

Religious Bulletin
October 10, 1925

A Heck of a Lot You Care About Your Team.

At the pep meeting before the opening game Clem Crowe asked your prayers for the ball team. The request has been repeated several times since. When a number of players were injured last Saturday your attention was called to the fact, and you were urged to pray that it would not happen again. Then yesterday a Novena for the team began -- and the number of communicants was 75 lower than the day before. That's loyalty. A bit of a shiver in the air, and your pep goes below zero. Notre Dame would still be in a class with Beloit if the players were that careful about base. Read the sections on Comfort in the pamphlet, Perseverance.

"Cad, Bounder, Tightwad and Dumbbell."

The news of the day provokes a mean chortle; and when the naturalists fall out a Christian may chortle in all charity, for it is only through the fruits of naturalism that a naturalist can be brought to his knees before Something Higher than nature.

According to the exclusive gossip of the W.G.N., there is a vicious war going on between Greenwich Village and Montparnasse. Sinclair Lewis calls Harold Stears "an authority on living without laboring and who bases his opinions of people's intellectual capacity on the amount of money he can borrow off them." Harold snaps back: "If Mr. Lewis himself ever was caught buying a drink for anybody, at least 1000 people would drop dead."

And that's not all. When Harold gets wound up, he spills the beans. "Several times when he was raving at the Dome cafe," he hisses, "he rose and screamed exactly the sums everybody owed him with accrued interest. Naturally, Mr. Lewis spoke about the interest, because gentlemanly loans are unknown in the Minnesota bush, whence Mr. Lewis comes.

"I am answering Mr. Lewis with words now, but some day soon I will answer him by punching his face in. This also will be because of the slanders on my health which he spread around New York, which sent my mother to the hospital." Harold, it appears, has a mother, and unlike some naturalists, he thinks of his mother when grief sends her to a hospital.

And what business is this of the Religious Bulletin? Lots. Fate sends to Notre Dame that strangest anomaly in human psychology, the naturalist who seeks a Catholic education (which he can never get, having no point of contact with it). These men spend money that could build a house for Father Brooks, buying expensive magazines from apostate Catholics like H. L. Mencken and Conde Nast -- magazines of naturalism, whose apostate editors have found themselves in the necessity of making to themselves some excuse for their sins. It may help these babes in the woods to hear their master-preachers calling one another vile names, exposing the fruits of naturalism. It knocks off a bit of the glamour.

Perhaps this is not so clear to freshmen who may need it. Naturalism is the philosophy which proclaims that nature is sufficient to itself; we know and can enjoy this life; we know nothing about any other life; why bother to deny ourselves a present pleasure for a future chimera? Swinburne, its entrancing High Priest, lies of syphilis. It has many votaries. They are quite likely to die as Swinburne did, for they say that sin is natural. (If it were, of course, Nature would not punish it as she does.)

TOMORROW IS HOLY NAME SUNDAY. MEMBERS OF THE HOLY NAME SOCIETY CAN GAIN A PLENARY INDULGENCE UNDER THE USUAL CONDITIONS.