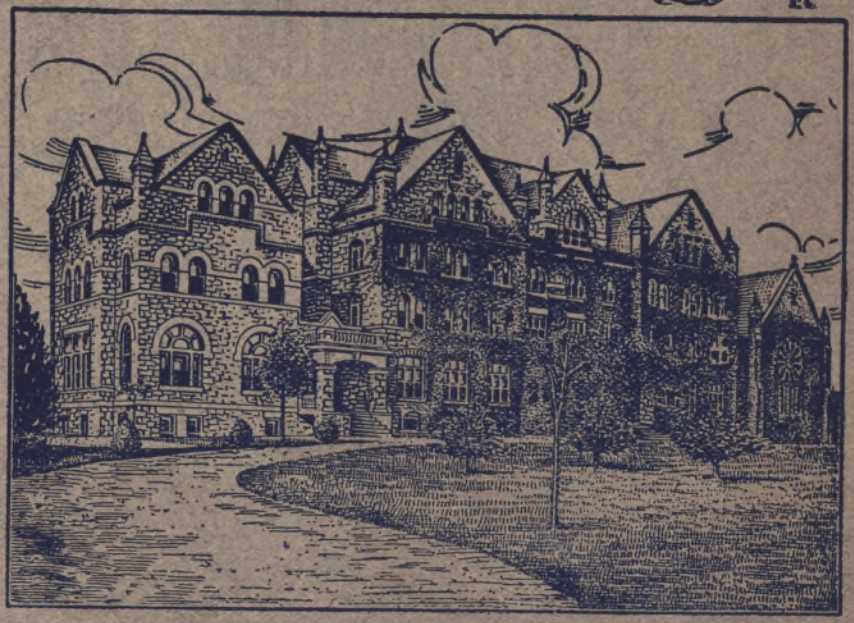
THE COMENIAN

VIA LUCIS



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Shipmates

ARTHUR SHIELDS, '12

FOOTBALL, water fights, and cider fresses have passed into ancient history at Comenius Hall, but the undergraduate seeking adventure and interesting comradeship can find them as the writer did last Summer by trying life in a sailor's fo'c's'le. All will be rich and strange, from the bosun's "Ye Hay!" as he hauls on a rope, to the old sailor's tales, and the thought of the restless U boat that knows no closed season.

He will return with pleasant memories of the boys he has learned to love, knowing the meaning of Masefield's lines,

"And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream, when the long trick's over."

Then during nine months of academic life he will look forward to next June's voyage, when the musical brogue of the bosun's, "Now then, turn to, my lads!" will call him to deck as the sun is rising from the sea.

Best of all is the enlarged appreciation of humanity a man brings back from life in the atmosphere of the Sermon on the Mount. He has enjoyed the fellowship of the unselfish men of the sea, those comrades of the salt water who share their clothing and tobacco and cheerfully crawl out of warm berths to make tea for the lookout shivering in the crow's nest.

The Steamship "Bovic," a 4000-ton British freighter of the White Star Line, sailed from New York to Manchester with a cargo of munitions and a crew of fifty-six. She was short-handed, from desertions in New York: there were only a dozen sailors, two naval gunners manning the 4.7 inch cannon on the after deck, and ten able and ordinary seamen.

The engine room had plenty of mixed Europeans, but the sailors were all English-speaking chaps from the three divisions of the British Isles, and one Yankee. An old-time flavor was given to the crowd by a few salts of sailing ship training, but most of them were young fellows trying steamship life in preference to the trenches.

The seaman's work on a large steamship is very simple. Quartermasters relieve him of steering, and he passes the day, which alternates in four hours work and rest periods, in scrubbing and polishing decks, painting all the wood and iron work on the ship, cleaning the anchors —some job—swinging the life boats on the davits to see that they are ship shape for escaping a U boat attack, and keeping lookout. And let us not forget a part that is not listed on the program according to law, but is none the less real,—shoveling coal with the stokers in the early morning watches.

Between lookout and dawn two men were on lookout continually, one in the prow or fo'c's'le head and the other standing in the crow's nest, an observatory near the top of the forward mast. This was the pleasantest work of all, standing there in the crystalline light of the heavens and sweeping the horizon for the weird ships that pass in the darkness. They would suddenly be alongside with great unlighted sides if they were the ships of belligerents, and huge flags painted on the hulls if they were the ships of neutrals.

One Sunday morning the bosun piped us all

into the boats and we saw the ship describe a semi-circular wake. The gunner was about to fire on a dark object in the water when the look-out discovered that it was a harmless piece of driftwood. The men took it all as a matter of course and returned to the fo'c's'le with the usual indifference of seamen to the perils of the deep.

The fo'c's'le, short for forecastle, where we ate and slept, and laughed and sang between watches, was a long, narrow room on the starboard side, amidships. The iron bunks ran in two tiers the length of the room and alongside was the mess table, where we ate our hash and bread and drank our tea.

This room was our sanctum; even the captain must take off his hat when he enters the fo'c's'le, according to an unwritten law of the sea. The discipline of the ship was on the other side of the closed door; we were happy and free,—that is, we were free after Old Man Hunter emancipated us from the rule of Charlie Bennett.

The latter was a fair faced lad of seventeen but a stern moralist. He sang out his ultimatum one breakfast before the ship steamed out into the Hudson River.

"I won't have any swearing in this fo'c's'le," he said, banging his fist on the mess table.

The boys look in amused surprise.

"What the bloody ——!" said little Joe Boroughs, otherwise known as "The Kid," whose duty, never performed, was to keep our quarters clean.

Charlie's well muscled arm shot over the mess table, and "The Kid" flew against a girder.

The gang stared in amazement. This was new stuff to the oldtimers. They looked the aggressive reformer over carefully.

He was a yellow-haired Apollo, stripped to the waist, with smooth, rippling muscles. He weighed about 165 pounds and was quick as a cat. As his speech showed, he was brought up in Manchester, but, needless to say, the blood was Celtic. Only an Irishman would have the nerve to start anything like that. And only a neophyte seaman would expect to succeed. But Charlie was young and rash, and a combination of Puritan and adventurer. His family trained him strictly until he was fifteen, when he ran away to the army. There he lasted two years, until his real age was discovered, and the authorities allowed his father to take him out. Then the call of the wild drew him to the sea.

The no cussing rule was a fo'c's'le joke for a day or two. Charlie drew the line on everything stronger than the one word which is as essential to some Englishmen's speech as bread is to a sandwich. "My father never swears," he explained, "but everything is the '*bloody* this' and the '*bloody* that' with him, so I guess I'll have to let '*bloody*' go."

