

-----  
Pity the Poor Sophisticates.

The return from the Christmas holidays always debouches a fresh crop of sophisticates. The poor boys have been out in the world. Ripped from the cloistering arms of Notre Dame, they have been thrown upon the mercies of society as it exists today. A bit of glamour attracts them, blinds them, - and, perhaps, scorches them. They come back to us bewildered... "Some in rags, Some in tags, And some in velvet gowns."

What have they found? Something worth while? What have they brought back? Some new ideas? Some crushed ideals? Some pity for the deluded monks whose ideas are so old-fashioned? Some bitterness for having tasted of dregs? All of these. Perhaps more.

Take respect for womanhood, for instance. What have they found? They have found that the world has no more respect for women than it has for a doormat. The idea of a woman as a source of spiritual inspiration, as a helpmate to salvation, does not enter into the world's calculations. A girl is a pastime, a particularly frivolous pastime. Like a doormat, when one is worn out there is always another to be had.

How far will that notion take you into a happy marriage, a life union? Will your present attitude towards women carry you through the hardships of marriage, on down to the golden wedding? If your present attitude is one of commending all good women to God, of seeking the companionship of only those who can hold your respect, of associating only with those who respect themselves, and of asking Our Lady daily to find you a girl who will save your soul, then you are well off. But if you have cheapened, sold out all that is holy in this relationship, don't whine when your marriage proves a failure.

Take another instance - liquor. One of the world's most popular insults to your intelligence is its dictum that you can't have a good time without liquor. Perhaps you can't. But if you can't your intelligence will never set the world on fire. Liquor makes fools out of some people - not many. But it shows up the fool in many, many people. The gift of folly is as abundant as the gift of wisdom is rare.

If you want to see the fruits of the mixture of liquor and intelligence, visit the flop house district of South Clark Street, Chicago. There are men there panhandling dimes who were once brilliant professional men - so brilliant that they couldn't have a good time without liquor. They are erstwhile sophisticates.

Take a third instance - religion. The Catholic begins the New Year with Mass (It's a holyday of obligation, of course) and Holy Communion. He begs God to bless every day of the New Year on which he is entering, and thanks Him for protecting him from danger during the year just past. The sophisticate is not in condition to receive Holy Communion - perhaps not even to hear Mass. What sort of blessing is he invoking on the New Year.

Take a final instance - happiness. The world places it in comfort, in luxury, in bizarre entertainment, in pleasures of sense. Comfort and happiness - true happiness - are such strangers that they seldom live together long in the same man. Bizarre entertainment, luxury, sense pleasures, lead to neuresthenia, but never to happiness. The poor sophisticate who at twenty has had them all is quite likely to blow out his few brains to end his boredom.

Daily Communion is the cure for sophistication. It plants the seeds of wisdom.

PRAYERS: Deceased - the father of Rev. Henry Bolger, C.S.C. (now at California Tech.); the mother of Rev. Francis Maher, C.S.C. Ill - the father of Ned Quinn and Jerry Mesorvy, '33. Three special intentions; two thanksgivings.

MASSSES - for Fr. Bolger's father, Sorin chapel, 6:25 Wednesday; for Fr. Maher's mother, 6:25, Brownson chapel, Wednesday.