THE COMENIAN

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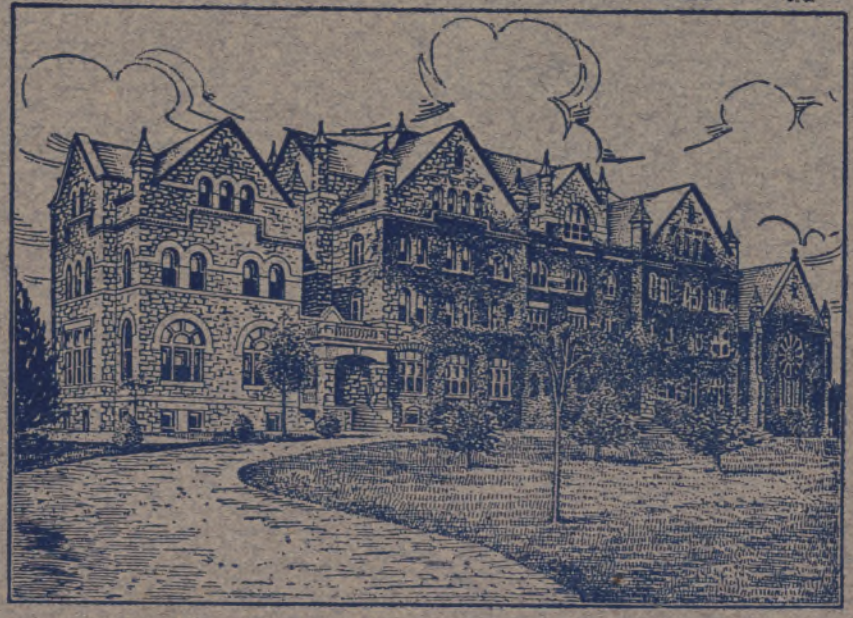

Vol. 27
No. 3

Bethlehem, Pa., December, 1917

Moravian College Musical Association

A. Stolz S. Wedman F. Weber H. Engelke P. Hassler T. Vogler W. Allen H. Kemper J. Shields W. Nonnemaker A. Thaeler H. Funk P. Bahnsen C. Weber
R. Van Horne F. Splies W. Steininger R. Henkelmann F. Fulmer V. Richter R. Everroad C. Richter

The Comenian

Volume XXVII. BETHLEHEM, PA., DECEMBER, 1917. Number 3.

Bright Spots in Literature

WALSER H. ALLEN, '18

THE brilliancy of the most dazzling gems in literature is very often absorbed by the halo of glory that surrounds the larger and justly considered more important masterpieces. Such is true of Stevenson's essays. Comparatively obscure, they are seldom read and thus it is that the brightest spots in English literature are seemingly invisible to the naked eye. Stevenson is best known through his stories, and if his essays, which are superior to his stories, were his only writings, he would not have the position he occupies today among writers of English.

The claim is made that Robert Louis Stevenson has written the most perfect English of any writer either before or after his time. This claim, like all others for which there is some reasonable basis, is often disputed. Be that as it may, it is certain that no writer has ever surpassed him in English composition. It took two years to complete *Treasure Island*, and it is impossible to change one word or phrase of that entire story and have as a result a clearer or better constructed sentence. When writing will stand such a test it cannot be far from perfect.

Virginibus Puerisque might well be called "A Lover's Guide," such is the simple and yet sound advice given to young people at that critical turning point of their lives. In this essay, under the sub-title "Truth of Intercourse," Stevenson unconsciously reveals the secret of his success. In speaking about literature he says: "The difficulty of literature is not to write, but to write what you mean; not to affect your reader, but to affect him precisely as you wish. This is commonly understood in the case of books or set orations; even in making your will, or writing an explicit letter, some difficulty is admitted by the world. But one thing you can never make Philistine natures understand; one thing, which yet lies on the surface, remains as unseizable to their wits as a high flight of metaphysics—namely, that the business of life is mainly carried on by means of this difficult art of literature, and according to a man's proficiency in that art shall be the freedom and fullness of his intercourse with other men. Anybody, it is supposed, can say what he means; and, in spite of their notorious experience to the contrary, people so continue to suppose."

A great man or a great writer is not the man who can put little thoughts into big words, but the man who can put big thoughts into little words. "A great big blooming buzzing confusion," one of William James' alliterative pet phrases, might well be applied to the term "love." Yet Stevenson, with his insuperable simplicity and beauty of style, writes about this serious and often laughable phenomenon in these strong, simple words: "Love should run out to meet love with open arms. Indeed the ideal story is that of two people who go into love step for step, with a fluttered consciousness, like a pair of children venturing together into a dark room. From the first moment when they see each other, with a pang of curiosity, through stage after stage of growing pleasure and embarassment, they can read the expression of their own trouble in each other's eyes. There

is no declaration properly so called; the feeling is so plainly shared, that as soon as the man knows what it is in his own heart, he is sure of what it is in the woman's. This simple accident of falling in love is as beneficial as it is astonishing." And in another place: "Jealousy is one of the consequences of falling in love; you may like it or not at pleasure; but there it is."

