

**Zeitschrift:** The Swiss observer : the journal of the Federation of Swiss Societies in the UK

**Herausgeber:** Federation of Swiss Societies in the United Kingdom

**Band:** - (1932)

**Heft:** 547

  

**Rubrik:** Swiss Club, Birmingham

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## SWISS CLUB, BIRMINGHAM.

"SWISS RALLY."



• • •  
**P. BRUN,**  
 PRESIDENT  
 of the  
**SWISS CLUB**  
 BIRMINGHAM.

• • •

When I mentioned to some of my friends, that I was going to accept the cordial invitation of the Swiss Club Birmingham, to attend their "Swiss Rally," which took place on Saturday, April 9th, at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham; they gravely shook their heads, saying, that I ought to have had enough by now, after having sat and eaten through innumerable Banquets, danced with a score of lovely ladies, shed tears over farewell parties, slept half way through cinema shows, listened to lectures trying to look intellectual, shouted myself hoarse at football, and Ice Hockey matches, felt sentimental at concerts of Swiss music, looked gloomy at funerals, sympathised with old age, feeling as old as they, told the youngsters of the Colony that I felt and drank every day "Younger's," spent a small fortune on Aspirin Tablets and taxi's, etc....

Being always open to friendly advise, I reasoned with myself that there was some truth in their allegations. I have certainly swallowed a few gallons of *Consommé*, finished off at least half a poultry farm, depleted some of the Scottish Salmon streams, ate more grass or salad than an average sized "vache," had ice cream enough to freeze a whole consignment of Canterbury lamb, drank cocktails, wines, spirits, and occasionally water (the latter principally early the next morning), and last, but not least, added an extra stone to my already considerable weight, which caused much annoyance and perplexity in certain quarters.

What was there to be done? I was just going to write a very nice letter, making a hundred and one excuses, when the telephone bell rang, and at the other end sounded the "sweet" voice of the President of the Swiss Club Birmingham; saying, "What about it?" I told him a most pathetic tale, but he ruled it all out, saying he did not believe a word of it, and I was threatened that his radiant countenance would never shine upon me again, should I decline his special invitation. All those who are lucky enough to know this popular President will understand what a dreadful calamity this would be. I simply could not afford to risk it, and to tell the truth, I wanted to go all the time, and so it happened that I boarded the train on Saturday morning with a heavy bag, and a light heart.

The report which I am in honour bound to write, causes me considerable anxiety. One of the parting words of the alert Treasurer of the Swiss Club, were: "make it short and sweet," of course, I can make it sweet by telling the truth (the Swiss Observer never lies, at least not intentionally), but short,—here lies the snag. To render an exact account would mean a story with at least three chapters, not counting the "epilogue" which perhaps might be conveniently left out, judging from the "sad looks" of some of my fellow guests and passengers on the train, which took us back home on Sunday night.

Now to make a start, I won't say much about what actually happened before I made my bow at the reception to the President, M. Brun, and his charming lady; but I wish to mention that I had a most interesting interview — together with the President, — with a very prominent member of the Swiss Colony in Birmingham. I also made the acquaintance of several leading men in the Hotel profession, who all hail from our homeland. I visited several... on second thoughts, I think I had better keep it secret, lest it might lead to some unkind insinuations on the part of some of my anxious friends and readers. Another fact should also be mentioned which will no doubt be of great interest to our London readers, namely: It also rains in Birmingham, nay, it did not only rain, but it actually, snowed.—

The reception started a little later than was mentioned on the programme, but we can hardly blame our Birmingham friends for this, considering that we in London are the worst offenders. Nearly 150 participants, — which I hear was a record, — sat down to an excellent dinner, but is it to be wondered at that the fare was splendid, when I mention that the chef of the Grand Hotel is M. Beer, one of the members of

the Club, and he had no doubt taken a special pride in catering for his compatriots. If it is true, that love goes through a certain organ of our anatomy, then he must have been the best loved man that evening; he is also mentioned here, that the Management went right out of their way to make their visitors comfortable.

The loyal toasts having been proposed by the Chairman, M. Brun, and duly honoured; M. E. Brunner, Vice-President, gave a short address explaining the aims of the Society, which was started 40 years ago with the primary aim as a Benevolent Society. The speaker pointed out, that, thanks to the support of the members and various firms, they have been able to be of assistance to many of our compatriots who have fallen on evil days. M. Brunner explained his great pleasure to be able to record the healthy growth of the Club which counts 40 members, and in terminating, voiced the wish that the spirit of solidarity might always be present. Loud applause greeted the speaker on resuming his seat.