Poor Charlie tried his best to make good, but the boys gave him no rest. They took turns baiting him at breakfast, dinner and supper. A sailor would spear his fork into the "black pan," and bring it up with disgust.

"Look here, Mr. Bennett! Isn't this the—here followed a string of expletives—hash you ever saw?"

"Wait 'till I get you, you bloody blighter," the fo'c's'le censor would scream in rage. A wild dash would follow around beams and corners and if the chase got too stern, another boy would chime in. Charlie was helpless as a mad bull beset by two many matadors, but no festive populace at Seville had as much delight as the boys at the mess table.

The fun had not begun to pall and Charlie was still undaunted when Old Man Hunter put the kibosh on the sport. The boys were having the time of their lives, but Hunter, crippled in his bunk, was bored by these interruptions to his clay pipe meditations.

"Easy, my lad!" he said, "your grub is getting cold."

"That's all right," answered Charlie, "there's too much bloody cussing in this fo'c's'le; if my father heard this language—!"

"Ugh!" said Hunter, "that's the only freedom we have at sea. Run to the steward and get me a match. What the blazes are you ordinary seamen for anyhow?"

It took the wind right out of the boy's sails, and after that he was the meekest fellow on the ship. The lid on cussing was officially off, but somehow the boys didn't take the advantage of

it that you would have expected. There wasn't half so much fun in making the air blue when Charlie went on eating his hash.

Old Man Hunter was a fixture in the fo'c's'le for two weeks. The day before the ship docked in New York he had sprained his knee badly. He had inflicted the injury deliberately and made a good job of it, and for a fortnight he reclined to his meals and leaned back to the enjoyment of "Bitter Twist" tobacco, undisturbed by the bosun's "Turn to!"

But his rest was hardly earned. The knee was seriously sprained, and all the steward's "black drops" failed to mend it soon. That functionary kept the medicine chest and "black drops" were his panacea for all ills. He poured them down Hunter's throat and couldn't understand why the swelling didn't go down. Then one day he tried a new method of treatment. He ripped off a liniment bandage the old man had bound round his limb. "We must give it air," he said, "maybe that will help."

The younger set would collect around Hunter in the evening and listen to the old sea dog's amazing stories of shipwrecks and legends. "Pudding" and "The Kid," two juvenile ordinary seamen, would listen open-eyed while he told how the spirits of departed seamen passed into Mother Carey's chickens, and how they finally flew away as sea gulls, and the skipper himself sailed the seas, a wandering albatross.

All Hunter's sea wisdom was told with his tongue in his cheek, but Scotty Sinclair, a wizened little fellow, was genuinely worried when he saw one of the boys walking towards the upper deck with his mattress at "turning in" time.

"Look out, mate, the moon's shining tonight," he said, "it'll twist your face up. All right, you laugh. I did once, but look what it did to me."

About this time Blews, the older gunner, a short, weather-beaten Scotchman, would walk into the fo'c's'le after being relieved on the gun deck by Scotty McKye, gunner's mate, and begin to spin yarns of the British navy. His coming was the signal for Bob Gill, Irish poet and able seaman, to bring in a tea and toast supper from the galley for his friend, and a savory smell would fill the room.

This was the rising call for a man who slept all the time he wasn't eating and working, Howard Mee, veteran of the Jutland battle, where he lost an eye but not his appetite. How that man could eat! It was well that we had a start, because he wrought terrific havoc. As Bob used to say, "The salt horse neighs with alarm when Howard gets on the job."

The voyage lasted thirteen days before we finished making easting, and before the ship tied up to the Manchester docks we grew very fond of each other. But we were ships that pass in the night and the crew split up to sail on different ships.

Howard Mee, Scotty Sinclair, and three of the quartermasters shipped on the Queen Helena, a small transport bound for the Mediterranean. No word had come from her up to three weeks ago when Bob left Manchester, and the ship is probably resting its shattered hull among the wrecks of ancient Roman galleys, like so many ships whose destruction is unreported by the admiralty or Lloyds.

No one knows what has become of Hunter. "Pudding" is at home and "The Kid" is a mess boy on a tramp steamer. Charlie Bennett has not been seen around his old haunts in Manchester and may be in the trenches again or have gratified a desire he expressed to me to ship to California and become a moving picture actor.

Bob is in New York after a thrilling trip to Archangel, where he witnessed the harbor explosion that destroyed so many ships and four miles of munition sheds. His ship, the "Clan MacIntosh," had just shifted its anchorage or would have been destroyed with all on board. The only other steamer that reached the northern Russian port from Manchester of a fleet of ten was blown to pieces. The remaining eight were torpedoed or mined en route.

Returning, they sailed far inside the Arctic Circle, rounding the north cape of Norway to escape the U boats. It was forty below, with the snow blotting out the sight of the masts, and huge icebergs floating by, which showed the

danger of the extreme northern route when the weather cleared sufficiently to render them visible.

But making westing this January from Manchester to New York via Halifax was still worse. All the members of his watch were frost-bitten and heavy seas, beating over the sides, washed away all the life-boats but three and one of them was wrecked.

"It certainly was a tough trip," he said.

"But how were the boys?" I asked.

"The best shipmates I ever had; they made up for everything," he exclaimed enthusiastically.

Well, maybe, but the old gang on the "Bovic" will do for me.

Thoughts on George Eliot

ANDREW D. STOLZ, '17

ARBURY HALL, in Warwickshire, is in the northeastern corner of the county, some thirty miles from Stratford. It lies in the same rich and well-watered region that nourished the youth of Shakespeare; a sleepy, abundant land, prosperous and steeped in drowsy centuries of quiet. In some part of this rich Midland district, at Griff House, near Nuneaton, at school in Coventry or at Foleshill on its outskirts, the first thirty-two years of the life of Marion Evans or Mrs. Lewes, non de plume George Eliot, were passed.

To the wallowing world she was neither Miss Evans nor Mrs. Lewes, so she dropped both names as far as title pages was concerned, and used a masculine name instead, hoping better to elude the pack. When "Adam Bede" came out, a resident of Nuneaton purchased a copy and at once recognized the flowers, the stone-walls, the bridges, the barns, the people;—all was Nuneaton. Who wrote it? No one knew, but it was surely some one in Nuneaton. So they picked out a Mr. Liggins, a solemn-faced preacher, who was always about to do something great, and they said Liggins; soon all London said Liggins; and he looked wise and smiled knowingly. Then articles began to appear in the periodicals, purporting to have been written by the same author of "Adam Bede." A book came out, "Adam Bede, Jr.," and to protect her publisher, the public, and herself, George Eliot had to reveal her identity.