It seems as if "Bobby" can say things just the way we feel that they ought to be said, but cannot say them ourselves. And of all the apt ways of expressing sentiment, in the essay "On Falling in Love," which is another sub-title of *Virginibus Puerisque*, "Bobby" surpasses himself when he says, to the exquisite delight of young readers especially: "The thought that prompted and was conveyed in a caress would only lose to be set down in words—ay, although Shakespeare should be the scribe."

All of these remarkable essays have a philosophical trend. *Crabbed Age and Youth* may be taken as another example where Stevenson displays not only his good sense and elegant style, but also a remarkable knowledge of human nature. Every young man, especially a student, should have a volume or two of Stevenson's essays on his book-case, standing right in line with the best of his books. To young people harrassed with all kinds of doubts and misgivings, what more suitable advice can be obtained than from the personal testimony of Stevenson himself: "Because I have reached Paris, I am not ashamed of having passed through Newhaven and Dieppe. They are very good places to pass through and I am none the less at my destination. All my old opinions were only stages on the way to the one I now hold, as itself is only a stage on the way to something else. I am no more abashed at having been a red-hot Socialist with a panacea of my own than at having been an infant. Doubtless the world is quite right in a million ways; but you have to be kicked about a little to convince you of the fact. And in the meantime you must do something, be something and believe something. It is not possible to keep the mind in a state of accurate balance and blank; and even if you could do so, instead of coming ultimately to the right conclusion, you would be very apt to remain in a state of balance and blank to perpetuity. Even in quite intermediate stages, a dash of enthusiasm is not a thing to be ashamed of in the retrospect; if St. Paul had not been a very zealous Pharisee, he would have been a colder Christian."

It is extraordinary how often and violently change the feelings of inexperienced young men. But after all, what is education, knowledge, life, yes and even death itself but a change? Woe betide the individual who never changes. But still the important thing is the direction and causes of change. Experience is one of the greatest of change producing factors. On this point have been written the following: "It is as natural and as right for a young man to be imprudent and exaggerated, to live in swoops and circles, and beat about his cage like any other wild thing newly captured, as it is for old men to turn grey, or mothers to love their offspring, or heroes to die for something worthier than their lives.....Some people swallow the universe like a pill; they travel through the world like smiling images pushed from behind. For God's sake give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself."

The life story of Robert Louis Stevenson is quite generally known. Even though an invalid, he saw a good deal of the world, and learned the "Art of Living." He had some Bohemian tendencies and was decidedly an optimist, especially during the latter part of his life, with a distinct flavor of Epicureanism. His philosophy of life is set forth in an essay which he calls *An Apology for Idlers* and the following quotation tells his story: "Might not the student afford some Hebrew roots, and the business man some of his half-crowns, for a share of the idler's knowledge of life at large and the Art of Living? .....Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of many other things, and it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do.....A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a

better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great Theorem of the Livableness of Life."

Such is the brilliancy of one of the most dazzling gems in English literature, the bright spots which are the true beacon-lights of literature, shining down through the ages, illuminating the winding paths of civilization.

"A Great and Good Man"

CARL T. PHARO, '18

SAID MACAULEY of Samuel Johnson in an article in the Encyclopedia Brittanica, written in 1859: "The old philosopher is still among us in the brown coat with the metal buttons and the shirt which ought to be at wash, blinking, puffing, rolling his head, drumming with his fingers, tearing his meat like a tiger, and swallowing his tea in oceans. No human being who has been more than seventy years in the grave is so well known to us, and it is but just to say that our intimate acquaintance with what he would himself have called the anfractuosities of his intellect and of his temper serves only to strengthen our conviction that he was a great and good man."

A great and good man—Samuel Johnson a great and good man? An analysis of his biography, of his age, of his friends, of his writings, will serve us to judge the dictum, to affirm it, to deny it, or to somewhat amend it.

Of course, it is to Boswell that the world is indebted for a vivid picture of John's life. "Of all the men distinguished in this or any other age, Dr. Johnson has left upon posterity the strongest and most vivid impression, so far as person, manners, disposition and conversation are concerned. We do but name him, or open a book which he has written, and the sound and action recall to the imagination at once his form, his merits, his peculiarities, nay, the very uncouthness of his gestures, and the deep, impressive tone of his voice. We learn, not only what he said, but form an idea how he said it; and have at the same time a shrewd guess of the secret motive why he did so, and whether he spoke in sport or in anger, in the desire of conviction, or for the love of debate."

Johnson was born in Lichfield in 1709. His father was a bookseller, a man of considerable mental and physical power, but tormented by hypochondriacal tendencies. His son inherited a share both of his constitution and of his principles. Disease and a trace of superstition never quit him during life, while the demon tendency, hypochondria, was ever lying in wait for him and could be eliminated for a time only by hard work or social excitement.

