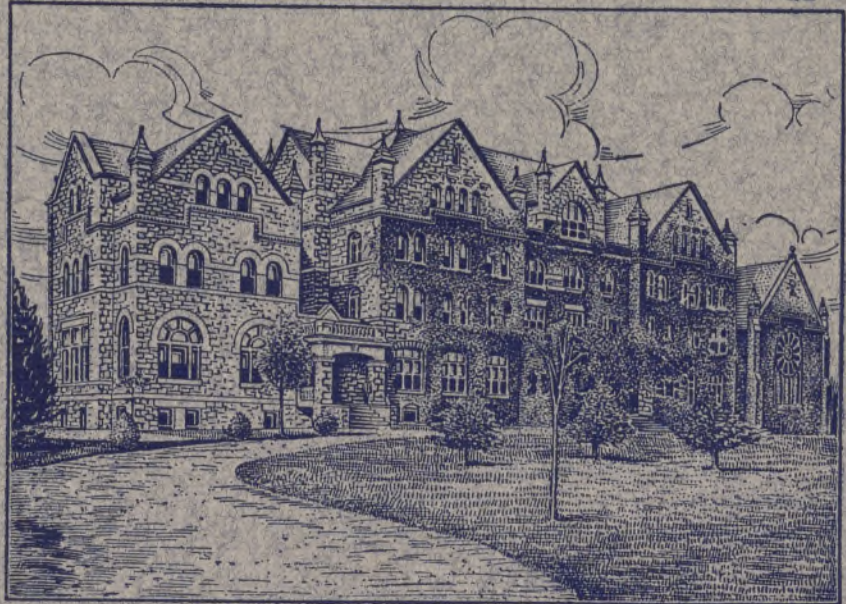


SHORT STORY NUMBER

THE COMENIAN

VIA LUCAS



Vol. 23
No. 6

Bethlehem, Pa., March, 1914.

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THE COMENIAN

Volume XXIII.

BETHLEHEM, PA., MARCH, 1914

Number 6

Eggstraordinary.*

DOUGLAS RIGHTS, SEM. '15.

CAROLINE ASHFORD, Mayfield, N. Y." After she had written this, the girl smiled. Nor can you blame her for this piece of playful advertising, since the prehistoric gentleman who first lithographed his appellation in hieroglyphics set such an inviting example.

Caroline was a country girl. No fudge and lobster business about her, she lived on the farm. Talk about early risers, she went out and dug worms for the early bird each morning. (No eggsaggeration.) When father came down for a light breakfast, she had the ham, gravy, fried eggs, corn dodgers, coffee, boiled cabbage and minor details ready for the attack. This slight insight into the personal affairs of Caroline may shock some frivolous perusers. It will be still more electrifying to learn that after she had milked, cleared away the dishes, swept up, done a bit of house work, canned a few dozen jars preserves, patched dad's overalls, set dinner on the stove and listened to a few excerpts from neighbors' messages over the rural telephone line, then she usually helped father pack the eggs for market. The plot, eggsactly.

New York is situated just fifty miles from Mayfield. Each day Caroline's thrifty and philanthropic father kindly shipped a crate of eggs to help alleviate the hunger of ravenous multitudes. Eggstremely kind of him. Eggs were then as usual, more to be desired than fine gold.

When Caroline packed eggs, she considered herself at leisure. It was restful compared with her other duties, for she could pack just one egg at a time, thus relieving the strain of trying to accomplish three or four tasks simultaneously. There was policy in this; Caroline's father said eggs were easily broken and broken eggs were eggspensive.

Thus at leisure the energetic Caroline reflected and pondered. Sometimes she thought

of her more fortunate contemporaries in the city who did nothing from morn till eve but play rag time on the typewriter. But something else troubled her. She was youthful, energetic, healthy, slender, and attractive with her rural setting of auburn hair, rosy cheeks and a freckle or two. And she was romantic. And—and—well you ladies need not smile, she wondered why she shouldn't get married. There were two obstructions which blocked the way. First, father didn't want another mouth to feed. Second, available material for matrimonial purposes was unusually scarce in the vicinity of Mayfield. She was troubled eggsceedingly.

One day as Caroline packed the unscrambled ovals rapidly, yet daintily into the crate, she struck upon a novel plan. The shortest distance to a man's heart is via the stomach. Where were these missives going but into the craws and maws of men? Why should this short course to the heart be neglected? Straightway she scribbled upon the shell of a choice Rhode Island Red, "Caroline Ashford, Mayfield, N. Y."

No; don't incline your nasal organ skyward, pretty, petulant reader. Many a girl has bombarded the hymeneal fortifications with shot and shell. Caroline used only shell. (Eggscellent.)

* * * * *

John Morris had fought the battle of Wall Street. For ten long years he had tried to shepherd the innocent lambkins in the 'Change pasturage. Like Jason of old he sought for the golden fleece.

He had begun as a mere clerk. Then he worked, sweated, and worked. Thrice he had scaled the ladder until he could scroll five digits to the left of the decimal in his bank book. Thrice he had been kicked to the bottom of the ladder in dust that was not golden. But he fought bravely and relentlessly.

* Awarded first prize in the short story contest.

The tenth year found him fighting gamely. The quick lunch that he managed to gulp down between 1:30 and 1:31 p.m. began to enter complaints regularly. John gasped for breath as he rushed up the stone steps to catch the elevator. His bank account, however, was growing healthier all the while.