M. C. J. Reinhart, the founder and Treasurer of the Swiss Club thereupon extended a hearty welcome to the numerous guests who had flocked to this Rally from far and near, in particular to M. Montag, Swiss Consul at Liverpool, Dr. Schedler, Swiss Consul at Manchester, the Presidents of the Swiss Club (Schweizerbund) and the Culinary Society London, M. Stauffer, representing the Swiss Observer, and M. Keller, the new Secretary of the Union Helvetia, London. He mentioned, that a contingent of nearly 30 visitors came from London, and various fellow countrymen had travelled from places such as Cardiff, Liverpool, York, Coventry, Goole, etc. — That in spite of the bad times, so many of our compatriots have followed our appeal to spend a few happy and carefree hours with our Society, is, — he said, — a splendid testimony of the solidarity which knits all Helvetia's children together. After having read out numerous telegrams from all quarters of the United Kingdom, M. Reinhart then called on Dr. Schedler, who in a witty speech, expressed his great pleasure at being able to spend this evening with this most active Society, no other institution except those in the Metropolis, could muster such a gathering, — he exclaimed, — and the President and members of the Swiss Club deserve not only the thanks of all present, but also unstinted admiration for their efforts which happily have borne such splendid fruits.

M. Montag, Swiss Consul at Liverpool, and a member of the Club, shortly addressed the party, both speeches, which were given in a humorous vein, added much to the enjoyment and were greatly applauded. M. Christen, President of the Swiss Club (Schweizerbund) London, thanked the Society in a few words for their kind invitation.

The dining room was then vacated, and a very efficient band invited all and sundry to the dance floor, and by jove, the Birmingham ladies can dance, no quarter was given, it was a matter of "to dance or not to dance," and I got so out of breath in the first half hour, that I found hardly words to compliment all those sweet daughters of Eve on their vivacity, endurance, and, of course, charming looks.

Halfway through the evening, M. Brunner, who acted most efficiently as M. C., announced that Mlle Daphne de Wyt, who is well-known to the Swiss Colony in London, would entertain the revellers with some Burlesque Dances and recitations. This charming young artiste at once captured the hearts of everyone with her exquisite performance, and the thunderous applause which was so spontaneously given was well deserved. May Birmingham be one of the mile stones on her journey to fame.

After having just finished a delightful vase with the very charming wife of the Vice-President, I was pushed, dragged and forced into a Paul Jones, and before I could utter a word of protest I was whirled round the ballroom at a terrific speed, so that a hundred faces looked like one neverending line of heads, and when the "round about" suddenly stopped with a jerk, I almost fell into the arms of a somewhat bewildered Lady, to whom I explained, as well as I could, that I felt rather giddy, but that so far I had only partaken of four glasses of wine, she was just on the point of believing my tale of woe, when I was again pulled round by two neighbours who seemed to be determined to tear both my arms away from my slender body. I resigned myself to my fate, thinking that the Birmingham air affects people in that way, and secretly I thanked the stars, that my life's companion, who was no doubt thinking of me in London, was born, within the sound of the Bow Bells.

Now it is often said that no Swiss function is complete unless there is some "yoddling." I viewed the announcement of a yoddling duet with anxious apprehensions, as I have lately heard some "yoddling" at Swiss functions, which was far from pretty, and my local milkman could have beaten them hollow, but my fears were soon dispelled, Messrs. Gattiker and Beer, sang like

"yoddling nightingales," and many of the listeners had a hard job to stave off an attack of homesickness. Their exquisite singing sent the ball rolling, and suddenly a choir seemed to have appeared, seemingly from nowhere, and they were joined by the complete consular body, the press and all those who felt they had to give way in expressing their joy and happiness.

Shortly before midnight the National Anthem was played, and a happy evening came to an end, and so does also the first chapter of my story.

