

SHORT STORY NUMBER

THE COMENIAN

VIA LUCH



Vol. 25
No. 6

Bethlehem, Pa., March, 1916.

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The Comenian

Volume XXV.

BETHLEHEM, PA., MARCH, 1916.

Number 6.

The Wheel of Fortune*

JAMES M. SHIELDS, '18

THE big clock struck five, relief hour at Lippincott's. Tired-faced clerks hastily caught up hats and coats and rushed to the floor office, jostling each other unmercifully in their sudden eagerness to move quickly. A floor-walker paused in his survey, and stepping forward, tapped a young man on the shoulder.

"Forgot to close your boxes again, Martin. That's the third time this week. Must be in love."

The young man turned back to the counter and removed a pile of open boxes. His face flushed crimson. What did that confounded boss mean, and why did his face feel so hot? In love,—huh! Well, he always did blush easily, but that fellow had better mind his own business. Banging the last box in place, he hurried to the end of the line, waiting before the pay-room.

Absent-mindedness had ever been one of Bob Martin's less enviable qualities and, true to this trait, he had forgotten to ask for the little slip of blue paper which entitled him to a week's pay. Confound that memory of his. It was always playing him tricks. The devil himself must have decreed that he be late tonight.

The amused floor-walker shook his head as he handed out the boy's voucher, but Martin heeded him not. He was quickly back in place, pushing and elbowing his way ahead, until a red-faced man in front bade him, with a deep alcoholic growl, curb his spirits. The line lessened as man after man received his pay and moved on and Martin was at the window. The pay-clerk slapped down a crisp, new ten-dollar bill. The boy's spirits soared.

He rushed to the crowded elevator and pushed in just as the door closed. A woman was left behind but what cared he? This was his birthday, his fifteenth birthday, and—Oh, joy!—he was to have a party, a very select party, and pay for it himself with his very own money, the crisp, new ten-dollar bill, which felt so warm in his hand. He must be sure and not lose it. Carefully feeling for his pocket in the jam, he deposited the money safely just as the ground floor was reached.

Five minutes later young Martin was outside in the cool, fresh air, and walking rapidly up the Avenue. Ordinarily he took the subway home, despite the precious nickel fare, but tonight the bright, white lights invited him and called up pleasant anticipations of the evening. Everything was all planned and ready. For months he had wanted a party, but the financial straits of the Martin family had interfered and every penny of his weekly salary was given over to the family needs. But this week it was different. Mother and Dick had scraped and saved and had managed to pay up all the weekly bills themselves, so Bob was to have his party at last. Yes, and it was going to be "some" party. He was going to do things right, he was. A score of youthful Epicureans had been invited and there wasn't going to be any "Family Hold Back" business. Hadn't he ordered a huge birthday cake at Bond's on the way to the store that morning, and two whole gallons of ice cream? And candy,—let's see, had he ordered any candy? No, not candy, he'd forgotten that. He was forever forgetting something. That must

* Awarded first prize in the Short Story Contest.

be attended to as soon as he reached home. Bond's had some very nice little candy hearts, pierced through with arrows, just the thing. How he would swell with deep emotion to present one to pretty Bessie Riegan! If only he could keep from blushing! For he would feel forever disgraced to exhibit such a girlish trait before her. That confounded boss had been too fresh this evening. He had better be careful whom he accuses of being in love. Bah! Girls were all foolish things anyway,—all, except Bessie Riegan. Verily, she was all that was lovely. What beautiful eyes she had! And her mouth so sweet and tempting when she smiled! How he would like to be very close to her and touch her hair with his fingers! Perhaps he might try tonight if she—Crash!!!

"Here, there, son, that 'ere post's a friend o' mine, wha' d' y'u mean treatin' 'im so rough-like?"

A shout of laughter, following this sally, reached Martin's ears as he disengaged himself from the victim of his unintended assault, and he turned a furious, red face upon the guilty offender. But the policeman on the corner sidled up in time to prevent active reprisal and Martin hurried on, his unspent wrath launching itself in dire vindictives against the post, the would-be wit and the officer. At the next corner he waited for a car to go by and a noisy group of Jews, somewhat intoxicated, jostled him roughly in passing. The placard on the car read 79th Street. Why, what was he doing on 79th Street? He lived on 77th.

Now thoroughly disgusted with himself, Martin retraced his steps and arrived at the big apartment house, on the fourth floor of which his mother rented a three-room flat. She met him at the door and kissed him on either cheek and on the nose, and then back again for luck. His face beamed and became three shades redder with the welcome.

"Everything all right, Mother? Where's Dick?" he asked.

"Dear knows! He was just in the kitchen pestering me for cookies. Now tell me, Bobbie, how many things have you forgotten this time? I hope you ordered everything?"

"Well, I just guess," said he, with a confidence worthy of the Kaiser. "Everything but candy, and I'll attend to that right away. Here, just see what—Hello, Dick, how's 'e boy?"

Master Richard Martin, youngest member of the Martin trio, came running in from the kitchen, wringing one hand painfully, and holding a cookie in the other. He was doing his best to keep back the tears, but try as he would one trickled down his nose, leaving a comparatively clean streak where before all was dark chaos.

"What's 'e matter, kid? This here's no time to bawl, when it's my birthday and I'm goin' to have a party and you're goin' to get all the ice cream and cake you can stuff. Look a here, Mother, he's been swiping your cookies," said Bob, holding up a grimy hand and its contents for his mother's inspection.

