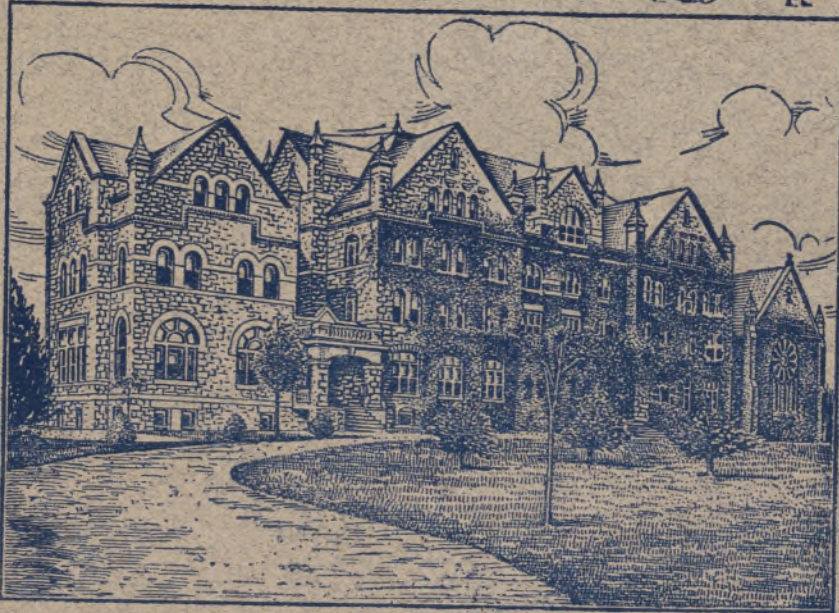


THE COMENIAN

VIA LUCIS



Vol. 26
No. 1

Bethlehem, Pa., October, 1916.

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The Comenian

Volume XXVI.

BETHLEHEM, PA., OCTOBER, 1916.

Number 1.

Opening Exercises

TEN O'CLOCK on the morning of Thursday, October fifth, marked the reopening of our College and Theological Seminary with the brightest prospects for the new year. The exercises were held in the Stadiger-Borhek Chapel in the presence of an interested audience. President Schultze was assisted in the devotional service by Dr. Clewell, of the Moravian College for Women, and by the Rev. Paul S. Meinert, M.A., of Nazareth. Dean Rau was at the organ. In his address Dr. Schultze cordially welcomed the former and especially the new students, a fine body of young men of good promise. In view of the late opening of the term he urged the men to concentrate on their work so as to make up in intensity what they lost in time. Then taking as his theme the idea that they were students at a college and theological seminary, he developed that as students, they were to be eager, to strive, to have an ambition. Such is the meaning of the root of the word in Latin. The word college in Latin means a gathering in, a collection. As men at a college, they were to take, to get. This suggested Wesley's famous rules about money—first to get all you can. Only here it was not money, but health, pleasure, profit, especially of the intellectual kind. But they were also to make all they could. To learn facts is not an education. Facts must be used for constructive work. Men must do their own thinking, make their own religious experience,

build their own character. Seminary means a seed-plot, a place where sowing and planting is done. Hence a student is a man who must not only take and make, but also give. Give time, help, friendship, energy and knowledge to your companions. Give freely also in the various forms of church work. The address was closed with the President's best wishes for each member of the student-body.

The Rev. A. D. Thaeler, as member of the Board of Trustees and pastor of the local congregation, spoke hearty words of welcome and earnest words of advice. He drew attention to the fact that the college men came from widely scattered parts of the country, were therefore different in their viewpoint and yet were to live in the close intimacy of college life. It was therefore necessary for them to learn to know and understand each other, and until that time carefully refrain from criticism of what they probably do not understand. He also appealed to the men to make good in every line of their work, and especially not to forget the value of religion. He cordially invited the men to take part in the church life and activity of the local congregation.

Dr. de Schweinitz announced that the stone portico at the front of the Harvey Library was now completed and welcomed the students in his capacity as member of the Provincial Elders' Conference.

