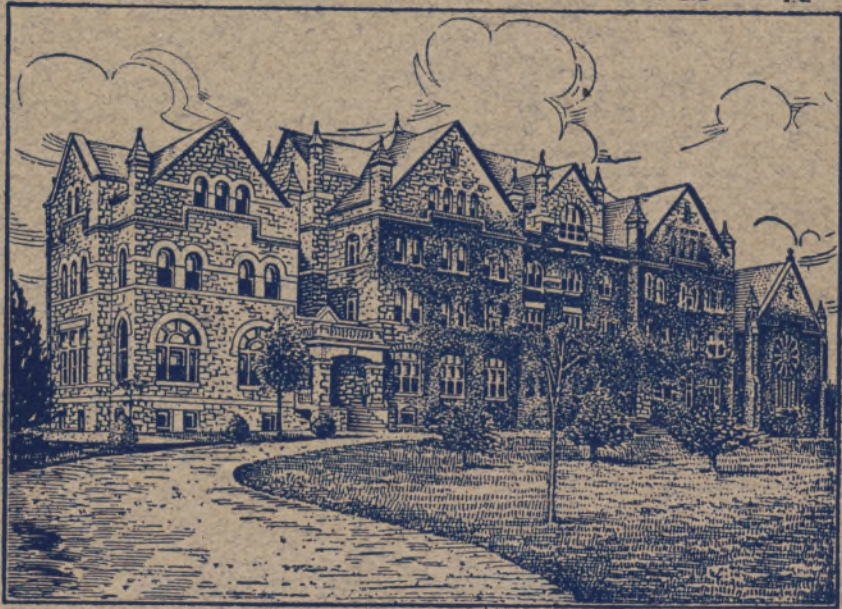


THE COMENIAN

VIA LUCH



Vol. 27
No. 7

Bethlehem, Pa., April, 1918.

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The Comenian

Volume XXVII.

BETHLEHEM, PA., APRIL, 1918.

Number 7.

Russian Fine Arts

FREDERICK P. STOCKER, '20

THE last few generations have seen a great development in Russian art. Until late in the nineteenth century it was practically unknown to the rest of the world, and therefore the leap which it has made in the last hundred years seems greater perhaps than it would if the development had been gradual. But although the greatest strides in Russian art have been made in recent years, remains show that considerable work had already been done along this line, several centuries before. Many magnificent castles and cathedrals had been built, and elaborately decorated with frescoes, and both the buildings and decorations usually manifested considerable originality. Some of the frescoes are to be seen today in good preservation and show a high degree of finish and the unmistakable traits of the Byzantine school.

The strongest reason for the lateness of development of art in Russia is the church. In the fifteenth century, the monk Andrew Roublev had become very prominent as a painter of religious subjects and his work was so highly esteemed that the bishop issued orders that all Russian painters must closely follow his style. Four master painters were named in Moscow whose duty it was to supervise strictly the work of all other painters, in order to prevent the exhibition to the people of any works except those that were approved as orthodox. The same restrictions were made on sculpture, but they were not so noticeable since very little carved work had yet been done. Art was thus shackled and it did not develop in any direction outside the inflexible boundaries laid down by the church. Marquis de Custine has written as follows in this connection: "The Eastern Church has

never favored the fine arts—it has done little but benumb thought and originality with theological doctrine. Even in our day the faithful in Russia discuss very seriously the question whether it should be permitted to depict the natural flesh color in the face of the virgin, or whether artists should adhere to the traditional tint of bistre which, it is held, was always used by Saint Luke, the Apostle, patron of arts."

It was Peter the Great who brought about a change. He wanted his palaces and public buildings decorated, and he wanted above all to employ the arts to add prestige to his reign. To use his own expression he "opened a window on Europe" and ordered Western art to be introduced into Russia. Young men were sent to Italy, France, and elsewhere, to study the fine arts, and when they returned they brought back the principles and practices of the Italian schools.

When Catherine II came to the throne she reorganized the Arts Academy at Petrograd, which had been instituted by Peter, and restricted its teachings to the three arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. This assisted greatly in the development, but the one drawback was that the work was inclining too strongly toward the French and Italian styles.

The first expression of Russian art was in architecture. The oldest buildings show only a somewhat degraded and modified form of the Byzantine style, but in later centuries more originality was manifested. The first buildings of importance were the cathedrals at Kiev and Novgorod, erected in 1019 and 1054, respectively. The church of the Assumption, which is at Moscow, is also quite important and interesting

because it is the oldest church in Moscow, and since it is here that the Tsars were always crowned. A strong resemblance to the style of Constantinople can be seen in these old buildings. The tall round arched towers with tall spires, and the unique and elaborate inner arrangement show a marked connection to the Byzantine style.

