thirst upon the Cross, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors for the rest of my life." Then support your pledge by daily Communion.