Social Religion

BENSON Y. LANDIS, '18

THERE were studied at Eaglesmere last June two courses in Bible study; one "The Social Principles of Jesus," and the other "The Task of the Modern Citizen in the Kingdom of God." The titles indicate the trend. A quarter of a century ago orthodox thinkers called it "socialism." Today Christianity is the basis of democracy; social Christianity is no longer avoided.

It is sometimes accused of being the cause of the unrest which somebody has increased three-fold in the last twenty-five years. Maybe there is no denying it. Says Charles Stelzle in a recent article referring to this in two far-away countries: "The social uprisings among the Japanese and Chinese is due in a very large measure to the teachings of Christian missionaries." And so when a minister in America forgets to denounce the Moabites—who have been dead these long, long centuries—and preaches some very easily obtainable information about the Brooklynites or the Pittsburgites he cannot but contribute to unrest. A few more sentences from the above mentioned article read: "The gospel as Jesus taught is as wide as human life and as broad as human experience. Anything short of this ideal is an insult to Him who gave it to us and a slander upon true Christianity. This gospel should have a clear-cut message regarding child-labor, women in industry, the sweatshop, underpaid and overworked men, the unsanitary tenement and workshop, the scourge of tuberculosis, and every other condition that is breaking down human life and efficiency. Without committing itself to any particular social system, the Church must apply the fundamental principles of Jesus to society in all its ramifications. It cannot endorse Socialism, Communism, or any other ism."

Social Christianity, then, defies precedent; it does not compromise; it will not conform at times; it is not "safe"—but it dare not be safe. It must make interpretations like the following:

"Modern sin takes its character from the mutualism of our time. The man who picks pockets with a railway rebate, murders with an adulterant instead of a bludgeon, burglarizes with a "rake-off" instead of a jimmy, cheats with a company prospectus instead of a pack of cards, or scuttles his town instead of his ship does not feel on his brow the brand of a malefactor. The shedder of blood, the oppressor of the widow and the fatherless long ago became odious, but latter-day treacheries fly no skull-and-cross-bones at the masthead.

"How decent are the pale slayings of the quack, the adulterer, and the purveyor of polluted water compared with the red slayings of the bandit or assassin! What an abyss between the knifeplay of brawlers and the law-defying neglect to fence dangerous machinery in a mill or to furnish cars with safety couplers! The current methods of annexing the property of others are also characterized by a pleasing indirectness and refinement."

It is time to see that "boodling is treason, that blackmail is piracy, that embezzlement is theft, that speculation is gambling, that tax-dodging is larceny, that railroad discrimination is treachery, that the factory labor of children is slavery, that deleterious adulteration is murder."

The above paragraphs are from "Sin and Society: an Analysis of Latter-day Iniquity," by Edward A. Ross, Professor of Sociology at the University of Wisconsin.

Christianity will first save the social order in which individuals are entangled. In building Christ's commonwealth those who are to be a part of it are measured primarily in terms of their social relations. The main concern is with the interdependence that "puts us, as it were, at one another's mercy."

It will discern the sin of the political boss who delays the building of a city's water system and causes deaths by typhoid, as well as the better known and catalogued individual sins.

It may make some supplements to the decalogue, for with every new social relation come new forms of wrongdoing.

It will pervade strange places. It has been said no politics in the Church. So be it; but the Church will be in politics. It must be there to prevent the perpetrators against the Commonwealth that it would build from drawing the very legislation that will permit their activities. You may be called a dreamer if you mention your expectation that there will some day be a Christian socialist party in American politics. It may not be a reasonable certainty; but it is not an improbability.

In a word, if a church is to be strong it must labor to build up its community rather than itself. And therein lies the secret of evangelization. It must minister so as to fire waning ambitions, to encourage, to train, to create new ideals. Use will be made of the museums, the libraries, the lecture halls, the art galleries—is it such a radical performance to open the art galleries to the working man? Art has such aesthetic value. If you gaze at a picture long enough it is rumored that you can receive inspiration. But so many people are far from art. It is in the hands of men who pay high prices for century-old products of men who could use brush and color, or chisel. Neither is it art if a working man improves his home aesthetically—it is said this is possible; he may polish and harmonize, but that is not art. This is democracy, and there is danger that the two ought not to be mentioned in the same paragraph.

