



AS WE SEE IT

By DAN PATRICK

The man in the brown derby died with a prayer on his lips. This was no deathbed "beau geste" of a great man. It was typical of the way Al Smith had lived through a colorful three score and ten years. From the sidewalks of his beloved New York he rose to become his party's candidate for president of the United States—the first Catholic in American history to reach that peak.

The campaign in which he participated will go down in the annals of American politics as the bitterest of this era. Engulfed in a wave of bigotry which split the Democratic Solid South for the first time, the "Happy Warrior" was defeated—but not the causes for which he fought.

From now to doomsday, people will argue that Al Smith was defeated because of his religion. There is no question but that it was a contributing cause. Whether it was the decisive factor is a subject for prolonged debate. Most political observers believe that Smith would have been elected had he been the Democratic candidate in 1932 instead of 1928.

The fires of bigotry in these United States are not dead. They are merely smoldering and, from time to time, burst into flame under the heat of a political campaign.

There still are some people who think it's fine to have Catholic boys in the front line but perfectly unthinkable to admit a Catholic to the White House. The same goes for other minority groups.

Not until Al Smith became a presidential candidate sixteen years ago did we realize the awful depths to which our bigots could descend. But to his eternal credit, the "Happy Warrior" wanted to meet the foe with both fists flying. He never flinched. He never left a shadow of a doubt as to where he stood as far as his religion is concerned. The same cannot be said of some of our kooky today who don't stress their beliefs too much, especially if such belief interferes with business and politics.

Al Smith was old-fashioned enough to believe that the founding fathers meant what they said when they incorporated religious freedom in the Constitution's Bill of Rights.

He fought for a practical application of that religious freedom just as surely and effectively as he did for the many social and economic reforms which he introduced during his four terms as Governor of the State of New York.

In the future years, perhaps some major party again will nominate a Catholic for the presidency. And perhaps the bigots can be squelched. Should this ever come to pass, much credit will belong to the Happy Warrior who blazed those first trails of tolerance through the political wilderness of bigotry.

To those who regard Al Smith as something of a political freak, let's look at the record, as he loved to do.

Republicans and Democrats alike agree that Al Smith will go down in history as perhaps the greatest governor of New York State. That is quite an agreement when we consider that the present Chief Executive of the United States and several of his predecessors are included in such company.

Al Smith's only political trouble was that he was outspoken and ahead of his times. He espoused unpopular causes before it became fashionable to support them. In 1928 he called for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and in that stand, he even was ahead of his own party.

The social reforms which he advocated some two decades ago in plain, Fulton Fish Market language have since become quite the vogue in both major parties. They may be couched in different style but the ideas belong to Al Smith.

On the American scene one Happy Warrior was a citadel of political honesty.

Sure he had the support of Tammany Hall and some elements of Tammany Hall were corrupt—but not Al Smith. His personal honesty was widely reflected in his public life from start to finish.

There are too many critical people who point to some Catholic political leader whose methods are questionable or who even winds up behind the bars as typical of the kind of men we send into public life. They are eternally wrong.

A man who practices the Catholic concepts of honesty and justice in his public life will never have his methods questioned. The odor of scandal will never foul his good name. He will be a shining credit to his Church and his Country.

Of such stuff was Al Smith made.
May his noble soul rest in peace.

Feast Days

- Sunday, Oct. 8.—NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.
- Monday, Oct. 9.—ST. JOHN LEONARD.
- Tuesday, Oct. 10.—ST. FRANCIS BORGIA.
- Wednesday, Oct. 11.—MATERNITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.
- Thursday, Oct. 12.—SS. EVAGRIUS AND PREGIAN.
- Friday, Oct. 13.—ST. EDWARD OF ENGLAND.
- Saturday, Oct. 14.—ST. CALLESTUS I, POPE-MARTYR.

As despots keep their subjects in ignorance, lest they should rebel, so will a free people maim and cripple their government, lest it should tyrannize.

This is human nature; the more powerful a man is, the more jealous is he of other powers. Little men endure little men; but great men also are a solitary grandeur.—Cardinal Newman: Discussions and Arguments.

The Literary Cavalcade

Diamond Jubilee

By John O'Connor

The success of pocketbooks in American life of late has presented itself to many as a distinct phenomena of our day. Those who worship titles alone or numbers in themselves have much to point out in proving up their case. "Give the people what they want," they say, "and their interests will soon assert their beliefs."