"Taint so. Ma gave this 'un to me, she did. Ask her," responded the culprit, gulping bravely.

Mrs. Martin spent no time in asking fruitless questions, but made for the kitchen where was the evidence relating to Dickie's fall from grace. On a shelf above the stove were two pans of cooling cookies, and scattered about over the floor and on the stove were the remains of another, which had just been taken from the oven. Mrs. Martin's orders were positive.

"Bob, you take him right out o' here. He's gone and took 'em out o' the oven and spilt a whole panful. He must 'a' burned himself properly. Clear out o' that room."

However, Bob had other and more profitable designs on his younger brother. Cornering him on the old, broken-down lounge, he first deprived him of the spoils and then recited a long lecture on the evils of stealing, during which he very absent-mindedly ate the cookie.

It had been a bad day for Dickie. He had fallen in the street that morning and splashed all his papers with mud, so that he only sold two copies. Added to that, the little Jew across the alley had thrown stones and dirt at him, calling him a Gentile and pig-eater, and when Dickie pursued, tripped him over a carefully set rope, tied between two posts. Accordingly he was in poor humor to be both robbed and scolded, and

was about to raise a vigorous physical and vocal protest when his mother came in to inquire about Bob's money.

"To be sure, Mother, I have it right here," said Bob, releasing his captive. "I had the awfullest time gettin' it, though. The boss stopped me on the way out to ask my advice about a little matter, and I got late. Let's see, I think I put it in my coat pocket. W-w-why, no, it was my vest. Where did I put it, anyway? Dick, do you know? I remember getting in the elevator and reaching down—Oh, yes, my trousers."

But even the trousers failed to produce that precious bill. Really it was too bad, he could remember putting that away so carefully. He knew it was somewhere. Wait. The incident at the street corner flashed through his mind, when those drunken Jews jostled him beside the car. Robbed? Great Scott!

The shock staggered him and for an instant speech failed. Then he burst out: It's gone! Oh, Mother, they plucked me. Some fellows ran into me on the corner and picked my coat. I know it, 'cause one of 'em lives across the street and he's bad. And now I can't have the party. We haven't got any money."

Mother and son stared at each other, each trying to choke down the sobs. She did not wish to make it harder for Bob and he wouldn't have Dick see him cry for twenty parties. As for that worthy, as the realization that there would be no ice cream and cake burst upon his youthful brain, he opened his mouth and roared. *He* had no scruples against shedding tears unless to hide a fault, but the loss of the wherewithal to fill his stomach was a matter of vital import.

Mrs. Martin, knowing full well that mere consolation would be of little help, left the room. Bob crossed to the couch, picked up his brother bodily, and carried him out of the room. Then he sat down to consider. What a culmination to the dreams of a month! No party, no birthday cake, no candy hearts, no Bessie Riegan! It

was too hard to bear. He *could not* bear it. His grief grew with careful nursing to giant magnitude. It engulfed him. He became a martyr to sorrow, and his soul, uplifted by suffering, rose to ethereal heights, whence he looked down upon his mother and brother, the floor-walker and the man who made fun of him at the corner, and pitied with a great pity their shallow minds, groveling in the dust of common emotions. Truly his was a superior spirit.

"Bob, you'd better telephone," his mother called from the next room, interrupting him in his lofty flight. The soul of Robert Martin descended to earth and thereupon he spent an unpleasant half hour canceling orders and inventing excuses for his friends, to fit the occasion. Miss Bessie Riegan was so sympathetic when Bob told her how sick his little brother Dick was with the whooping cough, that he felt much better and managed to take a real interest in supper, which was graced with the remainder of the cookies. Not so with Dick. His high hopes had all been shattered; no more would he put faith in man. Even cookies tasted flat to him.

It was a dull evening in the flat. Mrs. Martin sewed, Dick bent his energies to a scheme for getting even with small Isadore, and Bob played solitaire and moped. About nine o'clock he arose, gave a sigh for what might have been, and started toward the bed room.

"You had better give me your overcoat to mend. I saw a rip in the sleeve," his mother reminded him.

Bob threw the coat to her and a few minutes later was sleeplessly tossing in bed. Dickie, brother-like, picked it up and began a systematic search of the pockets, whistling through his teeth the while. The whistling stopped. For a full minute silence prevailed in the room except for the click of Mrs. Martin's needle. Finally she looked up and there was Dick, holding the overcoat on his lap, mouth open and supreme disgust written on his face. In his hand he held a crisp, new ten-dollar bill.

The Iron Cross*

RALPH W. EVERROAD, '18

THE June sunshine played affectionately over the handsome features of Ludwig as he strode rapidly and for the last time across the campus. The commencement exercises were over; good-byes had been said and with a feeling half regret, half impatience he left his Alma Mater and went forth into life. His brisk step declared that he had mapped his route to an inviting destination—home.

His father was prominent in the government of his country, her exhausted resources, her lack Ludwig knew his country needed ability. He had proven his ability at various times and realized his father would see that opportunities were not lacking.

Partly by inheritance, partly by training and partly through observation of the evident needs of his country, her exhausted resources, her lack of commercial outlets, her need of "a place in the sun," a feeling had been produced in Ludwig that his people were being squeezed into limits much too small.

He believed his country had struggled against odds and had triumphed. He knew she had given to the world system, efficiency and scientific knowledge, which had made luxuries, necessities and achievements possible. He believed she could do more, would do more if the ring of antagonists surrounding the central empire failed to crush her. To serve his glorious country was his one ambition. How best he could do it he pondered as he walked to the station.