The style of architecture, however, changed in the reign of Peter, and from that time the form of Western Europe was used. He built his capital city, which he called Petrograd, using Amsterdam as a model. He wished his city on the marshes of the Neva to have nothing in common with the older cities. Artists were even imported from France, Italy and Germany, although many excellent Russian artists were in Moscow whose talents found no outlet. From this time the style followed that of Western Europe, especially of Germany. The Grand Palace of the Kremlin, in Moscow, and the famous Cathedral of the Saviour, were built by Konstantin Thon, a German, the official architect of Nicholas I. Although the architecture inclines strongly toward the German, a peculiar Russian stamp makes it different. The door of the Admiralty is said to be the masterpiece of the Russian Empire school of architecture, and is probably as good an example of the Russian style as can be found.

Semblances of Russian painting have been found dated as early as the sixteenth century, but these were usually frescoes in churches and cathedrals, which had been copied from the Byzantine style. From this time until the reign of Peter the Great very little painting was done, due to the restraint by the church, except perhaps the representations of sacred events, by church men.

Peter introduced artists and sculptors, as well as architects, from Europe into Russia, who brought with them their French and Italian practices. It is therefore natural that the painting of the eighteenth century should follow closely the style of the French and Italian schools. The landscapes were not Russian but purely Italian. But it was the nineteenth century that brought Russian painting into real prominence. By this time the French and Italian

styles had been cast off and the work was characterized by individuality and by the ruggedness of the North. At the Paris exhibition in 1900, the productions of this newly developed school were viewed with surprise. Russian life was depicted with remarkable originality. Just as Tolstoy and Pushkin had brought Russian Literature into prominence, so these artists placed Russian painting before the eyes of the public. All classes of canvasses were made—fetes, family and peasant scenes, portraits and landscapes. Among the historical painters Elias Repin is the most impressive. His picture "Ivan the Terrible" is likely his most popular production. Vasnetsov is the most distinguished of the religious painters, and Serov is a leader in his line, which is portrait painting.

The development of sculpture has been the slowest of the Russian fine arts. It has practically no past record, and before the eighteenth century was almost non-existent, except in the form of peasant wood carving. Real sculpture appeared only when the artists from Western Europe streamed into Russia, during the reign of Peter. From this new infusion, Schubin is probably the best artist. His masterpiece is his monument of Catherine II. Baron Klodt, the animal sculptor, is known by his horses which decorate the Anitschkine bridge in Petrograd.

The greatest talent of all the Russian sculptors is unquestionably Marc Antokolsky, a Jewish sculptor, who died in 1902. He put all that was best of himself into his statues, and his works show intense truth. His statue of "Ivan the Terrible," is probably his best known work, but the sculptor himself held his statue of Spinoza to be his finest achievement. Among his other works the best known are: "Statue of Peter the Great," "The Christian Martyr," "Satan," and "Ecce Home." Antokolsky represents the highest development of sculpture in Russia, and he has left to the world a gallery of the most striking figures in Russian history.

Much may be hoped for in the future of Russia, and whatever may be the ultimate results of the present revolution, there is a hope that another revival may come in Russian art and architecture. The renaissance of Russian painting truly began late in the nineteenth

century, but since the world war and the recent Russian upheaval, no work of note has been done, so perhaps when peace has again been restored,

another renaissance in Russian art will come and great Russian masters will once more be recognized.

"Boots" and the Scouts*

BENSON Y. LANDIS, '18

WHEN the boy scouts came to our town last summer, "Boots" had dared to join at once, and I wondered whether I'd dare to. Mr. Huston, who was home from college, offered to be the scoutmaster. School was over, and he couldn't reach all of the fellows at once in order to talk to them, so he had to go around and ask the different boys whether they would join. He canvassed most of town and found that a dozen fellows had promised him. While he was on this trip he came to "Boots'" house before he came to mine. "Boots'" father, who was an advocate of such things, didn't listen long and, as I said before, said "Boots" could join. Mr. Huston talked with Mr. Downing for about half an hour longer, though, and the result was that "Boots'" father contributed the first money for the fund to buy scout uniforms. Then they went over all the different points of the scout law, motto, badge, oath, sign, salute, tenderfoot, second-class and first-class. I knew "Boots" would want me to join, if I dared.

But would I dare to join the scouts?

I wasn't sure. I hoped Huston would make things pretty strong when he came over to our house—for "Boots" and I live aside of each other—and he did. But Dad shook his head and wouldn't listen. He wouldn't commit himself, but he must have been dreadfully opposed. Huston made an extra effort, but Dad picked up his newspaper and began to read. "Boots'" father and mine, as friendly neighbors soon had an argument, but with no good results.

I couldn't guess what was sticking in Dad. I was going to find out, though. I went back into history. I asked people whether Dad and Huston's father had ever had any dealings or disputes, but I couldn't learn of any. Neither did Dad know Huston very well. He had been away

at college for the last three years and had only been home during summer on vacations. What on earth? It was all right soon. I had it, yep, the mystery was cleared up. Dad was "factory" and Huston was "town."