But you must begin at the beginning. You must give them the good things they appreciate, or you will alienate them. Every publisher finds this after a time.

With this thought in mind, I trekked into New York one day and went to St. Francis Xavier College on West 16th St. Father Martin Scott, S.J., is stationed there—and older readers scarcely have to be told who he is! Few writers in history have ever topped his sales.

ABOUT 10 PER CENT

There was a chill autumn drizzle outside. The soft lights of the reception room seemed cheerful twins who earnestly forced back the gloom. Then at the far end of the immaculate corridor there appeared a tall, spare, erect figure who strode firmly and rapidly down the hall. One could scarcely believe that he is currently celebrating his 60th year in the Society of Jesus. In a word, although the Jesuits are over four hundred years old, Father Scott has been around for well over 10 per cent of the time.

Martin Scott has probably had more of an effect on the masses within the Church and the incoming convert than any man in our time. To him writing is merely the means to a single end: the capturing of souls for Christ. Our so-called "best-sellers" sink to insignificance when you realize that Father Scott's books may someday top the two million mark in sales. He is an object lesson to press writers, for his smooth style has always been his initial appeal. He is an inspiration to all, for his work has been his avocation as well.

"I've always tried to reach the man in the street," he told me. "I go part of the way with him—and then I get him to go part of the way with me. Sometimes he goes all the way." The clear blue eyes twinkled, but they gave no indication of how many answered his "going my way" in the affirmative.

The strange thing about Father Scott is that for him, literary life did not begin until he was fifty. It wasn't until then that his first book was published—that fabulous best-seller, "God and Myself." Since then, about twenty-five years ago, he has turned out some two-score books, eight brochures, and ten pamphlets. His publishers like to remind you that Father Scott's works have been translated into several European languages.

He seemed to have guessed my next question. He looked out at the penetrating drizzle for a brief moment. Then he turned his eyes back to me. They held a look of genuine satisfaction. "You know, I've just received word from a missionary that my books are being translated into both Hindustani and Chinese." He smiled. "I don't know where I've received such a feeling of pleasure."

Just another incident in a busy and fruitful life. But sixty years is a long time to be around anyplace. I recalled that he had been in charge of the old grammar school on the corner fifty years ago. He motioned impatiently with his hand. "Fix too busy to count the years," he said.

After a few remarks about some mutual friends, I arose to go. Father Scott accompanied me to the huge door. His observations and remarks were those of a man who wastes no words, who pared to the bone. As we shook hands in farewell, it suddenly occurred to me that I had scarcely taken a note.

Walking west in the increasing mist, I scribbled a few impressions down on the dampening paper. When I reached the corner I looked up. There on the other side of the street was the new Jefferson School of the Communist Party, the meeting place for every queer bird in the radical ranks today.

As I entered the subway and started on my next assignment, I could not but marvel at the contrast projected on a single street in New York. One man reaching millions; other men striving to dominate those millions; one man building through the years—others trying to tear down the Republic; one man bringing souls to Christ; the other group tearing people from His embraces.

It's going to take a long time for any writer today to match the appeal and the success of Father Scott's works. Such institutions as the Jefferson School and the various organizations around Union Square may clutter up the neighborhood with churches and clubs; they may smear institutions and individuals. They may be on the same street with this great apostle, but they are miles away from him.

Still, they boast they are open-minded, intellectually honest, etc. They had better beware. Someday they may run into the diamond jubilee of the Jesuits and find themselves all tangled up with the answer to the question: "going my way?"

What It Takes

It takes four to five tons of gasoline to drop one ton of bombs on Berlin.—The Ave Maria.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Little Known Facts For Catholics

By M. J. MURRAY

Offerings of hair from the tails of Cattle are placed on three altars in the Chapel to St. Herbert, Patron Saint of Horned Cattle, at Newport, Brittany. Many collectors have sold it for \$1000.00.

A LONDON MUSEUM has a copy of the NEW TESTAMENT the size of a postage stamp and a complete Bible—written in 1200 words—written by the Pope. Both are available.

All Pines have been growing in California since the beginning of the world.

St. Vincent's Basilica, Bologna, Italy is actually 7 churches under one roof!