In the train he bought a paper. Unfolding it, he observed large headlines announcing the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince, the result of a pan-Serbian outbreak. Reading farther he felt, rather than understood, that the big arm of Russia had struck that blow, not at the face of Austria but at the back of Germany.

Engrossed in his paper he realized his journey was ended only when an officer called, "Berlin."

He found his father waiting. His greeting was crisp and formal, yet there was in it more feeling than ordinarily. Together they proceeded to a nearby restaurant where they might refresh themselves and talk uninterruptedly. On the way neither spoke. Crossing the main dining hall the father saluted a few uniformed men who with stern looks sat quietly discoursing as they ate. A servant led them to a room previously engaged. Dismissing him, they were alone.

A moment elapsed. The father broke the silence with difficulty.

"My son," said he, "your training is completed. You must enter your career. Your course has prepared you for special action. Your country now demands it."

Ludwig's countenance radiated his pleasure although the tone of his father plainly indicated he was not sending him by choice but at the dictation of duty.

"Any service I can render my Fatherland shall be enjoyment," he started to reply but his father motioned him silent and told him that he had much to say in little time and requested no interruption.

Thereupon he told him briefly secrets concerning the true state of national affairs; how information had been gathered that the Allied Powers meant to strangle her commerce and slowly crush her; how preparation had been quietly made; how telling blows must be struck quickly. France must be crushed while Russia mobilized and Belgium must furnish the means of ingress.

This led to the work for Ludwig. After making the situation plain he came to the point.

"Plans and preparations are made by which we can dine in Paris five days after we leave the frontier barring interference by Belgium. We must cross that country to strike France at her weakest point. If Belgium allows us uninterrupted passage, well and good; if not, we crush

* Awarded second prize in the Short Story Contest.

Third prize awarded to Benson Landis, '18.

her. The Liege fortifications will offer the first resistance on our line of march. They are impregnable. You must see that they are rendered harmless. A knowledge of their surroundings, vital points and internal equipment would enable us to make short work of their destruction. This knowledge you must get. This envelope contains your instructions. Read carefully, then destroy. Time will be left for you to see your mother and catch your train. A meeting of the staff now demands my presence." Grasping his son's hand he looked him squarely in the eye and uttered, "Do not fail," and saluting he left the room.

Ludwig broke the seal. Removing the sheet, his eyes opened wide as he saw before him his emperor's crest.

He eagerly scanned the lines before him. He must go at once to Liege, where, posing as a geologist, he must appear to be studying nature, but instead to use his engineering knowledge to study the surrounding country and the fortifications. Expense and communication was provided for and general directions enclosed. The letter ended, "Your country and your Kaiser depend upon you. Do not fail."

"There is no such word as fail," he quoted, and in his determination he believed it.

Stepping to a cigar lighter, he calmly lit a corner and soon the document was an ebony crisp, which he crushed in his hand.

* * *

Sundown saw Ludwig in the town of Liege. He spent the evening pondering. How much time would the task require? How could he best do it? What would be the reward? He was beginning to look forward to the day when he should be a member of his father's staff.

His thoughts kept slumber away; finally he slept and the morning found him fresh to begin his task. Several days he studied the geological conditions about Liege. He seemed to find pleasure in it and really gathered information but never did he forget his real mission and in a few days he could map the country with his eyes closed.

To gain information concerning the fort was another proposition. To approach the walls openly was useless. No stranger entered the

forts without reason. How was he to accomplish it? When would the opportunity come? At least it would find him ready.

Indeed he did not idly wait. He made acquaintances, formed friendships and left no stone unturned which might afford a means of entering the mighty stronghold.

He met little encouragement. Somehow he felt he was suspected.

One afternoon Ludwig had walked forth, appearing to study some strata which lay conveniently open in a deserted quarry. A summer deluge sent him to shelter. Finally the downpour ceased and the sun came out.

Ludwig started for the town. Near its outskirts he saw, walking back and forth, a lithe young form covered with a mat of golden hair. Approaching, he saw the reason of her discomfort. What had been a small drain before the shower was now a wide brooklet.

With his natural gallantry Ludwig offered assistance. The frank smile of the young lady assured him. Little time was wasted discussing means. One way was open. He lifted her in his arms, and carried her over. The smile she thanked him with when her feet again touched ground seemed to warm every corpuscle in his anatomy and he regretted the stream had not been an ocean.

Their paths lay in the same direction. They laughed at their experience in the rain. She had been botanizing in the nearby wood and had found shelter in a peasant's cabin. A rainbow arched the eastern sky. They gazed a moment silently from the top of the incline.

"Isn't it glorious? How beautiful is Nature after she has had her bath. She breathes a fragrance sweeter than lavender, inspires the weary to break forth in song and makes the sad to cease repining. I love her," she uttered.

Ludwig had never inclined towards the poetic but somehow there was a chord in him that responded. "It *was* beautiful."

Turning about they saw the walls of the gray forts.

"Why can't the rain wash those away as it does the dust from the leaves? Why should they blot the beauty of creation with gloomy grimness, crouching to destroy comfort and

happiness, while resources wasted there could well be used to help obliterate the very purpose of those guns?"

Ludwig's face showed his surprise.

"I'd think such perfect specimens of strength would inspire your patriotism," he replied.

She darted him a searching glance.

"Patriotism and national pride are man-made things. Peace and good-will were given with the Saviour at Bethlehem. Some day those guns will speak at my father's command and he will be a murderer. I hate them!"

