

# THE COMENIAN

VIA LUCHS



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# The Comenian

Volume XXIV.

BETHLEHEM, PA., JANUARY, 1915.

Number 4.

## Glimpses of Thomas Carlyle

PAUL J. ALLEN, '16

**A** MAN is the product of his age, a tool of circumstances, in the game of life a mere pawn, moved at will by the relentless hand of environment; such is the theory of our radical economist, who thus becomes a stoic—"holding to a certain fatalism, and a fixed, unalterable course of events." Diametrically opposed to this theory is the philosophy of such a man as Matthew Arnold: "Human Spirit is wider than the most priceless of the forces that bear it onward."

To which of the two classes does Carlyle belong? To the latter, surely. A believer in heroes and the heroic in human affairs, he defines Universal History as the history of the great men who have lived and worked here on this earth. The man was an idealist, and one of the purest type. Some critics call him a humbug, who in despising humbugs, only raises up worse in their stead. In his opinion Human Spirit, define it as you will, is not some cold, hard, chemical substance, which can be thrown into a balance and there weighed in grammes or milligrammes; neither can it be enclosed within a bell-jar, nor governed by the conventionalities of society; intangible, and wider, deeper, higher than anything else in any sphere. Moulding circumstances, yet controlled. In the introduction to the "Hero as Divinity," are found the following words: "A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him." Religion, therefore, and that not meaning the professed or non-professed creeds of a man, not his signed "articles of faith," but "what a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there: that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest; this is his religion or no-

religion." It is very interesting and well worth while to seek to find out the real convictions, spiritual convictions, of Carlyle.

In order to do this we shall have to examine two fragments, broken thoughts of his, which remain unpublished, except as found in the works of his friend and biographer, James A. Froude. Let us look at the opening words of the "Spiritual Optics,"—"Why do men so shriek over one another's creeds?" Note his antagonism to all narrowed forms; his admiration of Thor, his first hero, is largely on account of the broad, open-mindedness of the man. A strong aversion to all petty creeds and conventionality characterizes Carlyle; all men, he says, are struggling toward some one point, the roads of one's own neighbor appearing horribly discordant to himself. Until this idea of one's own rightness is expelled, the human being must remain in the purely materialistic life. He views the many heroes that have lived in this world; though each is but a "poor, insignificant, transitory biped," yet each adds his own little store of experience, of truth, and the collected amount he calls divine. Men have stored this "divineness" in books, and what not. And here he hurls derision at some would-be learned men, chiefly bigoted theologians, who think that they have received all this "divineness." He asserts that only that thing is a man's for which that man has fought; otherwise it is not his, and he may brag, fight, bully about his knowledge, striving to persuade other men that it is his, whereas not "it is his, simply a windy echo and tradition of it, bedded in hypocrisy, ending sure enough in tragical futility." Man, therefore, must learn by experience, must himself pass through the very agonies of an "inferno" before he can become a participant in Thought, be-

fore he can become a man, a hero. But this self delusion does not simply break forth in the bigotry of theologians, but is the raw material of all insincerity, ignavia, and so forth. He wishes that men were "void of belief and sorry for it, rather than filled with sham and proud of it."

Again, in the words of Carlyle: "There is a notable tendency of the human being, in the case of mutual motions on the part of himself and another object, to misinterpret the said motion and impute it to the wrong party." Take his simple analogy: a man is riding in a vehicle, leaning back comfortably; glancing out of the window, everything seems to be whirling madly past him, while he himself sits in quiescence. Take also the opposite: if at some railway station the man is sitting perfectly still in his coach, and the opposite train begins to "pull out," his eye immediately informs him that he is moving. So also in the astronomical world: the conception of the ancients with regard to the planetary system was that the earth was stationary, while sun, moon, and stars rushed madly around us; for centuries this was their blunder—until Galileo came. So it is in the sphere of thought. Consciously or unconsciously, the vast majority of human beings view all matters wrongly. This error of perspective is not confined to the ignorant, the uneducated, but is rife in an alarming manner among our schools and colleges. We find students and professors claiming that they are liberal and not radical, when their very principles are narrow.

We now come upon Carlyle's view of Judaism. The Hebrew writers of the Old Testament were in their railway carriage, speeding madly past hillsides; nevertheless they believe themselves to be resting, calmly viewing the landscape as it rushes past them. Thus abruptly come the end

of one of the fragments. Having written it, he threw it aside as unsatisfactory, not adequately expressing his meaning and therefore not to be proceeded with. A friend of his found it and told him that he had read it, to which he replied that it contained his real conviction, by which he determined his thoughts of man and man's doings in this world. His own testimony is that he never expressed his own personal convictions in writing other than what is contained in these two fragments. The second fragment is similar to the first, and need not be analyzed.

At times Carlyle seems to contradict what he himself asserts, and especially is this noticeable in his "Heroes and Hero Worship." Therefore the criticism—an idealist inhospitable to ideals. This is not the case, however. Note the following passage: "That what a man feels intensely, he struggles to speak-out of him, and to see represented before him in visual shape, and as if with a kind of life and historical reality in it." Carlyle knew his heroes; he saw the virtues in their lives, and portrayed them well; he also knew their frailties: felt their triumphs, their woes, and struggled with all his might to "speak it out of him."

His heroes, six of them, have intensely interesting personalities. The whole thought, the whole soul of the writer seems to be placed into the portrayal of these characters. There is something occult, mysterious, about this man's writings, yet withal a certain fascination, though every page is filled with the peculiarities, the idiosyncracies of the man, yet there is a strange spell which he exercises over the reader. To the uninitiated this author is recommended, though if one really hates the grotesque, the gloomy, he is disqualified from enjoying Carlyle.

