

Edmund Hogan Hasn't Much Chance.

Things were looking better for Edmund Hogan for a few days after the blood transfusions took place last week, but all the hopes raised went crashing yesterday. Frank Connors and Dennis Murnane had each given a pint of blood for him, and this so supplemented the treatments he had been receiving that the bacteria no longer showed in the blood stream. Fever and chills still continued, however, so a further operation was resorted to yesterday; this disclosed a frightful condition in the veins and tissues of the neck.

The operation took three hours. The poor boy stood it well, but the doctors are leaving the results to prayer. As soon as he left the operating table Frank Connors gave him another pint of blood. The case is in God's Hands now. If this proverbial charity of Notre Dame men means anything nowadays, you will all offer Holy Communion tomorrow morning that if it be God's Holy Will, Edmund Hogan will get well. He's only a mite of a boy, but he has no end of pluck and cheerfulness; he's the kind of lad you would want to do anything for.

Pray The Flu Wway.

Discouraging reports come from over the country regarding the flu situation. Yesterday's newspapers tell of a dozen colleges that have sent their students home to prevent the spread of the plague. Those of you who can remember back ten years know that there is grave cause for concern when this disease gets as much headway as it now has in the country.

Notre Dame was spared the grave situation many colleges and cities went through ten years ago: here we had 250 cases and five deaths. But even with that singular protection of Providence, the death of five students is tragedy enough. Pray, and pray hard, that we will be spared the epidemic, and that there be no more deaths this year. And pray for the families of your fellow-students, that they may be equally spared. Arthur Erra requests prayers for his mother and sister who are quite ill.

Another thing: live in the state of grace during flu times. The papers report the death of a young interne within two hours after the discovery that he was ill -- with spinal meningitis, which not infrequently follows flu. Such cases were common enough ten years ago; it would be the most tragic calamity in the world if such a death were to overtake the sort of Notre Dame man that stays away from the Sacraments.

The Oldest Living Day-Dog.

The Committee in charge of the Off-campus Smoker has asked the Bulletin again to announce that the oldest living day-dog has been invited to attend this social gathering, and that he has promised to be there if his infirmities will permit -- even if he has to go in a wheel-chair. But no matter what else happens, there will be skits, flood, tricks, orchestra stuff, 4 bouts, and what not. It's tonight, at eight.

Prayers.

Father Dalton, C.S.C., lost his brother a few days ago. Edward Blatt's sister underwent a serious operation yesterday. Three special intentions. Jack Long, of Chicago, asks prayers for his brother Tom who has the flu; Jack and Tom were students here several years ago. Al Stewart, of Freshman Hall, is in the Hospital threatened with pneumonia. Jack Scanlan, of Carroll Hall, underwent an operation yesterday for ear trouble.

Missals.

The Book Store has a small supply of Daily Missals in Latin and English.