
Freshman Hall Extroverts?

We don't know whether that's what they are or not, but we'll leave it up to a campus vote. Here's the case: We saw yesterday that an extrovert is a student of high intelligence and emotional stability, with a ready laugh, a nimble tongue, an indifference to praise, and a love of sports; and it is reported that certain denizens of the communal castle yclept "Freshman Hall" have been known to exercise their emotional stability, ready laugh, and nimble tongue, in the occupation known as "razzing" girls who pass by their abode. That seems to be one of the sports they love.

Do they meet the first requirement -- high intelligence? Quien Sabe? As one of the maids once said: "It aint no brains to do that." It is possible that there is more than one type of extrovert. There is a picture of this type, if he is an extrovert, in the stone decorations of the Howard Hall arch -- and it isn't the owl, or the athlete, or the tearful bookworm.

Thirty More Dead.

Dispatches from New York state that thirty more are dead in the City since Saturday night as the result of imbibing poison liquor. Remember this next Saturday night.

Scoffers.

God and His Church have always had scoffers. They come and go; God and His Church go on forever. A few of them have attained immortality of a sort; most of those whose fame still lives are those who are read by the lovers of the obscene.

If you wish to attain fame as a scoffer at virtue and religion, you see where your best chance lies. One can usually find here some puny minds bent on scoffing.

Objections to Daily Communion.

"I'm not good enough to go daily."

Ans. Then neither are you good enough to go yearly, as the Church commands. Go to become better. Holy Communion is a "remedy for daily faults."

"I feel better to go once a month."

There are people with whom religion is purely a matter of feeling, but theirs is not true religion. Religion is primarily a matter of intellect and will. See a spiritual adviser on this point -- any priest.

"Those who go daily are hypocrites."

Easy... easy! You call a man a hypocrite when he has the courage to go and seek a Divine Physician for his daily faults; and you call yourself a Catholic and fail to live the daily life of a Catholic. Judgments are easy to make but hard to recall; you may have to eat your words some day.

"I haven't time for preparation and thanksgiving."

What have you time for? To eat? To sleep? To keep others awake at night with your blah-blah? YOU'll have time to die when the time comes, and you'll see then just how you spent all your valuable time.

"Daily is too often."

That settles it. Pope Pius X didn't know his business when he told us to go daily.

Unclaimed.

A gold fountain pen found last year is still unclaimed. It will be sold for the Mission if no claimant appears after this notice.