The day came at last. A sudden rise in B. U. & M. panned out a cool million. John Morris breathed a long, heavy sigh of relief, pulled down the roller top with a trembling hand and walked out to the café around the corner for a square meal. This was the first full meal John had ordered since his debut among financiers, but he hadn't forgotten it all. He sat down placidly, scanned the menu, read over the extras, and in a moment of pride and triumph, was in the act of calling for two-thirds of the entire bill of fare, music and French included, when he suddenly received inside information by means of a series of jerks and pains. His indigestive organs were playing a funeral dirge. With an instinctive gasp he groaned to the waiter,

"Two soft boiled."

As the waiter hurried away, John lay back in his chair and tried to forget his suffering. He lapsed into reflection and melancholy. For the first time in his life he took a good look at a New York restaurant. He saw, therefore, the multitude of hungry people around him, flashing their knives and forks, clinking glasses on the smooth tables, demanding orders in hurried, commanding tones. What would he give for an appetite? The neat, white clothed waiters tripped hither and thither among the many tables, skillfully balancing a cartload of chinaware on a left hand. What would John give to be young and active again? Even his companions at tables began to interest him. A corpulent, red faced, No. 10 lady squeezed into a No. 7 chair and dropped her bundles with a sigh of relief. A gay old bachelor adjusted a flaring cravat and wax tipped mustache as he darted inquiring glances in the direction of the opposite sex. A little hand, not two tables away, wiped a pair of red lips with the paper napkin which she cast crumpled upon the table—then the dainty little hands rummaged through a dainty string purse after a dainty piece of silver hidden be-

neath a subway ticket in order to pay for her dainty repast. John Morris could have picked up that crumpled napkin and pressed it—into his pocket. At last, after being buried in New York for ten long years he was beginning to find himself in the world.

"Two soft boiled, sir," cried the juggler of chinaware, depositing the order.

John reached for a knife to crack an egg, but the knife remained poised in the air as John read,

"Caroline Ashford, Mayfield, N. Y."

He did not eat the egg. He was no longer hungry; he could not eat anything. Psychological detachments from his area of consciousness would reflect such impressions upon the cerebral hemispheres as "Mayfield—Caroline." Mayfield, yes, he smelt the fresh, soothing odor of newly cut hay as the mowing machine rattles through the green meadow and as the sweat trickles down around your temples, and you look longingly at the shaded hillside across the creek. He heard the birds singing in May, on one of those dewy mornings when the world is at its best; when the sky is blue, the grass is green and the milk in the pails is white and sweet.

And he saw Caroline. He had never heard of Mayfield, but he could see Caroline, a rosy cheeked, slender, energetic country girl, with a tinge of red in her hair and a freckle or two. Now he was truly thankful that he was a man with a million.

He placed the white, round object carefully in his pocket, slapped down a bank-note, feeling this was the greatest bargain of his life.

An uptown subway landed him at Grand Central. Five minutes later the bureau of information was scratching its head to find the most direct route to Mayfield, N. Y.

Four o'clock found him in a quiet little country town miles from anywhere. Of course he had no trouble in finding the way to the Ashford homestead. Everybody knows everybody in the country. So John rattled over the four miles of roadway, alone in a one-horse buggy. It wasn't a young Lochinvar come out of the west, nor a fairy prince, nor John Morris millionaire broker, but John Morris the rejuvenated country boy.

He drove up to a neat white country home-
stead, half vine covered, which stood far back
from the highway in a spot a mile distant from
nearest neighbors. He drew up at the old well,
hitched the horse to a convenient sapling and
started toward the house. Every moment he ex-
pected to see a gingham dress and a blue sun-
bonnet accompanied by a tin milk pail flit across
the spacious barnyard. He listened for a strong
musical voice to awake the echoes with the cry
of "chick, chick." He drew near the vine hung
porch, and yet youthfulness and loveliness did
not appear.

Had he been more romantic and less hard-
ened by the vicissitudes of the world and the
city, probably he would have attempted an
amorous serenade to call forth the one unseen,
yet adored. As it was, he walked boldly up the
gravel walk, and as he proceeded he whistled a
snatch of the hand organ melody, "The Girl in
the Other Block." He craftily surmised that
the fair, timid damsel was carefully concealed
behind the curtains, peeking through a crack
somewhere, closely watching the procedures of
the stranger. As he paced towards the front
door he felt her eyes must be upon him. His
little speech of introduction and ice-breaking

was ready for delivery as he rapped boldly on
the thick oak door.

There was a slight rustling within, followed
by footsteps. John's pulse beat 98 and his tem-
perature was 104.

A bent, white haired, spectacled old lady
opened the door.

"Good evening, ma'am," smiled the suitor
pleasantly. "May I see Miss Ashford?"

"I am Miss Ashford," returned the little old
woman bowing and smiling.

"Miss Caroline Ashford, I mean," interposed
John with a slight display of embarrassment.

"That's my name," was the withered little
lady's reply.

"You—you don't understand," stammered the
one smitten of love. He drew something white
and round from his pocket and handed it to the
astonished old lady. He pointed to the inscrip-
tion.

The withered cheeks smiled and the feeble
eyes lighted as the bent figure peered at the sig-
nature.

"Yes," she sighed, "I packed this egg fifty
years ago. It was sent to the cold storage. How
eggstraordinary!"

His Last Word.*

RICHARD E. SHIELDS, '14.

