We were all waiting for the doctor, so long in fact that the wait had become rather tedious. Only one of the group attempted conversation. Once or twice he read a squib or two from an ancient magazine and commented jerkily upon them to his neighbor. But the latter replied merely in bored "Ohs" and "Yesses" and "You-don't-says." And the attempt at conversation dwindled into complete silence.

In one corner the priest read his breviary. In another a serious-looking lad prepared a lesson in Spanish. Then entered the Irrepressible.

Taking in the company with a sweeping glance, a light flashed into his eyes, which, judging by what followed, could be interpreted as meaning, "Ah, here's meat for my curiosity!"

Off came his coat, and then the announcement, "There's something the matter with my stomach. But if that doctor don't come soon, I ain't gonna wait. Catch me missin' my dinner. What's the matter with you, cold?"

"Yup. I'll say."

And to another, "Sprain your ankle?" The sufferer nodded assent. "Well, you must belong in Phy Ed. They're always doin' that over there. Not much else to do, I guess."

At this the pursuer of Spanish verbs looked up from his book. Fatal move. His turn had come.

"Say, what course you in?"

"Physical Education." And in no apologetic tone.

"Cinch course, ain't it? Everybody says 'tic. What I mean, there's no tough courses in it."

Well, they are as tough as you want to make them." There was a pause. The Phy Ed regarded his questioner calmly, but offered no further explanation. The Irrepressible subsided.

NOTE: Poor Souls' Novena services at First Friday Benediction, 7 and 7:30 p.m.