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The Lost Art of Hiking.

Yesterday's British humor in the Chicago Tribune furnished the following merry jest:

Young Mother (proudly): "See! Baby is learning to walk!"

Friend: "O, do you really think it worth while to teach it?  
Practically nobody walks nowadays."

It's a fact. So much has the distaste for walking gripped the present generation that in another few millions years (if Darwin was right -- and who would deny it? Not H. L. Hils) legs will disappear through atrophy.

It's surprising that some parlor athlete hasn't introduced the puddle jumpers to help the boys across the campus from class to class, and bicycles for the Sunday morning get-away from church.

Walking is a fine thing for the mind, the nerves, the heart, the blood, the liver. A hike in the country freshens ideals as well as complexions. Towns are sordid, they pull down ideals; in the country you get closer to God's work, and it is good.

Anyone can flip a ride; it takes a man to walk. Walk to Niles, get an oyster stew; walk back. It was done by the he-men of a generation ago; it can be done by the he-men of today (although a letter from a former student, now at Harvard, says there are no he-men at Notre Dame).

Yesterday's Bulletin called attention to the insistence of temptations to impurity likely to prevail at the present time. They are increased by loafing. They are decreased by sound exercise in the fresh air, particularly by cross-country hiking.

A Special Intention.

Today or tomorrow Charles Grimes, of the class of 1920; is to undergo an operation for the removal of fifteen tumors from his brain. He has been paralyzed for the past four years. Two years ago he underwent a similar operation, under a local anaesthetic. You can't beat Charlie for grit. He wants prayers today and tomorrow. -- A priest asks prayers for a person who is very sick. Four students ask prayers for deceased relatives, and three for special intentions.

Sudden Death.

VI.

"Would it find me prepared? Nearly every rational being believes in safety first, yet so many of us are willing to gamble with our souls. In large cities a Safety First Week is usually set aside once a year. This is for our bodies. We know that our soul is really what counts. Why not have a Safety Week for our souls?"

VII.

"There are two kinds of sudden death: the one beautiful, the other terrible. The sudden death of a good man who has lived close to God is beautiful. It is as if God said, 'Come, you have served me long enough; I will give you the reward you have merited.' But the sudden death of the wicked man is hideous. Then we hear God say: 'Enough! Your sins have crucified My Son and have outraged Me long enough. Accept the long-delayed punishment your sins have deserved.'"

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Students should know that Edwin Rowley, while dressing for the dance on the night before his death, changed his rosary to the dress suit he was wearing. It seems perfectly reasonable to suppose that he was saying the beads when his hour came.