That was the big chasm which yawned between them. I was happy when I discovered it, but I also realized how big the job was to get me to join the scouts. But you don't know how those words are applied. I'll show you.

Up to that time there had been only one baseball team in Lineburg. When they had first organized, most of the fellows who played on the team had worked in Reider's factory—where Dad works. The men in the firm there used to help to support it, and so it was called Reider's team, of Lineburg. But of late years the players who made up the team didn't work there. Only two or three of them did, and still the old name was retained. But the winter before this scout business came up, the rest of the fellows had voted to make it a Lineburg team. They were going to cut the Reider's from the uniforms and instead put on a plain "L." But the people at Reider's said they wouldn't stand for it. Then it was, you see, that there came into use the words "factory" and "town," as I wrote them. And Huston had been elected captain of the town team. That was why I wasn't allowed to join "Huston's scouts," as Dad called them.

So the Reider people decided they were going to have a team too. By the time Spring came there hadn't been any fist fights between the two factions, but several serious clashes had been barely avoided. As regards "Boots'" father he was town; therefore "Boots" was town; therefore I was town—secretly, however. I was what "Boots" was; if he had been factory I'd have been that. He even said he could work

* Second Prize Story in last month's contest.

me in to help him as bat boy for the town team. I asked Dad whether I could be assistant bat boy. No, I didn't dare. I'd have to go with him to all the Reider team's games. Near town there was an old field which nobody seemed to own, and they were getting this into condition for the opening of the season.

It chanced that both teams opened their seasons on the same day. The town team had better grounds and a bigger crowd, and, of course, both sides wanted themselves to win and the others to lose. Both won. Then things went nip and tuck until each had won three games and lost one. The town team won their next two, and the Reider team lost two. Joy in the one camp; a broken-up, disgruntled crowd in the other.

But since there was no change in the baseball situation, that meant that there was no altering of Dad's policy regarding the scouts. Oh, when was I going to join? I longed for the day. But following these last few games there was more bad blood than ever. I heard that Dad and Huston had had a stormy interview. Now, as for me, I liked to see Huston play. He was a good short-stop and the best hitter for his nine. I'd have enjoyed to go on hikes with him or hear the talks he gave to the scouts. They had gotten their handbooks too. "Boots" was always studying his or reciting something he had learned out of it.

"Tom, do you think you'll ever be able to join?" he asked me once.

"I don't believe it, 'Boots,'" I had to reply. "The way things are going now, there's absolutely no hope."

"There won't be any use getting my Dad to talk to your father again, will there? He wouldn't listen the last time, eh?"

"Oh, he's down so hard on everybody who goes to see the town team's games, that he won't even look at some of them."

"Well, talking won't convince him," said "Boots," "So why bother? Some day this fuss will be lived down, and you can join."

But that day was so far away; I wasn't satisfied.

I ventured boldly, "'Boots,' can't you work me in."

He felt kind of important on that. "It'll be mighty hard," he said, very, very slowly, "but I guess it can be done. I'll have to work your father in a shrewd, indirect way."

And he set about planning.

"To begin with," he spoke, "you've got to play the dunce in my plan of attack."

I hated the idea, but I said I would.

"That'll hurt any parent's pride," he went on, "Just tell me you don't know anything when I come over tonight. He'll come out here on the step to read the paper, and we'll hang around. Now remember, we won't say anything to him. It'll be meant for him, though, you understand. He's to drink in every word. If he asks any questions, which is likely, you'd better let me answer, if at all possible. If you won't be with the scouts one of these days—my name isn't 'Boots.'"

We tried it. "Boots" came over and we loitered near the steps.

"We got three new members in scouts this week, Tom," declared "Boots."

"Did you? I hadn't heard about that."

"You want to get awake to what's happening in town. That makes two full patrols for us now. We're gettin' an assistant for Huston too, so when he goes away for ball games we can have our hikes and meetings. Say, do you know the scout law?"

"Nope."

"You don't? Why that's something any boy ought to learn, whether he's a scout or not, Huston says."

And he went through the entire string of adjectives about being friendly, courteous, trustworthy, thrifty, brave, and all of them. Dad looked at both of us for a twinkling—and resumed his reading.

"Gee, I read a dandy story in the magazine Huston gets for us to pass around. We're supposed to keep it for a few days and then give it to some other fellow to read. There's also a bit of an article about the scout motto, which is a very timely thing just now, everybody says. Do you know it?"

"Seems to me I heard it once, but I forget," I returned. "Maybe nobody ever told me, though." The truth of the matter was that I

had known it long before there ever were scouts in Lineburg.

"Well, 'Be Prepared,' is our motto. We're supposed to be ready and willing, and we make promises to that effect. Don't suppose you know the scout oath, either, eh?"

