Are you as well prepared for the mid-years as you feel you ought to be? Look back across all the intervening hours to the first class period in September. Then you were going to make this your best year.

Does your record actually show that you have done as you planned, that you tried hard all the way, or, that you worked in fits and starts, that, as weeks wore on, you let down and loafed?

See if you can't improve this last month of the first semester. Start—not tomorrow, not next week, not three days before exams—-but now. Here are convictions (taken from the latest students' survey) which have helped many Notre Dame students to substitute work for loafing:

1. My parents' sacrifices demand that I work hard.
   "Constant remembrance that I'm in school on my folks' money—at a sacrifice."
   "Thoughts of that little bungalow I'd some day like to buy for my parents."
   "My Dad works eight hours a day. Why shouldn't I?"

2. My future success depends upon my use of time now.
   "I as a Catholic graduate will have a great mission in life, and it will take all that I have to perform it."
   "I know that I will some day actually depend upon what I am doing now."
   "There is so much to be learned and so little time in which to learn it."

3. A planned day helps me economize time.
   "I made out a time schedule. Every Freshman should do this."
   "A schedule shows me each hour the work I must do to keep up."
   "Regulated time for study and relaxation—even a regulated time for wasting time."

4. A well occupied day has important moral and religious values.
   "Sin lurks for idlers."
   "My whole day is offered to God. Time wasted is stealing from Him."

The Whisperers,
By Francis F. Donnelly, S. J.

Down gossiping streets infectious whispers steal
   With fatal venom, and each serpent kiss
   Echoes such falsehoods as in Adam's bliss
   Caused rebel forsook of God's commonwealth.
   Shell science not this vicious germ reveal
   Which makes man's kindly nature go amiss;
   Or soul physicians find no artifice
   Plague-carriers to isolate and heal?
   And was Thy dying prayer, O Lord, in vain,
   Drowned by the jeers upon Thy holy hill;
   And is, "Forgive them, Lord!" slighted or unheard?
   Alas, tongue-victims are impaled again,
   And whispering envy spurs the mob to kill,
   On Calvary's of the crucifying word. (---Ave Maria, Dec. 5, 1936)

(---in memory of the deceased---)
   (deceased) father of Jim Dwyer, '26; mother of Mrs. Pat Barnes of Lomond, L. I.; Mrs. 111, George F. Clarenor; Kathleen O'Brien (restoration of hearing); the illness of Clarence Humor, '26; Jim Corcoran (St. '17's); Father Carey, C.S.C.; Mrs. Hsu; Mrs. Cullins; Mrs. Crockett; mother of Ed Reinor (Bad.) Three spec. intentions.