No right estimate of her, whether as a woman, an artist or a philosopher, can be formed without a steady recollection of her infinite capacity for mental suffering, and her need of human support. The statement that there is no sex in genius, is, on the face of it, absurd. George Sand, certainly the most independent and dazzling of all women authors, neither felt, nor wrote, nor thought as a man. Saint Teresa, another great writer, on a totally different plane, was pre-eminently feminine in every word and idea. George Eliot, less reckless, less romantic than the French woman, less spiritual than the Spanish saint, was more masculine in style than either; but the outlook was not for a moment the man's outlook; her sincerity, with its odd reserves, was not quite the same as a man's sincerity; nor was her humor, which is peculiar, virile. Hers approximated, curiously enough, to the satire of Jane Austen, both for its irony and its application to little every-day affairs. Men's humor, in its classifications, is on the heroic rather than on the average scale: it is for the uncommon situations, not for the daily tea-table.

If not a voluminous writer, according to the standard of recent novelists, she has left enough work, representative of her powers at their best, to give a full impress of her mind. What is it, in fact, which makes us conscious that George Eliot had a position apart; that, in a field where she had so many competitors of no mean capacity, she stands out as superior to all her rivals; or that, while we can easily imagine that many other reputations will fade with a change of fashion, there is something in George Eliot which we are confident will give delight to our grandchildren as it has to ourselves? To such questions there is an obvious answer at hand. There is one part of her writings upon which

every competent reader has dwelt with delight, and which seems fresher and more charming whenever we come back to it. There is no danger of arousing any controversy in saying that the works of her first period, "The Scenes of Clerical Life," "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," and others, have the unmistakable mark of high genius. They are something for which it is simply out of the question to find any substitution. Strike them out of literature and we see that there would be a gap not to be filled up; a distinct vein of feeling and thought unrepresented; a characteristic and delightful type of social development left without any adequate interpreter.

The sphere which she has made especially her own is that quiet English country life which she knew in early youth. Nobody has approached George Eliot's work in the power of seizing its essential characteristics and exhibiting its real charm. She has done for it what Scott did for the Scottish peasantry, or Fielding for eighteenth century Englishmen, or Thackeray for the higher social stratum of that time. The English provincial life thus flowing in the very currents of her blood, became the living material of her art. She was at once of it and, by the greatness of her genious, apart from it, able both to depict it from within and to feel it from without.

George Eliot was a scholar, but she was still more emphatically a student of life. It is life itself as she has seen it and known it, in the farmhouse or the field, life in the formative experiences of her own soul, which affords her the material for her thoughts. "I have always thought," she writes, "that the most fortunate Britons are those whose experience has given them a practical share in many aspects of national lot; who have lived among the mixed community, roughing it with them under difficulties, knowing how their food tastes to them, and getting acquainted with their notions and motives, not by inference from traditional types in literature, or from philosophical theories, but from daily fellowship and observation." George Eliot herself was such a "fortunate Briton," and her work, like that of others, rests securely on her sympathetic understanding of the daily life of man. The truth of her insight into the most ordinary, and, as we might consider them, commonplace lives, her tenderness for them, her perception of the pathos and the wonder of their narrow world is one of the finest traits in her character and her art. George Eliot shows us ordinary conditions. Others have done this. Her distinction is that she feels and makes us feel something in ordinary lives which before was not apparent. This is the truest representative of her work.

"Adam Bede," her first long story and one of the most powerful and spontaneous of her books, appeared in 1895, and it was felt that a new power had arisen in English literature and letters. "Adam Bede" was followed by masterpiece after masterpiece at intervals of one, two or three years; thoughtful books of substantial workmanship, not fluently written with Scott's easy joy in power, but with unspeakable effort, self discipline and toil. "Adam Bede" is distinguished by its vividness of portraiture, dramatic situations, and the evidence of a strong and highly cultivated intellect. In it are seen the advantages which through culture gives a naturally active female mind.

In "Adam Bede" the contrast between human craving for happiness regardless of consequences, between the simplest desires for pleasure so pathetically inherent in the young and the stern obligation to sacrifice our pleasures to the common good, is eminently characteristic of George Eliot. She reiterates the hard lesson with inexorable earnestness, that the wickedness which prompts us to thoughtless self-gratification is a wickedness which brings with it inevitable retribution. There are few downright villains in her books, but in almost every novel there are characters that fail through selfishness or a weak inability to deny themselves the things that seem pleasant. In "Adam Bede" is Hetty Sorel, with her soft, girlish beauty, seeing nothing in this wide world but the little history of her own pleasures and pains. The amiable, yielding Arthur Donnithorne gives way to pleasure instead of duty, and afterwards sacrifices his home to make others happy.

Self-sacrifice is insisted on by George Eliot

not because of an earthly peace or a future reward, for right-doing is often a hard thing, wrong-doing is often a pleasant and easy thing, but because right is right we are to follow it in "'scorn of all consequences." Here we have Dinah Morris, the young Methodist who sacrificed her life for the poor people around her. We see that beautiful, strong woman preacher, whom I find haunting my imagination, strange but entrancing, envious of the most diverse forms, as if, for instance, a snow-drop could also be St. Paul, as if a kiss could be a gospel, as if a lovely phrase of Chopin's most inward music should become suddenly an Apocalypse, revealing Christ in the flesh, that rare, pure Dinah Morris, who would alone concentrate English literature if it had yielded no other gift to man.

Where in modern fiction shall we find more of the exhilarating surprise that is the offspring of wit; or of humor more profoundly, yet more laughingly wise, than are to be found in the pages of "Adam Bede"? Where, out of those pages, shall we find fitting counterparts to the immortal Mrs. Poyser and her fellow-immortal and amiable cynic, Bartle Massey. The publication of "Adam Bede" placed George Eliot decisively at the head of English novel writers, with only Dickens as second.

Universal Military Training

RALPH W. EVERROAD, '18

DURING the last two years our ideas of military operations have undergone a change so extensive that it is difficult for the mind of the average citizen, far removed from the scene of conflict, to grasp the figures. We have been accustomed to think of great battles in the terms of "Waterloo" and "Gettysburg," of great campaigns in terms of "Sherman's march to the sea" or "Napoleon's invasion of Russia." We have been accustomed to measure armies in terms of thousands and battle-fields in miles. Today armies number millions and the battle-field is an entire hemisphere.

We have slept and have peacefully dreamed of "the million Americans who would spring to arms over night" for our protection, but the mighty turmoil across the waves has rudely shaken our couch and we awaken to a new day with new conditions, which we must meet.

