

THE COMENIAN

VIA LUCIS



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No. 3

Bethlehem, Pa., December, 1919.

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The Comenian

Volume XXIX.

BETHLEHEM, PA., DECEMBER, 1919

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The French—A Comparison

CHARLES GROSS, '20

IT was inevitable that there should be a reaction from the fervid glorification with which we entered the war and fought its battles. This reaction, together with many irritating circumstances, has created among many of the A. E. F. a strong disaffection for the French. As a member of the A. E. F., may I narrate in general the causes of these misunderstandings which have tended to tarnish one of our finest ideals, and cool one of the warmest international friendships in history.

Our first experiences when we set foot on the old world played no small part in determining our subsequent impressions. Many expected to find the French with wings, others as composed of Jeanne d' Arcs, and still others expected them a rude, immoral and uncultured people. But to their regret they found them possessing parts of all these qualities, and not so different from ourselves, human in every respect.

At this point I will quote from the conversation between two Americans who had seen and experienced much of the French life.

"I have always supposed that we are more moral than the French."

"I am not so sure about that."

"But, certainly, as a people we behave better."

"Yes, better and worse. We pull a longer face, and we are always telling ourselves how good we are and how wicked the French are. Oh, we don't hate ourselves! Not so much. But when we blow, we blow for keeps. Mr. Frenchman just looks at us, and wonders what has got into us, and goes on the way he has before—not so good and not so bad."

This is American philosophy upon French morality and from my experiences with the

French, I believe it the best possible contrast between the two countries.

An English newspaper man on the same subject said, "The Frenchman isn't worse or better than we are, the only difference is that his safety valve is clamped down tighter."

Indeed, French morality has been a topic of wide discussion among us. I believe the French should be commended for the high state of morality that existed, even though for five long years the country was gripped in the clutches of horror and devastation,—yes even the struggle for the individual existence. France, at its worst, was less corrupt and immoral than this country. One with foresight and imagination can only conceive what immorality would have overrun this country had we been in the Frenchman's place.

Secondly, the A. E. F. claim and in many instances claim justly, that they were "held up," and forced to pay more than the natives paid for the same articles. But, for at least two generations the French came in contact with only American tourists who were "doing" France. These tourists were far from modest, and had come for a good time, whatever the cost, and their motto was, "The greater the cost, the better the time." Thus myths grew up among the French of our enormous wealth and our lavishness, and can we deny these accusations? Many an A. E. F. soldier imitated these tourists in more moderate ways, which brought forth such dissatisfaction from the French soldier so that his pay was raised from one sou, or less than one cent a day, to five sous, or approximately five cents. Even then the doughboys' pay was still more than twenty times that of his ally. Moreover, we were

not reluctant to spend our monthly income. Many went to the best cafés, ordered the best of food and wines, tipped profusely, and generally reinforced the impression created by their fore-runners, that every American is a billionaire. This in no way justifies the French tradesman for charging the American exorbitant prices, but it does not seem appropriate that the criticism should come from a people that have admired Wallingford. Are we justified in criticising France without reflecting upon our own circumstances; and what agent has caused more unrest and dissatisfaction than profiteering?

Again one hears not infrequently complaints on French sanitation, and it is often quoted that France has a lack of bath tubs. Can we measure civilization through the medium of bath tubs? A bath tub is not so much a necessity as a convenience, and indeed is an extravagance among the poorer class. Unlike the clock on the mantelshelf, which serves the purpose of being also decorative, it can only be used for one purpose, namely, to bathe in. Therefore the question is not so much how many we have, but how frequently they are used. It is evident that a family with an apartment of nine bedrooms, each having a private bathroom, is not necessarily cleaner than a family who has only one bathroom.

Moreover, we are not justified in making this criticism, for the war-stricken area was composed largely of farming lands, dotted here and there with small villages where the peasant lived, and not of large and modern cities as we find in southern France. If we were to make a census in our country districts, I wonder just how many more bath tubs we would find.

In the war-stricken area north of Paris, one finds today only the ruins and devastation of this great world strife,—the villages are depopulated, the people having been driven from their homes

by the invaders, and their homes today are only a heap of ashes, or a shell-torn and razed mass of stones. Verdun, St. Mihiel, Villers, Coeurs, are several of the towns I had the privilege of seeing. Only those who have actually seen these places can realize the agonies, the hardships and reverses these people have endured. In the above named towns, not one house is today standing intact, and the churches which were edifices of beauty and splendor were the geodetic targets for the Germans; Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" only in a small way describes the spectre and gloom of these devastated towns.

