

Be sure to receive the Sacraments before you leave for the holidays.

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Eating.

Boys eat to satiety; and then feel that sleep is a good thing. Some boys eat more than others; but all boys eat too much and make their mothers bond women; and their fathers to speculate if youth is all appetite. "Jim," Dad says, "chew your food. Dr. Hayden says that mastication is part digestion. Chew your food, I tell you."--"I'm hungry, Pa."--"All right, be hungry and eat. But chew your food. Mastication is--" "part digestion," James finishes.

College boys particularly eat too much, and without any visible table technique. They feel they owe it to their parents, who pay their board bill, to consume all the food they can without becoming irrational. And then sometimes a boy will go to his Alma Mater Infirmary to consult with the school physician. He complains and wonders if he has a heart condition. The doctor tells him to breathe. He does so with difficulty. "You certainly are not tubercular," Science says after listening to whatever breathing is left. "And your heart is all right, though it pounds like a trip hammer."--"What should I do, doctor?"--"Don't eat any supper tonight, nor any breakfast tomorrow. By then your appetite will have caught up with your eating." The young man goes away sad.

A universal vote will affirm that most women and girls eat according to table etiquette. Whatever accusations may be advanced against the modern girl--her sophistication, self-glorification, red nails and yellow finger tips--it must be said she eats her food with elegance and restraint. She does not attack food as if it were a jungle beast which must be destroyed and consumed with dispatch. She handles her knife, fork and spoon with a delicate technique, and lifts

food from the plate sparingly; gingerly even. She does not clutch a knife handle as you clutch a baseball bat. You notice her eat, and know you are watching a human act. She chews food slowly, takes time out to converse; recognizes that a full dinner pail, not a full mouth, is the symbol of prosperity.



James, her brother, has by contrast, his face out over the plate, which he watches as a cat watches a mouse--and for the same reason. Helen, who eats retail fashion, shares conversation with her father on one of the younger curate's somewhat ambitious High Mass sermon

mon on 'Blessed are the clean of heart for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' "A mighty fine text that for a sermon!... in this age...in this time...when there's so much of the other." Helen wipes imaginary food values from her dyed lips with the edge of her napkin, whereas her brother James' napkin is dark and sticky with the overflow of brown gravy.

"Dad, pardon me, but I think you've got the text mixed," Helen says.--"Oh, yes! You telling me! Me that got a Christian Doctrine medal at St. Mel's. You telling me!"--"Dad, you may have got a medal at St. Mel's, but that doesn't make your quotation right."--"Well I was always considered bright at St. Mel's."--"Yes, but the words of the text are, 'Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God.'"

Dad gets louder in his defence reaction. "Shall see God, 'Theirs is the kingdom of heaven'--what's the difference?..I'm always interested in the substance of the Big Book; not in the word. See?"

"Ma, your Sunday dinners make me feel gorgeous," James insists. Perhaps he means gorgey.

(Taken from The Ave Maria for March 6, 1937.)

PRAYERS: (deceased) 3d anniv. of Bill Bruno's father (Sor.); Brother Leander's sister; wife of Frank Vogel, '06; wife of Robert Hylan, '22. Ill, Fr. Charles Flynn's mother; mother of John F. Robinson, '28; father of Rev. Geo. Magher, C.S.C.; father of Rev. Chas Corcoran, C.S.C.; Bill Donnelly's grandmother (Mor.); father of Louis Cenni (Fr.).