America has done all in her power to maintain peace at home and in establishing peace abroad. She has, in her extreme determination to keep peace, taken an attitude which has displeased many of her own citizens and made her a butt of ridicule by foreign nations, but to the present she has accomplished her purpose.

Yet slow to anger though we have been, our love for peace is no greater than our love for justice, and the perpetration of atrocities against humanity, as our government has defined them, indicate our early entrance into hostilities. Although we cling to the hope that we will not be forced to take up the sword of righteousness, no nation is ever free from the possibility of invasion unless by strength of arms it can prevent such an attack.

The Constitution of the United States in its preamble, declares that one of the objects of forming the Union was to provide for the national defense. How is this to be done? Today the Nation has no army. Each State has a National Guard. On June 18, of last year, the National Guard was ordered to the Mexican Border. After ten days of maximum effort the department commanders succeeded in getting just twelve per cent. of the men started. More than thirty per cent. of them were found physically unfit for service. Many who went to the border had never seen a single day's training. What is our trouble? It is simply that we have been depending on volunteer military service and, as this European War has forcefully shown, there is no such thing. The words voluntary and military can not exist side by side.

The life of the sailor, independent of its emoluments has never been and never will be sufficiently alluring to attract any very great number of people. All nations which have desired to maintain a military force have been compelled to resort to a special means to recruit

it. England found she could send no adequate army to the aid of her allies until she resorted to conscription. America is the last great state to retain the voluntary system and the sooner we substitute universal training in its stead, the sooner we will come to a solution of our military difficulties.

Captain Hall, writing for the "Outlook," sums up the opposition to Universal Military Service in three adjectives,—"expensive, undemocratic and un-American." He refutes the arguments advanced and shows it to be true that, while any army is expensive, a universal service army is much cheaper than a voluntary one. Could you call a universal service camp undemocratic where a broker helps peal potatoes for the company, or a well set-up young corporal from the farm drills a squad of millionaire's sons? Is it un-American to follow the advice of Washington and, "in time of peace prepare for war"? Is it un-American to follow the advice of Lincoln and "arm our country's manhood for our country's sake"? If it is un-American to follow the only method of defense proved by history to be effective, then and then only is universal training un-American.

Although the bugle may sound our country to the colors before this article goes to press, and although present conditions warrant military training for warlike ends, our hopes are all for peace, and in the interests of peace would we present the advantages of universal military training.

Of course there are those who would argue that universal military training can only be an advance in the direction of militarism, which leads ultimately to war and invariably away from peace. And of course we could cite to them the universal training of the Swiss, which has given them an honorable peace in the midst of war, and to the thousand and one other refutations which authorities have given such arguments in the magazines during the past year. It is not, however, my purpose to re-enumerate what is already so widely distributed or to consider the subject from that standpoint.

There is at present a bill before Congress for compulsory military training. The wish of our Congress is not to provide a universal military training which will create "militarism." The temperament of the American people will never allow "Prussianism." We want a universal military training which will prepare American manhood to defend American homes and American ideals; we want a training which will improve our youths mentally, morally, physically, and raise them to a standard of citizenship high in the pursuits of peaceful relations at home and abroad.

Col. L. R. Gignilliat, Superintendent of Culver Military Academy, has collected in his "Arms and the Boy" an abundance of concrete information regarding the results of military training in high schools, military academies, colleges having military training and institutions such as West Point, where the life of the cadet is regulated on a military basis from reveille to taps. These institutions are distributed in all parts of America. The wide experience and extensive research which Col. Gignilliat has put into this book makes it an authority, to which the layman unfamiliar with, or opposed to, military training might profitably resort.

Speaking generally on the subject, Col. Gignilliat says: "Military training of boys, properly conducted, gives them the true fighting spirit, the spirit that every man must have who renders effective service in a good cause, whether it be on the military or the social firing line. The military instinct is natural to most boys, and it may be utilized to teach them valuable lessons of loyalty, patriotism and discipline without making him blood-thirsty or warlike. A few years of military training are usually quite sufficient to gratify his curiosity and satisfy his desire for military life."

Putting aside entirely the idea of military training as connected with war, we might consider some of its individual beneficial values in the training of citizens.

Let us see what military training could do for a boy of high school age. The first result would probably be physical improvement. One has only to look at the splendid physique of West Point cadets to see the value of their training.

There are people who say that drill has no

(Continued on page 58)

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George Washington

It would seem strange to the ears of many, and most Americans would disclaim it, if we should say that our land has built up myths and legends as remarkable and as untrue as those of ancient Greece and Rome. Yet, is not this a fact in the case of such characters as Franklin and Washington? We have endless biographies of Franklin, picturing him in all the public stations of life, but altogether they do not equal in popularity the autobiography, in which we see him walking down Market Street with a roll under each arm, and devouring a third. Is it not true, as a brilliant American historian has said, that "General Washington is known to us, and President Washington; but George Washington is an unknown man"? These are pregnant words and should lead us to explore and search behind the stories which appear with each recurring 22nd of February.

We surely have lost more, through this process of myth-making than we have gained. The stories of the infallible Father of His Country stir up our patriotism, but at the same time, do they not secretly excite our risibilities? Our minds have become satiated with these fables and the anniversary becomes a meaningless date, on which we find humorous cartoons in the newspapers, and paper hatchets for the eyes of children. But behind these popular myths, behind the General and the President of the historian, there was a man, who was a man!

Let us lift this veil for ourselves, and for those who will follow us. If such characters are not soon taken from under the glass which encloses them, their real greatness and humanity will be forever lost. There are still many sources in which we can discover the true nobility of our own "rector of Mount Vernon," and when we investigate them we will be fully repaid. Then we will not question, as we may do now, whether such a man deserves much credit for his sacrifices and deeds. Then we will see that that one was truly great, not only as a statesman and general, but as a man, at whose death China made this testimony: "The sentiments of the Three Dynasties have reappeared in him. Can any man of ancient or modern times fail to pronounce Washington peerless?" R. W. S.

Studying Lincoln

Some time ago, on their editorial page, the "Saturday Evening Post" commented on a biography of Lincoln which an Englishman has published. They closed by throwing out an advocacy that we study Lincoln; that in school or college we have a little less commercial geography or geometry, or almost anything else, and give that time to Lincoln.

Let's consider the design of such a course. There is the wealth of material, histories, biographies, eulogies. We must include Lincoln's own speeches, his messages to Congress, his letters, his pithy, laconic utterances at trying crises. There is the study of his unpromising youth and the struggles of young manhood. Then even he was distressed at times when he thought of himself. When he was thirty-two and had a small law practice in rural Illinois he wrote to a friend: "I am now the most miserable man living. If

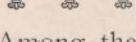
what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family there would not be one cheerful face on earth. Whether I shall ever be better I cannot tell. I awfully forbode I shall not be. To remain as I am is quite impossible. I must die to do better, it appears to me....I can write no more."