Southern France as contrasted with the war-stricken district is almost as different as night from day. I had the privilege of spending nine days at Nice, Monte Carlo and the neighboring towns on the Mediterranean Coast. At this time we were stationed at St. Mihiel and thus had a cross country trip of over 800 miles by rail, and as we came within the lands that are affected by the Gulf Stream one thought he was entering a paradise. The hillsides with their enormous vineyards, the wonderful foliage, the olive trees, the gay-colored houses,—all these helped to make one forget the bleak and desolate northern region and wonder why nature has not distributed these essentials equally. One could pause here and describe the interesting points at great length. The contrast of the snow-capped Alps overhead and the fragrant wild heliotropes at our feet, only help to emphasize the much talked of "Sunny France."

So, far be it from me to criticise these people meanly, who have so unjustly suffered the pangs of war and devastation, and it was only proper that they should also taste of victory. It is thus my earnest prayer and desire to see not only France and Belgium, but all the countries, whether belligerent, neutral or allied, mold out of the ashes of defeat or victory, stronger, more unselfish and more democratic nations.

Endeavor to be patient in bearing the defects and the infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be; for thou thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.

—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

Popular Songs

HUGH E. KEMPER, 21

AMERICA, the foremost of all countries in the variety and abundance of different classes of music, is ragtime-mad. Other nations have been initiated into all the intricacies and mysteries of our syncopated times and have put them down as examples of our school of national music. They have played them, sung them, danced to them and enjoyed them, even while not entirely edified by them. Some of their honored and revered disciples of higher art have sneered at them as representative of a low cultured nation and as a proof that we are a nation of savages. Now there is nothing gained by condemning absolutely the form which our popular music has taken in these latter days. Just as literature goes so in the same way music trends its course; and it is just as hopeless for the multitude to appreciate the music of Richmond Strauss as it is for them to appreciate the literature of Browning. Some men want a lively, ripping detective story and some want ragtime. Some want deep literature and others operatic style of music. The case of grand opera may be argued that in the first place it costs too much. In the second place it seems a hybrid art. Is it not impossible to feel any illusion concerning a love scene between two supposedly passionate young lovers when the youth is a burly Italian and the maiden a burly German, both over forty both in age and waistline? If grand opera must be, isn't it preferable on a machine where imagination as to the participants can be used?

But you cannot change these likes and dislikes. Even though we may be or may not be prepared to accept the dictum of certain musical cannoiseurs, that with our craze for ragtime we are slowly but surely laying the cornerstone for a new and vital school of American music, we must face the fact that this style of music is here to stay, at least throughout our generation.

While accepting it, however, there is with it an abuse that can and should be corrected. This is

the matter of the words that accompany this school of music, however new and vital it may be. Surely some of these, shall I say poems, are vile beyond expression. Nearly all the homes that possess a piano or a victrola have these things by dozens in the form of sheet-music or records on their music racks. They are purchased not by ones or two but by the dozen. Sung by all in the home from grandfather to the smallest grandchild that is able to pronounce the words. In tune or out of tune, however it may be. The words are there notwithstanding. What a common thing it is to hear a small, innocent child who can scarcely modulate its syllables, rolling out mechanically suggestive songs, the double meaning of which may or may not be realized by the parents. And yet we call it "cute" for a child to do this. Is it?

With sensational covers, suggestive pictures and titles, sensual words, it is plain that many of these popular songs are open to the same criticism and indictment as the bad book or the yellow journal. Just read a few of the popular songs that you yourself know and you will see the truth of this indictment.

It was in this strain and towards this end that Miss Maud Powell, one of America's foremost violinists, spoke to the National Federation of Musical Clubs: "I am heartily in favor," she said, "of a board of censorship for the popular song. Its words if spoken would call for arrest. Its effect on young folks is shocking. The songs of this type are allowed in the home by parents who have not even troubled to read the words. As a result the suggestive meanings are allowed to play upon immature minds at a dangerous age. It is from the popular song that the popular dance has sprung. Together and apart they are a menace to the social fabric."

