
Tittles And Jots.

Joe is a junior. He stands on a corner in South Chicago. He wears an N.D. He sticks out his thumb. From his neck hangs a sign: "To Notre Dame for a 10:00 o'clock class." *** One-hour-and-a-half later Joe alights-- believe it or not-- in front of the Hotel Oliver. A friend rushes him to the university. He makes the class. But no roll-call. For the prof, one cut.

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Whispered suggestion: Gentlemen of Walsh, Exiles in the Lyons and Morrissey Subways, Dead End Kids, members of the late Saint Edward's A.C., students all! next Sunday stand on both feet, stand wide awake, stand on any corner of the campus, and hang this sign from your neck: "To Sacred Heart Church for the 10:00 o'clock Mass."

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Sure sign that the end of the year is coming: one more Novena and nobody needs any coaxing-- the Novena for Exams. For seniors, whose examination worries are over, it is called the Novena for Jobs.

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Once again (tomorrow) it's St. Simon's day-- feast of "the saint who lived in a tree." Carmelite Frater de Smet writes you from Niagara Falls to remind you to wear your scapular. (He must have seen from a distance those chainless and medal-less necks in the Rockne Memorial swimming pool.) You can't merit the scapular indulgences unless you wear that little brown patch of cloth or the substitute-medal. Lost medals replaced in Cavanaugh, Howard and Dillon.

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Tonite, tomorrow night, Tuesday night the shades of St. Vincent de Paul will trouble your closets for the sake of Christ's poor. Fork over those outmoded fiery flannels. Hand down that dust-covered hat. Why keep those corn-killing

PRAYERS: (deceased) friend of Tommy Sheehan; uncle of Tom Wall (Corby). Ill, cousin of John Speca (Howard); grandmother of Tom Stevens (Cav.); (operation) friend of Jack Gilrane (How.); (operation) father of Fred Robertshaw (How.); three relatives of Don Connors (Zahm); Mr. Chas. Murdock; aunt of Hugh Mallon (Bro.); Sr. Agnes Ann, C.S.C.; cousin of M. Leahy (Al.). LOST: at the ball, a silver bracelet. Apply 107 Cavanaugh.

shoes? Didn't you get that Epistle yesterday? "Religion clean and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation: and to keep one's self unspotted from this world."

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"Dr. Paul Schilder of New York, discussing 'The Sociological Implication of the Neuroses,' reported that the rise of the jitterbug may indicate the decline of civilization, just as 'the great dancing epidemics of the middle ages' marked a decline in the culture of that era." Chi.Trib.

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That still small voice called conscience drove a man to return to the city treasury in an eastern city two tens and a one. He had been overpaid for shovelling snow. In Canada one scrupulous soul sent ten cents to the postoffice. He had been filling his fountain pen for ten years with postoffice ink. Comments Walter Van Kirk on his broadcast, Religion in the News: "...We're looking to the time when that mysterious thing we call conscience begins to work on some of the big fellows-- the political corruptionists, judges who sell their justice to the highest bidder, gangsters, sellers of drugs to school children, inciters to race prejudice and war makers. A little sprinkling of the salt of conscience would do a lot of good among these and other people who are making tough sledding for all of us."

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"And I hate the whole group of novelists," says William Lycens Phelps of Yale, "whom I call the Medlar Novelists. The medlar is a fruit that becomes rotten before it is ripe." N. Y. Times.

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FEBBLE IN YOUR SHOE? SCRUPLES? See your confessor tonight. He'll put you at ease.