## “Chelsea Jim”

HAROLD V. LOPP, '14

**N**EXT stop Freeman Street,” shouted the brakeman of a swiftly moving express. A long, thin individual sat crouched at the farther end of the car, his head bowed as if in deep thought. Indeed, he had not moved from that position since, by chance, he had been able to procure a seat at Ninety-sixth Street, eighteen minutes before. M. Maison, as we shall know him in the future, wore a heavy black overcoat, pulled up closely about the chin, and, to top off the appearance of the deep thinker, he wore a slouch hat already on the farther side of life, pulled down far over his eyes, and which, in his present position, entirely hid the upper part of his face, so that an observer could not, at a first glance, tell what species of man was hidden behind that dark mask. Had he, however, noticed the lower part of the face, he would have seen the sharply pointed chin, and lips tightly drawn, and, if his eyes were sharp, he might have seen the quick, nervous twitch of the lips which mark the man bent upon some task on which fame and fortune hang. M. Maison was a member of the Secret Service Department of New York City. His task was the capture of that most elusive of criminals—Chelsea Jim.

We have said that Mosieur sat as if in deep thought. However, at the announcement of the next station he raised his head, uncrossed his legs and looked at his watch. It was just eight o'clock. He scanned carelessly the twenty-odd passengers of the car. They were all there, the usual crowd, not many in numbers, for at this time of the evening it is not unusual for the forward cars of a Bronx express so far north as Freeman Street to have not more than twenty or thirty passengers.

In a few seconds the train had stopped at the station and M. Maison stepped onto the platform. At that precise moment another figure glided noiselessly from the car.

Now, as it so happened, both men were in a forward car and so, in order to reach the exit in the middle of the station, both were obliged to walk back a few steps. Suddenly as Monsieur

was about to turn to his left to the exit someone brushed by him, lightly touching his overcoat sleeve in passing. It was the stranger, a rather stoop-shouldered little man who, like like Monsieur, had his coat collar closely pulled up about his neck, and hat tilted slightly towards the front. He walked swiftly, indeed he seemed rather to glide along as he turned toward steps which led to the street. Mosieur noted a curious shaped box which the man carried under one arm. What it was he did not know. He looked steadily at the fleeting figure. Suddenly all doubt was gone, for that swiftly-moving form could belong to no one else. It was without doubt he—Chelsea Jim.

M. Maison ran. He reached the steps just in time to see Jim turn to the left across Wilkins Avenue. Monsieur pursued the swiftly-moving figure. Down Freeman Street he ran. Almost did Monsieur have his prey within his grasp. But there was something which he had not taken into consideration. Just as the elements had assisted in the downfall of Napoleon, so did the elements war against M. Maison. The pavement on the right side of the street between Wilkins and Prospect Avenues is, at certain times, very treacherous. Ice-covered spots prevailed, and to add to the general discomfort a heavy snow was falling which limited one's vision to less than twenty yards. Moreover, the street light at the corner of Freeman Street and Prospect Avenue is, to say the least, worse than many in some provincial Pennsylvania towns, and to give a sound footing to the remainder of the impending tragedy there was an exceptionally icy spot where the sidewalks of Freeman Street and Prospect Avenue converge.

The pursued one glided on, not as one who knows that he is about to fall into the hand of his enemy, but he went on with a seemingly effortless flight, never a run, but never abating in its grewsome swiftness. He reached the corner and without a moment's hesitation turned to the right on Prospect Avenue. M. Maison also reached the corner; not four feet separated

the pursuer and pursued. Monsieur stretched out his arm and in a moment his task would have been accomplished—but we cannot forget the powers of nature without paying dearly for the neglect. So it was with M. Maison. There was some difficulty encountered in passing the corner, imagine what you wish, and when Monsieur again saw his prey a full hundred yards separated him from it. There was no policeman in sight, for officers of the law do not like to frequent this particular district, and the nearest station house was nearly a quarter of a mile further south on Prospect Avenue. So M. Maison ran, yet the faster he went so much faster flew that dark, menacing figure, always without the slightest effort and without any show of fatigue. Thus they went on. Two blocks further, above Jennings Street, there are several apartment houses of the older type. As the pursued one passed one of these he was seen suddenly to dart swiftly into the lighted entryway of the house. Monsieur ran with all the power at his command and reached the door just as the latch clicked, separating him entirely from the object of his journey. He pressed his face against the glass door, hoping to see something of that gliding figure as it ascended the steps, but in vain. There was nothing to be seen but the blank walls of the hall dimly outlined by the light without. There was nothing to do. M. Maison looked about him. On both sides were the mail boxes on which were the names of the apartment owners. He carefully read each name. None were known to him, until he came to No. 17. There was the name Mawruss Heit. Monsieur looked at the number above the door, 1728. That was it and no mistake. It was Mawruss, one of the many acquaintances that M. Maison had made in his numerous journeys through the Bronx. He pushed the electric button at the box and waited. Two minutes passed, then he heard the answering click, and the door was slowly unlatched. Mawruss was at home. Things were looking better. He climbed the stairs to the third floor. As he approached apartment seventeen the door opened and Mawruss stood waiting to receive him. Mawruss was a rather diminutive individual. His distinguishing marks of individuality among

the people of the neighborhood were his light curly hair and small black skull-cap almost covering them from view. But Mawruss was famous for more than this. Only one year before there had been a tremendous fire in the next house and Mawruss had been the hero of the occasion. He, without assistance, had directed the firemen and without doubt had saved the house from total ruin. And Mawruss remembered this better than anyone else, so his greatest delight was to tell newcomers and old standbys of the terrible night of the fire.