The programme for Sunday included a visit by char-à-banc and cars to the birthplace of William Shakespeare, in Stratford on Avon, an outing to which I was looking forward with great pleasure, not only because I am a fervent Shakespearean admirer, but also because it gave me an opportunity to renew the acquaintance which I made a few years ago, with this lovely little spot.—

Having listened to so many speeches on this memorable evening, I had, on going to bed, visions of Mark Anthony's speech in Julius Caesar, and I was just trying to recite to myself his famous harangue, starting with the words: Romans, Countrymen... when I went off into a deep slumber. But, alas — not for long, a weird noise, of someone walking constantly along the corridor outside my resting place, woke me up, and on casting an anxious look outside, a ghostlike figure, draped in what seemed to be a white sheet or a very old fashioned nightgown, came along slowly, his eyes staring at me; I felt rather shaky, was it a ghost? Was it the wandering Jew? I was just on the point of slipping back into my room, to bolt and bar my door, when this ghostly figure, looking harshly, addressed me, much to my relief in "Schwyzerdütsch," enquiring whether I could direct him to his quarters.—

On Sunday morning shortly after 10 o'clock, a char-à-banc, followed by a small fleet of private cars, containing about 60 passengers, set off from the Grand Hotel on the way to Stratford-on-Avon. I had the good luck to sit next to the Vice-President, M. Brunner, who was kind enough to enlighten me with the names of the various quaint villages which we passed through en route, thus enabling me to improve my geographical knowledge of this part of the world.

We reached our destination soon after 11 o'clock, and on disembarking, the entire party walked along the picturesque river Avon, to have a look at the new Shakespeare Theatre. The various opinions voiced on the architectural beauty of the outside of the edifice to the greatest classic poet, were not very complimentary to the Lady who was entrusted with the designs.

I do not dislike modern Art, I can even digest Epstein, or at least some of his creations, but I was frankly disappointed, and although I did not consider the old theatre a masterpiece of architecture, I liked it infinitely better than this enormous block of red bricks, which needs only a chimney stack, to look like a factory. The homeward journey took us through Warwick, and the stately Castle was greatly admired. It was a most interesting short outing, which was appreciated by all the participants, and proved a tonic for some of those Gentlemen, who on the same morning about 5 o'clock still sang: "Our fathers drank, and so drink we," or "Mir göh no lang nid hei."—

Back once more at the Grand Hotel the party sat down to a special luncheon which was much enjoyed.

After lunch, M. Brun, the President of the Swiss Club, announced that the official part of the "Rally" had now come to an end, and he called on some of the guests to say a few words. Messrs. Kunzle, Steiner and Stauffer then addressed the party shortly, and after many handshakes and *au revoir's*, the happy gathering dissolved; at least officially. Nearly 40 of the party adjourned to the private residence of the President on his special invitation; and a very jolly afternoon it was, a small excursion into the well-stocked wine cellar was made, and enjoyed, if ever I go again to Birmingham, and feel thirsty, I would know where to go. I am almost ashamed to mention how many bottles of a delightful vintage arrived and were carried out "dead." Sing songs, yoddling, recitation by Mlle de Wyt, followed each other, photographs were taken in the garden and everyone was sorry when the time came to part from the generous host and hostess and their children. It was a befitting *finale* to this fine "Swiss Rally."

Before finishing this lengthy narrative, I would like to assure my readers residing in the Metropolis, that our countrymen in Birmingham, know how to entertain, know how to make everyone feel at home; their feelings towards their homeland are as warm as ours, and the hospitality which they extended to all those who came from outside Birmingham, proves that they have their hearts in the right place. We can be proud of the Colony at Birmingham, I do not like to prophesy, but yet there might, in the near future, come a message from this Midland town, which will be

a striking example of the spirit which emanates from brethren to do not only good, where our countrymen are concerned, but to extend an open heart to all suffering mankind so that humanity may be the richer for it.—

Well done Birmingham.

ST.

**LES LENTEURS DU DESARMEMENT.**

Une activité intense régnera de nouveau, à Genève, à partir de la semaine prochaine. Dès lundi, la conférence du désarmement va se remettre au travail. A l'instigation de M. Tardieu, il a été convenu que la commission générale et la commission politique siègeront sans désembrer afin de régler le plus vite possible les questions de principe auxquelles s'achoppèrent, avant les vacances, les diverses commissions techniques. Un grand débat s'engagera ainsi, très prochainement, au sujet du plan français visant la création d'une force de police internationale et de la motion allemande touchant "l'égalité de méthode, de traitement et de droit," c'est-à-dire, en fait, l'abrogation des clauses militaires du traité de Versailles.

