

Again: Masses next Sunday, 6:00; 6:45; 7:30; 8:15!! Breakfast, 7:30.

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Those Bells!

Said Philbert Twaddlebury as he stroked back his flowing locks, "The ringing of bells in this University is most aggravating and vulgar! Shortly after the middle of the night some prefect with a bad case of insomnia rings a fire gong for morning prayer and from that time until late into the evening the place sounds like a swiss bell factory on testing days."

"They ring them so that the boys will hear them," said Stooze. "A good many of the boys really want to be awakened for Mass and Communion. But those bells with all their ringing have never been able to make you snap into it. You're usually embalmed until ten or ten-thirty and from the swelled condition of your eyes no one would conclude that you'd been simply sitting up listening to bells."

"I should certainly be a nervous wreck if I were to listen to that hideous noise. Why any competent nerve specialist will tell you that a person should be waked gently out of his slumber if his nervous system is not to suffer seriously. Think of the shock of ringing a fire gong in a man's ear to wake him! It's preposterous!"

"Calm yourself, my dear Twad, and we'll see to it in the future that you are waked by the soft music of a silver flute, so that your highly strung nervous system won't be wrecked. What a big strong he-man you are! Aren't you afraid that the boys might cream-puff you some day when you venture out onto the campus?"

"But I insist," continued Philbert, "that the practice of having prayers so early in the morning is absurd and ridiculous. Can't a man pray better around eleven o'clock when he's thoroughly awake and knows what's going on around him. Some of the old mediaeval monks started this insane custom of midnight prayers and the people in this school haven't yet seen that it's a joke."

"We're not going to argue with you any further, sweetheart, because you wouldn't understand it. But if you'll look over the records you'll find that the men who really amount to something in this world are the ones who go to bed at night and get up in the morning. Daytime is the working period for everyone but owls and burglars. Mass and Communion start the day off well, and from eight to six are good wholesome hours for work,--work, Twad, old boy. The birds that rise at ten or eleven after staying up half the night are just washouts."

"Washouts?" said Twaddlebury, as he contemptuously selected a scented cigarette from a silver case.

"Why, with your hours you couldn't get a job anywhere except in a manicure shop or a hair dressers but probably that's where you'll wind up. What a fine investment your parents made when they sent you to school! You'll probably ride yourself out of all your classes by taking cuts, and go home to mamma in a poeve because of the drastic rules of discipline."

"There's another of those impossible bells," said Philbert, as he dashed another spray of brilliantine on his fair locks, and made a most heroic effort to make the nine-o'clock Sunday Mass.

Congratulations, Father Marri!

There really was a great turn-out in Walsh for Mass and Holy Communion this morning! All seats were filled, even the corridors crowded at the beginning of Mass. There's something vital for other halls to shoot at!

PRAYERS: Deceased, father of Don (Dillon) and Bob (Alumni) LeMire, anniversary; Mrs. Tom Costello, friend of student. Ill, Father Fogarty; Joe Sullivan, Ed Kirby, 4 ints.