Monsieur entered the apartment. Mawruss closed the door quietly, and seeing that Monsieur had something important which had brought him here at this time, he waited for him to speak. In a few words M. Maison told his story. When it was finished, Mawruss without saying a word went to the small closet, took out a candle and lit it. He then beckoned to M. Maison to follow. He put his hand upon the door knob. Suddenly a terrific roar seemed to shake the very walls of the house. Mawruss turned pale. The roaring continued, intermingled with something which resembled the cries of cats in a death struggle, suddenly dying away and again sounding forth until the floor, walls and ceiling seemed to shake in sympathetic fear. But M. Maison was the representative of the government and so could not be afraid. He opened the door and stepped out into hall, while Mawruss followed after. Already the house was astir. Doors were half opened and white, terror-stricken faces peered through the openings. The two men crawled slowly down the first flight of steps. They reached the second floor. The ear-splitting shrieks increased and frightened eyes peered down from above. Down to the first floor they descended step by step, Monsieur leading the way with revolver in hand, and Mawruss hobbling behind, holding the flickering candle, which cast wierd shadows of the two brave men upon the wall. They had reached the second floor by this time and the watchers gazed transfixed at the spectacle which presented itself. The door of apartment two slowly swung open with a fearful crash from the unknown evil spirit and into the hall stepped a little stoop-shoulder-

ed man. He did not seem to be aware of the curious gaze of the company of people, for so engrossed was he in the wonderful horn which he was playing that to him all else was as the **minds of some who would recite** Calculus. M. Maison looked at him, then beyond through the door into the now vacant room. There, on the floor, lay the curious shaped box, and folded over a chair was the coat and hat of Chelsea Jim, while before him stood his notorious criminal? No, it was all a mistake, and Chelsea Jim was still far away from the clutches of the law.

The player glided slowly across the hall and back to his own door. He entered. The door

closed, and then there was silence at last.

Mawruss climbed the stairs, and without a word M. Maison went to the front door, opened it and went out into the night. He had walked to the end of the block when suddenly in the darkness he heard the opening chords of "A Perfect Day" played somewhat out of harmony with the name. M. Maison turned, shook his fist at that from which he knew the sounds came. Then his arm dropped to his side, he sighed a deep, long, pathetic sigh and muttered, "Well, what's the use."

Axiom No. 1.—A little thing may cause much commotion, and music hath not always charms.

## An Unanswered Question

ARNOLD W. FLATH, '15

**F**OR many years the bread-basket of the Northwest has been Fargo, N. D. Its wheels of industry have been whirling busily to accommodate the demand that comes from near and far. And it is not idle talk to say that the growth of this busy little city is the direct result of the absence of the dram-shop. Yet by no means is Fargo a paradise, since Moorhead, as your map will show, is located right across the river, with saloons to supply the demand of all who crave the drug both in Moorhead and in Fargo. The grogshop would take the happiness from many homes, if the men would pass them on their way to and from work, even as it did from the Nelson home.

John Nelson, a foreman for the J. I. Case Co., which has a branch at Fargo, was one of the most popular men of the city. Every one loved to have him near, on account of his good nature. His home was the talk of the passers-by. How they would remark about the beautiful roses, the well-kept lawn, the beautiful trimmed hedge fence! How they delighted to see Mrs. Nelson and her darling daughter play among the flowers! The sight that pleased them most was on Sunday afternoon when the entire family would have an hour or two of sport among the shrubbery. Sometimes mamma and papa ran too fast for little Violet, then she would crawl through the bushes, and her golden hair and

rosy cheeks, with the big blue eyes, seemed like a big flower suddenly blossoming forth on the other side of the shrub. All these were "love inspiring" sights, for those who passed by the Nelson home.

Not only was love the predominating spirit at this home on Sundays, but every evening for three years Nelson was greeted by a "Hello, papa," and a kiss from his darling little girl, who would meet the car which brought her papa from work. His wife, too, would be in the house or even on the front steps to meet him with a cheering smile and a loving welcome.

It was on the tenth of May, as he came home and was met, as usual, by his darling angel, as he delighted to call her, when she showed him a bracelet, saying, "This is my birthday present from mamma." "Well, well, isn't that nice?" he said. Then he took a signet ring from out his pocket, saying, "And this is your birthday present from papa." After he had placed the ring on her finger she read "V. E. N." "What does that mean, papa?" "That is Violet Elsie Nelson, darling," he answered. By this time Mrs. Nelson came out to call Mr. Nelson to the 'phone.

It was the General Manager of the J. I. Case Co., from Racine, Wis., who was called to Moorhead, Minn., to check up the foreman, whom they suspected of theft. And, to his great sur-

prise, was found guilty. So he wanted to know whether or not Mr. Nelson could take charge of the two branches of business for a month or two. To this he consented.

The next morning saw Mr. Nelson leaving the house about two hours earlier than usual, not knowing just how he would manage both jobs. About ten o'clock he was ready to take the first glance at his new appointment, which he thought would take only an hour and a half at the most. But, to his great surprise, the books were all mixed up, so he could not see his way through. So he worked till dinner, and then he 'phoned to his wife telling her that he could not come home for dinner, since he had a bigger job than he expected.

Immediately Nelson rushed out, seeking a place whereat to eat, but found that the only place nearby where he could "dine" was in a bar room. He hurried in and bought a cup of coffee and a sandwich, which made up his dinner. He did this about two weeks, when he became acquainted with some men who stopped in for their drinks before going home for dinner. They were not satisfied until they persuaded him to take a drink with them which, unfortunately, he did. Several more weeks passed and Mr. Nelson was still tending to the business at Moorhead. But, instead of giving all his attention to the work of the company, he found much pleasure in the grogshop.

Six months was as long as any man could keep straight in the Moorhead branch of the J. I. Case Co., but it took eight months for the officials of the company to detect the fact that Nelson was cheating the firm. It happened one afternoon that the General Manager came to Fargo and told Mr. Nelson that he would have to resign, because he was not tending to his business, for the company, at both branches, for several months have been losing heavily, and that he had neglected to pay several shipments of three months past.