The disease—for disease it is—had scarred and disfigured features which were otherwise regular and at all times impressive. It had injured his eyesight, to the extent that pictures were merely meaningless patches, in which he could see no resemblance to their objects. Even more pronounced than his dullness of sight was his insensibility to music.

Says Leslie Stephen in a biography, "Vast strength hampered by clumsiness and associated with grievous disease, deep and massive powers of feeling limited by narrow though acute perceptions, were characteristic of soul and body."

Johnson left school at sixteen after having had a good deal of Latin "whipped into him," as he later complained, and spent two years at home, probably in learning his father's business. This seems to have been the chief period of his studies. His father's shop gave him many opportunities and he devoured what came in his way with the undiscriminating eagerness of a young student. He gorged books; in this respect his intellectual resembled his physical appetite. When he went to Pembroke College, Oxford, at the end of this period, he was in possession of an unusual amount of unsystematized reading. But of his stay at college Sir Walter Scott, in the "Lives of the Novelists," writes:

"During his residence there his means were so straitened that he was compelled to 'go down' without taking a degree, and returned to Lichfield."

An anecdote, which if it reveals the touch of superstition in Johnson's mind, also reveals the depth of tenderness which ennobled his character, is told of him. His friends missed him one day; they missed him at breakfast, and they missed him until evening. On his return he explained. Fifty years before that day, his father, confined by illness, had requested him to take his place at the book stall. Pride made him refuse. To do penance for this sin he had gone to the place of the book stall, placed himself in the street before it, endured the jibes of passers-by, and the inclemency of the weather, from morning until night. To this it is Leslie Stephen's conclusion that "No repentance can ever wipe out the past or make it be as though it had not been; but the remorse of a fine character may be transmuted into a permanent source of the nobler views of life and the world."

All of his friends were familiar with his habitual mode of life. He talked all morning, dined at a tavern, staying late and then going to some friend's house for tea, over which he again loitered. Some of his friends were puzzled to know when he had read or written. And there were periods during which he wrote very little; he often lamented that his past time had been unprofitably spent.

Of his last winter and last days this portion of one of Macaulay's paragraphs is the best description: "The ablest physicians attended him and refused to accept fees from him. Burke parted from him with deep emotion. Windham sat often in the sickroom, arranging the pillows, and sent his own servant to watch a night by the bed. Francis Burney, whom the old man had cherished with fatherly kindness, stood weeping at the door; while Langton, whose piety eminently qualified him to be an adviser and comforter at such a time, received the last pressure of his friend's hand within. When at length the moment, dreaded through so many years, came close, the dark cloud passed away from Johnson's mind. His temper became unusually patient and gentle; he ceased to think with terror of death, and of that which lies beyond death; and he spoke much of the mercy of God, and of the propitiation of Christ. In this serene frame of mind he died on the 13th of December, 1784. He was laid, a week later, in Westminster Abbey, among the eminent men of whom he had been the historian—Cowley and Denham, Dryden and Congreve, Gay, Prior, and Addison."

As for his age, it was one of prose, and of changing prose. The *Spectator* was somewhat of a condescension for dignity of composition. It was written cleverly, smoothly, charmingly, entertainingly, but in the language of the drawing room and the coffee house. Its pictures of domestic life, so true and new, were yet portrayed by the language of domestic life. The *Spectator* was written in an epoch during which simplicity, clearness, and directness were the great virtues of thought and of style. Now in Johnson's day prose writers were beginning to aim at a more complex structure of sentence, fitted for the expression of a wider range of thought and emotion. Johnson, though not a revolutionist, was a sharer of this growing discontent. He was not a producer of small talk. He had a close affinity to old scholars, whose characteristics the present reversion was assuming, and his style became, as did the style of his age, more like the old elaboration. Johnson's style, however, seems not to have been imitated by anyone. Be it said also of his age, that the time for literary patronage from the royalty was over, and also that the time for public support had not yet satisfactorily begun. Literature as a calling was not very gainful in his day.

That select circle of friends, whose discussions he dominated, might well be the title of a separate essay. But we can here at least classify them and tell what branch of learning they represented and brought to the circle. There was Burke, known for his knowledge of politics, of government and for his eloquence; Reynolds, who knew art criticism; Gibbon, the historian; Garrick, with his knowledge of the stage; Goldsmith, who knew poetry and the lighter literature. And these men formed Johnson's club.

His writings. Seven years went to dictionary

writing; there were two hundred odd essays in the *Rambler*; *Rasselas* was a philosophical tale popular in the last century and gave the essence of much of the *Rambler* in different form. His political pamphlets have a certain historical interest. Much of his criticism is pretty nearly obsolete. *Lives of the Poets*, "the child of his old age," the book in which criticism and biography are combined, is in many respects an admirable performance. His writings are sometimes reverie instead of talk. "As respected style," said Macaulay, "he spoke far better than he wrote. Every sentence which dropped from his lips was as correct in structure as the most nicely balanced period of the *Rambler*." Of his writings just this needs to be added: they are no longer widely read.