This is also the overwhelming sentiment of those who are making an effort to have the Post Office Department censor songs that are sent

through the mails in the same way that it censors bad books and indecent pictures.

Do we need to wait for the Post Office? No, let our work of musical reform start right in our homes. It is the home that makes the publishing of such songs a profitable business. If the same

care would be taken in regard to popular songs that is taken as to what literature is read by the young folks, popular music of that style would be cleaned up a bit, and we would be freed from the reproach of being a nation whose children are allowed to sing such songs.

“Spare Moments”

Those Two New Tennis Courts

HOW it happened that the work of constructing two new tennis courts began at this time of the year is not ascertainable. Perhaps it is because of the slump in that particular sport at this time of the year and in accordance with the maxim of our first great statesman, “In time of peace prepare for war.” However that may be, we are quite certain as to the identity of him who first conceived of the idea and now sees the beginning of his pipe dream come true, namely, the time when the “happy hunting grounds” of our predecessors in this region shall be changed into one vast stretch of tennis courts as far as the eye can see and the foot can travel.

The construction of these two tennis courts on the empty lot facing the College Dorms began with all the secrecy and stealth to be expected from a man with five years’ experience in coming in late without waking his light-sleeping roommate. A whole week before the actual construction work began one could see the gradual accumulation of implements, such as pick axes, shovels and wheelbarrows, varying in model and condition from the ones used before the Civil War to those with marks of having seen at least five years’ service during the recent war. How so many styles and shapes of wheelbarrows could be brought together at one time can only be explained by the directing mind who knows whence they came.

The plot was surveyed and staked out and work was to have begun on the Wednesday afternoon of the Thanksgiving Recess, but, of course, it rained and so all awaited the rising of the sun

of Friday morning when the work began in earnest. All the tools on hand were portioned out and still there were those who had not wherewith to work. Scouting parties were sent out and soon returned with additional shovels and barrows. By this time the townsfolk were awake and aware of the change taking place in their very midst. Every street car conductor, truck driver, school-boy, street walker, and archeologist who saw it or heard of it stopped long enough to ask the purpose of all this excited display of enthusiasm. For from all appearances a wonderful discovery was about to be made that might rival those made in the excavations at Pompei or Rome. Some feared a Church was about to be built, others a Science Building, and still others a Swimming Pool. Soon the newspaper reporters appeared and the innocence of our proceedings had again to be vindicated.

By this time most of the shovels were so hot that they needed considerable cooling and there was also a gentle whispering about timepieces. The wheelbarrows began to sing in tones varying from Thomas’ basso-profundo to Engleke’s winning soprano in a rhythm commonly found in the best and oldest of dirges. Now and then a glove was shyly removed and a reassuring glance taken at the unblistered hand. Never did pork chops look a more ravenous horde in the eye, nor did that look last long that noon. By evening the shovels had made a respectable impression in the terra firma and the imagination of the onlooker was no more so severely taxed as to the purpose of all this digging. By this time all the wheelbarrows were running on low and the shovels

were increasing in size and weight unbearable. Many a man's respect for a shovel had dwindled down to teaspoon proportions.

The work is progressing and now that the last of the reserves have been ushered in we have fair hopes in saying "Christmas Bells shall not ring until two perfect tennis courts grace the immediate landscape."

Changes

SOME people think the world does not change. At least judging from the way they talk and act, one would be led to suppose such a condition existed. Even though we are told that there is nothing new under the sun, and that imagination plays too large a part in some phases of human affairs, still there is change. The best way to fully realize this is to return to once familiar scenes after a long absence. For example, at the close of school two years ago, one Alumnus who came to see his son graduate, had not been in Bethlehem for more than thirty years. Some things seemed the same, but nothing struck him so forcibly as the many changes that had taken place. Last year another Alumnus returned after an absence of twenty-five years. His classmates told him that he had not changed at all, that they would have known him anywhere. Others said he looked so different, that had he not been with other acquaintances, recognition would not have been so easy. But he himself felt the change. Strangely familiar as things seemed yet there was a difference.

But what are all these changes? What is this difference that these men returning after long absence notice and comment on? First of all, and most important of all, is the absence of Dr. Schultze. To those who were here in his time, there will always be something missing about M. C. They cannot think of the institution without connecting it with the man who devoted the best part of his life to it. He himself is not with us any more in person, but his example and spirit still lives. His memory will long be fresh.