THE Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord
make His face shine upon thee, and be
gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His counte-
nance upon thee and give thee peace in the name
of Jesus, Amen." The last words of the mis-
sionary died away and the gathering of converts
bestirred itself. As Muir stepped from the pul-
pit, a young lad advanced to meet him. He was
of swarthy brown complexion, small of stature
and clad in the usual white duck coat and panta-
loons which the equatorial Quito requires. The
lad spoke an excellent Spanish, "Señor, I have
news which will interest you. Father Giovano
has asked for a private interview with you. He

will see you in the rear study of Cathedral Saint
Mary, at your convenience." "Thank you," said
the missionary, "I have wished long for this re-
quest. Tell the priest, I will meet him two days
hence."

After giving all a word of cheer, Missionary
Muir secured his testament, crossed the crowded
street and entered his humble apartment.

Labor in a foreign field is comparatively hard
without the additional trouble occasioned by
those of a different creed. Ethelbert Muir, sent
out by the Presbyterian Board, had expected
his assigned field of labor to be difficult and had
prepared well for the task before him. His was

* Awarded second prize in the short story contest.

to be work not with raw material, but with those who are often styled "gospel-hardened." Religion was not new to the people of Ecuador. The Roman Church had held sway from the day that the pioneer Jesuits had crossed the continent. But what man can look back after putting his hand to the plow? And Muir was a man. Although the fight had been bitter, yet it had not been in vain. Two hundred had answered the call and came regularly to the little chapel on Columbus Square.

Father Giovano had not permitted the little Protestant congregation to grow without some opposition. There had been little or no proselyting, but the simple truth spoken by Muir had been the instrument for many conversions from the ignorance of Catholicity over to the enlightenment of free-thought.

After the quiet little service in Gregg Chapel, Muir had entered his home with the intention of thinking out a plan of action. He readily recognized his precarious position and knew that the meeting with the crafty priest would be of little value unless he could summon up enough data with which he could convince the Jesuit that tolerance, even in Ecuador, could be the only cure for interdenominational troubles. He entered his study, placed his little testament on the desk and took his place before a pile of manuscript.

Thought Muir, "The entire affair has been occasioned by that unhappy visit of mine to Señor Carlo Dominetti. I gained nothing. In fact, my members are treated even worse than before. Work in the mine has been suspended now for more than three months, and if something isn't done very quickly many of our members will be poverty-stricken. As it is, Señora Carvello had to accept money from me only yesterday. Now, what can be done? I'll see the priest."

Señor Carlo Dominetti was President of the Quito Southern Silver Syndicate, with holdings in the Western Andes. The cry had come from the day-laborers for an increase in pay. That universal cry which is, no doubt, caused, in part, by the increased cost of nourishment. They had pressed their point, but Señor Dominetti had refused arbitration and had suspended work for over sixty days. However, it was generally

known that the Syndicate would necessarily be forced to resume operations within the next month. Machinery at a standstill rusts.

But what had Father Giovano to do with the operations of the Quito Southern Silver Syndicate? Much! He had been the private tutor of Señor Carlo from earliest infancy. Schooled in the Jesuitical doctrine, Señor Carlo had risen by skillful manipulations to be the chief holder in the Syndicate. Indeed, the board of directors was composed of the upper ten of Saint Mary's Cathedral. Is it strange that Señor Dominetti listened to the unassuming priest, in the matter of business relations? Muir knew too well the connections of the chief mine owner with Giovano and, that to remedy evils would mean a clash with the Father.

The two days passed very swiftly for Muir. He had been encouraged by some message from the North, and with resolute will, he left the house and bent his way through Columbus Square towards the lofty steeple on the north side of the Plaza. The sinking sun was reflected from the gilded cross placed on the apex of the steeple and many returning workmen betokened the close of another day. They greeted the missionary with "Comó está Vd?" and the lad, who two days before had brought the message, passed Muir with an intelligent smile. At the Plaza, the houses have an antiquated appearance. The whitewash, peeling with age, forms a contrast with the dark wooden shutters which hang before every window. Cathedral Saint Mary, an imposing Romanesque structure, faces on the Plaza and has a rear entrance, which can be reached by turning to the West of the front entrance and walking one block North. The church was built in the early seventeenth century, and is richly adorned with the product of the Andean gold and silver mines. The pictures were designed by Spanish masters and were transported in the returning treasure-ships from Spain soon after the completion of the structure. This was the stronghold of Giovano. Here was Father Giovano's throne.

Missionary Muir advanced with confident stride around the Cathedral and stopped before the rear entrance. He made use of the brass knocker and was admitted by a young priest,

who ushered him into the study of Father Giovanni. The priest, seated at his desk was pouring over a volume of the Latin Fathers. His white hair was partially hidden by the close-fitting skull-cap, while he toyed with the rosary, as if in an attitude of prayerful meditation. Muir entered the study slowly. Father Giovanni turned, greeted the Protestant rather cordially, and closed the volume before him.

"I was scanning the 'Civitas Dei' which our Father Augustine has pictured so graphically for us," said the priest. "Do you know it?"

"Yes," answered Muir, "I recall the work, and I have frequently delved in its pages."

"But," said the priest, "to come to the point of our interview, what grievance have you to discuss?"

"It is too well known to you, sir," said Muir, "to mince words about it. We must have a settlement and if you and I can agree upon it, I am convinced that it will be settled amicably between the Syndicate and the workmen."

"Oh, so," said the priest, "then we are the champions of the cause?"

"Exactly," answered Muir.

Continued Muir, "You, sir, know the conditions now, and since they will not change of themselves, we—you and I, must change them."