A light dawned upon Ludwig. Then she was the daughter of the wiry little General. They had reached her home. She thanked him and invited him to call. His emotions conflicted. By her aid he felt he would gain entrance to the forts. This thought made him hate himself but the words "do not fail" steeled him to answer duty's call.

Weeks passed. Every day he had become a closer friend to the commander's daughter. He had met the General but had no opportunity to enter the forts. Discouragements tried him. Finally came rumors of the mobilization across the frontier. The entire town assumed an air of depression. An ominous something filled the air. Men shook their heads and women spoke in whispers. Guards dotted all public places. Fresh troops and supplies poured into the garrison. A strict watch was maintained over the railways and all suspicious characters were held. Ludwig himself was arrested. He had hovered about the station watching the nature of the incoming supplies so closely that suspicion rested on him and blue coated officers carried him to the very place he wished to go—the central fort—but there he was placed behind iron bars. He had failed.

Between the bars he could see men pass. Rapid preparations were being made. Below he could hear men talk as they stored the magazine with explosives; above he could see the stairway leading to the General's office, where the ticker of a wireless clicked message after message.

Soon the attitude of depression became one of excitement, then of waiting. Germany had declared war!

All was ready at the little fort.

That afternoon the General passed his door. Who was with him? Could it be Jenet? Would the General risk his daughter's life? He sprang to the grating. She saw him and stopped.

"Why are you here?" he asked hoarsely. He thought a tear glistened in her eye but her voice was steady.

"To nurse the wounded and to die with my father," but a tremor ran over her as she continued, "Oh, Ludwig! I know you are no spy." Then lower, "Be ready! When I can, I will liberate you." She walked on.

His heart thumped. If she liberated him, what should he do, betray her trust or the trust of a father, emperor, fatherland?

The test came. In front the enemy poured in. The country swarmed with gray uniforms.

The Germans attacked. The big guns answered defiance while the little machine guns purred a song of death. Line after line of gray advanced and melted to the ground. Days passed. One attempt after another failed. Siege guns came up. The outer forts were reduced but the center held. At last the tractors brought up the mammoth guns.

"Shall we surrender or die?" asked the General.

"Die," shouted his men with one voice. He was glad. He tried to persuade his daughter to leave the fort but she would not go. Death with him seemed inviting.

She thought of Ludwig. He should not die. Quickly she unlocked his door and was gone with a whispered "Good bye."

Opening the door, he started to spring up the stairs after her but she motioned him back and joined her father.

He was bewildered. Hearing footsteps, he sprang inside his prison and closed the door. A soldier passed along the corridor.

The enemy's big guns were now in action. He heard one thunder forth its missile. The monster shell struck the wall and exploded, then another, and another, for hours. Finally a great cheer went up from the garrison. The monster guns were silent and the walls remained intact.

Ludwig was frantic. Fourteen days had passed. Liege was defeating his father's army which should long since have been in Paris.

Basketball Resumé

Ten years ago the first game of basketball was played by a Moravian team. The game was at that time still a new sport and for that reason everybody took a deep interest in it. As a result the following year a league was formed and the 'Varsity easily captured the pennant. In 1908 a very fast team was developed and by them Moravian was put on the basketball map. For some reason after that the schedules again show that only secondary teams were played until last year, when old faces again appeared. However, the teams do not seem to have decreased in strength but contrarily some of Moravian's best players were produced during this period. Basketball has rightly come to be known as the major sport during this decade and with the present standard there is little doubt as to its future.

This year has without a doubt been a success. Coach Mueller, one of Moravian's honored men, has just completed his third year and has the hearty appreciation of his work by all who know. This year he had the best lot of material that ever reported and had it not been for the unfortunate arrangement of the games the team probably would have been able to win more. A factor against the further development of basketball is the lack of appreciation of the accomplishments by those who can give it. This year's season has served to bring to the attention of many interested in athletics the fact that Moravian College has been climbing up the basketball ladder. There is little doubt but that the scores made against comparatively stronger teams have made a decidedly favorable impression. Newspaper publicity has also increased this year for no other reason than that startling scores have been made against acknowledged superiors. A glance at the record of games will show that nearly all the scores were very close, while several very satisfactory victories will be noted, namely, against Ursinus, Temple, and Loyola. Mention should be made about the very close scores against Lehigh and Muhlenberg, both of which were exceptionally fast games, the latter

winning only by two points during the five extra minutes of play. A total of 570 points have been scored against 567 by Moravian's opponents, or 9 games won over against 11 lost. The team will lose by graduation this year two men whose value cannot be overestimated. Each has held scoreless or scored against the best men who could possibly play against them and have displayed a real Moravian spirit. We refer to Captain Clewell and "Dick" Shields and extend to them an appreciation from all true Moravian men.

Following is the season's record; a list of the individual scores:

	Field Goals.	Points.
Shields	68	136
Evans	33	66
Turner	29	58
Allen	27	54
Kuehl	18	36
Clewell	13	26
Hagen	9	18
Wedman	6	12
Schulz	1	2
	204	408

Foul Goals.

Wedman	112
Schulz	42
Shields	4
Allen	1

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THE SEASON'S RECORD.

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Feminist and Elegance

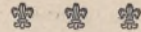
As little as women think that men use their reason, there are flashes of it ever and anon.

The logic of love has brought many a man into the dilemma of indecision. The causes are numerous. Both are apparently satisfactory. She has a few more accomplishments, while *she* is exceedingly handsome. She manipulates the keyboard with artistic skill while *she* warbles with consummate good taste. Pro is pitted against con. Evidently a need for preparedness!