Then also Dr. Gapp is no longer a member of the faculty. It seems strange not to see him coming over from his house with a load of books under his arm, large enough to justify the use of a truck or at least a wheelbarrow. And the

famous logic classes where everything was thrown overboard have not passed away by any means, much to the regret of some people, but have suffered a change, a mere change, for all that has happened is that another Doctor of Philosophy tells how much on the square was dear old Aristotle.

But then there are some things that haven't changed. Haus still drinks five cups of coffee at each meal; Dr. Werst can laugh as heartily as ever; Prof. Moses has not lost any of his ability to make the Freshmen work; Dr. Rau still gets out of breath in walking up Main Street Hill; and Prof. Bill still wears his old black hat. That is a good hat. Like the Roman Eagles, when waved over our heads at a basketball game, defeat is impossible.

Still one more thing is unchanged and that is the college man. College students will be college students wherever they may be. Older graduates have changed but there existed a time before that change came. Remember you cannot change human nature. Little boys *will* fight over marbles and big boys *will* fight over all sorts of things, and are the better off for it afterwards. Little changes do not matter so much, but be slow in changing principles and ideals.

Christmas

ONCE more we are drawing close to the joyful season of the year. With the advent of Christmas comes a cessation of school life and the turning of our thoughts to two weeks of uninterrupted delight. Christmas trees, Christmas presents, Christmas dinners, Christmas parties and Christmas services all go to make up that time which is looked forward to by both young and old alike. As old as this festival is, and as often as it occurs in the life of the individual, yet we never hear Christmas spoken of as a tiresome ordeal, or in any other way except that of pleasurable anticipation. Why? Because as a festival it is so intimately connected with Him of whom His true friends never tire of hearing. May this Christmas season be of exceptional benefit to all mankind and to the less fortunate peoples and nations of the world especially. Christmas last year was very different from that of two years ago, and may Christmas 1919 not be lacking in the amount of happiness it brings.

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Are we Losing the Art of Conversation? "Conversation is the art of never seeming wearisome, of knowing how to say everything interestingly, of pleasing with no matter what, of fascinating with nothing at all," says Maupassant. Few, indeed, are those endowed with the divine gift of conversation, and by conversation is meant the double gift of stimulating the thought of others, while developing one's own, of talking and of listening. And in listening the difficulty arises for it implies besides the aforesaid stimulation of interlocutors, the extraction from material apparently hopeless, of brilliant remarks, of laughter-flashing repartees which should touch the adversary as lightly as the buttoned foil. But we must not forget to make a distinction between a conversationalist and a talker. Many

are those quite incapable of the delicate art of conversation, who, in fact, do not even know that it exists, because they have never listened with pleasure to anything but banal sounds of their own voice. From this we would infer that a good conversationalist is an excellent judge of character. He is able to determine from the expression portrayed on the listener's face, whether or not interest is manifested, and if necessary, to make a clever transition from one subject to another. We always enjoy the hours we spend with men of this type.

But there are many who cannot find pleasure in talking or listening, and therefore seek it in other forms. We have little difficulty in recalling some person or other who always is restless when forced to listen to another, even though the discourse in our opinion should warrant interest. No doubt we can easily remember the remarks of a friend who has just returned from a party, or other social function. Upon interrogation we often learn that he was bored from beginning to end. Must the host bear the blame for the miserable evening which the guests spent? It seems that usually the visitors on such occasions hold the impression that they are to be amused or entertained, and therefore no initiative need be expected from them. It is noticeable that ready-made amusement is expected or even desired, and if it is not forthcoming the ordinary individual is at a loss, and consequently bored. That, no doubt, in part accounts for the fact that opera houses, theatres, amusement parks, and other places for public diversion are so largely patronized. It seems that the average man enjoys the movies more than he does remaining at home and indulging in conversation. Of course these institutions are necessities in our life, but does it not indicate that the art of conversation is being neglected, and does it not indicate that the condition is worthy of at least some thought from us?

F. P. S.



Representative Government

Three centuries ago Representative Government was begun in America. In 1619, Sir George Yeardley, Governor of Virginia, convoked the first General Assembly consisting of

the burgesses of the colony, representing eleven boroughs or plantations. Since then it has been the difficult task of American statesmanship to steer the ship of state between the Scylla of monarchical tendencies, on the one hand, and the Charybdis of anarchy on the other.

