

ASH-WEDNESDAY TOMORROW!
ASHES PROMPTLY AT 7:00,
FOLLOWED BY MASS AND HO-
LY COMMUNION. EVERYBODY....

University of Notre Dame
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....SQUEEZE INTO CHURCH
LATER MASS THERE - 8:15.
ASHES ALSO 12:30 IN DIL
HOW-CAV. CONFESSION NOW.

Rogues' Gallery Tomorrow.

Two days a year they all come out because it doesn't cost anything. First, there's St. Blaise day and they get their throats blessed. Then, of course since they're still Catholics, there's Ash-Wednesday. Those two days, besides the usual line-up of honest-to-goodness saints, you've got all of rogues' gallery at the altar rail.

That's a fact. When you don't have to go to confession first, as on these two days, everyone flocks to the rail. As though, in real fact, "it doesn't cost anything."

The real fact is the rogues don't know the real cost of anything. For example the cost of their soul, Christ's Blood; or the cost of their Christian education, their Dad's dough; or the cost of their folly and sins, their Mother's tears as she kneels at the bedside morning and night and before Him when she makes a visit to the parish Church during her shopping hours.

"O, senseless Galatians," St. Paul once wrote. "Are you so foolish, that, whereas you began in the Spirit, you would now be made perfect by the flesh?" * * * "Jimminy crickets! wake up," St. Paul barks at the Notre Dame rogues' gallery. "You don't know the score. So wise up. Take last night. Four priests in Sacred Heart Church over an hour steady and you were chicken. Modern Galatians! no spirit, all flesh. C'mon!"

The Bulletin would like to advise St. Paul that he omitted an essential part of the announcements. Rogues' gallery can look up priests also any night till ten in Cavanaugh, Howard and Dillon Halls.

Bleed A Little.

That's what Lent's for. You're supposed to cut in on yourselves. You're supposed to feel something besides a lump of marshmallow melting down your throat. Give yourself a few pinches at six bells every morning in Lent. Or is that too much for you?

When you jump out of bed, dash down the corridor and splash yourself with a nice, cold shower. Can't you take it? What's a cold shower beside Christ's hot, bloody sweat in the Garden of Olives? That was His way. * * * Are you going to be soft the next forty days? Okay, but don't call yourself a follower of Him. Christ could take it. And He did for you. Oh, you never thought of it that way? That's what the Bulletin's trying to get you to do. Tonight is the Eve of Lent!

After the shower what? Well, nothing wrong with trotting downstairs to the chapel and making THE WHOLE MASS AND HOLY COMMUNION, is there? If there is, what's your excuse? C'mon, what is it? Tonight's a great little night for a good argument. Let's have all those super-intellectual reasons why you don't need Christ in the Mass and daily Communion. Yeah, that's right, you're invited to drop in tonight and give your side. But don't come in after a quarter to ten. There'll be some divine office to finish up and a little sleep to get in. (If Rogues' Gallery keeps you waiting too long on account of it's making a line outside the confessional, your invitation is good for tomorrow night).

So it's decided: DAILY PROGRAM IN LENT---up at six with the bell, no fighting back. Mass and Communion--THE WHOLE MASS and don't rush that Communion. Haste makes waste. If it's just a dash in and out of chapel, you're dropping grace. Stay in bed.

OTHER THINGS THAT'LL HELP YOU. Now and then the Way of the Cross. There are stations erected in every hall. Fridays in Lent there'll be stations in public, all chapels. Spiritual reading: keep the books moving on the Dillon, Howard and Cavanaugh shelves. The Prefect of Religion and his assistants will help you choose wisely. Adoration: Blessed Sacrament exposed every day. Grotto: Mary will lead you to your Divine Lord. NO BULLETIN WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. THIS YEAR'S HATCHET TO H. AFFLEFERRY-SMUTPUBLISHER.