"Beware," said Mohammed to his followers; "of marrying a toadstool woman, a woman that sits and sits, and spends all thy substance on jewels and perfumes and rich stuffs . . ." The feminist movement has more than one argument in its favor. They are too well-known to be enumerated. But the strongest argument which seems to be used contra is one implied in the more or less common saying "woman's place is in home." Disputation is out of our sphere but let's agree on this: Domesticity is not an outworn fad. Money spent on the education of woman is frequently wasted because she refuses to study domestic science. *She*, on the other hand, sees man yearning for happy meals, well-cooked; a house, well-kept; a home, well-

made. He will not object to a good-appearance, but elegance disgusts him. One of the few just charges brought against 'the female of the species' is that elegance is placed above the attribute of home-making. Men are becoming more sane when they ask her to learn to cook, to sew, to become acquainted with 'the one thing needful'—Domesticity. Man may say he likes the dance, the frills, the elegance, but, if the feminist would win the heart of the male, let her scramble elegance with eggs and serve hot!

R. E. S.



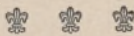
While the news of the struggling nations echoes around the world we occasionally meet a person who, rather seriously and almost anxiously, asks if there is any danger of our country being drawn into the war. It is with much gratitude that we look to those who have labored to keep peace and uphold the honor of their country. But how much longer will they be able to do it? And are we prepared in case of necessity? These are questions that confront us.

Preparedness to some is merely an invitation to fight battles. The conception must be changed, for it is not to fight battles that we must be prepared but to prevent battles from being fought. The European war has shown the need of ample preparedness for protection, and it is only through thorough preparedness that we acquire the power to prevent war. If America should be threatened with war it would be more easily prevented by strength than by weakness. This is sufficient reason why we should be prepared for whatever may come.

But here is the problem. How is a sufficient number of trained men to be obtained? Modern methods of warfare finds the volunteer plan weak, it calls for long preparation and thorough training. We cannot wait until the enemy makes an approach and then suddenly sent forth a call for volunteers hoping to collect a force strong enough to defend our country which looms rich before the eyes of all nations. Only one thing remains, compulsory service must come into effect.

This does not necessitate a large standing army. It means that all men who are physically able, should be trained to use a rifle, to maneuver in the field, and to care for himself in camp or on the march. Every physically able man will receive a training that will help him morally and physically, and teach him to appreciate the life of a soldier. It will do away with the unfairness of the volunteer plan. It will give us a strong citizen army that will act as a reserve force of defence that will not leave the outcome of a threatened war in doubt.

H. A. K.



Class Memorials

Graduation from an institution of higher learning carries with it a large share of re-

sponsibility to oneself, to humanity and to the College or University which has shared in the work of preparation looking to a degree. Moravian has not been halting in the formation of Associations of her Alumni which have as special incentives the support of the College, the raising of standards, the enlargement of the College, and the inaugurating of additions for the future of the institutions.

Since the year 1807, forty-nine classes have graduated from the Moravian College and Theological Seminary. Some have shared in the support of the College to a marked degree. Others have failed either because of disinterestedness, because they felt a lack of finance or because they lacked the appreciation of urgency. It would appear that the best time for starting a constructive program would be within a year or two after graduation.

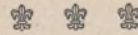
The needs of the College and Seminary are more than apparent, they are alarmingly patent. Recent additions to the Library might serve to convince skeptics that the Harvey Memorial Library has immense areas in which 'never book yet laid.' Chemical, physical, and biological apparatus is always acceptable. The observatory is not above receiving donations for future years. And still "up in the air," a flag-pole has never yet graced the campus. (Preparedness enthusiasts might well hail this glorious opportunity!)

In a few words, class memorial should not be

only brass plates with names neatly inscribed (beautiful as those may appear) nor a globe perched on a relic of the stone-age with internal Mazdaitis, nor steps leading up the "hilly" campus. Class memorials should be secured because of their usefulness plus an appreciation of manifest needs, plus worthwhile adornment. Alumni and soon-to-be-Alumni, act, but let reasonable foresight guide in the selection. Men never appreciate beautiful stained-glass windows when they must carry an electric-heater around with them!

If we must be remembered—may it be because we contributed in the forward step by adding to the *real* work of the institution.

R. E. S.



The Path o' Life

"I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong."

This declaration was the guiding principle in the life of no less a personage than our beloved Abraham Lincoln; and he, if anyone, had ample opportunity to test its verity and its efficacy. His path o' life was one of thorns yet he clung tenaciously to what he firmly believed to be the truth even at the expense of comfort and friends. Would truth crush him yet would he follow it, even to martyrdom.

This is a precious truth, and one too often discounted. To conscientiously arrive at definite personal conceptions of right and wrong, to establish these conceptions as guiding principles, and to hold to them through *everything* is the only safe path o' life.

Truth is a personal matter and worthy of all sacrifice. To follow her may spell temporary defeat, consider the life of our Great Example; but to follow her *must* spell eventual victory.

And it is in the little things, the apparently inconsequential things of life that most of us fall short in this respect. And in the essential things of life as in its accessories, the little things taken care of, the larger things will take care of themselves.

M. W. R.

Thesaurochrysonicochrysidēs

(GO TO IT, YOU LATIN SHARKS)



Hiram Fulmer, after reading the following rule for the short story contest, "Remember to write only on one side of the paper," said: "Yes, but which side of the paper shall I write on?"

Sherlock: "Did you hear about the accident?"