Hours can be given to take up the attitude of the rest of the world toward him when he lived; or the cold reception of him by the East even when he was elected to the presidency. An instance of the latter is the declaration of the New York "Herald" that "the Republicans have elected a fourth-rate lawyer from Illinois." New York papers must have been as provincial then as they are now. A class might be put to discussing a present American problem, whether domestic or foreign, and the question be asked, "What would Lincoln have done?" Then also his portraits, and the pictures of the statues that have been carved for him. A collection of them is invaluable to a study of the man. Just to look long at that face, to feast upon the outlines—who has studied many things more profitable? Time, too, should be spent in comparing and contrasting Lincoln with other men of all history; to give information of his family life; of his moments of anger or those of humiliation or grief; of the humor of his occasional stories and his treatment and leadership of other executives of his administration; of the friendships he had and the enemies he made; of his maturer years when there were manifested the healthfulness of his spirit and the strength of his religion.

We agree that character is caught and not taught. If you put the question to the average group of boys, "Who would you like to be, if you were not yourself?" every one of them picks a leader, and the names range from Edison to "Ty" Cobb. And in answer to "What sort of a fellow would you rather not be?" are the words, "a quitter; a loser; a coward; a cheat." And would a real study of Lincoln assist boys that in greater measure they will imitate better men and avoid the kinds they would rather not be?

There are so many, many types of educators, and we wonder whether at least a few of them would answer favorably. All of us know the traditional dime novel behind the geography book, which some people say is only a sign that geography is dull. We wonder, if there should be a fitting Lincoln text book, whether there would be so many dime novels behind that?

We wonder.....We still wonder—and for some reason we cannot stop. B. Y. L.



D.V.B.S.

Among the various attempts made to better conditions and to utilize means for bringing happiness to people, we feel that there is one, which, although comparatively young, has accomplished its purpose and has come up to the expectation of its originator.

The idea of the Daily Vacation Bible Schools came to Dr. Boville about four years ago when around him in New York City he saw children who were apparently uncared for; he saw students idling away their summer; and he saw church and mission buildings almost unused six days a week. He then started a movement with three objects in view. First, to take the children from the streets, care for them, teach them the Bible, teach them to sing, to play and to use their hands. Secondly, to give students an opportunity of exercising their talents and ability. Thirdly, to turn the buildings, empty the greater part of the time, to practical account.

Since the work has been started in New York City, other cities have recognized its value and have organized schools. Each summer in many of the cities of both the United States and Canada, the Daily Vacation Bible Schools do a wonderful work and people, who at first would pay no attention to them, have learned to appreciate their excellence.

As an example of what has been accomplished, let us take a glimpse at Detroit, Michigan. Last year, only the second season of the D. V. B. S. there, fifteen schools were organized in the city. The enrollment was approximately fifteen hundred. Among these were children of Italian, Syrian, German, Austrian, Hungarian, Russian, French and English parentage and all received instruction in the Bible, in the ideals of American citizenship and in handicraft, such as basketry and hammock making.

To appreciate such work fully one need only

to see the enthusiasm of the children. No force is used to bring them in and still the attendance at the play-ground across the street was often less than that in the school-room during the hottest days of the year.

The schools continue for six weeks, five days a week, and the climax is reached when on the last day of the season all the children of the city assemble at one of the buildings and the commencement program is carried out. It is indeed thrilling to hear fifteen hundred voices singing the songs learned during the past few weeks, and to see fifteen hundred hands shoot out as the owners salute the flag. In an adjoining room is a display of hammocks, baskets, sewing, carving, and drawing; only some of the handiwork of the children.

That the children appreciate the work can be understood when the boys are heard to say, "Why don't they have it all year?" and then at the last day tearfully bid their teachers goodbye.

Here is an opportunity for splendid work. Perhaps some student is wondering how he can most beneficially spend his summer? Six weeks in the D. V. B. S. work would give him just cause for feeling that he had accomplished something worth while. H. A. K.

Universal Military Training

(Continued from page 55)

physical value. Col. Thomas Edwards, of the Massachusetts National Guard, says that in Boston the effect of school drill has been to make the boys round shouldered and narrow chested. This is not a reflection on military training, but on the manner in which it is carried on at that place. Col. Gignilliat, on the other hand, says that new cadets at Culver have gained from three to five inches in girth of chest measure and twenty pounds of weight in pure muscle between September and January. Arguments that military training does not improve one physically are easily refuted by the fact that students of no civilian preparatory school can equal in set-up and physical condition the fourteen to eighteen-year-old cadets of military schools.

It is a fact that in schools which have military training, athletics also flourish. In some they are compulsory. At Culver, one day per week is set apart for athletics, and besides schedules in football, basketball, baseball and hockey, each man must represent his company in some sport, whether it be boxing, tennis, bowling, running, or other seasonable form of competition. Thus military drill is combined with athletics and reaches *all*, whereas in the ordinary school, the most exercise the average student gets is that which he gets while "rooting" for his school teams.

Closely following physical development comes the second step, which is mental improvement. To see the assumption—that the well ordered life of the cadets of high schools with military training results in healthier bodies, better nervous tone and greater mental effort, is established by experience,—we need only look to the high school at Vistula, California, whose principal says, "Military training develops concentration, awakens the stupid, and puts snap into the whole student-body," and to many others who say, "It quickens mental processes and aids straight thinking....promotes quick response and creates a sense of order and accuracy." Military training may be so co-ordinated with academic work that it becomes a school of application in which the student learns to apply formulas to practical work.

The American boy, thus strengthened physically and mentally, is a good foundation upon which to start the framework of character. But the American boy is a freedom loving individual and in the crude is lacking in respect for authority. The first steps of military training are to develop in a boy his sense of honor and duty and to teach him to obey that he might later be able to command. Dr. Cheney, of the University of Pennsylvania, while discussing the bill for compulsory military training recently, before the Senate Committee, said in argument against strict discipline: "Education trains men to think, military training teaches them to act without thinking." The opponents of military training usually say that blind obedience is forced upon the cadets. This may have been the type of obedience in the time of Frederick the

Great, but since the Indian taught the frontiersman to scatter and fight from behind trees, more and more emphasis has been placed on developing the initiative of the individual soldier. The properly instructed cadet, like the soldier, is expected to modify or even disregard an order if the assumption under which it was written ceases to hold good. When a cadet is given an order he is expected to execute it promptly, but he is also, as he puts it, expected to "use his bean."

