

Ed. Kirby's condition not satisfactory. Remember him especially tomorrow.

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Come on time to  
the Sunday Mass!

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The Ordeal for McGutzky.

D'ya know what happened to me the other day, Stooze? The Rector called me in and asked if I was one of the nitwits who make sappy remarks at the movies every time a boy and girl kiss.

That made me plenty sore. I do a lotta things that ain't accordin' to Hoyle and thatya can't find in Emily Post, but I gotta mother and sisters at home and I know better'n to make fresh remarks every time a girl shows up on the screen.

The fellas who do that're orphans, I told the Rector. I'll just betcha they're orphans.

I don't think they're orphans, he says t'me. I imagine they're just warped somewhere or else they think they're terribly funny.

There was a time in the past, you know McGutzky, when it was thought hilarious to kick the crutches out from under a cripple and to steal a blind man's cane.

The old Latin poets, if one can judge from their plays, considered it great fun to throw a fellow over a chair and wallop him until his nose bled.

Well, I says t'him, you got me wrong if you think that I belong to that bunch. Those birds are giving their mom and pop an awful black eye, if they only knew it.

There's another thing, he says. Some fellows gab coming out of night prayer as if they were walking through a hotel lobby. I suppose it's thoughtlessness, but how can a boy ever hope to get an education who is thoughtless about a thing like that?

It will do him no good to read books and write themes if he misses fundamental things,

Well, I says t'him, that's another thing I don't do, and you can mark it down in your little red book.

And what I told the Rector is the God's truth, Stooze. I sometimes skip night prayer, when I think I won't be missed, but if I go there I just don't talk in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

You never saw me do it, didja Stooze?

But how about tearing pages out of an encyclopedia? Stooze inquired.

Isn't there something of the cave man in that? That makes a set that cost sixty or seventy dollars practically useless.

All, right said McGutzky, if that's the way you're gonna feel about it--because I letya in on something--I put those pages back this morning, see, smart guy?

But you've destroyed the volume, continued Stooze. And that ruins the set. Better ask your confessor about the kind of restitution you think you've made, next time you go to confession.

PRAYERS: Deceased, father of David Crooks (Dillon). Ill, Father Fogarty; aunt and cousin of Joe McNahan (Badin), seriously hurt in an automobile accident; Miss Jane Donovan, aunt of a student; Mr. Frank J. Harrison, friend of a student; Joe Sullivan (St. Ed's.); Bob Malarney (St. Ed's.); Paul Mueller (Lyons). Deceased, friend of Charles Nau (St. Ed's.). Four special intentions.