And now a bit of a conclusion is purposed. Johnson contributed most not by means of his criticism, not his debate, not his wit, not his compilation. He is the figure that he is because he dared to take such especial interest in what might be called the science of human nature. His favorite topics have to do with what are the deeper springs of character, rather than peculiarities which are superficial. His sayings are very vigorous; and they are concentrated good and strong sense and deep feeling. The best that he said were not dainty sayings, not delicate observations. And the spirit of the best that he said and wrote was not optimistic; really sometimes it is certain he meant to imply that optimism is futile. He said, "We live in a sad world, but we have to make the best of it. Miseries present themselves which are equal to the powers of fortitude which we can muster. We must consider how to escape these miseries; and how the accidents of affairs which befall us may be lightened." His philosophy of life was, then, not buoyant, not joyful. He was not exceptionally useful, not particularly constructive, in his conduct toward his fellows, outside of that clique of his. He was not aligned with any strong organization, a church, a school, or a lay body. If he lived today, we would not call him as socially useful as are many of our ministers and our teachers. But he grappled bravely with the riddle of life—and he grappled pretty well. He was not one of the greatest, not one of the best men who have lived; but say it—without excitement—say that he was a great and good man.

For Alumni.

The executive committee of the alumni association of Moravian College and Theological Seminary held its first meeting of the present college year in Comenius Hall on Thursday evening, December 6. Rev. E. S. Hagen, of New Dorp, N.Y., presided, and D. Hayes Keech, of Allentown, was secretary. Various matters of business pertaining to the alumni association and the college activities were discussed.

Robert E. Shafer, '06, Coll., of Bethlehem, was elected editor of *The Bulletin*, the alumni monthly, to succeed Prof. W. V. Moses, of the college faculty, who was compelled to relinquish the office because of other duties Prof. Moses was editor since the Bulletin's first issue five years ago, and made the publication a vital link between the faculty, students and graduates.

The members of the executive committee present at the meeting were Rev. Hagen, president; D. H. Keech, secretary; Rev. Edmund deS. Brunner, Easton; Rev. Victor Flynn, New York: Prof. S. H. Gapp, Prof. W. V. Moses, Prof. Charles H. Rominger, Rev. H. E. Stocker, and Prof. Theodore Shields, Bethlehem.

THE COMENIAN

(Published on the 15th day of the month.)

Devoted to the interests of the students and alumni of the Moravian College and Theological Seminary.

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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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THE MANAGERS.

Address ousiness communications to Christian O. Weber Comenius Hall, Bethlehem, Pa., all other matter to THE COMENIAN.

TERMS.—75 cents per annum, in advance; 85 cents per annum to all foreign countries in the postal union. Single copies 10 cents.

Entered at the Post Office at Bethlehem, Pa., as second-class mail matter November 7, 1891.

College Dramatics

A college education should be intended primarily to fit the student for life. But life is many-sided, and any preparation for it must include as many phases of human effort and interest as possible. To live best is not only to accomplish a daily routine for the satisfaction of physical needs, but to vary that routine with as many side interests as possible. Education, therefore, should not only be technical, practical training, but should develop appreciation of the many fascinating forms of art, that life may be fuller, broader and happier.

In the realm of art, dramatics are surpassed only by literature and oratory in practical influence upon life. Both of these are heavily emphasized in college training. Surely the third should at least be heartily encouraged, if not actually included in the curriculum.

True, dramatics are intended chiefly to amuse, but it is certainly a practical form of amusement. The intricate impersonation of character and the adaptation to circumstances and situations, which take place on the stage, afford a deep insight into human character and a study of human problems, the which, in their application to practical life, can hardly be equaled by any other form of art. Especially is this true with regard to the actors themselves, who must make a close study of the underlying motives of each word and move, that they may be enabled to feel, think and act as an entirely different person; all of which is an education in itself. We know that the deepest wisdom is based on a clear understanding of human character. How imperative it is, then, that such a character study, as dramatics afford, be not neglected in education.

Probably much of the objection to the stage at present is due to the fact that so many well-meaning people, failing to see the real educational possibilities of dramatics, refuse their patronage entirely, because of the lesser tendency towards impropriety and low comedy, which is then left in sole possession of the field and flourishes to the exclusion of the higher things. The need for a revival of interest in the theatre is great, that the better factors in dramatic production may be brought out to serve their usefulness in public education.

Dramatics within a college, properly conducted, must add their quota to literature and oratory in the general broadening of the mind both for practical purposes and those of enjoyment.

J. M. S.

Upside Down

The title is borrowed. There is a book of stimulating essays called "Fares, Please," and the title of one of them is "Upside Down." We remember but the outline. Upside down, inside out, hind end foremost, these, says Halford E. Luccock, are the attributes of Christmas.

Christmas disturbs gradations. A man was about to drop a coin into a beggar's cup. A newsboy stepped before him and dropped a coin first. The man caught the boy. "What did you give him?" "A thent." "How many of those did you earn today?" Up went two hands.

Christmas likes the "thent" fellow; Christmas disturbs gradations for him.