The tendency toward monarchy is frequently apparent in the deference that men pay to the opinions of the President. In crises where the President and Congress are at odds, it is not difficult to find men who defend the President's policies for no other reason but that they want to "stand by the President." This is an innate monarchical tendency. The chief executive of the land must always be respected on account of the office he occupies, and he deserves to be supported by all citizens who have a thorough conviction that his policies are right. But a servile support of one man merely because he is President, is hero-worship. Carlyle says: "Hero-worship exists, has existed, and will forever exist universally among man-kind." But the statement of the Scottish philosopher need not keep us from curbing this tendency that works against the principle of Representative Government.

On the other hand, the extreme Socialistic sympathies of today are a danger to our Representative Government. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The political innovator must sustain the burden of proof. He must not only show the weakness in our present government but he must demonstrate the superiority of the panacea that he offers for all our political and economic evils. There is a presumption in favor of the established order, and the Socialistic reformer must raise a counter-presumption sufficient to turn the scales in his favor. But when we look to the lands where radical Socialism has been tried, we see no such counter-presumption. It has been found wanting.

The possibility of pointing out weaknesses in our body politic does not justify the adoption of radical innovations. Three centuries have shown a slow but steady growth along the line of progressive conservatism; and further developments must be along the same line and on the broad foundation laid by our fathers *ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat*.

P. S. M.

A Good Sport All of us have at some time or other experienced that peculiar sensation—a glow of warmth up and down our spinal column—when somebody called us a good sport. Did we ever stop to realize how great a part this feeling plays in determining our every action and attitude? Have we ever been in a position in which we did what we did because of having been called a good sport, whereas if we had been true to ourselves we would have done just the opposite?

We like to be popular—but how often is this position gained at the expense of sincerity. We do a thing because the general sentiment is in favor of it; we choke our disapproval of an action for fear of being thought crabby or some relation to the creatures with wings. All because we are generally known to be a good sport!

An old edition of Webster's dictionary gives as the derivation of the word "sport" the Dutch "boert," meaning "jest," and defines the word as that which diverts or makes merry. Then it goes on to say that the word means both cause and effect; that which produces mirth or the mirth or merriment produced. This original significance of the time-worn phrase "a good sport" can too often be applied today—one who produces merriment. He is the modern "court jester"; the life of the crowd. He is the fellow who is so busy entertaining his friends, showing them a good time and keeping them good-natured that he merely glides over the surface and doesn't get time for the really worth-while and rewarding things of life. After all, don't his friends laugh at him and wink at each other as soon as his back is turned and call him "easy," very much like the priests of the old heathen worship at Rome when speaking to each other would "wonder at the gullibility of the people."

But there is another meaning of the word which has come to us out of the world of athletics—that of a clean sportsman and a fair fighter. The Standard Dictionary defines such a one who represents the ideal of a real sport as "a participant who competes fairly, playing the game for its own sake and not necessarily for the prize awarded!" "To play the game" has a wealth of meaning in it. It brings into action all the manly

(Concluded on page 39.)



JINGLES

Says Slim to Splies: "I will never shove a wheelbarrow for Bates again."

Says Cutie to Maas: "I will never go calling across the street again."

Says Filopone Spagetti: "Ditto."

Says Slicker Gardner: "Likewise."

Says Amos Fulmer: "Also."

Says Levi Potts: "Amen."

Kaltreider, after seeing the inmates of the bug-house performing: "Gee, it must be great to be crazy."

Heller, to her: "Dearie, would you like to own a little poodle dog?"

She: "Oh dear, this is so sudden."

Richter is becoming rather sedate, he is parting his hair on the left side but his mustache is getting thinner and thinner.

Gapp spying on Pott's carpenter gang in the gym when they were making the stage scenery for the "Conjurer" said: "Say, Kaltreider, what are you making there? Kaltreider with a smile: "Why, we are making storm doors for Comenius Hall."

At Thanksgiving Dinner.

Thomas: "There's just one thing I don't like about this business."

Neitzel: "What's that?"

Thomas: "It's that I can't eat anymore."

Fulmer, gazing ruefully at the pie on the other tables: "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak."

Scenes from Nonnemaker's Diggings.

McColm: "Bill is working like a clock."

