

Choice.

He was a freshman, and he lived in Freshman Hall. As he came around the corner of the Main Building, speeding along, he took a slant at the clock. It was 6:55, Sunday morning, October 17, the day after the Penn State game. He started for the church, took another look at the clock, turned around the steps of the Main Building, bought a paper at the news stand, and went in to breakfast. He had made a choice.

He was a junior, and he lived in Morrissey Hall. He got in shortly before midnight, so he slept until eight o'clock or thereabouts. He started for the church with the best dispositions in the world, intending to be on time for mass for once in his life. As he rounded the corner of Badin Hall he saw the thundering herd rounding the corner of Sorin, broken loose from the 7:30 Mass. He hesitated a moment; he was still fasting. He knew that there would be another rush at the end of the High Mass. He started for the church, then turned quickly, and was first in line ahead of the mad rush. He had made a choice.

He was a senior, and he lived in Sorin Hall. He had caught the last car. He started to get ready for bed, then noticed that in reading the sporting page of the Sunday morning paper he had forgotten about the funny paper. He moseyed along with this, then finished his preparations for bed. The clock struck twelve. Then he remembered that he was thirsty. He hesitated for a minute, consulted his watch, hesitated some more, went down the corridor to the fountain, hesitated again, then took a drink of water and went to bed. He had also made a choice.

"Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this: and, ye gates thereof, be very desolate, saith the Lord. For my people have done two evils. They have forsaken Me, the fountain of living water, and have digged to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." -- Jeremias, chapter 2, verses 12 and 13.

Prayers

Frank McCarthy, an old student from Indianapolis, wired Saturday: "My sister is critically ill; operate Monday to prevent blindness and paralysis. Please have faculty and students pray for her." James Connors was called home to Chicago Saturday by the serious illness of his father, and yesterday Philip Doell left for Rochester to be at the bedside of his mother, who was reported as failing fast. A nephew of Father Ryan was struck by an automobile Friday and seriously injured. John Howard has received pessimistic reports on the condition of his sister, who has been ill for some time. George Sargus asks prayers for a cousin, who died a few days ago. Five special intentions are recommended, and five students want prayers of thanksgiving for favors received.

Rosary Devotions.

The football team constituted about one-half of the crowd of students at the Rosary Devotions at twelve-thirty Saturday. It's a good thing somebody around the place didn't have much to do that afternoon, or the crowd would have been too small to permit Benediction. These devotions are held every afternoon at five.

Joe and Freddie.

Reports from Minneapolis of the flowers and other attentions being showered upon the stricken heroes are making some of the boys envious. But the candy isn't doing Freddie any good (you can't eat so well when your jaws are wired together) and Joe isn't going out to any dances. Keep a bit of charity in your heart for these two fellows; say a prayer that their bones will heal quickly and completely.