Besides disciplining and developing initiative, there is an abundance of incentive to right living and thinking in military schools. In the many forms of competition, cadets are impressed with the fact that it is the strong man who wins and that the strong man thinks clean and lives clean.

To sum up the objects of universal military training and to emphasize that it is a builder of character we will quote from the rules governing California high school cadets:

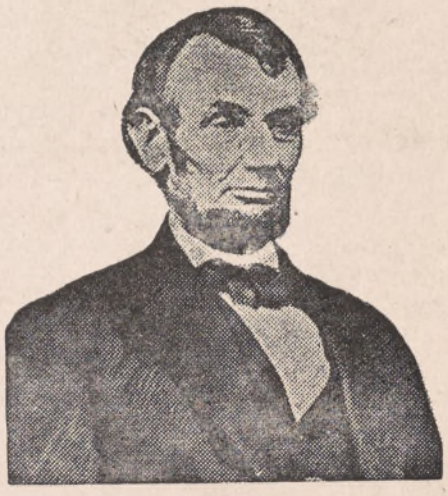
"Article 59. Purity in thought, word and deed is the hall-mark of nobility of character. The impure are not wanted in a community."

"Article 61. A high school cadet is a true gentleman. He stands for high ideals of life. He loves peace and deplores war, but is always ready to defend his country in its hour of need. He respects authority. He obeys law. He cultivates filial love and strives earnestly to be an honor to his father and mother. He honors the Supreme Being in thought, word and deed."

* * *

Thus instead of creating warriors, Universal Military Training has as its end and object, the development of boys into efficient citizens, who place their duty to society above self-interest, and are prepared to render the most able service to their fellow-men.

"The character, the counsels, and example of our Washington * * * they will guide us through the doubts and difficulties that beset us; they will guide our children and our children's children in the paths of prosperity and peace, while America shall hold her place in the family of nations."—*Ed. Everett—Speech.*



"The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."—*Abraham Lincoln—Inaugural Address.*

The Howler!!

Henks on one of his preaching expeditions was dining with an old lady. She had fried chicken for dinner and, as we all know, Henks is very fond of chicken gizzard. Just for fun he told her he ate them to make him handsome. She adjusted her glasses and looking him over, said, "Well, you ain't been eating them long, have you?"

Barber (entertaining his customer as usual): "Your hair is getting very gray, sir."
Trafford: "I'm not surprised. Hurry up."

Luther (busily plying a tooth-pick in the region of his adam's apple): "Ah, shirt-rabbits."
Dr. Amos: "I Speck I know what ailed thee, rice in your teeth?"
Luther: "No, I ate an onion for my cold and it stuck in my throat."

Victor (at table): "I used to be behind before but now I am the first at last.

George Weinland, on his recent visit to New York, entered a restaurant in which colored waiters were employed. Picking up the menu, he began a systematic search of his pockets for his glasses. He could not find them, so he turned to the waiter and said, "Will you please read this over for me?" The gentleman of color looked very apologetic as he said, "Ah's sorry boss, but Ah hain't got no eddication nether."

"'Overboard with Logic' is the slogan of the vast majority of the Juniors and Seniors. Overboard with the whole business, for it is a subject which is simon pure nonsense and won't hold a drop of water. It is a filmy delusion, incapable of the grasp of the scientific mind."
The logical Bull of Ernestine Smyser, issued by Hagen—a fortiore.

Fair One (in store): "Where are the women's girdles?"
Rabbi Ralphstein: "Anywhere between the neckwear and the hosiery."

Phil Miller to Bill Steininger, who has just finished a description of the life of cliff-dwellers. "Yes, but how did they keep warm in winter, if they had no houses?"
Bill: "Why, they used the Mountain Ranges."

If it takes one hour and a half to sink a ring of bologna in a barrel of sauer-kraut, how many pan-cakes will it take to shingle a dog-kennel? (One of Professor Steckel's exam questions.)

C. L. Steckel, professor of scientific love-making. Office hours, 9 to 12 p.m.

Sam (poetically, as he is passing a cemetery): "Ah, if these tombs could but speak, what would they say!"
Henry: "Ah, yes, they would speak with grave words."

Wimmer entered the Bingen post-office with great expectations: "Hey, do you have a letter for me?"
Postmaster: "The name, please?"
Wimmer: "Nevermind the name; you'll find it on the letter."

Bahnson is quite busy revising old popular songs. His latest success is "My Own I Omy."

Gol-ding-it (fast in the throes of Latin proverbs): "E Pluribus Unum. What the dingnation does that mean, Old-lady?"
Lovely Louis (looking up from the *Parisienne*): "E Pluribus Unum? In God we trust."
(Quick exit Goosie. Don't ask him where he's going.)

Hausvater: "We can't serve eggs for breakfast this year because of the war."
James (brightly): "I hope they don't use eggs for ammunition, too."
Uncle William: "No they don't use eggs, but they use shells."

Editor's Note.—We regret that the name of Walser Allen must be omitted from this issue, but the Faculty has requested that the standard of this page be raised.

Annanias (arguing in German Class): Well, I don't see why they should call Wallenstein *Herzog*—Ground-hog?"

Wimmer (reading his essay on The Indians): "The Indian boys were trained to be very fleet of foot, in fact by the time they reached young manhood they were able to catch a dear."

Pop: "I hear Henks sang 'Sing Me to Sleep' in German at Nazareth."
Ralph: "I don't know; I couldn't understand him, but I thought it was because he had a cold."

LOCALS.

Dr. Schultze entertained the student-body and faculty at a supper given in the Refectory in honor of his birthday. To our regret, Mrs. Schultze was unable to attend on account of ill health. Congratulatory speeches were made, in behalf of the student-body by Christian Weber, and in behalf of the faculty by Drs. Gapp and Moses. Later in the evening a basketball game was played between the Juniors and Freshmen, which resulted in a victory for the Freshmen. As has been his usual custom, Dr. Schultze presented a basketball to the winning team.

On the following day, Dr. Schultze entertained the Moravian ministers of Bethlehem and vicinity at his birthday vesper.

Cards have been received by friends announcing the marriage of Miss Elizabeth LeBreton Marshall to Rev. Prof. William Frederic Badè, Ph.D., Sem., '94, of the Pacific Theological Seminary, of Berkeley, California, on Friday, January 12, 1917. Dr. Badè before going to the Pacific Coast was a professor here at Moravian.

Dr. Schwarze addressed the Teachers' Institute of Northampton County, on the subject, "Problems Imposed by the Changed Conditions on Schools and Teachers." Dr. Schwarze was recently elected a member on the Board of Trustees of Nazareth Hall.

