

Religious Bulletin.
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Chapter XI: The Anti-Catholic Drama (Continued).

After seeing La Sorciere, Father Talbot Smith prepared an editorial for a morning paper in which he flayed "Sardou's latest outrage." He told the readers who the Cardinal was, and asked if it became Frohman and the people of New York to put such a thing on the stage. Frohman immediately withdrew his advertising from the paper that printed the editorial, but the Catholic public of New York promptly forced him to replace it. La Sorciere vanished from the English-speaking stage of New York, and came back only with one night stands in the French and Italian repertoires of Bernhardt and Duse.

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How does Abie's Irish Rose get by? Perhaps our Catholics have forgotten their Canon Law. Or perhaps clean comedy is becoming so rare that the stupid character of the priest passed unnoticed.

Freshman Book Notices.

"I enjoy Conrad's stories. I wonder, however, why he makes a certain pious Catholic character in The Arrow of Gold unlovable? Lucas Malet does that very thing at times also. Aren't Catholic authors (that is, authors who have the Catholic point of view -- the point of view that will be the world point of view if the Catholic college men do the right thing -- if they become intelligent about matters relating to reading), aren't Catholic authors who do that sort of thing worse than those who offend through ignorance or malice?"

Not necessarily. The Catholic who is pious and unlovable has a peculiarly selfish kind of piety, and it helps non-Catholics to know that Catholics find such a character unlovable. To use such a character without a foil (a lovable Catholic, of strong character), does give a wrong impression and is unjust.-- Let Catholic college men realize their vocation to stand for Catholic principles, and there will be no unlovely Catholics in real life.

"Our life is feverish; we are in a hurry and are very busy; but that we are laborious is not so evident. He who has learned the secret of labor is patient, because he knows its powers, and is not therefore in a hurry, is not overeager." -- Spalding's Ideals of Youth.

"Like babbling brooks we hurry through life as quickly as we can and are only too glad when the last hour's sand has run its course; we long to lay down the idle wand and sing our last song; then fade into the mists of unreal immortality. Not so the true toiler. He who really toils is seldom heard of -- and then only by chance. He who really works shuns haste; he shuns popularity; he shuns everything that may disturb his great ambition. He knows the value of true labor; he realizes the worth of time; he is convinced of the worth of patient, concentrated effort. Leisure and abstraction from the feverish haste of the idle are his labor's only loved companion."