Library Signpost By Rev. Benedict Blinn

'SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE POOR'

(It is a pleasure to introduce another book by that fine writer of Irish folkways, Seumas MacManus, here reviewed by John Stack, a student of St. Bernard's Seminary).

Yourself and the Neighbors, by Seumas MacManus (Deyin-Adair Co.)

The "Neighbors" are from Donegal, described by someone as "the most beautiful county in all of Ireland." It is in this same northwestern cornerstone of the Emerald Isle that Seumas MacManus had his origin. And it is of Donegal's people, real and imagined, of its green hillsides and heathery moors, of its boggy dells and wooded glens that he most often writes. His principal books have been Irish folk tales, original stories of Irish life, and a fine volume of Irish history from the beginning to our own times.

Yourself and the Neighbors is not a recent work. It was first published in 1914. Now in 1944 the Deyin-Adair Company has reissued it in its fourteenth printing.

The eighteen sketches of rural Donegal show a great insight into the life and lore of the Donegal folk, and a rare ability to record their wit and their touching character.

The one entitled "Yourself and Herself" is of Johnnie and Molly who faced the world as one that morning when "there was a blue in the sky and a glimmer on the river, and a shimmer on the lake, and a smile over the hills that you never remembered seeing any other morning of all your life." It is all this and more. It is the barefoot time and the school time, the courting season and the wedding day, the years together and the final parting of any Donegal couple.

No less delightful are the tales of the "Gentle People," as you thoughtfully call them, for "there's hardly a foot of ground without its fairy." Glad ones, and ones, tricky ones, they are all there. And why they came to Ireland, well, that is for you to read.

Nor are the tales forgotten which are told "... sometimes going to Mass or Market, when the neighbors needed the weary milk out; or at the wake house, when the night was long and company wanted cheering; but more often and better, seated in your own corner, by the big blazing turf fire, pulling your own pipe, and watching the queer shadows of the spellbound ones, like listening ghosts, leaping on the walls, and hobbling over the brown rafters."

All the simple significant events in the lives of a hallowed and wholesome people are here set down. You will find their appeal irresistible during a quiet evening's reading.

BOOKS ON OCTOBER SAINTS

- St. Therese of Lisieux—
The Secret of the Little Flower, by Henri Cheon.
The Autobiography of St. Therese.
The Rose Unpetaled, by Blanche Mortevielle.
- St. Francis of Assisi—
St. Francis of Assisi, by Johannes Jorgensen.
St. Francis of Assisi, by G. K. Chesterton.
The Larks of Umbria, by Albert Paul Schimberg.
- St. Francis-Borgia—
The Greatest of the Borgia, by Margaret Yee.
- St. Teresa—
St. Teresa of Avila, by William Thomas Walsh.
The Life of St. Teresa of Jesus, by Herself.
St. Teresa, by Louis Bertrand.
The Dust of Her Sandals, by A. DeCastro Albarrao.
- St. Hedwig—
The Glowing Lily, by Eugenia Markowa.
- St. Margaret Mary—
The Secret of St. Margaret Mary, by Henri Cheon.
These Three Hearts, by Margaret Leo.

There is a very good book on the Saints which since it was put into the Catholic Evidence Library two years ago, has been taken out by only three people. For such a good book that is a shame. It is called Saints at Prayer. In its gathering into one of the ardent communions of many Saints with God, is an exceptional book. But to top it all off, its helpful compiler, Raymond Larsson, gives the reader the best one-page biographies of the Saints that it is possible to find in English. They are masterpieces of style and compression; and there are fifty-five of them. The reader who has little time for long history will be rewarded here with brilliant miniature portraits of the leading Christian figures from the beginning up to now, and will at the same time find out how they opened their hearts up to God.

That's a Hospital

He went to the hospital. He was suffering from nothing very serious that a lot of good sleep wouldn't cure. In fact he knew in his heart that he was completely exhausted. He wanted to sleep, sleep, and then sleep some more. So hardly had he hit the hospital bed than he fell into a deep sleep. Shortly afterward the gentle hand of a nurse awakened him. He looked up at her out of his daze and wondered why that beautiful sleep had been disturbed. She said—yes you guessed it—"Here are your sleeping tablets, sir."

"If you want to be miserable, think much about yourself; about what you like, what you want, what respect other people ought to pay you and what other people think of you.—Charles Kingsley.

Lesser ante nuts are most dangerous when one of them is driving.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.