De l'issue de ce débat dépend l'orientation future et le succès final de la conférence. Mais malgré la bonne volonté manifestée par les délégations et malgré le zèle ardent dont est animé le président Henderson, ces retards et des lenteurs sont inévitables. D'abord, on devra attendre le chancelier Brüning et le secrétaire d'Etat américain, M. Stimson, qui n'arriveront que dans quelques jours. Ensuite, il faudra compter aussi avec les élections à la Diète prussienne, qui auront lieu le 24 avril; avec les élections législatives françaises qui sont fixées au 1er et au 8 mai; avec la réunion extraordinaire que le Conseil de la Société des Nations tiendra la semaine prochaine pour s'occuper des affaires danubiennes, puis avec la session régulière qu'il tiendra un mois plus tard; avec la convocation probable du "comité des dix-neuf," qui fut chargé par l'Assemblée de suivre les affaires d'Extrême-Orient; et enfin avec la conférence des réparations prévue pour le mois de juin et dont les assises se tiendront à Lausanne.

Jusqu'à l'été, les ministres des affaires étrangères des divers pays ne sauront donc où donner de la tête et la conférence de Genève souffrira totalement de cette agitation. On a d'ailleurs perdu tout espoir d'en finir durant cette deuxième session. Le but au quel tend, pour le moment, M. Henderson est simplement de fixer les grandes lignes de la future convention. Ce canevas serait soumis à l'Assemblée plénière de la Société des Nations, en septembre, et complété au cours d'une troisième et dernière réunion que la conférence tiendrait l'automne prochain. La cérémonie de la signature n'aura donc lieu, en aucun cas, avant la fin de l'année et les ratifications des cinquante-quatre Etats signataires ne rentreront pas avant l'an prochain...

Ces lenteurs feront pousser les hauts cris aux adversaires des institutions genevoises. Elles

s'expliquent cependant fort bien par l'immensité et la multiplicité des problèmes que soulève la question du désarmement. Elles sont inhérentes à la procédure parlementaire appliquée par la Société des Nations dans ses relations avec les gouvernements. Elles sont dues aussi à une erreur de méthode fondamentale. Dans l'esprit du Pacte, le désarmement devait être le couronnement de "l'organisation supérieure de la paix." En s'attaquant à cette tâche formidable avant d'avoir liquidé les innombrables difficultés d'ordre politique, juridique et économique que suscite la mise en œuvre du Covenant, on attelle la charrue devant les bœufs. A chaque pas, on se heurte à des obstacles qui n'ont pas grand'chose à voir avec l'objet même de la conférence et qu'il aurait d'abord fallu aplanir. De là provient le fantastique imbroglio dont Genève va donner, ces temps-ci, le peu réconfortant spectacle.

Paul Du Bochet.

**FOOTBALL.**

**NATIONAL LEAGUE.**

Full programmes are now, of necessity, the rule and here are the results of the 10th April:

Lugano (in Bern) .....	2	Chaux-de-Fonds .....	0
Nordstern .....	4	Young Fellows .....	2
Urania .....	4	Basel .....	1
Grasshoppers .....	5	Servette .....	1
Aarau .....	3	Young Boys .....	2

In this League the champions are: Zurich in Groupe 1, Grasshoppers in Groupe 2. None of the other clubs can equal their respective number of points. The runners-up position is still open and lies between Young Fellows, Urania and possibly Chaux-de-Fonds in Groupe 1, and in the other between Young Boys, Biel and Blue Stars. That position is of great importance as it ensures participation in the final rounds for the Swiss Championship, which is decided amongst the two first in the National League Groupe 1 and 2, and the first in the two Groupes of First League, which latter are also promoted to the National League. The two clubs most likely to be relegated are St. Gall and Bern in Groupe 1, and in the other it will be two of the following: Etoile, Chaux-de-Fonds, Servette or Old Boys.

**FIRST LEAGUE.**

Lausanne-Sports .....	4	Olten .....	2
Grenchen .....	1	Racing .....	1
Fribourg .....	1	Solothurn .....	3
Monthey .....	1	Stade Lausanne .....	4
Concordia .....	6	Wohlen .....	0
Brühl .....	3	Oerlikon .....	2
Locarno .....	4	Winterthur .....	3

Lausanne-Sports have now made certain of the Championship in Groupe 1, and consequently of promotion. Who will be runners-up does not matter. Three clubs are to be relegated and it will be: Fribourg, Stade Lausanne and Monthey. The old Serie A Club Montreux will be promoted from League II to the First League.

In Groupe 2 the three top clubs all won their games and the position is as last week. The rele-

gation problem remains very open as the three victims could be any of the other six clubs. I shall therefore refrain from making further rash prophecies.

