

Next Sunday is the last day on which EASTER DUTY may be made.

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For those who get ideas slowly: Seniors' Novena for exams started Saturday.

To Young Couples Out For The Evening.

May you meet charming people and hear infectious music! May the stars be bright and the lights cheerful! May there be a full moon and two hearts that beat to springtime! It's a beautiful thing to realize that two young Catholics like you are together. Two young Catholics will carry their Catholicity with them even into the entertainment world. You are bearing Christ with you, as you know, to your dance, to the theatre, the movie, your club, the restaurant where you eat and drink, among your friends, into the car that whisks you out into the country...

We are not too optimistic, are we, in believing that you will bring Christ home with you when the evening is over?

You are smart enough to realize the importance of the money you are spending tonight. For a brief time you become an "employer." You hire a restaurant keeper to serve you. You pay entertainers to keep you merry. You fee the orchestra that plays for you. While you go out for an evening's entertainment, you can realize that you are the master and mistress of a situation. The entertainment world is for the young. What the young approve is successful. What the young ignore or "frost" is checked into the cold warehouse or the entertainment world's ash heap. That makes you a pretty independent and important person, doesn't it?

You can go about your evening's entertainment with a lofty manner and a choosy air. There are, as we sadly know, places where girl entertainers are asked to lay aside their shams with their clothes. Other places specialize in comedians whose humor is filthy and whose songs are rotten. Your money is not going to them nor to the rotten managers who grow rich off the profits of shabby sin. The gangster and racketeer who once on a time ran beer through the crumbling walls of prohibition and made whiskey in their filthy garages have found the new tavern a logical haunt. And they and their gang are there waiting for the arrival of clean, smart, pleasure-loving young people like you.

PRAYERS: (deceased) father of Mrs. Finger; aunt of John Horbett (S.E.); friend of James Quinn (Wal.); friend of Dick Carney (How.); cousin of Joe O'Brien; father of Jim Fox. Ill, Dick Carney (How.), appendectomy; grandmothers of Jack Baker (Ly.); aunt of John Jaxtheimer; aunt of Hugh Murphy, '34; friend of Tom Kavanagh; two friends of Bill Kramer.

Good food has always been one of the pleasantest accompaniments of conversation. Good friends are often better friends after they have pleasantly dined together. There are, thanks be! still decent restaurants where the food is wholesome, the atmosphere quiet and refreshing, and the entertainment is meant for intelligent, clean-minded people. If you are dining tonight, that sort of place is your objective, of course. You'll dine and dance in complete safety and joy, if you pick the right place.

But you'll not go into the sort of tavern where you rub elbows with Danny the Dip and Minnie the Moll and pay tribute into the dirty paw of Tony the Gyp. You are the guests, you know, of the man who owns the place in which you eat; and you should be careful about those invitations you accept. You are fellow guests of those others who dine there; and decent men don't go to places where they must associate even in passing with people who are of the criminal or vicious class.

Too much of the world that opens when the sun sets and the mazdas and the neons flicker has fallen into the control of criminals inside and outside the law. It trades in girlish flesh. It reeks and reels a bit and patterns its pleasures on the tastes of the gangster and his "broad." That it sometimes demands "evening dress" doesn't mean a thing. Crime has often gone formal these days and vice wears full dress. In fact, criminals know that you would scorn the waterfront saloon on waterfront; but you might fall for the waterfront saloon that has moved its entire personnel and atmosphere up into the high-rent area. We pay you the compliment of believing you have brains. Sodden sailors and the brainless rich alike can find no fun in life until they are buoyed up on a whiff of strong liquor. It's poor company that is dull unless whipped into artificial, alcoholic gaiety.

Enjoy the good things that God has prepared more surely for His friends than for those who have forgotten Him. But carry Christ with you. And bring Him safely back.

(--Condensed from The Queen's Work.)