"I'm sure I never heard of that," I answered. He recited it and even made the sign and explained what it was.

"And how do you suppose we salute?"

"I couldn't guess."

So "Boots" saluted.

"Oh, you knew that," broke in Dad, as though he were provoked by this time. "A salute's the simplest thing on earth."

I determined I'd keep it up. "The soldiers salute sometimes," I began, "don't they? Or—"

"Sure," said Dad,

Then "Boots" broke in and kind of angered him. "Well, he wouldn't have known the exact scout salute anyway. That's not like the other salutes."

I made believe I was abashed. It's a wonder Dad didn't remember how I used to salute when I was six years old and he saw me in a flag drill at school. Happily he had forgotten that. I wondered whether "Boots" had anything else. That had been a clean score. Yes, he soon started again.

"Here's a good lesson for almost any time. It's a way to shorten a rope. Useful, mighty useful. It's called the sheepshank knot too. Don't forget that one, whatever you do."

Dad was looking up from his paper already. He observed me receiving the instructions, trying hard to follow the movements, but not succeeding.

"Practice 'll do it, Tom. I'll loan you my book tomorrow, too. But I want to demonstrate some of 'em so they'll be easier when you get to trying them. Let me show you now the difference between the square or reef and the false reef knots. They call the false reef the granny, too. The granny is the one that won't hold. I suppose you know the timber hitch. You go out with some of these lumbermen sometimes, and they must tie a knot that's much like it, if not exactly. Let's say this post is the log. That's the way it's fastened."

"That one I used twenty years ago," spoke up Dad, "Thomas, I thought you had seen some of the men use it while loading logs."

"Maybe they use a different one. I'm not sure."

"What's the book you were talking about, which has all of these things in it," Dad asked of "Boots."

"Oh, it's our manual," "Boots" returned.

"Your—"

"The scouts' handbook. I'm going to loan mine to Tom so he can work out some of these knots for himself."

"Boots" had also brought along his bow and arrow. I declared to him that I never could make one of those outfits.

"This," he declared, "is the proper position in aiming. This is the archer's grip."

I couldn't hit a thing with "Boots'" weapon—of course, I was trying to do my worst. Dad and I had never discussed bows and arrows, but he was much interested. And I never saw such a frown like the one his face showed when "Boots" used to hit the mark and I never came near it.

A day later came the drowning incident, "Boots" had been out fishing. He walked along the creek in the woods until he came to a little house, in which there was a family living then. The creek was muddy and covered with moss there; it was a treacherous place. He heard a splash; he looked up and saw a tiny body sinking lower, lower. The baby disappeared, but "Boots" jumped in after the little girl. He soon got her, but there he was, helpless in the mud. He yelled. There didn't seem to be anybody at the house. Then he worked his way to a big rock in the stream and sat there. How he got there, he says he can't tell to this day, but he managed to do it. He had to wait a half an hour before people came from a field. All that time he kept the little girl safe, while standing on a slippery rock. And I think it was right that the scouts gave him that bronze medal, the kind you get when you save a life with risk to yourself.

I told Dad about the medal "Boots" was soon wearing. "'Boots' surely has the training," I said.

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"Making Theology Safe for Democracy" John Morley, friend and biographer of Gladstone, has said, "that some ages are marked as sentimental, others stand conspicuous as rational." Our age is not a sentimental one. It seems anything but a rational one. Yet the mighty contortions which pull and strain the world may be but gyroscope-like efforts of reason and righteousness to right themselves. Men are endeavoring to aid in steadying the tilting, reeling mass with whatever leverage they may command.

The civilized world has united, it seems, in the opinion that all righteousness is to be found somewhere in true democracy, whether it be political, economic, social or spiritual righteousness. Political, economic, and social conditions are being altered until the past and present aspects will be unrecognizable. And there are

those who say that certain aspects of the spiritual or religious side must also change in order to conform to the advanced surroundings. Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch, of Rochester Theological Seminary, in his new book, "A Theology for the Social Gospel," says that, "The thing needed for today with its social upheaval, its unrest among the masses, is the honest application of the truths which have been in Christianity from the days when first the Master spoke them amid the hills and valleys of Judea. It is essential, however, that there should be a re-statement, if we may use that term, of the fundamental truth of Christianity in the language that will meet the demands of the present age."

Moreover he declares that "theology is often a spiritual obstacle. It needs readjustment and enlargement." How is it, he asks, that the exponents of the old theology have seen only the sin of the individual "who drank, danced or played cards, while they were blind to such master iniquities as the exploitation of peasants and wage workers." He believes that the Kingdom of God is the necessary background for the Christian idea of God, but he insists that this kingdom be not only Democratic but Social, and declares that in the social movement God is revealing that he lives and rules as a God that loves righteousness and hates iniquity. "It is not enough for theology to eliminate this or that autocratic trait. It's God must join the social movement. The real God has been in it long ago."

