

Holy Name Sunday.

The second Sunday of each month is Holy Name Sunday. Members of the national organization may receive a plenary indulgence for receiving Holy Communion on the second Sunday.

NEW LITERATURE AND HOW SHE IS MADE

Chapter I -- (continued)

When Arnold Daly took to drink, Shaw's boom collapsed for a time. But people liked to laugh, and he staged a faint come-back. People are sorry now that they laughed. The publishers found that the clown profession pays just as comic strips pay -- and they turned loose a horde of vulgarians.

Chapter II -- Fads.

Shaw was a fad. He fadded and faded out in our own time. There are fads that are fading. Maxim Gorky is a splendid type of a fad that failed to fade.

Gorky was heralded for two years by an active and judicious newspaper campaign as "the great Russian realist", who had fallen into disfavor with the Czar, who had suffered much for the sacred cause of revolution, whose life was a martyrdom, etc. It was finally announced that having recovered his health and returned from an exile in Finland he would come to America to lecture. (Think over Maeterlinck and his phonetic English Lecture in Carnegie Hall; think over Blasco Ibanez, Coué, the Moscow Theatre, and the rest.)

Gorky was met and entertained by the editors of the Century and Harpers, and by Mark Twain. The Climax, carefully concealed, was not the series of lectures (in Russian) but the unbound sheets of a complete translation of his works.

An ex-reporter hotel-keeper was on the job, and gave the Gorky room an anti-climax. He discovered that "Madame Gorky" was not Mrs. Gorky, and he threw them out of the hotel, bags and baggage. The fad failed to fade.

Fads are so much the order today that the cockle is choking out the wheat. We are still a nation of immigrants, and it takes several generations of culture to weed out spiritual illiteracy. Your father, without being able to read and write may have laid up a million dollars with which to buy you an education. If he had spiritual depth -- the wisdom of God -- you can spot a four-flusher without ever going to college; but if he lacked it, all your money can buy is the kind of culture put forth by Harold Menken or Jake Hoffman or Andy Weisberg and the Lumberman's Convention.

The open sewer is the current fad. The diapason of the deep-dishers has popularized different phases of natural and unnatural lust, and has finally landed on miscegnation. The climax of Eugene O'Neill's latest play comes when the white woman kneels to kiss the hand of her negro master. -- but that is getting ahead of the story. We want to see how that sort of thing became possible.

(To be continued)