

University of Notre Dame
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Mixed Recipe.

The June bride was busy, so she asked her husband: "Copy that radio recipe, will you, dear?" And Bert, the typical good husband, did his best, but got two stations at once. This is what he heard:

Hands on hips. Place one cup of flour on the shoulder....Raise knees and depress toes. Wash thoroughly in one-half cup of milk. In four counts raise and lower legs and mash two hard-boiled eggs in a sieve. Repeat six times... Inhale one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, one cup of flour, then breathe naturally, exhale and sift.

Attention! Jump to a squatting position....Bend white of egg backward and forward overhead and in four counts make a stiff dough that will stretch at the waist. Lie flat on the floor and roll into a marble the size of a walnut. ..Hop now to a standstill....Boil in water but do not boil into a gallop afterwards. In ten minutes remove from the fire and dry with a towel. Breathe naturally and dress in warm flannels. Serve with fish soup.

Hopeless hodgepodge? Yes, yes, like trying to serve two masters. The only thing we really ought to take very seriously in this life is everything that concerns the salvation of our soul. Then the world becomes more or less of a joke because we see through its superficialities.

But we cannot serve God and the World. We cannot serve two masters. Christ has told us that. Both masters broadcast their doctrines. We cannot hear and serve both. If we try, our life becomes a meaningless mess.

The devotee of the world and its razzle dazzle finds it hard to carry his cross after Christ because his recipe for life is mixed, confused. The Catholic who takes in everything the world offers, its cocktails, its parties, its immoral shows, and at the same time, drops in for a quick Mass, a hasty confession, soon entangles himself in a hopeless web.

Fickle and shallow he sops his conscience and falls into deadly indifference. Then he serves only one master. And the wrong one at that.

The same thing may hold true for you. You can get your recipes mixed. If you take in every show that comes along, every latest magazine without discretion, every dance, and, at the same time, try to concentrate on your studies and the perfection of your character, mixup will stare you at every turn.

Soon you will phooey the annoyance of the Hound of Heaven barking at your heels.

From the silence of the tabernacle a message of love is radiated daily throughout the world. The message is clear and soothing. It touches every heart that will tune in. Listen to that message at Holy Communion and during your periods of adoration.

But first, tune out the static of the world, the discords and jungle. Try to serve only one Master. Make that Master Christ.

Your Attention, Please!

Sunday Masses start promptly at 6, 7, 8, and 9. Leave your hall at the sound of the big church bell and you will be on time.

PRAYERS: Deceased: Mary L. O'Neill; anniversary of mother of Al O'Meara (Ly) mother of Roger McGovern, '33; uncle of Bob (Sorin) and William (Alum.) Benevides; Mrs. Hayes (Chicago). Ill: uncle of Bill Kaveny (off-campus). Five special intentions.