Schlegel: "No, what was it?"

Sherlock: "Two jitneys turned over."

Schlegel: "Where?"

Sherlock (vigorously chewing on habitual stogie): "In a man's pocket."

Fishel: "My 'old lady is going to quit preaching for a while. He has secured a position as letter carrier."

Everroad: "What was the object?"

Fishel: "He hopes to improve his delivery."

Sam Tesh (gazing longingly out of his window): "It is a long Lovers' Lane that has no yearning."

Frank: "It's too bad about Pfohl."

Bates: "Why, what's he done?"

Frank: "He's just finished spending all his money and all his time learning the "Newport." And now everybody is trying to forget it as fast as possible."

Stolz (just after Latin class): "Do you believe a word to the wise is sufficient?"

Hagen: "Well, it all depends on the word."

Butch: "Why did you fail to recognize me yesterday?"

Pox (deeply absorbed in philosophical side reading): "I didn't see you."

Butch: "That's strange, I saw you twice."

Pox: "That probably accounts for it. I never recognize a man in that condition."

It was 11.59 p.m. by the little Larkin's clock on the mantel.

"Yep," said Bahnsen, "the fellows all say I'm a dreadfully easygoing chap."

"Really," said she, More or less, "Well, you may be, but I don't believe it."

P. G. M. (teasingly): "Say, Pox, what is the chemical formula for iron?"

Pox (forgetting himself): "Fe."

Fish while out driving in his eight cylinder Ford heard a grinding noise in the depths of his machine, but paid no attention to it. Later when wishing to adjust the carburetor he found that the entire engine had dropped out several miles behind.

Spaff, who was with him, immediately wished to know what the machine had been running on.

Fish to Spaff: "On the ground."

A wedding is a place where women weep because they are happy and men smile because they are sad.

Otto: "It's a shame to pay war prices on this delicately imported Salmon."

Pete: "Well, Otto, would it not seem cowardly to shirk our share of the suffering?"

Sherlock: "Classes every morning. Rest of time unknown quantity."

Frankie Hyacinth: "Did you ever get a proposal?"

"Once, dear, a gentleman asked me to marry him over the telephone, but he had the wrong number."

Professor: "Alcohol has killed more men than bullets."

Unknown: "That may be, but I had rather be full of alcohol than bullets."

The Baby: Nineteen. Can't spell. Can't talk. Keeps going to college—though no one knows why.

Pop: "I want a pair of pants for my room-mate."

"What size?" asked the clerk.

Pop (thinking): "I don't know, but I think that he wears a 14½ collar."

J. Shields (as the team comes out on the floor): "Look! There goes Bates, the forward. He'll soon be our best man."

She: "Oh, Jim! This is so sudden."

If Polly were in trouble, would Orange-aid?

Man is made of dust.

Woman saw-dust and loved him.

Smyzer went a-riding in his little Ford machine.

For oft while out spinning he would spy a Fairy Queen.

On this bright and cloudy morning Smyzer far ahead did spy,

A little Quairy Feen (oh, I'm getting all mixed up) with a twinkle in her eye.

Full head a speed did Smyzer go, his heart was going too,

Biff! bang! went the auto tire, through the air young Smyzer flew.

He landed at the feet of the little Fairy Queen.

"Love me," Smyzer gurgled, "or I'll sell my Ford machine."

FEBRUARY

The student-body and the members of the Faculty and their wives enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Schultze, on the evening of February the fourth. It was the occasion of the Doctor's seventy-sixth birthday. Among the guests present was Dr. Paul de Schweinitz. On the following day he would sail for Panama as delegate to the proposed Missionary Congress in Panama. Congratulatory speeches were made by Mark W. Ruprecht, Sem. '16, on behalf of the student-body, and by Dr. W. V. Moses on behalf of the Faculty. The Glee Club rendered several selections, which were well taken. Later in the evening a basket-ball game played between the Juniors and Sophomores resulted in a victory for the latter. Dr. Schultze presented the Athletic Association with a basket-ball, as has been his custom for several years.

"In the Department of Education Dr. S. H. Gapp is making arrangements whereby nearly all the Senior men at M. C. will be given opportunity to teach, as a definite part of their course in Pedagogy. They will practice in the public schools, at the Parochial School and at Nazareth Hall. 'Practice-teaching' is one of the requirements of the school code of this and other states, so that applicants for teaching in the public schools of these states must have to their credit a certain number of hours of actual 'practice-teaching'."—*The Bulletin*.

Mr. H. A. Pfohl, of Winston-Salem, N. C., was a visitor at college during the month of February.

Mr. H. C. Griffith, N. H. '12, visited Mr. E. L. Clewell during the month. Mr. Griffith is at present at Easton.

On account of the heavy snowfalls during the past month, three sleighing parties were able to be formed. Two made Nazareth their destination, one Coopersburg. All three report a very enjoyable evening.

The Glee Club made two trips during the month—Macada and Coopersburg. The Club was well received at both places. At the latter place the men were invited to the home of Miss Young, where a very enjoyable evening was passed. The Glee Club takes this opportunity to express its appreciation.

THE COMENIAN extends hearty thanks to the competent judges of the short-story contest. Prof. Chas. Rominger, Superintendent of the Moravian Parochial School, served as Chairman of the Committee, while the Misses Helena Hoch and Katharine Read, of the Moravian Seminary and College for Women, completed the number on the Committee.