Social Christianity builds and organizes. Witness the constructiveness of the transformation of some small unit such as a rural community. It simply emphasizes the salvation of the social organism. From Stelzle again: "It (the Church) must help to raise the standard of living and thinking to so high a plane that it will not be necessary to lift men and women so far when they make the decision to adopt the Christian standard."

And unchurched people often are suspicious of the Church because they are of the opinion that they are wanted there merely to increase the membership and build up the organization. Mr. Laborer can often go to the movies much more comfortably; he feels that he does not emerge from his own element; he encounters no ushers who cannot usher; and he can always remain unself-conscious. In its immediate application social service has hard tasks. The priests and the Levites of today do as they did in a certain old tale, refer the matter of the wounded, needy man to their sociological commissions; the Samaritans discard "red tape" in social service.

For there is no alienating of personal religion; social Christianity is the worthiest type of personal religion. The fundamental principle of what men call the new crusade—which is after all the oldest religion—is, "He that saveth his life shall lose it. . . . and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." They do not appreciate—better, cannot appreciate—their religion who are constantly thinking of what they can get out of it, and constantly trying to get that out. Jesus must have ever and ever kept uppermost the thought of what he could put into it. Individuals cultivate it best who do as did Canon Wilberforce. When asked, "Wilberforce, how is it about your soul?" his answer was, "To tell the truth, I've been so concerned with these poor slaves that I forgot I had a soul."

Sounds like "not to be ministered unto," doesn't it?

Men like that put Christ's Commonwealth into operation. They make it a real thing. Because of them, as Rauschenbusch writes, it is "within us and among us, gaining ground."

But to quote him again: "It suffers terrible reverses. We are in the midst of one now." But following the retardation brought about by world upheaval there will be resurgence—there must be resurgence; humanity is engaged in a struggle toward perfection.

Seeing the Sea

JAMES M. SHIELDS, '18

THERE comes a time in the lives of most young men, when the "Wanderlust" takes possession of him. A feeling of dissatisfaction creeps into his soul, causing his everyday life and surroundings to appear narrow and dull to him. Oh, for a taste of real life, to be out in the world, and to associate with men who are free from the artificiality of our modern life.

Here behold the Spirit of Adventure in all its glory. Also behold two of its victims, identity uncertain, burning with youthful enthusiasm, and the thirst for "Experience"—enroute for the sea. The scenes which follow are authentic, and show in very small part how the other half, and by far the more interesting half, live on our great steamers.

SCENE I.—Place: New York Harbor. Time: Noon. A great trans-Atlantic liner moves slowly from her dock, in the tow of three urgent tugs. From the rail passengers shout parting farewells. Sailors on the for'ard deck are hauling in the shore-fasts, and the other sailors on the closed deck beneath, coil them in huge loops. Here under the noise and clatter of the upper deck, are those of the crew not on watch, great hulking fellows, blear-eyed, and somewhat unsteady from recent encounters with John Barley-corn. They swarm up from below in staggering groups, with a few, a very few, at all sober, and stumble aimlessly about.

Forward of the hatch is the ship's gallery, that Delmonico of deep-sea sailors, which specializes in greasy pork and watery soup. It is a tiny little room with barely space to move between the huge steam boilers and presses. Here Harry, the cockney cook, shouting orders at his new assistant, holds forth in all his glory of grease and peelings. The latter hears, but understands not. Verily, the alphabet must have been recently revised! And this is the lad who was so anxiously longing for Experience, the day before. This Experience would not choke him, were not the sight and smell of greasy food discouraging to all choking. He stands in an utter chaos, dipping soup and peel-

ing "Spuds," for "all about in reel and rout" press the sprawling, drunken, heavy-voiced stokers, firemen, and coal-passers, black with grime, and with the fear of God and captain lost in the craving of their stomachs. Indeed that land of peace and quiet, properly known as "God's Own Country," has been left behind indeed.

* * *

SCENE II.—Somewhere on the Atlantic. It is late evening, and the glare of the white lights, flashing over the ship's side on Old Glory, is reflected far down inside by the dim light of a single globe, lighting another Glory—the "Glory Hole." In this room, which is hardly thirty feet square, are upwards of sixty bunks, the abode of stewards and cooks, the "gentlemen crew." This is their sleeping-room, drawing-room, smoking-den and library, easily and conveniently combined in one. How nice!