George Perry Morris in a recent article goes farther. He believes that the time has come to "Democratize" religion and would abandon the term "Kingdom of God" in favor of "Republic of God." Moreover, he asks, "if God is rightly conceived of as the Father of mankind, why not strive for a "Family of God?"

Shailer Mathews, Dean of the Divinity School, University of Chicago, expresses relative views in the April, "North American Student." In this war, which should also make Religion safe for Democracy, he says, "We are fighting to prevent the destruction of institutions that embody nobler conceptions than those of Wotan, David, or German autocracy." The war, itself, he claims, "has sprung from a social group

which has taken ecclesiasticism more seriously than it has taken Jesus." He says, "A gospel that cannot evangelize social passion and political programs is an anachronism. A church that tries to advance by facing the past and walking backward has ceased to be a leader. A message that leaves man unsympathetic with the social tasks, more intent upon the Book of Daniel than upon the Sermon on the Mount, more eager to draw charts of the ages than to insist that national boundaries shall be based upon justice, more opposed to card playing than commercial aggression, more intent upon theological conformity than upon fundamental faith in God at work in his world—such a message produces Christians more fit to live a hundred years ago, than to share the conditions under which men and women shall live tomorrow.

"The only sort of salvation that is worth preaching or hearing today is that which fills individuals, nations, and social classes with a passion to do justice, love mercy and walk humbly with their God."

R. W. E.

The New Fiction

The war has brought about many alterations and much that is new. Even we over here, far from the scene of battle, while the fibre of our national life yet remains the same, feel the spirit of the times sweeping over us like a fresh, cool breeze, putting new life into our blood. Magazines and periodicals, testing the pulse of the nation, are alive with the war, so alive that one cannot lift a page without finding some new phase of the war in story form. A new fiction has been established.

It is not altered in form. Technique has not been changed. Indeed, the technique of the modern novel and short story has far surpassed the content and would be difficult of improvement. It is the setting, the characters, the action—the whole content—that is different. Story-writers, like preachers, wide as their range may be, are apt to run short of material and begin to iterate. In recent years this has been increasingly true, for we see writers forced to the ends of the world in search of novelty. Even the apparently unlimited field of the human character seems to yield but imperfect repro-

ductions, and many of these mere repetitions of types.

But with the outbreak of the war has come a change. A wonderful new setting, aglow with the fire of battle, grim with suffering, the tread of oppression and the stubborn spirit of defense, and resplendent with heroism and sacrifice; a range of action, dealing with the countless incidents of camp life and the battle-field, and all the intricate parts of this greatest world-drama; and, above all, a new insight into human character, bared to the core, betraying all the hidden qualities which only the trials and opportunities of such a time can bring to light—these are the attributes of the new fiction. Writers have never had such an opportunity. And this is only the beginning.

Perhaps there is danger that the war-stories may be overdone. Writing is too popular and too profitable an occupation nowadays to exclude all but the experts. Some are sure to exaggerate and to copy. But the scope of the new field is wide and the deep interest of the people demands the best that the real artist can produce. Besides, war cannot be described by proxy. Men must see and feel to write. The host of "word-artists," the writers of the cheap romances are excluded, because only the man of purpose, the man with a soul, who has been "over there," can touch the hearts of the public. We are entering upon a new era in fiction.

J. M. S.

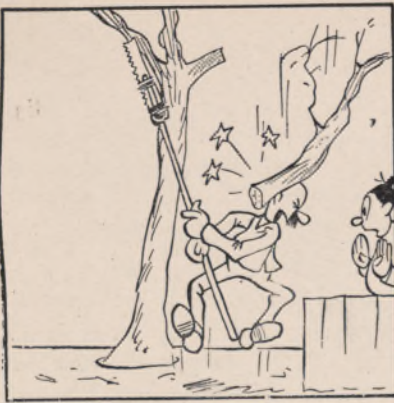
An Unusual Book

And it's not a new one. Maybe it was ten years ago that Washington Gladden published his "Recollections." Will you read, please, Washington Gladden's "Recollections?"

You will linger with his reminiscences of his childhood and adolescent religious experiences. You will agree with his revolts when a child of ten or twelve. You will absorb that account of his college life; he was at Williams with President Garfield, when Mark Hopkins at one end of the log made a college—and it *was* a college too!

You will be reading something unsurpassed for courage and vigor and vision, when you come to those condensed chapters dealing with

(Continued on page 84)



THE COMENIAN

Spring Cleaning Time

(Please remove Mattresses)

Helmich was seen removing all the bed-clothes and mattress from his bed. He says it is time for spring cleaning.

Landis hit the ball, hit second base and made a hit with her.