Downcast and stricken with grief he went to the dramshop and attempted to drink away his sorrows, in which, to his surprise, he was very successful. But when he came home, the happiness of that home was crushed. Violet greeted him as usual, but he payed no attention to her,

and, shoving his wife aside, he stumbled into the house. There is no doubt but that happiness went out as soon as he came in.

Day after day he came home with his sorrows drowned in rum, instead of letting the love of his charming wife, and darling daughter, drive his sorrows away. In this home, once so happy and full of joy, sorrow was increasing daily till, at last, it reached a climax, when the father and husband of that home did not return,—at midnight, nor at dawn, nor even at sunrise the next morning. But all this time his loving wife was waiting for him, while little Violet, with her lovely curls resting on mother's lap, was trying to sleep, but only with restless fears to rouse her every little while to ask, each time more earnestly and touchingly, "Will papa not come soon?" The heart-broken mother, with tears in her eyes, only could answer, "Yes, darling, he will soon come." Days went by, and even weeks, and "papa" had not yet come home.

The company had taken judgment against the house to the amount of which he had defrauded them. At the appointed time the house was sold and Mrs. Nelson and Violet were homeless. All that was left to them was a few dollars, to rent a small shack, which they would soon have to call their home.

Almost two years had been spent in this "new home." Mrs. Nelson took in sewing, and thereby she could earn enough to pay the rent and still have enough for food. Thus they lived till, one day in April, an unexpected snowstorm came and Mrs. Nelson was taken ill, with no money in the house, and no help excepting little Violet, who would celebrate her sixth birthday on the tenth of May, only two weeks off. All Mrs. Nelson thought of was, where her once beloved husband might be, and how she would love to tell him that she does not hate him, but only the rum which brought them into such misery. Then suddenly she transferred her thoughts into words, "Oh! John, John, why did you drink? Oh! John, why?"

These same words came to John several months before, while he was standing on a street corner, because he had no home, listening to a solo, sung by a little curly-haired, rosy-cheeked girl. With the voice of an angel she sang the old

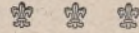


drunkard's song: "Father, dear Father, come home." Pealing through the still evening air, it griped the heart of Nelson, making him think how his own little girl might be looking for him. Homeless, heart-broken, and sin-sick, he followed the crowd to the Salvation Army Hall. All the while he sat there he thought of his wife and child, not hearing a thing that was said, till a lady and the same little girl that sang the solo, sang a duet, "When all my labors and trials are o'er." After this an invitation to come forward was given to all who are ready to leave sin and be men again for Christ. John went forward and Christ was ready to do His share.

John at once looked for work and, as every honest man, he got work. Although it was only a job in a lumber yard, John, nevertheless, was happy with but one exception, and that was the longing for his family and home, which he, through his folly, had broken up. His only prayer was that he might see his loving wife and child and be forgiven for bringing such sorrow upon them. His prayer was unanswered till that cold spell struck the Red River Valley, when his wife was seized with fever and little Violet was forced to look for fuel in order to keep the shack warm for her sick mother.

In search for wood she was led to the lumberyard, where she was picking up wood, when Nelson came to help her fill the little basket which she had. He noticed a ring on her finger and, at once, recognized it as the one he gave to his darling angel on her fourth birthday. He at once picked her up in his arms, and kissed her, and said: "Violet Elsie Nelson, where is your mother?" The child at once recognized him as her father, and led him to the shack where her mother was. As they entered the so-called home he could hear her, who was once the joy of his life, groan with excruciating pain. He closed the door while the little girl slowly went to the bed-side and whispered, "Mother! Oh, Mother! I brought papa home." The sick mother turned her head and tried to smile, but was too weak, whereupon she muttered a few inarticulate sounds and beckoned for him to come nearer. With his head bending low, he came to her bed-side and, kneeling down, he held her hand while he asked her forgiveness, where-

upon she nodded assent. Then, placing her other hand on his head, she once more tried to speak, and the only words she uttered were, "Why did ———" but she never finished the sentence. Little Violet, with one arm around her mother's neck and the other around her father's, finished her mother's dying thought—"you drink?"



### Y. M. C. A.

Due to the fact that this issue covers the two vacations of Thanksgiving and Christmas there is very little Y. M. C. A. news to report for this month.

On December 10 an exceedingly interesting meeting was held in the Chapel. The leader was Mr. Henkelmann, and the topic, "Idols," with a scripture text taken from the sixth chapter of Matthew, verses 16-34. Many of the men spoke on their personal idols, such as "Self," "Money," and "Laziness." The service was well attended.

For the evening of December 17 a song service was held, led by Mr. Kant. Many old familiar and beautiful songs were sung, after which the scripture lesson was read and the meeting was open for the men to announce their favorite Christmas hymns. The famous Christmas song of the Moravian Hymnal, "Morning Star," was sung as a solo by Mr. Henkelmann. Every thing tended to make the service a very impressive one.

On the evenings of December 2 and 3, the reports of the delegates from the Student Volunteer Convention were heard. Mr. Everoad led the meeting on December 2 and Mr. Stoltz led the following evening. Some of the reports were very stirring and, although it was impossible for the delegates to enthuse all the spirit of the convention in the hearts and minds of the rest of the men, it is hoped that some of the inspiring thoughts have taken root.

December 13 found Messrs. Weber and Vancura as the team for Shimers Station. Both of the gentlemen delivered short addresses, and reported a very good meeting.

The Deputation team sent the following men to hold service at the Rittersville Asylum for the Insane on the morning of December 25. Messrs. Henkelmann, P. Allen, Rights, McCuiston and E. Clewell, accompanied by Dr. Schwarze, who led the service. Mr. Rights delivered the address, while Mr. P. Allen presided at the piano. The rest sang several quartet selections relating to the season of the year. The team was received very cordially, being conveyed over and back by the asylum's auto.

After the service they were shown through the buildings. The long corridors, the enormous kitchen and dining-rooms, and the very tastily decorated halls,

(Continued on page 47.)