In a far corner, where the light is low, lies one of our mock heroes in due state and full livery, peacefully sleeping and dreaming of raisin pie and a hamburger sandwich "with" at Bob's. Suddenly something happens. It happens again and the dream changes. A procession of little, flat, wedge-shaped creatures pass through the sleeper's tortured brain, singing, "When I get you alone to-night." Again! Ouch! He wakes with a jerk, scaring a friendly rat from an empty bunk, and bumps against the bunk of the sleeping Hollander above, while the Polish Jew beneath grunts indignantly at the noise.

In a bunk nearby is our other hero, also warm and excited. His Canadian blood is fired and he too is on the chase. Exultant whispers are heard.

"Here's one, Jim, a 'bloody' big one. Oh, you,—here,—I got y'u. The biggest yet, matey!"—and he holds up one hand, gripped tight upon a big, black— Ah, ring off.

* * *

SCENE III.—Our scene has now changed to the shipping docks at Liverpool, where the good ship, Philadelphia, stands fast to her dock, one

among hundreds. Her passengers have left and the stewards are ashore with friends and families, for most of them are English. Those of the crew who are not drunk ashore are deep in the bowels of the ship, sleeping it off. Four bells strike, and the sun is just going down. From bow to stern all is quiet, no movement, except from a little group of Americans on the stern deck. Slightly apart from the rest, in attitudes of repose and comfort, lie our two kitchen warriors, unshaven, and—oh, so dirty—but happy. Work is over, the men are gone. Only a slight drizzling rain mars contentment.

We must forget these two misplaced Hebrew students for a minute to survey with them the scene before us. We are in the midst of the great docks of Liverpool, the center of the world's commerce. Here are great ships from all ports of the world. And of the twenty or so great liners in sight, half at least fly neutral flags, chiefly those of Scandinavia and Denmark. But these are not all. Across the basin is a French armored trooper, serving as a hospital ship, with rows of cots on its decks and the blackened ends of twelve-inch guns staring from the turrets like the Coca-Cola man in the drug store. A Russian flag-ship faces us on the left and far to the right, with her four funnels towering over all else, is the queen of all deep sea liners, the Mauretania, sister ship to the ill-fated Lousitania, and the fastest steamer afloat. Smoke issues from her funnels, as if she longed to rush off on that trip she dare not attempt.

Oh, what a sight for sore eyes, to see the green of the Parks across the inlet, where the khaki-clad figures of soldiers can be distinguished strolling about. But let us drop the curtain before our "heroes" tire of the ships, and turn to diaries and thoughts of home. Next.

* * *

SCENE IV.—Just within the dreaded Banks. A high wind, almost a gale, blows directly against the great bow of the Philadelphia. Stern Neptune, heaving up huge masses of H₂O, lifts and tosses the steamer like a plaything, and sometimes an ambitious breaker even washes the lower decks. The speed of the vessel has decreased fully a third and such a roll has ensued that the pans and platters in the saloon

galley, which banged and chattered before, now fall from their place and roll about the floor. He, whose duty it is to keep these pans clean, bends busily over a sink, rag in hand, and whistles cheerily at his work.

What cares he for the stormy waves?
 What cares he how the wild wind raves?
 What matters wind and weather?
 The pans still come, the pans still go,
 And he goes on forever.

Overhead the sea comes in through a port-hole and falls in a copious shower over the sink. But what matters even that? It is HOT down here and water, cool, salt water, is a gift from the gods.

Let us take a look outside on the steerage deck. Two figures in aprons, a little, old Scotchman and a young Bethlehemite come rolling along the deck, staggering under a heavy load of boxes and milk cans. Spray fills the air and drenches them to the skin, and quickly they hang for dear life to the rail as a wave, some forty feet high, looms up and threatens to engulf them.

The little Scotchman moves ahead grumbling and muttering to himself something about "the troubles that afflict the just" and passes into the galley, but his companion pauses outside, fills his lungs with the bracing air, and turns to drink in the terrific beauty of the sea. A wild waste of water, aroused and lashing itself into convulsions, is a wonderful sight, and this with the feel of the salt and the heaving under foot, makes life indeed seem real.