It is a fitting time for *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.* A history book contains this sentence first in its introduction, "That political struggles are based on economic interests is today disputed by few students of society"—and rightly. A newspaper editorial is called "The War For Iron," and mentions the Briey basin and peoples concerned struggling for it—and rightly. At the foundation of movements lies economics; the rest is overlaid, not necessarily superficially, but nevertheless overlaid. So christmas bids us carefully to cherish insight deeply aesthetic and human.

It puts us on a hilltop. Most effective was that food conservation poster which had the two farm horses and the farmer hauling the plow over the hilltop looming large against the sky. To be on a hilltop is to have the small memories vanish. Says a critic in an article on posters in the *New Republic:* "The hilltop is the place to view new horizons; it stirs half-realized emotions of hope, effort and success; it is the place where the climb ends, where the winds always blow. Though we go only for blackberries, crossing the hill makes us feel we are bound on a momentous journey."

Christmas strongly affirms that sentence in Charles Wagner's *The Simple Life,* which runs, "To aspire to the simple life is to rightly aspire to the fulfilment of the highest human destiny;" is hard on veneer—will contest the onrush of at least the meaning of *camouflage;* transfers thought from self—to where we *know* they ought to be; teaches concisely that we live by Work, Play, Love and Worship; wrenches duty from the distant to the present; and seems to give us what Jack London calls a mysterious "white logic" to get rid of shams and impossibilities.

For when we balance Christmas and ourselves, then the spirit of Christmas is incisive and critical! B. Y. L.

The Gift

Our being at war will give to one side of our Christmas celebration a new aspect. The Christmas shopping phase will be doubly modified. In the first place there will be less of the systematically intensive advertising campaign, heralded by the "do your shopping early" slogan. Also the necessity of conservation impressed upon us by the magnitude of our coming need requires that we all buy discreetly, and, if Ambrose's gift was hard to choose in former years, doubled will be the new considerations. Lavishness, yes, the least extravagance is out of keeping with the spirit of the times. Furthermore, the dimes we put aside for presents have been our gifts to Red Cross and Y. M. C. A.

These new conditions suggest that it might be well if we define for ourselves, what, after all, the gift should be. Truly, socks and ties do well, and Genevive adores the flowers or chocolates, yet how many a gift adorns our table through the holiday then has no further value, either useful or sentimental.

Well it is when necessity makes our choice. If Ambrose needs suspenders then suspenders it must be. If he needs nothing, then may we test our ability to give a true gift, which Emerson declares is "a portion of thyself." Moreover he says, "Our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous" and we have only to recall the things we gave and received a year ago to find evidence of the statement's truth. "Rings and other jewels are not gifts but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of yourself. Therefore the poet brings his poem, the shepherd his lamb,....the sailar coral and shells,....the girl a handkerchief of her own sewing." Ample is the proof that "the gift to be true must be a flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him." The nation's gift to Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. will be an axis on which shall balance the aggregate of good done to the men in trench and camp and that done by deepening the sympathy of, and connecting bonds of interest with, the masses who gave it. We see then the results of giving are without their value, morally and psychologically. But when

(Continued on page 36)

Le Revenant D'aujourdhui

Among other interesting events, M. C. experiences every Saturday, from 1 a.m. to 2 a.m., the noise of foot-prints and the marks of steps, as Richter affirms. Louis heard the noise at first, and after careful analysis and the spending of much time drawing conclusions, he begins to believe in the finger-prints. Any way he tells us how to get the ghost. He exclaims:

"So many ghosts, and forms of fright,
Have started from their graves tonight;
They have driven sleep from mine eyes away,
I will go down to the chapel and pray."

Goosy coming out from under the bed, only hearing the last few words, speaks with Bill of old, "There needs no ghosts, my lord, come from the grave to tell us this." Kemper, with drawn revolvers and brave appearance, speaks with Bill of new. "I look for ghosts but none will force their way to me; 'tis falsely said that there was even intercourse, between the living and the dead." There is peace in camp until Monday morning in Latin class. "Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?" All faces turned towards Schlegel. "Gloomy as night he stands." Pfohl stars in Latin and Schlegel moons; you ought to see them. "What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?" Dech appears! Even Dech's Church History Professor must believe in ghosts, because when Herby told him that Clovis was the King of the Visigoths, he immediately told him that the Goths must have visited him this morning. Dech answered in indignation, "No, Professor; I came late because I had a lengthy discussion with my Elders, and my Ford twice played me false. You know the brass band that Fords used to have? Well mine doesn't have it, and I was therefore not awakened. When I did wake up and tried to wind it, the cowcatcher refused the grappling hooks and I lost my Ford off the crank." Dech still has the crank of the thing. Everroad claims if Dech continues sparking around the old place, he will have two cranks, one in the front seat with him. That will be a self-starter and Dechy will be late no more until he dies, as the late Herbert.