# THE COMENIAN

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Articles for publication are invited from alumni and students. All contributions must be submitted to the editors before the 1st day of the month.

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## New Year

The time for resolutions is again here. The New Year comes upon us with a weight of old resolves partially or wholly unfulfilled, but with a hope which looks into the future, which keeps on resolving to do better things. It is well that we have such hope which blossoms out anew on every successive New Year's Day.

There is an advantage for the wandering pilgrim, when he has reached the crest of a mountain or hill, which affords him a view over the unexplored fields before him, to pause long enough to map out his course—to make his resolutions. He knows well that, in the actual turmoil of the wilderness, he cannot follow his plan exactly. Unseen obstacles—streams, cliffs and swamps—will intervene and force him to turn from his course. So it is with our New Year's resolutions. They cannot take into account all the beguiling influences which lie concealed before us and they must partially fail. They are our ideals, and ideals are never realized. But we do not, therefore, despair of them. We rather count them our chiefest possession. Life

would be nothing without a goal which keeps before us. The New Year is nothing without something to be attained. We strive upward through imperfection toward perfection.

Therefore, we again make our New Year's resolutions. We resolve to make this our best year; to cast off past hindrances and to add new graces, knowing that, in so far as we are faithful to this resolve, life will take on new meaning for ourselves and be of service to others.

A. P. Z.



## Literacy Test

Much has been written concerning the restriction of immigration to the United States. However, we will add the following to the argument.

During the session of Congress which considered many important bills, and which was held in December, 1913, there was brought forward the "Literacy Test" bill. It is cold news to mention that it passed the House by a vote of 240 to 140. Just one year from the date of its passage through the House the Senate passed it by a good majority. This action on the part of the executive authority places before us the interrogation, why the "literacy test"?

The restriction of aliens from the United States has been considered and reconsidered many times in the past few years. It is, on the whole, an economic question. Those supporting the "literacy test" bill maintain that it is the best method of restriction that has been suggested thus far. The critics have not suggested an efficient substitute.

The "literacy test" exists for the purpose of restriction of undesirable immigrants even as the physically undesirable are being excluded by similar laws. By the "literacy test" an alien must be able to read some one language, whether it be English, German, Italian, Yiddish, or any other tongue.

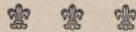
For the preservation and advance of American standards, certain restrictions must be made. This test will exclude the less desirable and admit the more desirable. To substantiate this the following facts are worthy of note.

The "literacy test" will exclude only 5.6 per cent. of the North Italians, the race which pro-

duced Columbus, Dante, Michael Angelo, Garibaldi, Mazzini and Cavour. It will exclude 42.8 per cent. of the Southern Italians, which speaks for itself. But of the desirable German immigration only from 1 to 2 per cent. will be debarred. On the other hand, of the Russian peasants 32 per cent. will not gain admittance.

Among economic laws there exists one called the "law of supply and demand." Certainly, hitherto the supply of aliens has been meeting the demand. We dare say our wage conditions and lack of employment have been occasioned largely by this influx of undistributed foreigners. This "literacy test" will not distribute population but it will ease off the supply so that the demand may be supplied with desirable men. This will give us opportunity to assimilate to some extent the multitudes who have arrived thus far.

R. E. S.



## Strike Two

An equal suffrage editorial in the October issue of THE COMENIAN has called out several counter attacks from the opposing camp. We are still able to deal a feeble blow in defense of our position that woman's place is primarily in the home and that her entrance into the political world tends to undermine true womanhood.

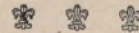
When we refuse woman a place in politics, we in no sense imply or admit that she is inferior to man. The "subjection of woman" is an exploded theory. Woman is just as much honored and holds just as high a place today as man. We are disgusted with the oft-made statement that woman has no influence. What greater influence can she crave than that which is hers in the home? When women say that our men have grown corrupt and are failing as politicians, we retort by saying that the mothers of a generation ago were faithless in their own sphere in not training up a strong moral youth. Do they now presume to tell us that, having failed in the home, they will redeem themselves by shouldering the responsibilities of men?

Besides, as to actual results, equal suffrage has not shown itself superior to male suffrage. The pioneer suffrage state still has her saloon. Men alone have made legislation just as bene-

ficial to women as is found where both vote. Politics are not as simple and easily regulated as our women suppose. The innocent, well-intentioned ballots of virtuous women will quickly be torn into shreds by greedy politicians.

However, it is almost useless to attempt to stem the onward tide of the feminist movement which we, nevertheless, believe to be ungrounded, shallow and materialistic. While the suffragettes continue to float their "Votes for Women" we shall take refuge in the conservatism which glistens on the pages of the long line of poets and thinkers from Homer to Browning. We there find the ideal of true, modest, loving womanhood, and are sorry for only one thing, that we must seek it in the past.

A. P. Z.

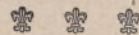


## Y. M. C. A.

(Continued from page 45.)

decorated with evergreens and holly entwined with countless small electric lights all helped to make the trip very enjoyable. It was very evident that the patients receive only the very best of care. We would congratulate Dr. Klopff, as the head of the institution, on the evident care he exercises over the whole of the surroundings.

We hope to have a more interesting column in the next issue. The shortness of this month's column does not tell the story that we are slowing down in our work. Not a bit of it, we are working harder than ever, God helping us.



## A New Dear Aspiration.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

—*Olivier Wendell Holmes.*



## “Vacationable Pickups”

Mac pleads guilty

RIGHTS: “What is the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss?”

Lucy: “I fall.”

Rights: “One seems so nice, and the other sews seams so nice.” Haw!

JONAS G., while hurrying to catch a car, knocked down a small boy who was carrying a basket of eggs.

Jonas G.: “Hosteze, excuse me, did I break them?”

Small boy; “Naw! You just bent em.” Haw!

He says *Heap* and *Wheat*, just like Maria Pickelweight.