"So?" snapped the priest.

"Just so," re-echoed Muir.

Muir did not notice the quick motion of Giovanni's hand, which tapped lightly, once, twice, on the table. The door opened noiselessly, and the young priest entered. The missionary glanced around just in time to see the newcomer pull a small, pearl-handled pistol from beneath his cassock. It was pointed directly at Muir, while Giovanni spoke deliberately, "Take this pen and write my dictation." Muir obeyed. The Jesuit dictated the following:

Quito, Ecuador, January 8, 1905.

Secretary of the Presbyterian
Foreign Mission Board,

Dear Sir: My work is useless. When you receive this E. Muir shall be no more.

Yours,

(Signed) E. Muir.

The Jesuit took the note and folded it carefully. Muir addressed the envelope and handed the pen to Giovanni. The young priest passed over the pistol to Father Giovanni, and bound Muir with strong cord. A carriage was heard rolling along over the cobblestones without. The hoof-beats ceased and Muir was taken from the study, placed in the carriage beside the young priest, and the horses dashed off while the twilight chimes marked the hour.

The monastery at Santa Rosa received another inmate at a late hour that night. He left the carriage attended, and passed through the little gate and was—gone.

EXCHANGES

During the month of February we received the following exchanges: *The Albright Bulletin*, Myerstown, Pa.; *The Black and Red*, Watertown, Wis.; *The Brown and White*, South Bethlehem, Pa.; *College Chips*, Decorah, Iowa; *The Hall Boy*, Nazareth, Pa.; *Linden Hall Echo*, Lititz, Pa.; *The Mirror*, Bethlehem, Pa.; *The Moravian Messenger*, London; *The Muhlenberg*, Allentown, Pa.; *The M. P. S.*, Bethlehem, Pa.; *The N. H. S. Chronicle*, Nazareth, Pa.; *The Narrator*, Reading, Pa.; *The Old Penn Weekly*, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Ogontz Mosaic*, Ogontz, Pa.; *Our College Times*, Elizabethtown, Pa.; *The Purple and White*, Allentown, Pa.; *The Red and Black*, Reading, Pa.; *The Spectator*, Columbus, Ohio; *The Susquehanna*, Selinsgrove, Pa.; *The Ursinus Weekly*, Colledgeville, Pa.; *Der Zeit-Geist*, Lewisburg, Pa.

The M. P. S. Your literary department is unusually good this month. It contains well-written, interesting

and instructive articles. You have some excellent jokes in your paper.

The Hall Boy. A table of contents would be an improvement to your paper! Why not insert a story or an essay occasionally, written by one of the students?

Der Zeit-Geist. Your editorial on "What kind of men is the country demanding as its leaders in every walk of life?" is a good one. Emphasis is laid on three qualities which are essential to those who would forge ahead in the world:

1. They should be men who will stick to a job, hard or easy, until it is finished.
2. They should be men with an aim in life.
3. They should be men who will not depend merely upon their college diplomas to get their jobs.

The Albright Bulletin. "Modern Carthage" should be read by every one. It treats of a great menace to all nations—the liquor traffic. Cato, realizing that as long

THE COMENIAN

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

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

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Articles for publication are invited from alumni and students. All contributions must be submitted to the editors before the 5th day of the month. Address business communications to J. George Bruner, Comenius Hall, Bethlehem, Pa.; all other matter to THE COMENIAN.

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

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

EDITORIAL

The Cigaret in China

Some years ago the world was shocked at the knowledge that men of Christian England were financing the opium trade of India and China. And in the last ten years, owing to the untiring efforts of the Chinese people, the opium habit has been for the most part eradicated from China. The accomplishing of this task—uprooting an evil with such deep tentacles in the life of the nation, was an accomplishment which the world wondered at. For in a staid conservative country the customs and habits of a people are not easily changed. But China did accomplish her great task, destroying opium fields, burning dens and pipes, until the use of opium was practically a thing of the past.

But again men of a Christian country are charged with a crime against the Chinese. This time it is the Tobacco Trust. Realizing that the prohibition of opium would leave a craving unsatisfied, they have distributed vast quantities of cigarettes in China and are thus creating a demand for their product. China has rid herself of the opium den only to fall into the cigarette habit, and again at the hands of men of a Christian country for the sake of their business.

At bottom it is greed for the Almighty Dollar. It is the old story of the European putting his business and his desire for gain before what is right and proper, even before his Christianity. This today is one of the greatest detriments to all work for the Christianizing and civilization of foreign peoples. We are too liable in this materialistic age to make most of financial returns. But if our income means the degradation of a people or a nation, then surely that income is wrong, and the capital thus invested should be turned to other channels where the financial returns would not be tainted with the life-blood and the degeneration of a people just awakening from a long stupor into a civilized life.

W. J. W.



What We Read

The literary taste of a country is an index to its character.

That our own country has a widely developed taste for reading cannot be disputed. It is in the very nature of a democratic and prosperous land, such as the United States, to have a reading public. A paper stand or reading table has become a common article of furniture in the American home, and we can congratulate ourselves on the amount of reading which we do.

But when we consider the quality of our reading, we find that there is room for improvement. We should not condemn any particular class of literature outright, as Chesterton has demonstrated that even a yellow-backed dime novel is of value in its place. But there are certain modern tendencies which need to be curbed. Too much of our reading is done merely to satisfy our curiosity or for pleasure only. There is an educative value in keeping posted through reading the daily newspaper. But when that is the only paper read, and when it is read mainly to learn of the police cases, a halt should be called. Another, and probably the most common form of reading after the daily news, is the short story. It, like its larger brother, the modern novel, is well adapted to our age. The short story does not demand any general knowledge on the part of the reader, requires no effort after it is started, and is purposely short so as not to take much time. A certain amount of this class of literature can profitably be read, if

only for pleasure, but when it constitutes a large proportion of our reading, a halt should be called here also.

