

The Rear Guard.

He strolls into Mass at the "Sanctus,"
Or maybe a moment before.
And, lest he should bother his neighbors
He drops on one knee at the door.

Good seats near the altar are vacant,
In fact there is room and to spare.
But why should he push himself forward?
He'd be so conspicuous there.

He doesn't look up at the altar,
But keeps his gaze bent on the floor;
We notice him yawning a little
As though it were rather a bore.

He squats for the last benediction,
And then, ere the service is through,
We look for him there in the background,
And find he has melted from view.

So strange! Now, we fancy we saw him
Last night at the vaudeville show;
It seemed to us then he was fighting
To get in the very front row.

He must have been there before seven --
O! surely some minutes before --
He headed the line that was waiting
Outside the gallery door:

And when the door opened, good gracious!
How active he was in the race
Up stairs, and then over the benches
And down to the very first place.

My! how he applauded the singing
And laughed at the jokes that were cracked.
His eyes never leaving the footlights --
Transfixed to the very last act.

This can't be the same man this morning --
This slowest and dullest of chaps.
We must have seen some other fellow
Last evening -- his brother perhaps. -- T.A. Daly.

The Pledge.

The total number of pledges returned to date is 950 - about one-third of the present registration. There are some blanks left. They are brought to the attention of such seniors as may be tempted to be absent from the Washington's Birthday exercises.

PRAYERS: A brother of Bob Massey, '31, died this morning. John Neubauer's mother and Jim Kearns's father are ill. Foreign Commerce Club: Mass in Sorin chapel at 6:25 tomorrow for the repose of the soul of the mother of Ed Roxas. Five special intentions. Taken by mistake from Chemistry Hall - an overcoat. Return to 141 Sorin.