FOR SALE: A French horn by a man with three valves. Apply to Cupie. Haw!

THE old lady wishes to buy a little dog. Please apply at room 9 and let us look you over. Haw!

HAPPY New Year! Happy Flath! Haw!

“KRESGE is going to sell out,” says Cupie, in great consternation. “I must get my onions.” Haw!

MIKE to House: “Say! I know what your Christmas present is this year. Shall I tell you?”

House: “Naw! Let my necktie be a complete surprise.” Haw!

CHORUS from the twin sisters:

Pop to Hinks: “Welcome Home!”

Hinks to Pop: “Welcome Home!” Haw!

GUS to Butcher: “Do you think that the Great White Way affected any of our brethren profitably?”

Butcher: “No; only pocket-book-itably.” Haw!

DECEMBER 29, 1914. Big doings. Mike washed his face five times, combed his hair three times, shaved twice, then sallied forth. Haw!

FISH, in great consternation: “Say, man alive, when I was in Chicago ————.” Haw!

SPLIES went to a New Year's party, and while standing under the mistletoe, was kissed by a pretty maiden.

He was so completely fussed that he fled home. Upon his arrival he was heard telling Butcher: “She will mit mir Heiraten.” Haw!

SPAUGH (pronounced *aw*), entering room nine: “Why did you fellows have your bed-room door put there; it should have been in the other corner.”

The Old Lady: “We thought that it would be closer to the bed-room where it is.” Haw!

VACK LAUGH: “Hey, Weber! Why is a visitor like a lover?”

Weber: “Because they are both embarrassed.”

Vack Laugh: “Wrong; because they both give a ring.” Haw!

HAGEN: “Hey, Evans, if you put a magnet on the rims of your auto wheels, it will draw all the nails and tacks up and you won't puncture so much.”

(Later.) Hagen: “Hey, Evans, did you try that magnet business?”

Evans: “Sure; I collected about a pound of nails, two *Fords* and two horseshoes.” Haw!

MIKE to Prof. Schwarze: “Will we have liturgies today?”

Prof. Schwarze: “Sure; why not?”

Mike: “Why, the holidays begin at 12 o'clock today. (Liturgies being from 11:45 to 12:30.)

Prof. Schwarze: “Oh, we will not split a hair about that.”

Mike to Bish: “I suppose not; but favors are appreciated at Christmas time.”

### A JINGLETTE.

(By courtesy of friends.)

If these jokes seem too personal

To start the New Year so grand,

Please don't mind, but take 'em all

And show us you have the sand.

Because some of us have resolved,

Yes some, and possibly more,

To take what comes even unsolved

And never once get sore.

## LOCALS.

On the evening of December 11 the seventh annual performance of the Dramatic Association was very successfully presented in the chapel of the Moravian Seminary and College for Women. This play, entitled "Uncles and Aunts," was given for the benefit of the College Athletics. Every one of the players deserves to be commended, as well as the coach, Theophil Mueller. The members of the cast were as follows: The Misses Helen Berger, Nellie Klotz, Dorothea de Schweinitz, Louise Thaeler, Catherine Ross; Messrs. Harold V. Lopp, Roy D. Hassler, James S. Munger, Douglas L. Rights, Wilfred E. Vogler, Walser Allen.

On December 5 the play was also presented at Coopersburg, and on December 12 at Lititz, with equal success.

On December 12 the German Oratorical Contest was held in the Borhek Memorial Chapel. The following is the program: The Orchestra played "Träumerei"; the Glee Club sang "O Täler Weit, O Höhen." After this Dr. Schultze gave a distinctly German speech, lauding the German language. He pointed out its great flexibility and the advantages of a thorough knowledge of German. The use of the German language, he said, shows no sympathy with any country engaged in the great European conflict. "If French is the mother, then German is the father of the English language." The six orations followed, interspersed by a clarinet solo, "Lorelei," by Douglas Rights; "Die Wissenschaft der Landwirtschaft," by Andrew Stolz; "Der Grosse Kampf," by Samuel Wedman; "Mein Sohn Absalom," by Reinhold Henkelmann; "Getauftes Heidentum in Süd Amerika," by Gerhard Mueller; "Ein Einig Volk von Brüdern," by Herbert Kant; "Missions Antriebe," by Arnold Flath. The Glee Club rendered another selection, "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rat." The judges, Bishop C. L. Moench, Rev. F. Bahnsen, and Rev. F. Kuhnt, awarded the first and second prizes to Herbert Kant and Samuel Wedman, respectively. The contest was brought to a close by singing "Stille Nacht."

On Tuesday evening, December 22, C. Weber and C. Richter were in charge of the Junior C. E. Christmas entertainment held at the Laurel Street Chapel.

"The Promised Redeemer," by F. A. Clark, was the title of the program rendered at the Christmas exercises of the Redington Sunday School, of which A. Wucherer was superintendent. Mr. Henkelmann is the superintendent for the new year.

On Wednesday evening December 23, the Edgeboro Sunday School, in charge of J. George Bruner, gave its Christmas entertainment, which was enjoyed by all who attended.

Mr. J. George Bruner assisted in the musicale rendered by the members of St. Peter's Reformed Sunday School, near Bath, Pa., on the evening of January 2,

by giving several readings. Rev. George Laubach is the pastor in charge.

The following Theologs preached during the past month: On December 15, Douglas Rights, Sem., '15, both morning and evening, at the Easton Moravian Church. He was entertained by J. E. Smith and family. On December 20 he preached at Edgeboro.

On Sunday evening, December 13, J. George Bruner, Sem., '15, conducted the first preaching service at Edgeboro. He also preached there on January 3.

Herbert T. Kant, Sem., '15, preached at Schoeneck, both morning and evening, December 20.