Stocker: "If he works like our clock he isn't doing much."

Somebody is knocking at the garden gate,

Slip on something right away quick,

She slipped on the top step and came all the way down,

It might have been worse, nobody knows.

Meinert in Ethics: "Idleness is secession from work." Prof. Schwartze, smiling: "That's not a happy word to use."

Grimes, to Nonne: "How did you like that wrestling match the other evening? That one bout was pretty long."

Nonne: "I liked the last round but it didn't last long enough."

Neitzel and Richter have reported that their ad for a deaf, dumb and blind stenographer has been filled and he is doing satisfactory work.

Any ads would be appreciated, we need the cash.

Dr. Peak sunk in a chair at play rehearsal last evening.

Haus, to Nonne: "I don't know what makes it but I feel that something isn't happening as usual.

Nonne: "I know, Gardner forgot to favor us with his favorite selection on the guitar."

Byron Horne has condescended to blend his melodious voice with the lost quartette. The latest selection is entitled, "Away! Away! We have nobody from whom to borrow."

Westphal, shoving the wheelbarrow through the mire: "Why the bally thing it sinks in."

Christy: "So does the dirt, old top."

Mac. met Prof. Mealy not so long ago, the story goes.

Rabbi Ben Gross spent a profitable Thanksgiving on his teaching allowances.

Says Philip Shamrock Miller: "I will not discuss politics with Schlegel again."

Says Hedley Wilson: "I will save all my pink letters."

Says Hugh Nut Kemper: "I will stay in every night for some time."

Says Prof. Schwarze: "Women are well versed in the art of trickery."

Says Mark Nahum Rice: "I won't miss a spark plug next time."


Notice!

Notice!

Second Semester Special!

Miller will ventilate his ideas on the League of Nations. All applications for class will be received at Room 17. No previous knowledge necessary.





LOCALS

This month the main attraction or detraction, according to the viewpoint of the student or professor, was the proclamation of President Wilson regarding the last Thursday of the month. All the activities of the weeks immediately preceding that day were governed by that one thought. There was an excessive amount of letter writing to relatives in the vicinity and equally as absorbing an interest in the daily mail. By the time that the afternoon of the 26th came around most of the grips were packed and by evening the dining room had accommodations at only two tables. Many were the comparisons made with last year's similar event, and very few regrets were expressed in favor of the contrast. Among the manifold blessings of peace here enjoyed was a four day's recess instead of the meagre one day affair of the previous year.

As usual the articles necessary for the proper observance of this particular day were supplied by the bounty of a gentleman from the Southern Province of the Church. If the benefactor experienced half the joy in giving that those benefited did in receiving, he will have been richly repaid.

An additional feature this month is the construction of two tennis courts on the vacant lot on the corner of Main Street and Elizabeth Avenue, under the patronage of Prof. Hoffman and the direction of W. F. Nonnemaker.

An item of local interest is the paving of Centre and Main Streets as far as Elizabeth Avenue.

Fulmer, according to his custom, spent the Thanksgiving recess at home with friends. He was greatly rejuvenated to be with his dear ones again, and will no doubt be able to stand the heavy strain of work until Christmas. On College Day, November 30, he spoke in the Fifth Moravian Church of Philadelphia in behalf of the College and Theological Seminary.

Messrs. Stocker and McCole were the honored guests of Coopersburg, under the surveillance of Wm. Steininger. They were very well impressed with the quaintness of the town and speak very highly of the hospitality extended them.

Horace Peters was the guest of the Rev. Wm. Vogler, of Nazareth, Pa., his former pastor at Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

A. Helmich accompanied his brother to New York November 15th, where the latter has been supplying the pulpit of the Third Moravian Church.

Messrs. Gardner and Maas were guests at the Randall home in South Bethlehem.

Horne spent the day in Quakertown, Pa., whither he was pursued by Schattschneider, who also visited friends there.

Prof. Moses and family were the guests of the Rev. and Mrs. Allen, at Nazareth, Pa., where they had a family reunion after five years of separation.

Wildeman, Mawbey, Reeves, Kaltreiter and Bender were detained in coming back to work.

Hauptert spent the recess with relatives in Philadelphia.

Weber predicts the removal of the center of the Hardware business from Bethlehem to Quakertown. He will visit that region in the near future.