In the INTERNATIONAL in Paris the result was

France .....	1	Italy .....	2
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M.G.

**A STRANGE TOWN PEOPLED BY MISERS.**

The Editor disclaims any responsibility for this article.

A fellow who is perpetually on the search for "copy" sees some peculiar things. And I have just discovered what is surely the most strangely peopled township in the world. Situated some fifty miles from Zurich in Switzerland, above the little spa of Ragaz, it is a town full of misers, in which the lust for possession is the dominating factor of life. Well known to scientists — as I now learn — it presents one of the most amazing examples extant of the results of intermarriage, and the almost incredible way in which the qualities of ancestors are passed down to the children of later generations.

Some hundred and fifty years ago it seems a herdsman lived in Stein, a miser in every way except one. The exception was that he had ten children, and misers are generally childless. But his lust for hoarding amounted to a mania, and this madness was inherited by his descendants. By intermarriage, the insanity was strengthened. And so to-day Stein contains some five hundred inhabitants — every man, woman, and child among them possessing all the covetous qualities of a jackdaw.

*Hard to Part.*

I hit upon the town quite by chance, through toiling up the snowbound roads, and I happened to turn aside into the inn for refreshment. The man who answered my request for coffee eyed my wrist watch strangely, and eagerly polished with his duster the Swiss franc piece I proffered. Then coffee was served in the smallest cup I have ever seen, and after waiting for some time I ventured to ask for my change. When the man complied, it was not till after he had lovingly fondled every coin as if loath to part with such treasure. I naturally concluded he was mad, but even greater shocks awaited me when I ventured to explore the village itself.

There was something peculiar about the main street, and for an instant I could not imagine what. And then it occurred to me — there was not a scrap of metal visible, not a bolt, not a bar, not even leaden drain piping. The people had long since found themselves unable to withstand the lure of the metal, and tore it all down and carried it into the security of their homes.

*All Collectors.*

Their homes! With customary inquisitiveness I poked my nose into one or two. I have been into

(Continued on next page).

**DIE ETHIK DES KAUFMANNS.**

By F. G. SOMMER.

(Continued.)

Ein weiterer Faktor der hier kurz Erwähnung finden mag und dem bei der Ethik des Kaufmanns die notwendige Wichtigkeit zugemessen werden muss ist die Propaganda. Dieselbe kann sehr wertvoll, geschmackvoll und den ethischen Ansprüchen gewachsen sein, sie kann aber auch sehr gegen alle ethischen Principien verstossen. Handelt es sich um Produkte die der Menschheit durch zweckmässige Propaganda neue brauchbare Erfindungen, vermehrte Hygiene, Sicherheit, bessere Ernährung, gute Bücher, gute Kunst, kurz alle die Dinge anbietet, die tatsächlich einen guten oder gar besseren Dienst bedeuten, als er bisher auf diesem Gebiete geleistet wurde, so darf dafür das Medium der Propaganda sicher im vollsten Sinne Anwendung finden. Die geistige Macht, die eine psychologisch geschickte Reklame verleiht, darf aber niemals zur bewussten Verführung der wirtschaftlich unerfahrenen Massen von Menschen ausgenutzt werden ansonst sie unzweifellos gegen die elementaren Ansprüche der Berufsethik verstösst. Wenn ein Teil der Unternehmern schon Dinge herstellt oder vertreibt, deren Dienstlichkeit und Wichtigkeit für den Verbraucher nicht zweifellos erwiesen sind, dann dürfen sie nicht unerfahrenen Menschen mit allen Mitteln der Werbung aufgenötigt werden. Schwindelhaftige Reklame besteht aber auch in unserer aufgeklärten Zeit noch im Ueberfluss und darum ist es notwendig, dass alle wirklichen Unternehmer alle ihnen zu Gebote stehenden Mittel ergreifen, um durch zweckmässige Organisation und Aufklärung sich solchen Uebelständen entgegenzustellen.