The conclusions drawn from the noises heard by the many of the third floor are varied but very reasonable. Hans believes in smoking or gasing them. Louis doesn't believe unless he sees and therefore just sticks to his daily oblations. Bates asks to be ruled out of it. "I don't think, therefore I am not." He surely is a philosopher. Fred says he knows Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Duluth, Detroit and all American cities of that nature like a book—he didn't mean the Bible—and never was there a ghost. It can't be. Christy has a good excuse. He is entertaining Pfohl and himself by tickling Fulmer, and Fulmer laughs himself to death. Pfohl says "I haven't found anything worth while yet and you can't get me interested in ghosts." Clarence Ananias the I and Ananias the II, the old rivals, for the first time have come to an agreement. They swear that they saw the marks of the passing shadow imprinted on the dusty wall. Johnny and Ted demand of Vic to put on the barn dance and the fellow on the fourth floor wouldn't have a ghost of a chance. Goosy, an old forty-niner, having gathered material from various sources, but mainly from the Pathfinder and the Comprehensive, informs Rau that it is the spirit of '67. Nonnie agrees, and the question is therefore settled. But behold here comes our new brother from the West, and the first night he declares the angels were tickling his feet. Doc. Werst soon put an end to all this foolishness. The following sign appeared on the fourth floor: *"Notice to Ghosts!* Ghosts are strictly prohibited at M. C. By order of Bill. If you can't read, come to room 777 and I will tell you what it means." We are all hoping that the ghost is illiterate. Keep your eye on the indicator.

Every one must have heard about Abraham's new discovery. Pharo, our typical Pennsylvania Dutchman, is, as all others, hard to convince, and for that reason does not believe in new discoveries and especially that Abraham, who never reads the *Popular Mechanics* nor *Top Notch*, should discover anything unknown. When Goosy told him that in Ohio pitchers throw curved balls, he said, "Impossible! I wouldn't believe it even though I saw it." This discovery is real. When Abraham slept in a bed with four, he discovered that there was no such a thing as a whole day. He says he got up when the day was breaking. Pharo now believes in a broken day (he took her to Allentown), and at the same time believes in taking advantage of the short days. He told his religion professor that he has no time for quizzes, the days are too short. He thinks slowly and carefully, as all men of his nationality do, and comes back strongly. "When did Abraham sleep with four in a bed?" "With his forefathers." "You win, but let me try you on a question in my line. I took three months of Scientific Bible Physiognomy. Why wasn't Eve afraid of measles?" "Because she had (h)Adam."

Locals

November 23 marked another milestone in the social activities of Moravian. Last month we had our Hallowe'en sociable, which proved to be a great success. This month we had an athletic "Smoker." The features of the evening proved very interesting as well as enjoyable. At the opening the Theologues met the College in a closely contested and excellent game of basketball, which ended in favor of the College by a score of 22-24. The next of interest was a wrestling match between Steininger, '20, and Van Horne, '21; Steininger was superior. A boxing match between Helmich, '19, and F. Weber, '21, was anything but "slow," ending in a draw.

Then came another feature of the "Smoker." The happy crowd of alumni and students formed a large circle in which the wreaths and curls of smoke formed a halo about the participants. It came nothing short of the halo which encircles Saturn.

During the course of "punch and biscuits," a number of short and snappy speeches were heartily enjoyed. Prof. Schwarze acted as toastmaster. Among the speakers were "Doc" Rau, "Ray" Schmiech, Keech, Rev. A. D. Thaeler, H. V. Lopp, "Bob" Schaefer, "Pop" Kuehl, Captain of the Basketball Team, and Coach "Ted" Shields. The Glee Club and Quartette added pleasant and agreeable variations to the entertaining of the evening.

Sociables of this character are one of the best means by which a closer relation between alumni and students can be cemented. We were indeed glad that so many of our faithful Alumni accepted our invitation and we would be equally as much pleased to see you all at our games during the season. "Come and see" what the M. C. of today is doing.

We have been pleased to receive a letter from Lieut. E. L. Clewell, '16. His letter came just too late to be included in this number and will be published in the next. He is stationed at Camp Lewis, Washington, with the 14th U. S. Infantry.

We take great pleasure in announcing the engagement of Henry A. Kuehl, '18, Sem., to Miss Della Virginia Preisch, of Fifth Avenue, Bethlehem, West Side. THE COMENIAN extends congratulations.

Fred T. Trafford preached in the Grace Evangelical Church, Northampton Heights, November 11.

George Weinland filled the pulpit at Schoeneck in the evening of November 4.

C. O. Weber preached at Reading, November 4; at Brooklyn, N. Y., November 11; and Second Moravian Church at York, Pa., November 18. He visited Philadelphia and New York during Thanksgiving vacation.

Henry A. Kuehl preached in the Moravian Church, West Bethlehem, November 25.

R. Henkelmann preached in the Moravian Church at Edgeboro, November 4.

Everroad and Richter spent Thanksgiving with B. Y. Landis at Coopersburg.

Steininger and Bahnsen spent Thanksgiving vacation at home in Coopersburg.