The Messrs. Wucherer, Swavely, Hoffman, Strohmeier, Hassler, Hagen, Vogler, Evans, Munger, Fishel, Ruprecht, L. Clewell, Fulmer, Limbach and Pfohl spent either the entire or part of their Christmas vacation at home.

Messrs. Rights, R. Shields, J. Shields, Swavely, Van-cura, Lopp, and Kant spent part of their vacation in New York City and vicinity. The days in New York City were spent by most of them in a very profitable manner. The Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Art Museum were of great interest and studied as carefully as the short time would permit. Many other places of interest were visited, among them the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Union Theological Seminary, Columbia University, Old Trinity Church, and even several Greek churches were inspected by one of the visitors.

The students who remained at college during the vacation found many things in college, as likewise in the Bethlehems, sufficiently interesting to keep them in good cheer. The beautiful services at the various churches were quite an attraction to some. Others found time to call on various friends in town, while still others spent their time reading good books or working on their theses.

Mr. Theophil Mueller spent the Christmas holidays at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Mr. Eugene Michel visited with Rev. F. Bahnsen and family, of Coopersburg, Pa., during one of the holidays.

The Misses B. Romig, Schaefer, L. Kemper, F. McCulley, while visiting room 9, were entertained by a Victrola concert.

Tuesday evening, January 5, J. George Bruner assisted the Rev. M. E. Kemper in the baptismal service of Lillian Amenda, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Meitzler, of 229 Ettwein Street.

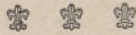
Mr. Arthur Hamilton was a visitor at Moravian College during the holidays.

On Monday evening, December 28, Prof. Moses, Prof. Schwarze, Rev. Kuhnt, Messrs. Flath, Wucherer, Zimmerman, Wedman, Clewell, P. Allen, W. Allen, and

Splies, were pleasantly entertained at the home of Mr. M. C. Luckenbach. The evening was spent in looking at curios from various countries and a selection of slides and listening to the new diamond disc machine.

The engagement of Mr. Raymond G. Schmich to Miss Ellen Hermany, both of Bethlehem, has been announced. The engagement of Mr. Nathanael Mewaldt, of Baron, Wis., to Miss Helen Canam, has also been announced. THE COMENIAN extends congratulations and good wishes.

The Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Schwarze, of Chaska, Minn., are the happy parents of a boy, Cyril Arthur.

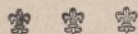


### C. L. S.

Debate meeting, December 5. After six extemporaneous speeches Messrs. Pfohl and Funk rendered their declamations, and Mr. Mueller gave the review. The question of the humorous debate was argued affirmatively by Messrs. Splies and Wucherer, and negatively by Messrs. Fishel and Flath. The chair decided in favor of the affirmative and the house upheld his decision.

The program of the meeting held on December 12 was as follows: Extemporaneous speeches, "The Turk in the War," by Fishel; "Should U. S. strengthen her Army and Navy?" by Nonnemaker; "Prospects of our Freshman Team," Mr. Billheimer; "The Problem of the Foreigner," Mr. Weber; "War and Missions," Mr. Swavely; "The Railroad Rate Case," Mr. Limbach. Mr. Clewell, the declaimer, gave "In School Days." The essayist, Mr. Michel, gave "Shakespeare's Men." The reader, Mr. Richter, read a selection called "My Funny Experiences with a Whistler." Mr. McCuiston gave the weekly review. The narrator, Mr. R. Shields, told the story entitled "Where Love is there God is also." The orator, Mr. Kant, gave an oration on "Be Natural." Mr. Spaugh favored the house with a French horn solo.

The first public meeting for the year 1914-15 was held in the Borhek Memorial Chapel on Saturday evening, December 19. The attendance was splendid. The following program was rendered: Opening address by the President, Mr. Zimmerman; reader, Mr. Mueller, "Innocence Abroad"; original poetry, Mr. Rights, "Plundering Parnassus"; essay, Mr. Kuehl, "The Manufacture of Paper"; Glee Club; oration, "The Fullness of Time," Mr. Swavely; paper, Mr. Ruprecht, "The Sufferer on Olympus." Every one present seemed to enjoy the entire program, which was brought to a climatic close by several selections sung by the Glee Club.



### EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge with thanks the following Exchanges for December:

*The Albright Bulletin*, Myerstown, Pa.; *The Black and Red*, Watertown, Wis.; *College Chips*, Decorah, Iowa; *College News*, Annville, Pa.; *The Dial*, Lancaster, Pa.; *The Hall Boy*, Nazareth, Pa.; *The Ivy*, Salem,

N. C.; *Linden Hall Echo*, Lititz, Pa.; *Literary Novice*, Newark, N. J.; *Ye Manor Chronicle*, South Bethlehem, Pa.; *The Mirror*, Bethlehem, Pa.; *The Moravian Messenger*, London; *The Narrator*, Reading, Pa.; *The N. H. S. Chronicle*, Nazareth, Pa.; *Normal Vidette*, Kutztown, Pa.; *Old Penn Weekly*, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Purple and White*, Allentown, Pa.; *The Spectator*, Columbus, Ohio; *Steel and Garnet*, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Susquehanna*, Selinsgrove, Pa.; *The Ursinus Weekly*, Collegeville, Pa.; *The Witmarsum*, Bluffton, Ohio.

There were quite a number of very good Christmas stories in these papers; the best of them were: "Unter dem Weihnachtsbaum" (*Black and Red*), "How Christmas Came to One Man" (*Mirror*), "Christmas on the Battlefield" (*N. H. S. Chronicle*).

*The Spectator*.—Your Exchange department is ably managed. The criticisms are copious and thorough.

*Literary Novice*.—You evidently have a large number of poets at your school. "The Christmas Ship" is a very creditable little poem.

*The N. H. S. Chronicle*.—The leading article in the last issue of your paper, "Dreams," is very entertaining.

*The Narrator*.—"A Summer's Vacation in the Tropics" is exceedingly interesting and instructive.