On the other hand, the time will never come when the reading of classical writers will need to be discouraged. It requires more effort and patience, but the results are correspondingly more beneficial and permanent. The classical authors do not grow old and, when once mastered, remain a permanent acquisition. If our tastes lie in the direction of fiction, we could with profit substitute the standard novelists for the popular novel and magazine story. We ought also to know more about our historians and poets. It would indeed be criminal to force every one to read nothing but Browning, but we ought to have it as an ideal, along with whatever else we may read, to be able to read, appreciatively, something from such authors.

A. P. Z.



Thoroughness should have in his work is thoroughness. It is the one path that leads to an enduring success. How many, though, are pursuing this path with patience and courage? It is by no means the most inviting path to take, unless one considers the end thereof. There are other shorter paths that are more alluring. And when we survey these shorter paths with their illusive dazzling sights, whither multitudes are thronging, it requires of a man courage and faith to turn rather upon the way that is so generally deserted. And to pursue this path undaunted calls for much patient plodding. But it leads finally to the unoccupied fields of greater usefulness. And to be most useful is to be most successful.

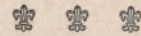
Unquestionably, the average student finds himself unable to live up to the ideal of thoroughness in every particular of all the branches of his college work. This is practically an impossibility. But this need not discourage him in making thoroughness his aim. There can be at least a concentration of thoroughness in those branches of study that are most pertinent to his future life work. And in all his work he can

make it the rule of his efforts that whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well.

All time and effort spent in attaining thoroughness in our work are never lost. But superficiality squanders both time and energy. It dissipates our mental capacities. Thoroughness, though, strengthens the faculties of our mind and develops our intellectual resources. And it furnishes that broad, deep, and secure foundation that is able to sustain an extensive usefulness.

In all our work, then, let us remember that thoroughness spells usefulness, and, that usefulness spells the highest type of success.

E. L. M.



(Continued from page 73)

as Carthage was permitted to live, Rome would not be safe, did his utmost to hasten its downfall. He concluded every speech he made, no matter on what subject, with the words: "*Carthago delenda est.*" We today have our Carthage—the liquor traffic—and our motto should be: The liquor traffic must be abolished. "The past record of the saloon is a mark of reproach upon our land. The manhood it has wrecked, the homes it has ruined, the women it has wrung in hopeless sorrow and the women it has buried in horrible shame, the children it has starved and murdered—are sufficient evidence of its damning influence."

"What is America going to do with Carthage? What shall she do next? She has tried to leave it alone but it did not leave her alone. Her homes, her happiness, her business and her taxes were affected. She has tried moderation of use but an appetite was implanted, that grew into an insatiable craving and, like the leech, cries ever more and more. She has tried total abstinence, but the abstinence of the will never reduced the volume of the traffic or the dangers abroad. She has voted men to office who promised to give their support in the overthrow of the saloon but, in turn, they have betrayed the trust and safety of the people. Yet shall she, after these efforts have been put forth to destroy the saloon, surrender to the foe? She shall not surrender! No! She will not compromise, for there never was a more auspicious time for men to awaken and smite the saloon than to-day. The day of America's new birth of freedom cannot be far distant. Soon will the rear plant their feet in the foot-prints of the van; soon will the walls of Carthage be crumbled to the ground. Then will be heralded from ocean to ocean, the joyful cry of victory! Then will America hear the re-echoing sounds coming back from across the land, that the Twentieth Century saw the doom of the saloon; Carthage has fallen, humanity is free, and victory has been obtained."

One Touch of Nature Makes the Whole World Grin?

WE have now reached the time of year when, as we attempt to plow through heaps of snow, we all ask; "Can February March?" Answer the weather man, "No, but April May!"

"Aha," says Billy Scheel, "snow again, please, I didn't catch your drift."

"Haven't we had awful weather?" moans Moore. "It's just as the poet said—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead

Who never to himself has said

As the pavement hit him on the head,—

? ! ! * * (.....)"

(Cut out by the faculty.)

ANOTHER feature of this month is Saint Patrick's Day, on which all the Pennsylvania Dutchmen wear green neckties for fear of getting licked and then retaliate by wearing red ones all the rest of the year, like Dick Shields. The following little story of the good reptile-chasing saint is told by Samuel Gerhard Strohmeier Stolz Gutensöhn, our leading Irish representative:

"One fine morning St. Pat wandered into M. C. looking for work. The Janney offered him a job cleaning out the smoking parlor in the gym, but the job was too big; anyway, he was only a chaser. So he asked several interested students if they had any snakes or other objectionable reptiles which they would like to get rid of. He would guarantee to do it. Just at that moment Bruner, Michel and Swavely, whooping the war cry of the W. C. T. U., came tearing along the hall. St. Pat promptly fainted in Hagen's arms. When being carried out he came to long enough to moan, 'Alas, no chance for me here. Combination always kills individual enterprise nowadays.' The good Saint has now an easy job polishing the marble statues in the Grand Central Station in South Bethlehem."

LUCKENBACH to Rice in worried tone: "What's the matter with me this morning?"