* * *

Is it any wonder that hardships, among such scenes as the last, where nature bares herself to man, is not a thing of terror, to be avoided, but a test of true manhood, to be sought after, that a new self-confidence and reverence for God may swell the joy of living? And yet it seems that the reckless spirit of adventure, once yielded to, cannot be curbed, but demands more and more, until it either brings up with a crash against some sudden misadventure, or else—behold the hobo!

This brief conclusion is intended chiefly to impress the fact that the writer and his "guardian

(Continued on page 11.)

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True Greatness

Often some one is heard expressing a wish to be like some great person. It is an appetency which, at some time or other, penetrates the mind of every active, ambitious person, and fills him with an eagerness to do something marvelous that his mark might be made in the sand of time. However great this feeling be, we are compelled to acknowledge that sometimes there lies beneath it an unexplainable fear of becoming great. A very strange, yet an indubitable truth. It comes as a result of the recognition of the responsibilities which follow in the train of those who have acquired places of rank.

How many men there are who fear to be great; afraid to stand alone! They choose to be like others—drift with the tide; go with the crowd, swallowed in a gregarious nonentity! It is the easiest way, but it results in the deterioration of man.

Nevertheless we must not judge them too

severely. To be truly great often means to be greatly misunderstood, greatly criticised. But men must be willing to pay the price; willing to be aloof and take a firm stand. Leaders are needed in every branch of life. Whether a man is engaged in studying at college or already finds himself in the midst of his career in active life, he will feel the necessity of upholding the dignity of his position; of building up a strong character; of honestly facing all problems, even though he creates enemies thereby.

The joy of drifting is not long lived and ere long a disagreeable sensation enters the heart of him who allows himself such disastrous liberty. Everywhere one can see men weary in a desert of dissatisfaction, unable to arouse themselves to the extent of contentment. What is more disgusting than the sight of men thus wasting away? It is a call to a man to make a leader of himself and be up and doing. But for whom is the call? Should this be left to someone we may have in mind, and some other task to another, and none for ourselves? Nowhere do we find anything which might mean that there was more responsibility placed upon one man than upon another. The tasks that confront us belong to every member of the great brotherhood of man.

It is not only necessary that one should willingly stand up to lead on his less fortunate brother, but it is also required that descending from the level he attained, getting beneath the burden of the weary, he push onward and upward until the satisfaction he thus creates causes him to experience real joy.

This is a greatness which everyone can honestly experience; a greatness which one need not fear. For though the responsibilities are as vast as any ever met with, they are overbalanced by the greatest gift to man, love. This is indeed true greatness, since no man will take out of this world anything that he has not built into his own character or into the character of some one else.

H. A. K.



Self-Confidence

One of the most important elements of success at the present time is self-confidence. In this busy commercial age, when there is so

much competition in every branch of commerce, art or science, the man who succeeds is the man who has faith in himself. If he does not have faith in himself, how can he compel others to have faith in him? If he is a salesman, and knows that the article he is selling is of no account, it is a pretty hard thing to convince a prospective buyer that it is good. Or, if he is a public speaker, and has no confidence in himself, it will show at once, and have a corresponding effect on his hearers. Or, if he is a tight-rope walker and loses his self-confidence, the result is generally far from pleasant or comfortable. It has often been proven that a person can do what he sets his mind to do, and believes that he CAN do it.

Entering into the realm of music for an illustration, suppose you recall some amateur performance or recital which you have heard. You will remember the self-confidence displayed by some of the performers, and the lack of it displayed by others, and how you said concerning the latter, "If I could not do better than that, I would not try."

There may be several reasons for lack of self-confidence. This requires training in all persons, in some more than in others. Self-confidence is a mental quality the same as concentration, memory, etc., and as these require training, so does self-confidence.

Not long ago the writer was speaking with a music teacher of long experience on the subject of self-confidence in recitals. She stated that the lack of this valuable asset was the cause of more failures than all other causes combined. Just as an example. A person is to play at a public recital for the first time. He would naturally be somewhat nervous. But suppose he knew his selection well, had it memorized. On his way to the place where the performance is to be given, he meets a friend. He tells this friend about the recital, who immediately becomes excited, and says, "My, aren't you nervous? I should think you would be afraid to play before all those people. What if you would forget your piece? I would not do what you are going to do for anything!"