Wilfred Vogler, '16, who is engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in New York City, recently visited his Alma Mater.

Henry A. Kuehl preached at the South Bethlehem Baptist Church on the morning of January 14. He also delivered an address at a C. E. Rally held in the Coopersburg Moravian Church on the evening of January 28.

Dr. H. T. Bahnsen, a M. C. graduate and also an advisory member of our Board of Trustees, was called home on January 16, at the age of seventy-two years, after an illness of several months.

On February 4, the scholastic page of the Philadelphia *North American* was featured by an illustrated review of the Moravian College basketball team by James Dugan. Pictures of the players and Coach T. R. Shields appeared. Special mention was made of each player, in regard to their home, earlier preparation and training.

On January 28, Frederic T. Trafford filled the pulpit of the Easton Moravian Church.

Samuel Wedman occupied the pulpit of the South Bethlehem Baptist Church both morning and evening on January 7. He also preached at the Edgeboro Chapel on January 28, at the morning service. The South Bethlehem Baptist pulpit was also filled by Reinhold Henkelmann for both morning and evening services on January 28.

The Moravian Quartette sang at services held in the Bath Presbyterian Church on January 7. The Quartette also assisted in the services held in the West Side Chapel during Prayer Week.

Christian Weber conducted both morning and evening services in the Coopersburg Moravian Church on Sunday, January 21.

Rev. Richard Meinert, Sem., '04, while recently visiting at M. C. spoke to the first division of the Senior German Class.

Rev. and Mrs. J. Kenneth Pfohl announce the birth of a son, born on December 26. THE COMENIAN extends congratulations.

The regular mid-year examinations began on Monday, January 26, and lasted until Friday, February 2. Since they are over the student life seems to be more of an optimistic and cheerful nature.

Messrs. Henkelmann, Weinland, Steckel, Schwab and Pharo had the honor of singing in the Bach Choir at the concert given in Carnegie Hall, in New York City, on January 20. Messrs. Kemper and Thaeler, members of the Moravian Trombone Choir, also enjoyed the trip.

C. L. S.

January 9.—The first of the series of public meetings was called to order at 8 p.m. in the Chapel by the President, after which the Chaplain performed his duties. The Glee Club rendered two selections and then the regular evening's program began. The first extemporaneous speaker was Mr. Henkelmann, speaking on "The Northwestern Mounted Police," followed by Mr. Stolz, on "My Experiences in Liverpool." Mr. Weinland closed the speeches, speaking on the book, "When a Man's a Man." Mr. Bahnson recited "When My Pa was a Boy." Mr. Shields orated on the subject, "The Future of Alaska," after which Mr. Funk rendered a violin solo. Mr. Vogler read a story of O. Henry, entitled, "Twenty Years Ago." Mr. Hagen, the Editor, read a paper, entitled, "The Blötter." After the Glee Club had rendered two more selections, the meeting was adjourned.

January 16.—The meeting was called to order by the President, after which the Chaplain performed his duties. Mr. Kuehl opened the extemporaneous speeches, speaking on "Does a Nation's Religion Advance in Proportion to its Civilization?" followed by Mr. Weber, speaking on "The Value of Church History." The third speaker, Mr. Splies, spoke on the photo-play, "The Birth of a Nation." Mr. Stolz spoke on "Writings of George Eliot." Mr. Bahnson closed the speeches, speaking on "The Open Hearth Process." The first declaimer, Mr.

Steinninger, gave "Little Boy Blue," after which Mr. Albright reviewed the current events. Mr. Fulmer recited "Obituaries."

After the regular three minutes' recess the annual humorous debate was held, the subject being, "Resolved, that a Knock-kneed Man is Superior to a Bow-legged Man." It was debated affirmatively by Shields and Allen and negatively by Hagen and Gutensohn. Only a *per se* vote was taken, which favored the negative. Mr. Mueller acted as Critic for the meeting.

January 27.—The meeting was called to order by the President for the purpose of electing officers for the Spring term. The following officers were elected: President, Gutensohn; Vice-President, Hagen; Secretary, Fulmer; Treasurer, Splies; Chaplain, Vogler; Custodian, Stocker; Executive Committee, Strohmeier, Chairman; Kuehl, Mueller.

Athletics

MORAVIAN, 13; LEHIGH, 42.

Moravian and Lehigh met on the "Taylor Field" of battle, January 6, 1917. Owing to the Lehigh guards warding off the Moravian impetus, the excellent shooting of their forwards and center and the accurate passing of the entire team, Moravian met defeat. The result of the battle was, Lehigh, 42; Moravian, 13. The line-up:

Moravian.	Positions.	Lehigh.
Turner	forward	Dynan
Hagen	forward	McCarthy
Allen	center	Crichton
Kuehl	guard	Kennedy
Wedman	guard	Wysocki

Field goals: Moravian—Hassler 2, Kuehl; Lehigh—McCarthy 6, Dynan 5, Crichton 3, Wysocki 4, Thomas 2. Fouls: Moravian—Hagen 6, Wedman; Lehigh—Dynan 2. Referee: Tom Thorpe, Columbia. Time of halves: twenty minutes each. Substitutions: Moravian—Hassler for Allen, Stolz for Hassler, Hassler for Turner; Lehigh—Thomas for Dynan, McCarthy for McCarthy, Ketcham for Crichton, MacDonald for Wysocki, Berg for Kennedy.

MORAVIAN, 16; DELAWARE STATE, 25.

Moravian was given her first defeat on the home floor by the Delaware quintet on Friday, January 12, the score being 25 to 16. Horsey, Captain of Delaware State, starred for his team, caging six sensational goals. The passing of both teams was very good. The line-up:

Moravian.	Positions.	Delaware.
Hagen	forward	Horsey
Hassler	forward	Casey
Allen	center	Clancey
Kuehl	guard	Selby
Wedman	guard	Wilson

Field goals: Hagen 2, Mueller 2, Allen, Horsey 6, Clancey 4, Selby. Fouls: Hagen 5, Wedman, Clancey 3. Referee: Dynan, Lehigh. Time of halves: 20 minutes. Substitution: Mueller for Hassler.

MORAVIAN, 34; ALBRIGHT, 31.

Saturday afternoon, January 13, saw Moravian triumph over Albright by the score of 34-31. At the beginning of the game, Albright was leading, but Moravian, by a grand rush, overcame the lead and was never overtaken.