C. L. S. Notes

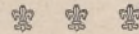
The first meeting of the C. L. S. for this semester was held on February 19. The meeting was called to order at eight o'clock. The chaplain read Numbers 29:1-6, after which J. Shields was appointed critic for the evening and the new president was installed.

The literary program was opened by Mr. Spough speaking extemporaneously on "The Development of the French Horn." Mr. Mueller followed with a "Comparison of Eastern and Western Social Life," after which Mr. Strohmeier spoke about the "Values I have received from the Study of De Senectute and De Amicitia," and Mr. Wedman spoke on "The Inside of the Cup." Mr. Fulmer concluded by discussing "Philadelphia's Most Historic Landmark." Mr. Pfohl recited, "An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog," after which Mr. Fishel read Kipling's "Ballad of Bo Da Thone" and Mr. Splies concluded the program with an essay entitled, "Preparedness."

On February 26, a debate meeting was called to order at eight o'clock. After the chaplain read Proverbs 16:1-9, R. Shields was appointed critic for the evening.

The first declaimer, Mr. Funk, recited Longfellow's "Excelsior" and the second declaimer, Mr. Nonnemacher, gave Kipling's "Mortu Guj." Mr. Bilheimer read "Rheumatism Movement Cure," by Burdette. After the three-minute recess the proposition, "Resolved, That Segregation will not solve the Social Evil," was debated affirmatively by Messrs. Bahnsen and Splies and negatively by Mr. W. Allen.

A motion was carried to temporarily suspend the constitutional article providing for C. L. S. meetings on Saturday night and change the time of meeting to Tuesday night.



Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Richter presided at the service held on February 3, and a very interesting discussion took place on the topic, "Christian Biographies." Several prominent men were referred to as having influenced the lives of the men. The life of Christ held the most prominent place in the discussion as having influenced men the most.

The following Thursday the Y. M. C. A. service was held in Professor Schwarze's class-room. The topic was, "Personal Work Through Friendship." Mr. Nonnemacher led and selected as a Scripture lesson, II Timothy 1:6-14. Some of the points that were brought up were: What experiences have we made? Will the Kingdom of God be increased *en masse* or individually? Does more knowledge require that we be better stewards? This service was well attended and seemed to be profitable to all present.

February 17. This evening the service was omitted because of a Glee Club concert.

"Influence of Educational Missions in Alaska" was the topic posted for Thursday, February 24. Mr. Mueller conducted and the opening prayer was made by Mr. Kuehl. Some very interesting reports were read from the Moravian Mission report, by Rev. Butzin, and

also reports by Mr. Walter Shields, who is engaged in governmental education work in Alaska. The qualifications of a missionary to Alaska was another point discussed in the meeting. This service was well attended and spirited throughout.

Sunday, February 27, the quartette, accompanied by Messrs. Weber and Spaugh, held service for the inmates of the Rittersville Asylum for the Insane. Mr. Weber delivered the address, speaking on what the love of Christ meant to this world. Mr. Spaugh presided at the piano. The quartette, consisting of Messrs. Fulmer, Henkelmann, Vogler and E. Clewell, rendered several selections. Mr. Leh, supervisor of the men's department, then escorted the party through a portion of the asylum.

On this same date, at 4.30 o'clock, a prayer meeting was held in Students' Hall, to observe the Universal Day of Prayer for Students. Mr. E. Clewell led the meeting and was aided by the Quartette and Messrs. Kuehl and Spaugh, the former leading in an opening prayer, the latter played the piano. The meeting was opened with a few moments of silent prayer, after which Charles Wesley's famous hymn was sung,

"Soldiers of Christ, arise
And put your armor on."

After this followed the prayer by Mr. Kuehl and a reading of a portion of the pamphlet issued by the World's Student Christian Federation. The quartette then rendered a selection, "Peace, Peace, Wonderful Peace," which was followed by the Scripture reading and another well-known hymn. Another selection by the quartette and a brief moment of silent prayer concluded the meeting. The wonderful effect of prayer was felt by all present.

The knowledge that all institutions were observing this day of prayer added to the inspiration of the meeting.



Basketball

Moravian defeated Loyola College, of Baltimore, 24-15, on February 1, in the local gym. It was the second defeat of the visitors this season. The game was closely contested throughout. Features were the basketing of side shots by Shields and the effective guarding of Clewell and Wedman. The visitors secured only five floor goals.

Field goals: Shields, 5; Turner, 2; Kuehl, 2; Wedman; Corcoran; Sheurick, 2; Joyce; Quinn. Foul goals: Wedman, 4 out of 13; Corcoran, 1 out of 3; Sheurick, 4 out of 7. Substitution: Evans for Turner. Referee: Hummel, Lehigh.

Moravian was defeated by Lebanon Valley College at Annville, 37-19, on the evening of February 3. The game was played on a long, narrow floor, which enabled the Lebanon Valley team to use its superior weight to advantage. Moravian had the ball the greater part of

the time but could not shoot, while the victors scored repeatedly on long shots.

Field goals: Shields, 3; Turner, 4; Kuehl; Swartz, 4; Keating, 2; Hollinger, 2; Loomis, 5; Seltzer, 2; Atticks. Foul goals: Wedman, 3 out of 7; Hollinger, 3 out of 6; Seltzer, 2 out of 5. Substitutions: Evans for Turner; Seltzer for Hollinger; Shitter for Keating; Atticks for Loomis. Referee: Rutherford, U. of P.

On the evening of February 4, Moravian lost to Schuylkill Seminary at Reading, 20-27. The game was the most uninteresting contest that the team has played this season. Shields' hip was badly wrenched in the first five minutes of play. The passing of Moravian was the best that could be expected under the peculiar holding, charging, etc., rules.

