
Think of Your Mother Now.

In spite of all that happened Saturday night -- that some got away with it and some didn't; and some made fools of themselves and some didn't -- the tendency to bust will prevail over common sense tonight and a goodly number will make fools of themselves. And some of them will get caught, and tomorrow there will be salty tears and a heart-broken, "This will kill my mother!"

Now is the time to think of your mother.

Resuming the Count.

Yesterday's count in the Sorin chapel was just three less than last Monday, but there were quite a few new customers. Hour by hour it ~~xxxix~~ ran:

	Sat	Mon
5:30 - 7:00.....	50	33
7:00 - 8:00.....	102	81
8:00 - 9:00.....	33	45
9:00 -10:00.....	53	65
10:00 -11:00.....	18	26
11:00 -12:00.....	11	16

Saturday's figures are given for comparison. Off-campus students were less in evidence yesterday than last week; and the graces they forfeited went to late sleepers on the campus who might otherwise have gone straight from bed to breakfast.

The Sick Man Has His Day.

"Here's fifty cents to buy milk for that boy out in New Mexico. It will do more good there than it will buying home brew for me." That was the message that accompanied one contribution yesterday. Another student paid a day's board; a third paid his bill for a week or better -- fifteen dollars. Two or three more chipped in. (The count of the total will have to wait till the Bulletin force gets through with exams.)

Prayers.

Don Murphy's father died Saturday, according to word received here yesterday. Eustace Cullinan, an alumnus, asks prayers for a deceased uncle and for an aunt who is very ill. Ray Doherty recommends an aunt who is in critical condition after an operation. A student asks prayers for the conversion of his father. Three special intentions.

Worthy Example.

Some time ago the managing editor of the Baltimore Catholic Review gave space to a friend whose example is worthy of imitation. Here's what he had to say of him:

"An ambulance clanged down the street the other night, passing us and our friend. 'Did you say a prayer?' he asked us. 'I always pray when I hear an ambulance pass that the one who is in it may recover from his sickness or injury, or die a happy death.' We were impressed, and questioned him further. We found that he prayed for Lindbergh when he heard of his start, and thanked God when he landed safely. When he hears the fire engines he prays for the firemen and for the poor people who suffer from it. Every Mass he hears he prays for the priest who says it -- a prayer of gratitude. Every time he goes to confession he prays for his confessor. When he hears of a man going to the gallows he prays God to have mercy on his soul; in the same way he prays for the principals in weddings, ordinations and the like. He prays as a Christian should."