Messrs. Couillard and Christianson are engaged in religious work at Middletown, Pa., where they have organized a Sunday School.

On the 24th of November the Rev. F. T. Trafford returned from an extensive tour of the Middle West in behalf of the Third Moravian Church of New York City. He plans to make M. C. his headquarters for the present in launching the Campaign for the Memorial Science Building Fund.

Paul Bahnsen, '19, was a visitor here for a few days. He is engaged in High School work at Nichols, N. Y.

Prof. W. N. Schwarze and family spent a brief vacation with friends at Glen Ridge, N. J., and New York City.

Hugh Kemper spent Thanksgiving Day at the home of his fiancée in Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y. We wonder where he will spend the Christmas holidays.

Hedley Wilson decided that Harlem was an agreeable spot in New York City to eat his turkey dinner.

Cyril H. Pfohl, '19, who is taking a course in architecture at the U. of P., spent a few days with us.

"Steve" Mawbey says he spent the vacation at home in Jersey City. We wonder why Broadway took so much of his time.

The Christmas recess will extend from Friday noon, December 19, to Monday morning, January 5.

Merry Christmas
Moravian College

Y. M. C. A. Notes

Three very interesting meetings were held during the month of November. At the first two we were addressed by two of the pastors of the Bethlehem Congregation, the Rev. D. C. Meinert and Dr. S. H. Gapp, respectively. The Y. M. C. A. is endeavoring to assist in administering to the spiritual needs of the men by bringing them into a closer connection with the Bethlehem Moravian Pastors than has existed heretofore. The benefits derived from having these two men with us have been very gratifying. Mr. Meinert spoke directly along the line of spiritual growth, emphasizing the "C" in the Young Men's Christian Association. His talk was not what could be called highly inspirational, yet it contained a good amount of spiritual nourishment that is so necessary to the life of a Christian.

Dr. Gapp's address centered around the Position of a Pastor as its subject. Being a pastor of wide experience and for many years a professor in Pastoral Theology, he came well prepared to impart information which we needed to know. Dr. Gapp's talk was not only exceedingly interesting, but also very helpful. Not only did the embryo minister learn much, but those of us who will be laymen should be better prepared to aid the pastor in his work, after listening to Mr. Gapp, for without a doubt, many difficulties arise from the lack of understanding between pastor and people. Moravian College and Theological Seminary not only turns out good ministers, it also produces good laymen.

At our third meeting we were privileged to have with us the Rev. F. T. Trafford, of the New York Third Church. Mr. Trafford has recently returned from a collecting tour of the Western District in behalf of his Church, and has now agreed to take charge of the Science Building Campaign. He spoke to us about his trip through the West and of plans for the new work he has undertaken.

An extra meeting was called early in the third week when we had with us Mr. Day, a representative of the Y. M. C. A., who is travelling in the interests of Theological Seminaries only. The point he stressed was that of fellowship. Men too often live behind a mask, are in reality strangers, and thus are not able to help each other over the rough places in the road. Mr. Day made it a point to get acquainted with the men in the Seminary, and before he left, told us that he had found a better spirit of genuine fellowship here than in many Theological Seminaries where he has visited. Our

men live out in the open and do not attempt to hide their real selves or in modern parlance "to use camouflage."

The Glee Club

The Moravian College Musical Association began its season on November 24th by a concert in St. Thomas Church, at Macada. The Sunday School auditorium was well filled with people from the surrounding vicinity and judging from the applause that continued throughout the entire performance, the audience was entirely satisfied with the rendition of the program.

The concert, which lasted two hours, consisted of songs by the Glee Club, interspersed with those of the quartet, violin solos, saxophone solos and readings. Worthy of special mention among these is the work of Albert Doster, who delighted the audience with his interpretations on the saxophone. After playing several selections he gave an imitation of Billy Best's automobile going up hill. Billy Best is the recently elected sheriff whose home is near by. This in particular was well received. David Randall rendered two very acceptable violin solos, accompanied by Miss Mary Heimple. The people remembered the reader, W. H. Allen, from former concerts and his selections were a very fitting variation of the program.

As the first concert of the season, and the first for nearly all the members of the Club, it was a signal success. Although we have not reached the standard set us by the famous M. C. Glee Clubs of former years, yet we are well on our way upward, as this concert proved. Other concerts are being scheduled and the work and progress of the Musical Association on the whole is very gratifying.