Goals from floor: Turner, 3; Allen, 2; Miller; R. Pauling; Trundt; Wilson, 2. Goals from foul: Wedman, 10 out of 18; R. Pauling, 17 out of 23. Substitutions: Evans for Shields; Kuehl for Allen. Referee: A. Pauling.

The third defeat in three days was administered to Moravian on February 5, at Kutztown, by Keystone State Normal School. The final score was 30-13. Shields, who had been hurt the day previous, was unable to play, and besides this loss, the team was handicapped by the large floor. Playing was loose on both sides, but Keystone easily surpassed in shooting.

Field goals: Turner; Evans, 2; Allen; Zehner, 4; Loose; Haas, 5; Cosden; Malley. Foul goals: Wedman, 5 out of 9; Zehner, 2 out of 8; Loose, 4 out of 10. Substitution: Kuehl for Allen. Referee: Halls.

On the afternoon of February 16, Moravian defeated her old rival, Schuylkill Seminary, in a return game on the local floor, 38-35. The game began with the Scrubs on the floor for Moravian, but at the end of the first half the regular line-up was substituted. The second half was a race for time, and Moravian just managed to tie the score so that an extra period was played, in which the game was won.

Field goals: Hagen, 2; Evans, 3; Allen, 2; Shields, 4; Clewell, 2; Miller, 3; Pauling, 3; Frundt, 4. Foul goals: Wolter, 2 out of 3; Wedman, 10 out of 16; Pauling, 13 out of 20. Substitutions: Shields for Turner; Allen for Kuehl. Referee: Crichton, Lehigh.

For the second time this season Moravian lost to the heavy Lebanon Valley College team, this time on her own floor, 29-38. As in the previous game, weight counted for everything. Moravian was unable to stop the floor advance of the Lebanon Valley guards. Wedman shot fouls remarkably well for the home team.

Field goals: Swartz, 3; Keating, 4; Hollinger; Atticks, 1; Loomis, 3; Shields, 3; Turner; Evans; Kuehl; Allen; Clewell. Foul goals: Hollinger, 13 out of 21; Wedman, 11 out of 18; Shields, 1 out of 2. Substitutions: Evans for Turner; Allen for Kuehl. Referee: Crichton, Lehigh.

The Iron Cross

(Concluded from page 78)

France was coming up. Russia was mobilizing and Germany would lose, all because he had failed. He must act. Springing from the cell, he bounded down the stairway to the magazine below.

Down from the office came two little wires connecting the General's lights with the power in the basement. Here was his chance. Seizing some pliers, he snipped the wires and connected them to a battery attaching a dynamite cap. This he placed beneath the tons of explosives and rushed to the office above. The operator was alone and seizing a chair, Ludwig knocked him senseless, then stepping to the ticker sent the following dispatch: "General Von Heidelberg: A current from your sender over this aerial will explode magazine beneath. Send at the moment of greatest advantage. Good bye. Your son, Ludwig." Then he cut the wires from the chandelier and attached them to the poles of the apparatus.

The General read the message. His blood ran cold. Ludwig would die. Then his face hardened. He gave some sharp commands and three minutes later the little Gibraltar lay a mass of ruins, burying more than three hundred of the bravest martyrs who ever died to save their country.

* * *

Few had escaped death. All were injured. When Ludwig became conscious his first impulse was pain, his second horror. Across his body lay the cold mangled form of Jenet. All became dark.

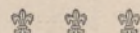
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Hours later Ludwig again became conscious. The white walls of a hospital enclosed him. At his right stood the Kaiser, at his left a priest.

The great war lord bent over him and said, "Ludwig, you did not fail. For your valor and service I present you with the greatest honor your country can bestow, The Iron Cross."

A shudder ran over Ludwig as he touched the cold iron. Putting it from him, he dropped it to the floor and reaching feebly, he took the miniature cross from the priest and uttered with his last breath:

"She was right, war is crime." Then reaching the little white crucifix to the emperor, he continued, "Give this cross to my countrymen. May the day soon come when all men see that a declaration of war does not suspend the sixth commandment and the 'world's the man's true fatherland.'"



Basketball Resume

(Concluded from page 79.)

Moravian 24; Loyola	15
Moravian 19; Lebanon Valley	37
Moravian 20; Schuylkill	27
Moravian 13; Keystone Normal School....	30
Moravian 38; Schuylkill	35
Moravian 29; Lebanon Valley.....	38
Moravian 47; Ursinus	23
Moravian 13; Loyola	23
Moravian 19; Temple	31
<hr/>	<hr/>
Total. 567	570

SECONDS MAKE RECORD.

The season of 1915-16 has certainly been one of the most successful in the history of the Scrubs. Out of 15 games played, 9 were won and 6 lost. Among the defeated teams were Allentown Commercial School, Lehigh Freshmen, Pen Argyl A. A., and Catasauqua High School. Moravian Parochial School proved the hardest team on the schedule and twice defeated the Scrubs, both times by big scores. The personal record of the players follows:

	Field Goals.	Fouls.
Hagen	44	47
Strohmeier	15	0
Mueller	34	20
Stolz	19	0
Kilpatrick	0	0
Wolter	11	17
Fulmer	12	0
J. Shields	2	0
*Allen	11	16
Substitutes	12	18
<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	158	118

Total points scored.....	434
Total points of opponents.....	403

* Varsity man during greater part of season

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