

It Began This Morning.

The Novena for a Happy Marriage -- for the grace to be a good husband, and the gift of a God-fearing wife who will be a wholesome mother for your children.

Prayers.

Philip Quinn, of Sorin Hall, had a serious operation for appendicitis yesterday morning. Chester Ashman, of Freshman Hall, lost his mother Wednesday; Ernest Paradis, who left school at Christmas, lost his father a few days ago. Three persons who are ill are recommended to your prayers; so is a man who is dying. Wm. Hillenbrand's grandmother died yesterday. An aunt of Ralph Zimmerman is ill. -- The Glee Club is to enter a national contest shortly, and ask a remembrance in your prayers; your charity is also invoked to pray for a young Catholic woman who has lost her position and livelihood through her defense of the Faith.

Funds.

Six dollars for Bengal, two dollars for the lepers, and five dollars "conscience money" are the donations since the last report. -- A word should be said about the contributions for the lepers: there have been only two donations of less than one dollar, and there have been two of ten dollars; three-fourths of the contributors are working their way through school; practically all of the contributions represent serious economies. -- And while there is much consolation in these considerations, they should not discourage smaller contributions. The sharing of one's last loaf is a much greater thing in the eyes of God than the millionaire's gift of a library.

Do Co-eds Marry College Men?

Dear Father: For the first time since Carnegie Tech lowered the colors of dear old Nostra Domina we now find ourselves and our Alma Mater the object of ridicule. When we lost the football game it was Judge Steffen who gave us the bird, claiming that we were a set-up. Now the co-eds of the Big Ten are putting us on the pan for a few remarks that were printed in the newspapers after the Religious Survey made its debut.

The poor little school-girls assume that "you aint doin' right by our Nell" air, and voice their opinions in the Herald-Examiner. They claim that Notre Dame "know-it-all" men would rather marry barmaids than college-bred girls. In some cases the former would be a far saner choice, but that is beside the question.

What we advocate is this: Now that the battle is well under way and we are in need of a shock backfield, preferably in the form of a quartette of letters writers, we implore you to ask the Four Brownsonites to take their pen in hand and save dear old Universitas Nostrae Dominae from a disgraceful and Hearst-ly defeat.

Stall of Corby.

P.S. Because a fellow goes to Chicago U doesn't make him a college man.

Are You Old Enough?

The Northwestern co-eds call you "those kids down at Notre Dame," and the News-Times opines that you are too young to think of marriage. Well and good -- but you are old enough to run around with girls (or at least Brownson's Four Horsemen are), so you are old enough to use some discretion in the choice of girl companions. If you lack the virtue of prudence, at least ask St. Joseph to obtain for you the virtue of docility, so that you will accept and act upon advice in this matter.