This Favor, St. Joseph!

I could, St. Joseph, ask you many favors. But I'll ask for only one, faithfulness. I admire that in you.

For nine days I have been making a novena for a happy marriage. Some fellows, I admit, didn't make it. But that's none of my business. Maybe they're stronger and wiser than I am.

I know I'm pretty young to be thinking about marriage, but, after all, I'm not too young to prepare for it.

I want to live a clean life, to be faithful to the ideals you represent. And you know, as well as I, that that's a tough job these days.

You were lucky, St. Joseph. You weren't bothered by suggestive movies, by filthy magazines, by newspapers that sensationalize unfaithfulness between husband and wife.

I know you'll burn with shame, St. Joseph, when I mention the ease with which some people get divorces in one day. Why very recently I read about hundreds of illegal operations performed in this country alone. After all, Herod, the slasher, is not yet dead.

And then there's that canker, birth-control. Fortunes are made carrying it on. Just think, millions of sins against the sanctity of marriage. Graceless, childless, homeless marriages. No wonder people go mad.

Help me, St. Joseph, to do my share to counteract all this infidelity. I want to be faithful to the sacred trust God will place in my hands some day. Help me to be a faithful husband to a wife who will have for a model your wife, the Blessed Mother. Then, I know, I'll have a home you won't be ashamed to enter; a home you'll be proud of too. But I'll need a lot of strength, St. Joseph. The world's against me. You know that.

Bengal Bouts Tonight!

Be early if you want a good seat. The 25 cents goes to charity—painless way of giving it, eh, McGutzky?

PRAYERS: fourth anniversary of death of Bruce Graham, former student. Ill, Mrs. May Small: John Aitkin (St. Edward's); Cornelius Kvasnak (Howard).