"You look all right. What's the trouble?"

"Why, I passed two flocks of Fem Sems this morning, and no one looked at me!"

DOUGLAS RIGHTS, the coming successor to Mark Twain, while conducting investigations for material for an essay on the "Wit and Humor of Moravian College," has discovered the answer to a riddle which has puzzled the students of all ages. Where does Prof. Schwarze get his inexhaustible supply of jokes? Answer (obviously): He has charge of the Church archives!

HERE'S a dandy on one of the Senior Theologs. (Prize of five dollars to any one who guesses who it was.) This gentleman, while preaching in the West was to conduct a funeral service. Not wishing to say the usual thing

about "viewing the remains," he decided on something new. So, in concluding his sermon he made the following choice remark, "The friends will now pass around the bier!" (This happened in Milwaukee.)

STROHMEIER, finding that the moths were eating his clothes, went to a drug store for a remedy. The clerk said, "Here are some moth balls, just the best thing to kill them."

Several days later Strohmeier 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."

RICE: "I saw lots of Rembrandts and Titians in Europe last summer."

MOORE: "Say, those French cars are pretty good, aren't they?"

THE Personal Editor was talking to the Editor-in-Chief. We said: "Don't you think this is the best we have ever done?"

"Ye-es," drawled Mabel Wesenberg, "but don't get discouraged on that account."

HASSLER, at the Quality Shop: "Say, have you got any trousers for dress occasions?"

Clerk: "Where do you expect to wear them?"

Muck: "Just where I'm wearing the ones I have on, you boob!"

THE Senior English Professor is very fond of discussing the shortcomings of the modern newspapers and the foolish things one reads in them. How does he like this:

A girl eloped, dressed in her father's clothes and the headline in the paper read, "Flees in father's pants!"

THE young man, just engaged, applied for a job in a butcher shop. The wages were to be \$7 a week, "Can you skin a sheep?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes."

"Can you kill pigs?"

"Yes."

"Can you dress a chicken?"

"No, not on \$7 a week."

MOORE: "When Putnam Griswold died an autopsy was performed."

Luckenbach: "Fine. And by what orchestra?"

LUDWIG: "Congratulate me, boys, I'm engaged."

Christ: "Is she pretty?"

Jap: "Pretty? Why, if she ran for President not a woman would vote for her!"

KUEHL: "Well, John, when you had an auto I suppose you were out all the time?"

John Moore: "Oh, yes, I was out about \$80 a month."

LOCALS

The workmen are making rapid progress with the rebuilding of Comenius Hall. With only a very few interruptions caused by the snow-storms which visited this section of the country during the past month, much has been added to the building since the last account was given. All of the partitioning is completed and the metal lathing has also been placed on the third and fourth floors of the building. The windows of the third and fourth floors, which were needed very badly during the extremely cold weather, will aid much in keeping the steam heat in the building so as to dry the plastering as it is put on. All of the electric wiring, gas piping and water piping has been completed at this writing.

In response to the plea sent out for pledges and contributions, one pledge of \$100.00 has been received, and one of \$1000.00. This latter pledge has the condition attached, that there must be ten gifts of \$100.00 each. As three have already been received and one pledged, only six more are needed.

An entertainment given in Bethlehem, Pa., on February 16, for the benefit of the Rebuilding Fund by some of Bethlehem's very "youthful" people called "The Deestrick School," netted the handsome sum of \$309.20. The College orchestra helped out on this occasion. The College takes this means of extending very hearty thanks to all who took part in this effort.

On Saturday, March 7, a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Moravian Educational Association was held in Bethlehem, Pa., for the purpose of determining the time for the annual meeting of the Association, to discuss the matter of the teachers' pension fund, and to elect delegates to the General Synod of the Moravian Church, which will be held in Germany some time in the spring.

Quite a number of students went on sleighing parties during the month of February.

An excellent photograph of Bishop Evelyn Hassé, of the British Province, has been presented to the College in token of the degree conferred upon Bishop Hassé by the College.

The first installment of a series of fifteen volumes entitled "Corpus Schwenckfeldianorum" has been received by the Librarian. These books were presented to the College by Prof. Meschter and friends in remembrance of the aid rendered to that body of believers by the Moravian Brethren, in Germany many years ago. Thanks are herewith extended for this gift.

The Rev. J. E. Weinland, pastor of the Gnadenhütten, Ohio, Moravian Congregation, visited the College, February 17.

Prof. W. N. Schwarze made an address at the annual banquet of Judge Trexler's Bible Class of the First Presbyterian Church in Allentown, Pa., on February 20.

Prof. W. V. Moses spent the last two weeks of February and the beginning of March on a tour through the Moravian congregations in Ohio, in the interests of the Rebuilding Fund. Some of Prof. Moses' classes were taken in charge by Prof. Schwarze and Howard Hoffman, '13. Reports from Prof. Moses tell of a warm response on the part of the people and although handicapped by extremely cold weather and snow, his reception by the congregations is most satisfactory.

Eugene L. Michel preached at the morning service of the Easton Moravian Church, February 22.

February 23 was given as a holiday to the students in honor of Washington's birthday.

V. Vancura entertained the Junior C. E. Society of the Presbyterian Church at German Valley, N. J., with a few violin selections on February 27.

Eugene L. Michel acted as sponsor at the baptismal service of the little son of Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Stocker, of South Bethlehem, Sunday, March 1.

Richard E. Shields gave an address in the Coopersburg Moravian Church, at the evening service, February 15, on the Student Volunteer Convention held in Kansas City, December 31, 1913, to January 4, 1914.