The following December Exchanges had not yet arrived when THE COMENIAN went to press:

*The Brown and White*, South Bethlehem, Pa.; *The Black and Gold*, Fargo, N. D.; *Bucknell Academy*, Lewisburg, Pa.; *The College Folio*, Allentown, Pa.; *Dickensonian*, Carlisle, Pa.; *The M. P. S.*, Bethlehem, Pa.; *The Muhlenberg*, Allentown, Pa.; *The Ogontz Mosaic*, Ogontz, Pa.; *Ohio State University*, Columbus, Ohio; *Our College Times*, Elizabethtown, Pa.; *The Perkiomenite*, Pennsburg, Pa.; *Philadelphia College of Pharmacy*, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Spectrum*, Fargo, N. D.; *The Tatler*, Bethlehem, Pa.

We hope to receive all of the above-mentioned papers next month. If THE COMENIAN does not reach you regularly kindly notify our Business Manager.

We are anxious to improve our paper and request your assistance. If you have any suggestions to make, or criticisms to offer, they will be thankfully received and highly appreciated.



### BASKETBALL

Nine tilts during December sum up Moravian's activities on the basketball floor. These were equally divided among the three teams but the Cubs were the only ones with a clean score.

An exhibition game, on December 3, with the All-Collegians, returned the College five as victors with a 36-12 score.

December 5 was a big day at the College. The New York University Law School team marched down on us with a big "rep." and threatened to do a little scalping. They would have had everything their own way, too, if it had not been for a couple of forwards and guards and a center who had decided opinions to the contrary. The summary speaks for itself.

N. Y. U. L. S., 33.	Positions.	Moravian, 47.
Kanzel .....	forward.....	Shields
Gilhooly .....	forward.....	Turner
Lipman .....	center.....	Kuehl
Sutta .....	guard.....	Wedman
Masten .....	guard.....	Clewell

Goals—Shields, Turner 7, Lipman 6, Gilhooly 4, Masten, Clewell 2, Kanzel, Kuehl 1. From fouls—Kanzel, 7 of 9; Shields, 13 of 23. Time of halves, 20 minutes. Referee, Mueller, Lehigh.

Lehigh, on the 12th, was again unsolvable, and we lost, 46-29. The biggest stumbling block was Brewster, who did great damage with his long range artillery. The only other feature of the game was fouling, in which the visitors easily led, with 37 out of a total of 60. The line-up:

Lehigh, 46.	Positions.	Moravian, 29.
Brewster .....	forward.....	Shields
Dynan .....	forward.....	Turner
Crichton .....	center.....	Kuehl
Green .....	guard.....	Clewell
Geyer .....	guard.....	Wedman

Floor goals—Brewster 8, Crichton, Turner 3, Evans 2, Dynan, Green, Sanford, Geyer, Ivey, Shields, Kuehl. From fouls—Green, 14 of 23; Shields, 14 of 37. Substitutions: Lehigh—Sanford, Geyer, Ivey; Moravian—Flath, Evans. Time of halves, 20 minutes. Referee, Mitchell, Allentown Y. M. C. A.

The Cubs took the South Bethlehem Business College team in tow, on the 5th, without any trouble, 35-10.

S. B. B. C., 10.	Positions.	Cubs, 35.
Howard .....	forward.....	Fulmer
Gangewere .....	forward.....	(Hagen) Evans
James .....	center.....	Meissner
O'Donnell .....	guard.....	(Stolz) Rights
Haggerty .....	guard.....	Mueller

Floor goals—Fulmer 10, Howard, Hagen 3, Haggerty, Stolz, Evans, Meissner. From fouls—Fulmer, 3 of 11; Howard, 1 of 2; James, 1 of 3. Time of halves, 20 minutes. Referee, Thomas, Lehigh.

Y. M. L. Res., 13.	Positions.	Cubs, 34.
McCandless .....	forward.....	Fulmer
(C. Kemper)		
H. Kemper.....	forward.....	Hagen
Drauch .....	center.....	Meissner
Fluck .....	guard.....	Stolz
Olpp .....	guard.....	Mueller

Floor goals—Fulmer 6, Hagen 6, Olpp 3, Meissner 2, H. Kemper, Stolz. From fouls—H. Kemper, 5 of 10, 4 of 7; Meissner, 1 of 1. Time of halves, 20 minutes. Referee, Mueller, Lehigh.

On the 19th, the Cubs paid a visit to M. P. S., and appropriated another victory, 22-17. Line-up:

M. P. S., 17.	Positions.	Cubs, 22.
Lennox .....	forward.....	Fulmer
Eberman .....	forward.....	Hagen
Clewell .....	center.....	Meissner
Turner .....	guard.....	Stolz
Wilbur .....	guard.....	Mueller

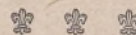
Floor goals—Hagen 4, Lennox 3, Stolz 2, Eberman, Turner, Wilbur, Meissner, Mueller. From fouls—Lennox, 5 of 7; Hagen, 2 of 3. Time of halves, 20 minutes. Referee, Clewell, Moravian.

The Freshmen won two out of three games played during December, as follows:

- December 3, Nazareth High, won, 34-15.
- December 9, Nazareth Hall, won, 28-20.
- December 18, Travelers, lost, 27-26.

Five big games are the January attraction. Three of these games will be played on the home floor and constitute the finest basket ball material in the eastern part of the State. Four of these games will be with new teams on Moravian's schedule, and one with an old rival. Two games with Lebanon Valley, one each with Franklin & Marshall, Schuylkill Seminary and Ursinus fill the bill.

Coach Mueller has been driving the men hard and has developed a speedy machine which compares well with any met thus far. Weight is the only thing that is lacking. If we had a few pounds heavier average there is no doubt but that we should have won every game on the schedule thus far.



On the 12th, the Y. M. L. Reserves fell victims to the Cubs by a 34-13 margin. Line-up:

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