Francis Weber finding that the moths were eating his clothes went to the drug store for a remedy. The clerk said, "Here are some moth balls, the best thing to kill them." Several days later Francis again came in, "Well" said the clerk, did you kill any moths?"

"No! I sat up all night and tried but I couldn't hit a one."

Bethlehem is getting another paper. Shields is elected reporter for Church Street news concerning vacancies, he has first-hand information. Frank Splies the Allwise, Allen the Development of the British Maritime Power, and the Author of the Jamaica Liturgical Forms, with Fulmer as his assistant, compose the Inquisitive Staff. They are very competent—having had only one failure, where was Bessie during Easter vacation?

Gutensohn is taking a pipe English course this year a three B.

Fred Trafford says, "Germany to me is like Holland, it is a low-lying country, damned on all sides." The other day he saw a foreigner and asked him, "Excuse me, but are you one of the Allies or one of them escaped 'uns?"

Ted Vogler has a very good head, and there is no reason why it shouldn't be. It is a brand new one and he has never used it. He also is said to have a handsome mug, but it happens to be in the barber shop with his monogram on it.

Fulmer: Could you lend me a light overcoat, Bessie?"

"Bessie": "No! I'll give you mine. There will be less embarrassment about getting it back. I can ask you to lend it to me."

Prof. Moses: "Mr. Engelke, I just knew that you would make that mistake."

"Fats": "Well if you knew why didn't you tell me?"

Expelled from the old Jerusalem, the Jews are by no means certain of ever reaching the New. If God is leading the Germans forward in France, who is leading them back in Belgium and Armenia?

Spring surely is coming. One can hear the dogwoods bark and the pussy willows mew.

When first I met friend Hoover—

It was on a meatless day—
I turned my watch once over
And ate my shredded hay.

Oh milkless was our coffee
And sugarless our hay,
But we were out to do our bit
And do it cheerfully.

I shall recall that table,
When I am old and grey.
It was a happy meeting,
We had on meatless day.

Mr. Porter, the *Comenian* reported, read a report that porters will report at the seaport to be transported to Portugal. In that case we will have to tip the porters for support. The microbes will carry the grip, while the elephants will handle the trunk.

Christian, tactfully fishing for information, confidentially informed Sam that he surely did fall for Maybelle. Sam, the wise old rascal, denies this, he says she threw him over.

C. Richter appeared before the examining board. "Mr. Richter, do you know any thing about checks and drafts?" "Certainly, I tended the furnace for several years."

Frank Turner: "Today was the first day that I saw the Bethlehem patrol wagon."

Douglass Stengel: "How did you like it?"

Frank: "Oh, I was carried away with it."

Bahnson, who knows, says that Bates is so full of egotism that he struts standing still.

Jim wants company. A college graduate whose picture isn't in the collection of some fair old maid who might have gone to school with his mother.

Stocker: "Is Coopersburg a wide awake town?"

Steinger: "Sure, you just wait till at night, when you hear the cats."

Pfohl: "I hear Henkelman is very light on his feet, at least the girl from North 6th Street, Allentown, says so."

Kuehl, who knows that Henks and Mealy have met, says: "Yes, but you will soon find out that he is very light on both ends.

Customer, in the store where Tiny sells soft drinks: "See here, waiter, the ice in this lemonade is all melted."

Tiny: "Yessir, we arn't allowed to sell hard drinks."

Locals

Fred T. Trafford was ordained a Deacon of the Moravian Church, by the Rt. Rev. C. L. Moench, on March the third. He was ordained at the Third Moravian Church of New York City, to which congregation he was called as pastor.

Henry A. Kuehl has received a call to become regular pastor of the congregation at Veedun, Wis.

Rev. J. H. Goerner has been called to Mamre, Wis., to succeed Rev. C. V. Seifert.

Samuel Wedman has been called to the mission field in Nicaragua.

George F. Weinland has been called to the mission field in the Virgin Islands.

Christian O. Weber preached at Reading, March 3, 10 and 17.

The engagement of George F. Weinland to Miss Gertrude F. Grunert, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been announced. The *Comenian* extends best wishes.

Samuel G. Gutensohm spent Easterday with friends near Lansdale, Pa.

Mrs. Chas. Sieg, of Newfoundland, Pa., visited her nephew, Carl Helmich, a member of the Junior Class in College, during the Easter festival.

Hugh E. Kemper is doing practice teaching at the Nazareth Hall Military Academy.

C. T. Richter spent March 28 and 29, in New York.

Victor Richter visited friends in Philadelphia.

Paul D. Hassler spent Easter at home in Lititz, Pa.

Francis Weber and Herbert Engelke spent several days in East Greenville, Pa.

Frank Turner and Douglas Stengel spent Easter vacation in Lititz, Pa.

Carl Helmich, George Weinland and Henry Kuehl spent Sunday, March 3, in New York, where they attended the ordination services in the Third Moravian Church.