Because Comenius Day comes on Saturday this year, the John Beck Oratorical Contest, which is usually held on Comenius Day, will take place on Friday, March 27. The meeting of the Lehigh Valley Alumni Association will be held on the same date. The usual Alumni dinner will be given in the Refectory at six o'clock of this date.

Sunday evening, March 1, a blizzard, such as has not been experienced in this section for years, swept over the Lehigh Valley, rendering traveling almost entirely impossible and causing much delay in traffic. We always remember Comenius Hall with pleasure at such times.

Prof. George M. Schultz, who is now at Nazareth Hall, celebrated his fiftieth natal day on Wednesday, March 4, by entertaining the ministerial brethren of the vicinity at a vesper.

A large number of the students attended the lectures given by Prof. Bigelow in the Bethlehem High School Auditorium recently. These lectures are made possible by the University Extension.

Two prayer circles have again been organized at College, one meeting at the D. D. I., the other meeting in the "Hebrew Flat." The meetings are well attended and add much to the spiritual life in the College.

The Mission Study Classes are taking up Robert Speer's book, "South American Problems," and are well under way. There is an enrollment of sixteen.

The two big "hob-sleds" have not been idle this year. Several parties have enjoyed the fine coasting on the ice-covered hills which were plentiful during the past month.

A Bible Study Class has been organized, which is studying "The Manhood of the Master."

Dr. A. G. Rau delivered an address at a dinner given by the Lincoln Republican Association in the Eagle Hotel, Bethlehem, Pa., February 12, taking as his subject, "Landmarks of Republicanism." Senator Penrose was the other speaker on this occasion.

Reports from Bishop Moench indicate a very real interest in the institution at this time and his canvassing will, no doubt, be the means of swelling the Rebuilding Fund greatly.

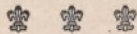
A large, commodious plate-warmer has been added to the Refectory equipment by the College Guild. Thanks are herewith extended for this useful addition.

Some friends, scattered throughout the country, who are not enrolled in any particular Moravian congregations, have kindly sent in their gifts for the Rebuilding Fund. We thank them most heartily for their substantial remembrances.

Seven Moravian College students assisted in a musical recital given in the Female Seminary Chapel, Bethlehem, by Professor Murphy's violin pupils, as members of the Aeolian Orchestra, of which Leonard J. Luckenbach, '14, is leader.

Dr. and Mrs. W. N. Schwarze entertained at six o'clock dinner all who took part in the entertainment given last fall for the benefit of Moravian College athletics. The evening was agreeably spent in playing literary games.

The Rev. Samuel Groenfeldt, Sem. '88, has just completed a series of evangelistic services in the Presbyterian Church at Bath, Pa., and is now holding special services in the Nazareth Moravian Church.



Y. M. C. A.

On February 5, 1914, Mr. Henkelmann led the meeting, discussing the subject, "The Manliness of Overcoming Difficulties." We can find real examples of men who overcame difficulties in Livingston, Hus, and from the Bible a man like Paul would rank very high. Christ is the greatest and best example of one who showed His manliness by overcoming difficulties. From Him we must all learn and remember how we can best overcome all difficulties. None of our hardships will exceed or even measure up to His. From Him as well as from Paul we can learn that it is only he that overcomes that will be crowned. Our Church can well take an example from Zinzendorf's life, how he had to overcome severe criticism and withstand great difficulties. The weakness among professing Christians to-day is that we do not practice what we preach. This is a real difficulty which we must overcome. Let us then at all times back up our word and our profession by our actions. This will help

us to overcome other difficulties and will give us true Christian manliness.

"What a College-man's Indifference to Religious Activity Indicates" was thoroughly discussed at our meeting held on February 12, 1914. Leader, Mr. Moore. In almost every institution of higher learning, there is a Y. M. C. A. or a prayer circle, or some religious society. Why then is a college man indifferent? First of all, he may not be religiously inclined. Or a student may be partly indifferent, feeling outward religious activity is unnecessary as he can better serve God in his own room. Then again there may be a lack of interest in the religious organization. On the other hand, it does not indicate a lack of time for there are many useless things with which we spend time. It's necessary to exhort people to religious activity and this the respective religious organization should never forget. God made man a religious being and has given him revelation. Man, in being indifferent, shows a lack of appreciation. Through unwillingness to take any responsibility, which a religious activity requires, the student often shows a lack of manliness and stability. With some it is ignorance, caused through carelessness, that makes them indifferent. With others it is a lack of foresight as their course of life is wrong. Too often the supposed religious leaders show indifference.

The subject "Prayer and Bible Study as an Antidote to Spiritual Indifference" was taken up at the meeting held on February 19, with Mr. Swavely as leader. Cheerfulness ought to be cultivated by Christians and this should be strong enough to influence those who do not believe as we do. Answers to prayer have proved wonders in the Old Testament and the New Testament and it will do the same in our lives if we try to pray honestly. Lack of knowledge of the word of God causes indifference. Let us combine thoughtful prayer with thoughtful Bible study. Thus you can find a right decision for your life in the Scriptures. We all pray in times of trouble, let us never forget that we need a higher being at all times. Pray for our work, our meetings, and for others. Let us set aside all insignificant matters and find more time to devote to prayer and prayer-circles.