ATHLETICS

Tuesday, November fourth, was a day of much hardship to the basketball candidates, and many were the complaints of the sore-muscle men; and great was the use of "Pop Sheridan." Coach Hassler's call to basketball practice on November third was heeded by a large number of men, all anxious to give of their best in knowledge and ability to the development of a first-class team to represent M. C. After several weeks of thorough instruction in the rudiments and rules of the game, the coach picked out the fifteen best men to com-

prise the first and second squads, namely: Captain Turner, Neitzel, Stocker, Steininger, Allen, Patterson, Heller, Rice, Morgan, Fulmer, Horne, Peters, Weber, Gardner and Meinert. A training table was started immediately after this selection.

M. C. is going to have a record breaking team this season, provided that every man in school will stand back of them. The team alone cannot win its games, so get together men and help them fight for M. C. Show your pep and spirit.

Following is the schedule (to date) which Manager Thomas has arranged:

- Dec. 13—Lehigh, away.
 " 17—Lebanon Valley, home.
 Jan. 10—Albright, away, (Pending.)
 " 14—Muhlenberg, away.
 " 16—Delaware State, away.
 " 17—Loyola, away.
 " 23—Lebanon Valley, away.
 " 24—Albright, away.
 " 31—Temple University, home.
 Feb. 4—Lafayette, away.
 " 11—Ursinus, away.
 " 20—Delaware State, here. (Pending.)
 " 25—Ursinus, home.
 " 28—Muhlenberg, home.
 Mar. 5—Drexel, away.
 " 6—Temple University, away.
 " 13—Drexel, home. (Pending.)



Exchanges

"The Lesbian Herald": As usual, your paper presents a neat and finished appearance. It contains some very good literary material; and as a rule presents articles which are excellent. The November issue contains a very interesting article on "Prison Reform." The viewpoint taken by the writer is commendable. It shows a careful examination and study of the subject, which is a vital one in the progress of humanity today. The examples and references to which the writer alludes are striking, and tend to bring about the desired result, which the author would convey to her readers.

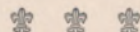
It is a foregone conclusion that this problem has found an important place in the minds of thinking men today. The old idea of punishing a criminal by confining him in a dark, tomblike prison, has been found inefficient and impracticable. New ideas have been generated; new theories have been put into practice at various prisons, with successful results; proving that the old system was intolerable.

In the old type reformatory where emphasis was laid for the most part on imprisonment, the convict was treated as a creature other than human.

He was encircled in an atmosphere of suspicion, assumed to be thoroughly wicked, one who must be mastered and punished. This idea led to the system in which he was not trusted to go a step from the regular routine. Scores of officers guarded in every department and even at every meal in the big mess-hall. Any attempt at conversation, even the turning of the head, sometimes led to days of confinement in a dark cell. Thus the men could not talk naturally, walk naturally, work naturally, and often for lack of pure air in the cells, they could not breathe naturally. Being human, these men resented brutality and injustice.

However, this is fast becoming a thing of the past, and now one must look to the future. The prisons of the future must not be one of punishment and retribution, but one of reformation and education. Out of the convicts taken into our institutions must be made men able to withstand the temptations and difficulties they meet in the world. The old atmosphere of distrust must be removed from the future prison and be replaced by one of confidence. Men must be allowed to talk naturally and freely. They must be given an opportunity to cultivate those good instincts which they possess. An interest in and love for law must be inculcated in them by giving them a opportunity to make and enforce the laws necessary for their prison life, viz., rules of conduct and discipline, and the creation of offices to be filled with officers from their own ranks. This has been successful at Sing Sing. They should be provided with workshops, libraries, places of exercising sports, opportunities to develop literary, musical or other talents. Give them a chance to develop their abilities for foresight and personal initiative.

Exchanges received this month were: "The Albright Bulletin," "M. P. S.," "The Lesbian Herald," "The Ursinus Weekly."



A Good Sport

(Concluded from page 35)

qualities. This has been well expressed in a few lines of verse:

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
 Go! lose or conquer as you can;
 But if you fail or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

That is what it means to be a real sport—to play the game for its own sake. Let us have the courage to stand for our convictions—even if it means to stand alone. In time it will bring real popularity which comes from being dependable and sincere. It will make us sports of the kind worth knowing.

C. J. H.

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