ATTENTION all Catholics on-University of Notre Dame Religious Bulletin...next Tuesday. Watch the Bulletin for reasons...Next Friday is the FIRST FRIDAY.

A Great Archbishop on Temperance.

About fifty years ago Archbishop Ireland was a living power throughout the Middle West. A Martha Esmond of Chicago once heard him on the subject of temperance and then wrote, under date of April 8, 1888, to her friend, Julia Boyd of New York:

"Archbishop Ireland is now about 60 years of age, I should judge, and a striking figure, tall, muscular, with fine features, a noble forehead, and a mass of iron gray hair which he wears rather long. A man you would pick out in a crowd as a person of importance.

"Everyone listened attentively to the Archbishop's words....'Too much paternalism,' he declared, 'is not to be desired, while too little might prove fatal.'

"When he addressed himself to the evil effects of the use of alcohol, he was simply thrilling. I felt myself shivering as he spoke: 'The craving for alcohol, begotten of alcohol, ever waxes stronger, and the moment comes when it is a wild passion, a fierce madness.'

"In slavery to it, woman forgets her honor and man paws the cot of his dying wife. Old age, at its bid, puts on the garment of idiocy and loses its earthly journey in disgrace and sin.

"'Intelligence will not ward off its arrow and piety does not withstand the fury of its breath.'"

If you of 1837 are wise you will follow the Archbishop; always be temperate, or always abstain.

Blue-Gingham Cal.

With the disappearance of the old-fashioned family--and thus "the family entrance" -- we have today a disenchanting line-up of ladies at the beer bars. Ladies feeling high, roguishly rouged, buoyantly bunned and entirely too come-hither.

They look at one as though to say: "Whatever it is you were going to say, don't say it. We've heard it before. We know all the answers, etc." Thus develops a class that not only mentions unmentionables but shouts them. And in this we have lost something. The blushes, shyness, self-consciousness.

It would be apt just now to re-encapture the fun of the old huskin' bee, with its red ear and all that. I am thinking of a church supper given out our way a crock of the creek place of mooling cows, eaten water buckets with gourd dipper and garned apple tree...And I recall the fresh, red faces of those bosomy ratrons who served such a swell chicken dinner--flaky fried chicken and coconut cake with two-fingered doing--and I'd like to trade somehow about two dozen girls of the beer bars for one blushing gal in blue gingham. (From New York Day By Day, O. O. McIntryro.)

FRIDAYS OF VARIOUS ORDER TO LAST THOSE HELD BY, A. M. R. C. G., IL N Y KATH BLDG.

MAY 7: (deceased) 4th anniv. of father of John Coyle (Cor.); friend of Frank (Cor.) and Chas (Ir.) Kelly; father of Chas (Cor.) and Bob (Al.) Duff and uncle of Tom O'Shaughnessy (Al.), cousin of William (Al.). Ill, father of George Bates (Walsh); friend of Jack Lookner (Al.); Joe DeFranco, appendentary; James Shaw (Alumnus).