The game was very interesting and exciting. The passing of the Moravian team was of high caliber. Hagen's foul shooting was phenomenal. Out of twenty-one tries he converted sixteen of them into points. Captain Kuehl, at guard, was always in the game, breaking up Albright's passes. The line-up:

Moravian.	Positions.	Albright.
Turner	forward	Goldhammer
Hagen	forward	Walmer
Allen	center	Henry
Kuehl	guard	Hoffman
Wedman	guard	Greenough

Field goals: Moravian—Hagen 3, Allen 2, Wedman 2, Kuehl, Turner; Albright—Goldhammer 4, Walmer 4, Hoffman 2, Henry. Fouls: Moravian—Hagen, 16 out of 21; Albright—Hoffman, 9 out of 17. Substitutions: Mueller for Turner, Hassler for Allen. Referee: Walton. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

MORAVIAN, 25; TEMPLE, 31.

In a closely contested game, Moravian lost to Temple on the latter's floor by the score of 31-25, Saturday, January 20. Kuehl's work at guard was sensational. He held down the lead of Temple in the first half. Turner and Allen led in the scoring for Moravian. Captain Neff starred for Temple. The line-up:

Moravian.	Positions.	Temple.
Turner	forward	Neff
Hagen	forward	Weiler
Allen	center	Gessleman
Kuehl	guard	Smith
Wedman	guard	Scarry

Field goals: Moravian—Turner 3, Allen 3, Hagen; Temple—Neff 5, Gessleman 4, Weiler 2, Scarry. Fouls: Moravian—Hagen, 11 out of 19; Temple—Weiler, 7 out of 19. Substitutions: Moravian—Hassler for Wedman, Mueller for Allen; Temple—Terry for Smith. Referee: Rumsey. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

MORAVIAN, 25; MUHLENBERG, 32.

In a bitterly contested battle, Moravian lost to Muhlenberg, at Allentown, Friday evening, January 26, the score being 32-25. Moravian led at half time, 15-11, but the Muhlenberg team rallied and soon overcame the advantage. The line-up:

Moravian.	Positions.	Muhlenberg.
Turner	forward	Lennox
Hagen	forward	Wilson
Allen	center	Gaston
Kuehl	guard	Dudack
Wedman	guard	Fitzgerald

Floor goals: Moravian—Allen 6, Turner 3, Hagen 2, Mueller; Muhlenberg—Wilson 6, Lennox 3, Gaston 3, Smith, Dudack. Fouls: Moravian—Hagen 1; Muhlenberg—Gaston 5. Substitutions: Moravian—Mueller for Hagen, Hassler for Wedman; Muhlenberg—Smith for Lennox. Time of halves: 20 minutes. Referee: Miller.

MORAVIAN, 42; LOYOLA, 22.

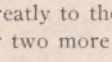
Loyola, of Baltimore, playing on their northern trip, dropped off at Moravian, Thursday, February 1. Moravian scored first and kept the lead until the final bell. Messrs. Wilkerson and Roche played well for Loyola, while Turner excelled for Moravian, the score being 42-22. The line-up:

Moravian.	Positions.	Loyola.
Turner	forward	Sullivan
Hagen	forward	Vaeth
Allen	center	Roche
Kuehl	guard	Buchness
Wedman	guard	Wilkerson

Floor goals: Moravian—Turner 7, Hagen 3, Allen 3, Hassler 3, Kuehl 2; Loyola—Wilkerson 4, Roche 3, Vaeth. Fouls: Moravian—Hagen 4, Wedman 2, Wilkerson 6. Substitutions: Moravian—Mueller for Hagen, Stolz for Allen, Hassler for Wedman; Loyola—Quinn for Sullivan, Kerney for Buchness. Referee: Mueller, Lehigh. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

"Freshmen" basketball has been resurrected at M. C. Under the careful supervision of Hassler and Vogler, a wonderful team has been developed. The following are those who share the honors: Hassler and Vogler, forwards; A. Clewell, center; Fink and Stocker, guards; Schneebeli, utility. Thus far, they have played two games. January 16, they journeyed to Easton, played and defeated a team of Moravian Church boys. The score was 53-12. Then, on Saturday, January 27, they exercised little trouble in vanquishing Moravian Parochial, by the score of 34-16.

These victories were due to the wonderful passing of the team, the work of the guards, and the "eagle-eyed" shooting of the forwards. Results show the Freshmen superiority over their opponents.



Y. M. C. A.

A great many of the tasks which we attempt we begin with a burst of enthusiasm. Our work continues in this spirited, even devoted manner for but a short time. Then the flame dies down. We face a reaction. Such a slump, which is liable to come after any good beginning, requires our careful attention. After the time of enthusiasm is past it requires will power, real determined effort, in order to continue the work. The slump in college activities generally begins about the middle of the year and extends to the end of the Spring semester. During this time we must guard ourselves carefully against such a reaction. We had an early attack of it in our Y. M. C. A. work. Two or three meetings were very poor, but it seems to have been overcome, and the last two meetings have been much better.

The meeting worthy of special mention was our last Missionary meeting. The topic discussed was, "The ever increasing demand of Foreign Missionaries." The men who attended the conference of Princeton in December took advantage of the opportunity and helped make this meeting one marked with missionary enthusiasm and success.

We hope that the missionary spirit at M. C. may ever be on the increase. Especially in view of the fact that the Student Volunteer Conference is to be held here next November.

It was a great pleasure and inspiration to have William Miller, one of the student secretaries, with us on January twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh. We are always glad to welcome men with a message and inspiration. Though Mr. Miller was unable to arrange to meet the student-body, his meeting with the cabinet will undoubtedly bear its fruits.

Exchanges

Old Penn is an all around good paper and we are always glad to see it. The article on the Military Course at the University of Pennsylvania is very appropriate and some of the other Colleges and Universities should give this matter serious thought.

The cuts are very good and add to the attractiveness of the paper.

We are glad to see the absence of so much German in the *Black and Red* this month and we are sure that it will not lose by leaving this part out.

All the departments of the *Newberry Stylus* are good, especially the stories which are interesting and of the right length.

The poem and the cartoons of the *A. R. C. Light* add greatly to the attractiveness of the paper; however, one or two more stories would be appropriate.

College Chips is gotten up very well and the system used in arranging the departments is very neat and is to be commended.

Other exchanges received are: *The Spectator, The Mirror, Ogontz Mosaic, The Whitmarsum, Ursinus Weekly, College News, Memoranda.*

Subscriptions Received

H. Solt, E. Sober, H. Funk, G. Weinland, V. Flinn, E Swavely, Miss Weber, C. Hoßier, G. Crist, F. Grunert, A. Zimmerman, H. Stocker, J. Beck, K. deSchweinitz, M. Leibert, O. Reidenbac', F. Stelter, A. Rau.