
The Devil's Pamphlet Rack.

In so far as possible the religious Bulletin tries to avoid the advertising of wickedness, especially of the printed variety. Vast editions of foul books flood the country; are advertised by the papers and magazines, do their filthy work, and pass on into oblivion. Now and then a copy of such a book finds its way into Notre Dame and comes to the attention of the Prefect of Religion. He investigates and finds that its possessor belongs to one of these classes:

1. An innocent broth of a boy who doesn't understand much the difference between good and evil;
2. A "queer" sort whose native defective judgment has been further warped by a neurotic mother or a goofy high school professor;
3. A mentally-retarded subject whose curiosity about sex has outlived the normal period;
4. A good-hearted kid whose home training in literary standards has been defective;
5. A clean, but ambitious lad, who believes all he sees in the magazines.

Since such books have but a limited clientele -- limited by the decency and common sense of the second or third fellow who gets hold of the book -- individual books need not be treated by the Bulletin, and an occasional general announcement serves to bring back their senses students who may have offended.

Would that such general treatment would always suffice! At present a new situation has arisen. People weren't going to hell fast enough, so the devil has established a substation for the corruption of faith and morals at a minimum of cost. Haldeman-Julius is the name of the devil's agent in this hellish work; and for malign hatred of God, the Church, and morality you will have to go a long way to find his equal.

The little blue book, the four-cent pamphlet, is the means chosen for this corruption. Now and again these innocent-looking potards have found their way to the campus; now and then supposedly reputable newspapers have in the past advertised Satan's wares in their columns. But it has come to such a pass that the Chicago Tribune runs a full-page ad for Haldeman-Julius twice in one week, and cargoes of this vile reading matter are unloaded at our doors. It is time for action to be taken.

The publisher has flung down the gage to religion. In his own statements he has declared his purpose to be war on "ignorance", by which he shows himself to mean belief in God and a God-made moral law. Under the guise of "broadmindedness" and zeal for truth (!) he publishes many beautiful things, some of them true, some of them harmless. Along with them he puts into your hands for four cents the worst of the philosophies and the worst of the theologies that have come from the mind of man; he has gathered from the four winds the writings of all the enemies of God that have been effective in robbing men of faith and purity and has presented them alluringly, practically as a free gift, to those least able to throw off their poison. Ingersoll, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Darrow, the shameless Margaret Sanger who wants marriage licensed for lust and not for children, Voltaire, Rousseau, all the popular agents of Hell he has assembled for his war on religion and morality.

To buy Francis Thompson from him is to pay tribute to his fiendish work. His plea that you know both sides of the question is the temptation he finds so foolish when applied to Adam and Eve: "You will be as gods, knowing good and evil." His sex booklets are generally vile, and so full of false philosophy subtly disguised that they are bound to do endless harm -- harm which may extend to generations yet unborn, since it attacks the roots of marriage and the rights of the unborn offspring. Many have fulfilled Christ's prophecy of coming as wolves in the guise of sheep; few have done it more disastrously than Haldeman-Julius. Burn the little blue books. Stay clean.