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G.B.S. Gores The Wrong Ox.

For the past twenty-five years, George Bernard Shaw has been one of our pet aversions. Why? His blasphemy, chiefly. It should be hard for anyone who has the beginning of reason to laugh with anyone who laughs at God. He got by with the English, who never objected to paying a clown his stipend for poking fun at them. At times his blasphemy shocked their innate reverence, but he was sharp enough to detect their slow-rising choler and change the subject: a rude slap at them would bring back their smile, and they would forget his slap at God.

The source of his popularity with Americans is different. Three classes, chiefly, have bought his books: 1. The indiscriminating Anglophobes who swallow anything for the sake of a poke at the English; 2. The timorous climbers who mistook his blasphemy for scholarship and were afraid to say they hadn't read him; 3. Our shallow-pated intelligentsia who "go" for blasphemy in a large way. The second class of readers, far removed from the roots of culture, have constituted the bulk of his buyers in this country.

But Americans, unlike the English, resent personal insult in a large way. The Englishman reserves the right to answer in kind, but he doesn't take the matter to heart. He is more inclined to resent blasphemy than he is to take umbrage at personal insult. American readers, on the other hand, hardly recognize blasphemy when they see it, but they don't enjoy laughing at themselves. Their sense of the droll is different. What happens when Shaw tries his English formula on the American audience may be judged from the following editorial, which appeared last week in the Chicago Tribune:

"Just at the time when Mr. G.B. Shaw should have found sanctuary in a rural garden, there to doddle about contemplating and imitating his cabbages in the respectable mental infirmities of senility, he was introduced to the radio mike and he took to traveling. The consequences have been pitiful. The old boy, with his mind, but not his voice, lost in his whiskers, has fancied that he had a public and that he knew what it wanted. The circus does it better.

"Mr. Shaw postponed his fling too long. His audacity is merely bad taste, his ripost only bad manners. His talent in finding the foolishness of the human race is now only a genius in revealing it in himself. Once esteemed a wit, he is discovered as a clown. His substitute for brilliance is ill breeding. The art of being disagreeable requires more than Mr. Shaw is now able to bring to it. It needs a keener perception of facts back of the lampoon. Mr. Shaw does not know what he is talking about and consequently he is only aimlessly malicious.

"He strains but accomplishes only stupidities. There is an effort to remember that in his better days he amused people, but that ability is gone with the years. He should have been protected against exposure. If he runs his hand over his head he is in danger of finding his fingers full of splinters."

We enjoy this, coming as it does from a paper which has given Shaw the Blasphemer reams of attention - in its Saturday review of literature and in its squirrel-page publicity. We bring it to the attention of our indiscriminating freshmen and seniors who judge of books by the publicity they receive, not by the principles they involve. Shaw hasn't changed: he has simply gored the wrong ox.

PRAYERS: Pat Burns's father (operation); Ed Gausselin's father (very ill); Jas. McMullen's sister; a cousin of Lucian Kempf (ill). Three special intentions; thanksgiving for Fr. O'Donnell's recovery. The MASSSES Sunday at 6, 7 and 8 will be offered for Leopold Brias' mother (7th anniversary).

ADORATION PROMOTERS are needed for the three seniors halls, the three sophomore halls, and for Freshman Hall. The adoration will be resumed May 1.