The services at the Rittersville Hospital, on March 24, were conducted by several M. C. boys. Mr. Wedman preached, and a quartette, consisting of C. Richter, Stolz, Walter and Wedman, sang. Another quartette sang at Edgeboro on the same afternoon.

Henry A. Kuehl preached at the College Hill Church, March 17, when the students had charge of the entire service. The Glee Club and Quartette furnished the music.

On March 15, the Glee Club gave a concert in the Coopersburg Moravian Church. A large and enthusiastic audience greeted the club. The program was much the same as that given on the Ohio trip. The various numbers were well rendered and thoroughly appreciated. We were glad that a concert could be arranged this year, because such arrangements could not be made last year. After the concert delightful refreshments were served.

The Quartette enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Rush, of West Bethlehem, at an excellent dinner, on March 25. The evening was spent in a most enjoyable manner.

On March 4, the Quartette was invited to attend the birthday anniversary of Mr. A. H. Leibert. After music and songs a delightful dinner was served.

Andrew D. Stolz spent Easter vacation with friends in New York.

Several fellows visited Wm. Steininger at Coopersburg during the month of March.



D. M. C. A.

It was a great privilege to have Mr. P. B. Ruhe, Editor of the *Allentown Morning Call*, as our speaker at the meeting of Thursday evening, March 7. His talk dealt with questions concerning the social up-building of a community. The great need today is for places for social meetings. This is especially true of a rural community. For very much of the movement of people from country to city is due to the fact that there is not enough for the people to do. The problem of the young man entering his life work, whether in the ministry or in any other branch, is to keep the people among whom he goes occupied. Whatever community you get into, try to make it better for your having been there. If there is something in your community which should be removed and is taken out, you must put something in to fill up the void. Every community has a reputation of some kind. This reputation is made by people, chiefly by traveling men. They usually see a community as it is and report accordingly. What you make your community to be before the eyes of such men, that it will be in its reputation, which is spread abroad. Give your community the best reputation you can.

The meeting of March 14, was given over to reports from members of the different Mission Study classes. During the past months several classes have been studying various books on the methods and problems of the different Mission Fields. Much interest has been shown and all the members of each class feel that they have been greatly benefited through such a study.

On the evening of March 21, Dr. Rau again favored us with a talk. What the crucifixion of Christ means to a man. What Christ's death means to me. Christ was born a man as you and I. He suffered all things

as we, yet was without sin. If as the Son of God he had not been entirely a man he would only have made a show. But Christ came not to show but to live. He suffered truly as any living being must suffer. He maintained himself against an organism out of which the spirit had gone. He came to put the spirit into it, he came to give it a rebirth. The point of Christ's death is that he was not play acting, but He was a man. All the way he had to take all, as you and I have to, with the feeling of His divine power set aside for the time. The human race is God's manifestation. God lives in the race. Christ said, "I and the Father are one;" as the Father dwells in Me so the Father may dwell in you, and to prove that, I give up My life, and through this the Father will glorify Me. If the death of Christ means only sorrow without the glory which He received and gave to us, you lose much of the meaning of the crucifixion.



"Boots" and the Scouts

(Concluded from page 79)

He said nothing. For even that didn't get me to join.

I had about given up hoping, when during the next twenty-four hours the day was won. It was in the evening. Dad put on his best clothes and walked down the street. I was asleep on the couch when he returned.

"Thomas," he called.

"Wha—at?"

"I've just come from Huston's house—"

"You—you?"

"And you've joined the scouts," he said.

But I didn't know why. I saw "Boots" as soon as I could in the morning.

Said I to him, "Hurrah, I've joined the scouts. I don't know why, but I can go with you now."

Said "Boots" to me, "Sit down here, Tom. I know why now, though a minute ago I didn't. About two weeks ago the Reider team didn't have any money. They started an embezzlement case against the treasurer of the town team to recover some money from as far back as last winter. Their team was losing games. They had no money. Their only hope was to win this embezzlement case. Well, about a week ago they learned that they didn't win. They had to sell all their bats and gloves to pay some bills. They disbanded. All this was a secret among them until last night. Then they let it out. And your Dad's one of those who is pretty good

natured in taking it. That's why you've joined the scouts."

"Boots" said this rapidly, and with but a few breaths. "Boots" may not have altogether gotten me to join, for the breaking up of the Reider team was what did that. But he did his best, and the way he worked my Dad had some influence. That's why I called this story, which should be perhaps just "The Scouts," by the title, "'Boots' and the Scouts."



(Continued from page 81)

the civil war. There is one description of a march down New York streets by the first Massachusetts regiment, and there are trenchant paragraphs which tell of some "terrible enthusiasm."

