
The Intellectual.

A young man is making himself a scandal and a mystery to a small coterie of fellow-students. He is quiet, serious, studious. He is deep. He is a reader. He hurls objections that no robust sophomore can answer.

Ah, but he is noble. Though a skeptic, he tries to keep his profound difficulties to himself; that is, pretty much to himself. He doesn't want to destroy young faith and young convictions, he always explains.

Religion? Prayer? My, my, how can such a profound young man of eighteen years pray or believe? Maritain and Gilson and Chesterton and Belloc and Dawson and Chevalier and Claudel, they can be intensely religious. The young man of eighteen years knows too much.

But, curiously, he never approaches a professor of theodicy about his difficulties concerning the existence of God. He never advances to a professor of psychology his arguments against freedom of the will. He never questions, to a professor of criterionology, the objective validity of human thought.

He never challenges the divinity of Christ or the infallibility of the Church to one of acknowledged competence. No, it is always too sophomoric. Why?

Ah, why? He prefers to remain to himself and to his little group the skeptic -- a kind of Scarlet Pimpernel of intellectuals. Why? Maybe he has built up the illusion that he is truly intellectual and maybe he doesn't care to risk his reputation in a contest that might bring him to earth. Maybe.

And maybe, under it all, he is just one of those poor mortals, too weak to live out Catholic teaching, too proud to confess the fact. It is difficult, you know, for an immoral man who wants to appear noble and intellectual even to himself. For him there are only two possible adjustments: Either he can change his immoral habits of living -- and this amounts to that humiliating experience known as conversion; or, something easier and quicker, he can change his theory of living to fit his immoral life. He can give up his Faith and save his pride.

A few weeks ago in a
a valve, allowing riv-
system. A panic en-
ter; radio alarms
state and city
gainst typhoid.
by horrified

Filthy magazines,
culation deliber-
infectious and

at those murderers
magazines or stories.

PRAYERS. Deceased: Rt. Rev. Magr. C. F. Thomas, D. D.; Cousin of Bill Dooley (Al. Off.); Friend of John Duggan (Dil.). Ill: Mother of R. V. McCoy (B-P), operation; Brother of Teresa McAloon; Sister of Bob Odenbach (Al.). 4 Special Intentions.

Don't Turn The Valve.

large Eastern city, an employee negligently turned
er and sewer water to flow into the pure city water
sued. Every telephone owner was warned to boil wa-
were sounded for days with the same message; the
tried to coerce everyone into being inoculated a-
An epidemic with loss of life was thus prevented
civic officials.

books and stories, however, may be given wide cir-
ately, with no protest from anyone. They are more
deadly to the soul, to ideals, to strength of char-
acter, to supernatural life than
sewer water is to the body.

Our Lady must blush with shame
of souls who circulate on her campus foul books,