Mr. Kuehl led the missionary meeting held on February 26, the subject being "My Living Missionary Hero and Why?" Wilbur Smith, a missionary who recently left for India (a cripple, but who goes in hopes of influencing others who are physically better able to go), and Dr. Zwemer's enthusiasm of a life's work, shown in his personal life and also throughout his works, were mentioned as missionary heroes. A man whose heroic work of faith shows great results in his field in China, namely, Rev. W. Nowack, was spoken of. Dr. Hotchkiss, of Africa, and Livingston's successor, Dr. Crawford, also Rev. Louis Robertson, of South America, besides many others were pointed out as real heroes of the gospel.

ATHLETICS

MORAVIAN, 31; SCHUYLKILL, 25.

On February 7, the Varsity easily won from the Schuylkill Seminary Five, in the College Gymnasium. The visitors played a fast, clean game and only three fouls were called on them during the entire contest. The Varsity scored fifteen field goals, to their opponents' nine. The visitors made good seven out of their twelve chances for foul goals, to the one out of three made by the College Five. The Varsity went into the game sure of a victory and for the first five minutes were a little surprised at the fierce onslaught of the visitors, but soon found their feet and after once getting the lead kept it till the final whistle blew. Several long shots added excitement to the game.

Moravian.	Positions.	Schuylkill.
Shieldsforward.....	Dengler
Turnerforward.....	Doward
Kuehl (Wucherer)center.....	Pawling
Clewellguard.....	Miller
Muellerguard.....	Rentz

Goals from field: Shields, 9; Turner, 2; Kuehl, 4; Dengler, 2; Dorward, 4; Miller, 2; Pawling. Goals from fouls: Pawling, 7; Mueller. Referee: Griffith, L. U.

MORAVIAN, 11; LAFAYETTE, 26.

On February 11, the Varsity journeyed to Easton to play Lafayette. The game was played on the Armory floor, which is continually being used as a dance hall, and as a result was too slippery to allow any good basketball. The first half was nip and tuck and ended nine to six in favor of Lafayette. The Varsity started desperately the second half but were unable to break up the dribble of their opponents, and as a result the Easton team was able to cage six field goals and five foul goals in the final period. The Varsity, however, did not feel discouraged at the defeat, but firmly resolved to beat them when they came to Bethlehem.

Moravian.	Positions.	Lafayette.
Shieldsforward.....	Troxell
Turnerforward.....	Stone
Kuehlcenter.....	Blackburn
Muellerguard.....	Snyder
Clewellguard.....	Scheeren

Goals from field: Shields, 3; Kuehl; Troxell, 2; Stone, 2; Blackburn, 3; Snyder, 2. Goals from fouls: Shields, 3; Troxell, 8. Referee: Bibelheimer.

MORAVIAN, 28; ALLENTOWN PREP., 24.

On February 27, a crippled and entirely new lineup defeated the Allentown team. The Varsity made thirteen field goals to the six made by the visitors, but the regular foul shooter being out of the game, were only able to make two free tries good, to the twelve made by the opponents. The College team had the game well in hand from the start. The visitors played good, clean ball and showed themselves as real sports.

Moravian.	Positions.	Allentown Prep.
Mueller (Shields)forward.....	Gaston
Kuehlforward.....	Lutz
Wucherer (Mueller)center.....	Bechtel
Clewellguard.....	Wunderly (Smith)
Wedmanguard.....	Munoz (Hughes)

Goals from floor: Mueller, 3; Wucherer, 4; Kuehl, 6; Gaston, 2; Bechtel, 4. Goals from fouls: Clewell, Shields, Gaston, 12. Referee, Rebert, L. U.

MORAVIAN, 21; LAFAYETTE, 16.

On March 4 the return game with Lafayette was played. The Varsity, with a new lineup, was determined to win. Lafayette, on the other hand, thought they had won before the game started. The first five minutes resulted in some speedy passing but netted no goals. The visitors were the first to make a foul goal, which was soon followed by one for Moravian. The first ten minutes was a battle of foul shooting. Then Moravian, succeeding in catching the opponents off their guard, caged two goals from the floor. Several more foul goals were attempted but Moravian had won the lead and kept it. Lafayette did not succeed in getting a field goal in the entire first half, which ended eleven to three in favor of the Blue and Gray. The second half was still harder than the first as the visitors played desperately and succeeded in getting several field goals, but Moravian was not far behind and, by making several goals, succeeded in keeping the lead by four points. Moravian made five field goals, while Lafayette made four. The hard playing of both teams resulted in numerous fouls. Out of the twenty-nine called on Moravian, Lafayette caged eight, while Moravian caged eleven out of the twenty called on Lafayette. This was the last game of the season and a fitting climax to the best one the College has had. The feature of the game was the fierce guarding of the College.

Moravian.	Positions.	Lafayette.
Shieldsforward.....	Troxell
Kuehlforward.....	Hammer
Muellercenter.....	Johnson
Clewellguard.....	Snyder
Wedmanguard.....	Woods

Goals from field: Shields, 3; Mueller; Kuehl; Hammer, 3; Woods. Goals from fouls: Shields, 11; Troxell, 8. Referee: White, L. U.



In an election meeting of last year's baseball team, J. Mueller was re-elected captain. The prospects for a good team on the diamond are excellent as several new men promise well to make the team. The lack of extra pitchers is greatly felt, and half a dozen of these experts would not be out of place in the least. Several men will try for the backstop job and a good one should certainly be found. Third, second and first bases will most likely be held down by last year's star performers. Last year's molasses jugs in the field ought to have little difficulty in holding their positions.

Remaining athletics omitted because of lack of space.

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