Those who are in the habit (?) of visiting the Grotto once a year should endeavor to make their annual visit today. Those who make a daily visit will find special joy in reflecting that it was on this day, seventy-three years ago, that the Blessed Mother of God chose the Pyrenean village of Lourdes for a shrine in honor of her Immaculate Conception.

Lourdes is the perennial stumbling-block for the skeptic. Day after day, year after year, the "incurable" leave their bandages, their crutches, their braces, at Lourdes, and go back home to take their part in the affairs of the world. And day after day, year after year, faith is rekindled or reborn at Lourdes. Msgr. Benson says in his book on Lourdes that to him the great marvel of Lourdes is not that so many are cured -- the Blessed Mother could cure them all -- but that so many go away uncured of their physical ailments, but elevated in spirit and resigned to the Will of God.

You should know (but perhaps you do not) that no "cure" is ever listed as a "miracle" at Lourdes unless it has stood the most rigid tests of medical science. No case is ever registered there unless the patient has brought medical certificates from home that his case is incurable, and unless the Medical Bureau at the Grotto confirms the decision of the home physicians. The Bureau will consider no case in which autosuggestion can have a part in the cure. Further, the Medical Bureau must place its confirmation on the alleged cure, and the subsequent history of the patient is then followed until his death. If there is any recurrence of the previous malady, the case is stricken from the record of "miracles."

A Student's Mother Speaks Her Mind.

"Chicago, Jan. 29.-- I was very much interested in a statement published in today's Tribune, made by the son of the governor of New York, Elliot Roosevelt. He denounced college as being useless, but a fine vacation if one could afford the time. I have certainly come to that conclusion, after having my son in a local university for the last two years. Since our son was a baby his father and I have planned to send him to college. By depriving ourselves of a number of things we were able to do so. He is taking the maximum number of semester hours but his average time in school is four hours a day; sometimes it is only one and a half hours. Living within a mile of the school thus leaves him about twelve hours a day for study, but, as he gets fairly good grades and studios only about two hours a day, he has just about ten hours to loaf.

"The fraternities, which I understand are a fine place to kill time, did not appeal to him, and it seems that athletics are usurped entirely by fraternity men. School opened about the first of October. Thanksgiving there was a recess of almost a week; Christmas, two weeks; last week and next week are given over to examinations, which in the case of my son means about ten or twelve hours in school in the entire two weeks. Easter there will be another week, with school closing on June 1.

"At this time, when so many men with dependents are out of work, it seems a shame to send him out to look for spare-time work, but I am certainly fed up on this everlasting vacation and would like the opinion of other parents who are sending their children to college at some sacrifice and feel they are getting so little for it. Why could not the college course be three years and eight solid hours of classwork a day?"

"-- Dissatisfied," - The Chicago Tribune.

PMALRM: A deceased relative of Fr. Nahor; sick relatives of Mrs. Loding and V. Turley.