
There's Gravy On Your Vest.

We have a sloppy way of not being sufficiently self-contained. A fat man's vest is often a repository for many things; a Catholic's chin may betray him to a Kluxer on Friday morning; some Sophomores have red ink on their fingers; a yellow feather in a cat's ear will lead the sheriff to suspect who killed the canary. We leave fingerprints. There have been many attempts to commit the master-crime; usually they fail. Tell-tale slips reveal our physical habits; our words, our eyes, our glances, reveal the secrets of our hearts.

There are mothers who are so foolishly wrapped up in their sons that they refuse to believe them capable of anything short of the heroic, ever. But most mothers are not that way; and they are natural-born detectives. Happy the mother who has nothing to learn of her son that will give her a shock. Many mothers of Notre Dame men have been so blessed.

You are going home to your mother. If there is gravy on your vest, better send it to a dry cleaner before you go.

Edmund Hogan Was Anointed Yesterday.

Edmund Hogan never looked better or more cheerful than yesterday afternoon. Within twenty-four hours after his operation (which lasted three hours and a half, and was the worst of its kind ever handled by the veteran ear-specialist, Dr. Boyd-Snee) he was full of life and vigor. But the poison in his system has been getting closer to his heart, and it seemed best to take no chances, so he was anointed. He said the Confiteor himself and answered all the Latin responses for the anointing, and did his own share of praying.

Humanly speaking, he hasn't a ghost of a show. If a miracle happens, he will get well. He is the sort of chap you would want to ask God to work a miracle for; he has in such fine degree the qualities you look for in a Notre Dame man. Run into the chapel when you finish reading this and say three Hail Mary's for him. That's the least you can do -- and it seems more than some of you are doing.

Other Sick Boys.

Jack Scanlan's operation Tuesday was quite successful, and he is resting easy, worrying about cuts and how to make up work. Al Stewart has something between a cold and a touch of pneumonia, but is doing remarkably well. Harry Conley will be out of the Hospital in a day or so. Everett Nelson seems to have overcome an attack of appendicitis. The other boys in the Hospital look well enough to be out skating. J. G. Koehl left for home yesterday to have an operation for appendicitis. The Infirmary has its percentage of groanings, but no very sick boys; a count there yesterday noon revealed more than half the beds empty. Whether they are very sick or not, however, the boys on the sick list will appreciate your prayers.

Prayers.

Mr. Casasanta, of the Music Department, has been called to the bedside of his father, who is very low. Andrew McGuan asks prayers for a deceased uncle, a Mr. Sieberz, whose son, Louis, was a student here some years ago. Four special intentions.

"The Novena Cards."

The Spiritual Bouquet cards for Christmas are at the pamphlet rack. They are to be sent to your parents, or those for whom you are offering your Christmas Novena.