F. Weber made an excursion to East Greenville, Pa., during vacation.

S. G. Gutensohn was the guest of T. K. Vogler at Nazareth, November 4.

F. K. Fulmer was at his home in Philadelphia during vacation.

Paul D. Hassler spent vacation at Lititz.

L. Walther enjoyed Thanksgiving Day at Coopersburg with Bahnsen.

James D. Weinland, of the Ambulance Corps, and William Weinland, of the Navy, visited their brother, George F. Weinland, '18, Sem., November 25.

H. V. Lopp is in training with the Naval Reserves. He was a visitor at M. C. before entering the camp, November 24.

Paul J. Allen, '16, is with the Medical Corps.

Carl Wolter, ex-'18, is in the Medical Corps at Camp Oglethorpe, Ga.

Roy D. Hassler, formerly instructor at M. C., has been transferred from Camp Meade to San Antonio, Texas.

Lieut. C. L. Steckel was a visitor at M. C. during Thanksgiving.

Rev. J. Goerner, formerly in active service at Dodge, N. D., has entered the Seminary with the purpose of taking a special course in English. We are glad to announce this addition to the Seminary Department.

The College Quartette has been called upon for various occasions: Schoeneck, November 11, afternoon and evening; Coopersburg, evening, November 18; Central C. E., November 25. Other Quartettes and Octettes sang at South Bethlehem and at Edgeboro on several occasions.

The Musical Association is hard at work and has about completed a program which they intend to give on an extended trip through the western part of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Ohio. We are glad to say that the Alumni in these places have heartily endorsed the efforts of the Club.

The Gift

(Concluded from page 33)

they conform only to these standards they lose the spirit of the gift and become benevolence, philanthropy or trade. Thus gifts may be classified according to their purpose, and indeed, close definition sometimes defines away the gift itself. Yearly, we buy presents simply to exchange, because another remembers us in the same manner. Such is not "the flowing of the soul" but is reciprocity, which stifles the gift ideal in hypocrisy. War economy in Christmas giving affords opportunity for the discontinuance of such unprofitable commerce. If "Earth gets its price for what earth gives us," she makes no gift but there is an act of exchange. "'Tis heaven alone that is given away. 'Tis only God may be had for the asking." Here we see the "flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him."

A real gift is truly representative of the giver. A king may grant a province, and then, "there are persons from whom we always expect a fairy token."

The currents of this "flowing" may come into contact at one of two points. One point may be a reminder of the giver, or it may be something the giver associates with a characteristic of the recipient, which unites a bond of thought connection.

"The genius and God of Gifts," is not one to be ignored. His blessing may transform a gift of rosebuds into palaces of ecstacy, or under his spell a web of handiwork might be spun gold to someone's eye.

Since "the gift without the giver is bare," we might prevent a shrinkage in our giving by replacing the material required at the hand of our necessary tyrant, wartime economy, by putting into the gift more of the giver's self. It has been said, and here applies, that "who gives himself with his alms, feeds three," and that "a ray of beauty overvalues all the utilities in all the world." The remembrance of these little hints might add to the worth of whatever we select as our "tokens of compliment and love" on Christmas Day.

R. W. E.

Y. M. C. A.

This month was a very active one in the Y. M. C. A. at M. C. Regular meetings were held throughout the entire month and plenty of interest was manifested. The music by the orchestra did much toward arousing spirit during the singing. On the other hand, the world situation at the present time forces a seriousness upon every thinking man and compels him to search for the truth.

On the evening of November 8, Dr. Rau spoke to us on prayer. What is prayer? Is it simply a muttering of words to some unseen power? No. Prayer is far more than that. It is the opening of our eyes to the whole universe as it is centered about God. Our life in the physical aspect is the whole thing so long as it maintains self-control. But we can not live through this life or do anything without prayer. We might sit and silently view God. But unless, during that time, our minds are occupied in hunting our relationship with others and with God, our time spent is of no avail.

A special meeting was called on the Tuesday evening, November 13. At that time Mr. W. H. Ramsaur, a traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, spoke to us. He dealt with that great and wonderful continent of Africa. What appeals to him is not the wealth of the mineral resources; not the great extent of navigable rivers nor the vastness of the plains; not the lofty peaks of mountains nor the density of the forests; but what appeals to him is the opportunity for doing a great work for the people of that continent. There are people who need guidance and care. The problem is a big one, but it is the very bigness of it that calls forth the sympathy and courage of young men of the present time.

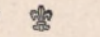
At the meeting of November 15, we were again honored by having as the speaker for the evening, Rev. Clemens, a missionary to Tobago, W. I. He gave us an interesting and instructive account of the work as it is being done there.

Rev. Richard E. Shields, Sem., '16, called at M. C., November 22, and was at once asked to speak to the members of the Y. M. C. A. at their regular Thursday evening meeting. Rev. Shields emphasized the importance of having an open mind at all times and especially during the present period. The world needs thinking men in every branch of life; but the Church of Christ needs men whose minds are open to the truth, men who are capable of meeting the opportunities that stand before the Church today. Will the Church, after the war, find that men will say of her that she was unable to help them in the time of deepest distress, or will those men be able to say that it was in the Church that they sought and found the comfort and strength to carry them through? This is the question that we must face, and we must do our part toward alleviating the burdens of man and mitigating human suffering.