Wenn alle die bereits erwähnten Momente schon beim Kaufmann im allgemeinen erwartet werden dürfen, so ist dies noch mehr der Fall beim Kaufmann, der durch innere Ueberzeugung ein gläubiger Christ ist. Für ihn kommt nicht

nur die allgemeine, sondern auch noch die christliche Ethik in Betracht. Was verstehen wir unter christlicher Ethik? Wohl nichts anderes, als den moralischen Wert der christlichen Pflicht, die darin besteht, dass wir Gott in erster Linie und unsere Mitmenschen als eine natürliche Folge lieben. Darum sind die besonderen Eigenschaften der christlichen Ethik Gehorsam, Gottesfurcht, Reinheit und Bescheidenheit. Alle diese Eigenschaften sollten dem christl. Kaufmann eigen sein, aber die Praxis lehrt uns, dass bei unseren wirtschaftlichen Verhältnissen eine solche enge Ethik oft kaum ausführbar ist und dass die Mehrheit der Kaufleute, darunter nicht selten auch Christen, sich an eine allgemeine von der Gesamtheit anerkannte Ethik hält oder zu halten gezwungen ist. Dies ist von jeher so gewesen, nur Christus erkannte in wunderbarer klarer Weise, dass es die tätige Liebe, das heisst die Auffassung der Arbeit als Dienst am Nebenmenschen damals war und in allen Zeiten sein wird, die den zerstörenden Kräften Einhalt gebietet. Er tat alles, um in den unverlierbaren Gleichnissen diese Erkenntnis den Menschen zu vermitteln. Sein vielfach missverstandenes Gespräch mit dem reichen Jüngling zeigt uns das deutlich. Er prüft die Gesinnung des in den Anschauungen seiner Zeit aufgewachsenen vermöglichen jungen Mannes, indem er von ihm verlangt, sich seines Vermögens zu entäussern. Da Christus aber mit andern reichen Leuten verkehrte, ohne diese Anforderung an sie zu stellen, so hielt er an und für sich Bedürfnislosigkeit offenbar nicht für etwas zum richtigen Leben Notwendiges. Er wollte in diesem Falle wohl sehen, welche Lebens-einstellung zutage treten würde. Wäre der junge Mann ein von seiner Berufung erfüllter Unternehmerrgeist und nicht ein Vertreter jener trägen und vergnügungssüchtigen Jugend gewesen, so hätte er wohl gesagt, dass er nicht an seinem Vermögen hänge, aber es gerne nutzbar machen wolle in einem den Menschen dienenden Unternehmen. Allerdings würde er, so eingestellt und von seinem Beruf erfüllt, auch gar nicht

dazu gekommen sein, zu fragen: Was soll ich tun? Die ganze Tragik der sittlich entarteten und dabei künstlerisch so anmutigen antiken Müssiggänger-Kultur steckt in dieser Frage des mit seinem brachliegenden Vermögen belasteten Jünglings. Nicht, dass der antike Mensch nach Reichtum strebte und sich als Besitzender das Leben schön gestaltete, war seine Schuld, sondern, dass er zugleich arbeitsscheu, also nicht dienstbereit und doch nicht allgemein die Folgerung des Diogenes ziehen wollte. So konnte er allerdings Reichtum nur auf dem Wege der Ansbetung, durch Raub, Betrug und Sklaverei gewinnen. Der Stossseufzer Christus, als er den sonst wackeren jungen Mann innerlich fallen lassen musste: — Es scheint leichter zu sein, dass ein Kamel durch ein Nadelöhr geht, als dass ein Reicher sich innerlich von seinem Reichtum frei machte — enthält die treffendste Kritik der sittlichen Kulturlosigkeit.

Unsere Folgerung ist also die, dass es dem christlichen Kaufmann nicht als Sünde angerechnet wird, wenn er sich durch fleissige Arbeit finanziell eine Position schafft, wohl aber wenn er dies tut ohne Rücksicht auf Berufsethik und auf seine Pflicht den Mitmenschen gegenüber. Der christl. Kaufmann muss sich bewusst sein, dass die Worte Christus in Joh. 5. 36: — Die Werke die mir der Vater gegeben hat, dass ich sie vollende, eben diese Werke, die ich tue, zeugen von mir — sich auch auf ihn beziehen. Unsere Werke sind Gott gegebene Werke und müssen davon zeugen, wie weit wir dem vorgesteckten Ziel und Ideal nahekommen.

Zum Schluss sei noch darauf hinwiesen, dass der christl. Kaufmann vor allem darauf bedacht sein muss, dass seine Seele in den weitgehenden Berufshandlungen keinen Schaden erleide, eingedenk des Wortes in Matth. 16. 26: — Was hülfte es dem Menschen, wenn er die ganze Welt gewönne und nähme doch Schaden an seiner Seele.

THE END.