Everyone’s talking about a square deal. Republicans cry for it. The New Deal, President Roosevelt calls, a square deal.

Strikers hurl stones into windows, capitalists have skulls pounded for a square deal, nothing more.

France talks square deal to Hitler. Hitler shouts square deal back at France. Mussolini and Japan talk square deal to all the world.

But everyone knows, or ought to know, that the square deal in human relationships is all blurb, can’t possibly exist in fact, unless men first give the square deal to God.

There is no such thing as honesty or justice—the bases of square dealing—unless men worship God.

The clerk refrains from stuffing his pockets with the bank’s money not because he’ll go to prison if he gets caught. "Smart" bank clerks always get into set-ups where no one possibly can find out.

There is no sensible, adequate reason for always being honest, for always being just, if there be no God Who punishes or rewards every hidden thought and deed.

Ask the banker if it matters whether his clerks have consciences which make them honest whether they have an opportunity to steal or not.

It is the same in all human relationships. Confidence is the first essential. And it is founded on good consciences.

Without men, therefore, who worship God and respect His wishes, there can be no square deal.

The Square Deal For You.

The Eucharistic calendar tells you that this year at Notre Dame is Square Deal Year.

Your square deal to God and to yourself must mean, at its minimum, living every day in the state of grace. The fellow who misses that point is a rank failure—no matter what his prominence in classes, on the athletic field, or in his social relations.

On every side of each student at Notre Dame there are daily, hourly, opportunities for confession to clear himself whom necessary, for Holy Communion to help him grow strong in the battle against sin.

If the student spurns these opportunities, or makes only indifferent use of them, if he puts his soul in danger of eternal damnation by living habitually in mortal sin, he is flunking in the one great lesson that Notre Dame wishes most that he should learn. He is neither on the level with God nor with himself.

Make this year, then, a square deal year by living every day in the state of grace.

Mrs. Elizabeth Deegan, son of Mrs. Mary C. McCormick, killed in accident after having decided to come to Notre Dame; son of Wm. Halloran; friend of Joe McCabe (Off-Campus); friend of a student. Ill, Msgr. Thos. V. Shannon. Five Special Intentions.