During the chapel service on Wednesday morning, November 29, Rev. Kenneth J. Hamilton, Sem., '14, presented an urgent appeal for contributions for the Stu-

dents' Friendship War Fund. The students and faculty responded liberally and up to the present time $140.00 have been subscribed and more subscriptions are expected.

The thirteenth annual Student Missionary Conference of the Eastern Union of Student Volunteers, which was to have been held in Bethlehem, November 30-December 2, has been postponed until February 22-24.



C. L. S. Notes

November 6. After the meeting was called to order by the President and the Chaplain had performed his duty, the regular program followed. The extemporaneous speakers for the evening were: Mr. Steininger, Mr. Funk, Mr. Pfohl, Mr. Splies, and Mr. Helmich. Mr. Funk then gave a review of the important events. The declaimer for the evening was Mr. Meinert. The question for debate was, *"Resolved,* That the government have complete control of all natural resources of Alaska." Debated affirmatively by Messrs. Vogler and Gutensohn; negatively by Messrs. Hassler and Wedman. The President's decision favored the affirmative. Mr. Henkelmann was critic for the evening.

November 20. Mr. Gehman was the declaimer for the evening. A Reading by Mr. V. Richter followed. Mr. Walther read a splendid essay, entitled, "Luther's Right-hand Man." The Reviewer for the evening was Mr. Shields. Mr. Stolz briefly narrated "Die Braut von Messina." The orator, Mr. Trafford, chose "William Jennings Bryan" for his subject. A paper, entitled, "Pax Vobiscum" was read by the Editor, Mr. Stocker. Mr. Fulmer acted as critic.

November 27. The program for the evening was as follows: Extemporaneous speakers, Mr. Vogler, Mr. F. Weber, Mr. Shields, Mr. Meinert, Mr. Stolz. The declaimers were Mr. Steininger and Mr. Engelke. Mr. C. Richter was the reviewer for the evening. The debate question was, *"Resolved,* That National Parks of the U. S. be open for settlement." Affirmative debaters were Messrs. Bahnsen and Funk; negative, Messrs. Nonnemaker and Allen. The President rendered his decision in favor of the affirmative, but it was not upheld by the house. Mr. Gutensohn was critic.

Athletics

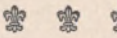
The main feature of the evening of the Smoker (the account of which is in the Local column) was a close and exciting basket-ball game between the Theologs and College All-Stars. The teams were so evenly matched that it was hard to tell which side would be victorious until the gong sounded. The final score was 24-22, in favor of the College. The line-up:

College.	Positions.	Theologs.
Vogler	forward	Kuehl
Fulmer	forward	Stolz
Allen	center	Gutensohn
Hassler	guard	Henkelmann
Stocker	guard	Wedman

Goals from floor: Vogler, Allen and Wedman, 2; Fulmer, Stolz and Gutensohn, 1; Kuehl, 5. Goals from fouls: Hassler, 11; Wedman, 4.

The Reserves opened their season by playing the Catasauqua High School team on their floor. The first half ended 14-13 in favor of the Reserves, but in the second half the M. C. Seconds only caged one field basket against six for the opponents. The final score was 31-19 in favor of Catasauqua. The Reserve line-up was as follows: Stengel and Stolz, forwards; Vogler, center; Gutensohn and Stocker, guards.

The December games are those with the Alumni, December 8; Lafayette, at Easton, December 15; Lehigh, in our gymnasium, December 19. The next number will contain the full schedule.



Exchanges

The nail has been hit squarely on the head by the *Spectator* in the article on military training. Such training is a most valuable asset in this day and age and should not be neglected if its establishment be possible.

There is not a better advantage offered in college now than military training. Mentally, morally and physically it is a thing of intrinsic value to the student. However, should these remain uncounted, military training in the college is a help to the government. It will decrease the cost of training a man who has had it at some college in that it will not necessitate him starting from the very beginning and going up. Moreover if he can show to the satisfaction of his superior officers that he has been instructed in such a course he will at once have the advantage over the man who has never taken military training. Of course there are exceptions to every rule and this is not different from any other in that respect.

Military training is surely to be viewed with favor at this particular time and nothing can be lost by its adoption.

We can realize quite fully the joy at Ogontz on entering the new quarters this year, because we at Moravian had a similar experience three years ago although the circumstances at Ogontz were not as grim on the evacuation of the old building as were ours.

We extend you, Ogontz, our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for as much or more success in the future as in the past.

Exchanges this month: *The Spectator, Ogontz Mosaic, Lehigh Burr, College Chips, The Mirror, Linden Hall Echo, Albright Bulletin, Ye Manor Chronicle, The Lesbian Herald, Archive, Whitmarsum, Ursinus Weekly, College News.*

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THE MANAGERS.