You will halt and think when he tells of his pulpit work. He confined his morning sermons to personal religion, his evening discourses to the wider themes of social religion—that word wider should be in quotations, for Gladden calls them thus. And he spent twice as much time on those evening sermons as on the preparation for the morning, says The Rev. Washington Gladden.

You will smile or frown—no middle ground in this—when he writes the story of a day when he preached a baccalaureate sermon at a western state university. He went to the place in the governor's private car. The executive told him his name was to be presented for the university presidency, and that he would probably be elected. But the preacher let out that he was going to Cincinnati on the morrow, and in Cincinnati there was a labor meeting which he was to address. The governor said he had better not go. And the governor was right. He should have stayed away if he had wanted to be elected president of the university. You will feel satisfaction or shock—again no middle ground here—when he retells that story to a friend of his, and when he reproduces the friend's reply. "Gladden, if any man offers you the presidency of an American university, shoot him on the spot!"

You cannot but thank him for his concluding chapter, especially for that section which deals with "Religion and Friendship."

This is not a "review" of a book in the ordinary sense; it is not so intended. This is to ask you whether you will read, please, Washington Gladden's "Recollections?"

B. Y. L.



Athletics

For the 1917-18 season our 'Varsity won seven out of fourteen games played. On a whole the season may be marked a decided success. Our opponents consisted of a much stronger combination than had appeared on the schedule in former years. A glance at the scores will show some very satisfactory victories, especially in the games against Lafayette, Muhlenberg and Delaware State. Although being defeated, our 'Varsity played by far their fastest basketball in their second game against the U. S. A. A. C.

This year Coach T. Shields has completed his third successful year and has the hearty support of the students in his work. Great credit is due to him for keeping Moravian's basketball standard on such a high par.

Only two men will be lost through graduation, namely Kuehl and Wedmen. We extend our appreciation to them for their faithful service on the M. C. 'Varsity.

Following is the season's record of the individual scoring:

	Field Goals.	Points.
Hassler	54	108
Turner	39	78
Allen	39	78
Wedman	17	34
Stolz	16	32
Kuehl	9	18
Stengel	3	6
Vogler	1	2
Fulmer	1	2
	Foul Goals.	
Wedman	140	
Hassler	26	

THE SEASON'S RECORD.

Moravian..... 45	Alumni 12
Moravian..... 44	Lafayette 28
Moravian..... 32	Lehigh 41
Moravian..... 13	Ursinus 21
Moravian..... 32	Muhlenberg 22
Moravian..... 47	Drexel 40
Moravian..... 22	Temple 38
Moravian..... 38	U. S. A. A. C..... 64
Moravian..... 27	Delaware 26
Moravian..... 26	Pratt 50
Moravian..... 40	U. S. A. A. C..... 56
Moravian..... 25	Ursinus 36
Moravian..... 91	Drexel 18
Moravian..... 35	Temple 33
Total..... 517	485

TENNIS.

Although somewhat handicapped by the fact that college will close as early as May 8, this year, Moravian will, as usual, have a tennis team. We are very fortunate in having three members of last year's team still with us. In addition to these veterans, we have about half a dozen other expert racquet wielders. These sharks will fight among themselves for the honor of a place on the team.

VARSITY.

- April 15—Sigma Nu Fraternity, home.
- April 17—Lafayette College, home.
- April 18—Muhlenberg College, home.
- April 22—College Hill Tennis Club, Easton.
- April 24—Lafayette College, Easton.
- April 27—Muhlenberg College, Allentown.
- April 30—College Hill Tennis Club, home.
- May 4—Ursinus College, home.
- May 7—Alumni.

SCRUBS.

- April 16—Allentown Preparatory School, home.
- April 18—Moravian Preparatory School, home.
- April 23—Allentown Tennis Club, home.
- April 25—Moravian Preparatory School, home.
- April 27—Allentown Preparatory School, Allentown.
- May 7—Alumni.



Exchanges

On opening the *Mirror* this month we observed a more than usual amount of "My Diary."

When the perpetrator of "Patty Plays Reporter" vacated last year we breathed a sigh of relief and were in hopes that we would never have to read Patty's reports again, but alas! It was not for long. This year we return and find only a change in appellation.

The utter ineptitude of "My Diary" is obvious and does not merit the expanse of its habitual protraction. There is contained in it an over-amount of uninteresting matter, not only to alumni who peruse the article but also to disinterested parties. In other words it is an article which holds interest only for those immediately connected with the institution; and this same interest is borne by them only in seeing placed on paper that which they themselves have already participated in, or if unfortunate enough not to have been present at the time the affair or affairs occurred, nevertheless are now aware of the fact that it did happen.

This might well be investigated and rectified to acquiesce more fully with public taste and in its place should be an additional story or short article on some interesting current topic.

It is our sincere desire that the *Mirror* will hearken unto this suggestion and arrange some concise way in which to eliminate the defect, if not by the process set forth above then some similar way which is equally efficacious.

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