This little speech seems harmless, and without evil intent, but it would necessarily have a dis-

couraging effect on the performer. And the result in seventy-five per cent. of such cases would be a slip or complete failure in the performance.

A good rule to lay down for yourself is this: Never approach anything which you want to do, with the thought, "Can I do it?" but "I Can, and Will, and not only will do it, but will do it WELL."

And you will. This plan has saved many from failure, and will save a great many more, if they will try it. YOU TRY IT, and you will believe in it firmly.

W. H. S.



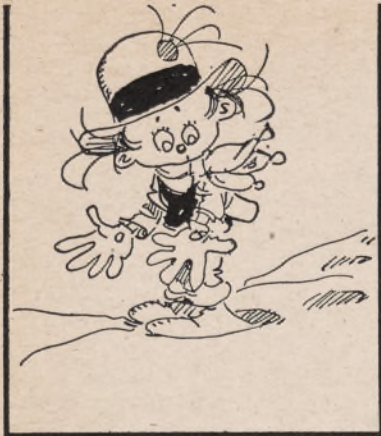
Enemies of Culture

Modern education is becoming more complex every year and new ideas are being introduced in every stage. This diversity confronts the student as he enters school, and he is obliged to choose from the many courses offered. The result, in many institutions, is the introduction of the elective system of choosing branches of study. This system is widespread, and may be found in all grades of schools from the kindergarten to the university.

One drawback of such a method is the fact that so many choose the easiest possible course by which they can claim a degree. A student who is looking for a royal road to knowledge loses his right to the title. Such a person surely cannot be consumed with the zeal and earnestness which the term, student, indicates.

The elective theory has been extended to such a point that the liberal studies have been sadly neglected in many institutions. This is not a matter of small importance; it strikes at the heart of culture. Many things may well be left to the choice of the individual, but too often the liberal arts are completely obscured in the desire for an easy course or for specialization along some specific line. It is true that specialized activity is the watchword of modern life, but some common bond of interest must be retained between the various classes of specialists. It is quite proper that a man should be thoroughly acquainted with his own line of work, but if this is done to the exclusion of all other interests, his mind will become too narrow for intelligent communication with his fellows.

(Continued on page 11.)



The Annual Roundup

An Ode to the Freshmen

'Tis an awful hash, this Freshman trash,
That has entered our walls this fall.
John Amos Comenius has proved he's a genius
In making this wonderful haul.

For never before in the annals of yore,
Has such a conglomeration,
Of dear little saint and them that ain't,
Come hither to seek for salvation.

Now I have a hunch that the man of the bunch
Is Schneebeli, fair Nazareth's pride.
The Sophomores claim, when they mention his name,
That they yearn to do homicide.

And Richter—the other—he's just like his brother—
Could compliment fairer be paid?—
He sure loves the chickens, he's full of the dickens
And ready for any crusade.

Ted Vogler's a fellow, with no streak of yellow,
A trombone soloist too;
He strikes up a tune like the shriek of a loon,
And Cupie starts feeling quite blue.

Some fellows think that dear Brother Fink
Is a grave digger here in disguise.
But take it from Gerry, he's far too merry,
And not near so solemn as Smyse.

Bill Steininger hails from Coopersburg jails,
He's so crooked he'd steal baled hay,
And yet he'll maintain, when asked to explain,
That he simply is bent that way.

Now sharpen your sight, here's Paul Albright,
He's not so little at that.
But I'll stake my last "bone" if the truth were known—
He doesn't believe much in fat.

Did you hear a noise? It's the Stocker boys,
Rampaging about the halls.
To preserve the peace, they really should cease,
And answer telephone calls.

'Tis Hassler's claim that his highest aim
Is to study his Freshman math.
May he so endeavor and falter never
From the straight and narrow path!

Miller it seems is given to dreams
Of Allentown girls so fair.
That's all very nice, but take our advice,
You've nothing on Bethlehem there.

Last, but not least, is that good natured beast
From Bingham on the Rhine.
There's always a grin on Wimmer's chin,
And he's always ready to dine.

Now, Freshies, beware, of your manners take care.
Remember you're all very green.
The Sophomores hold that the water is cold,
And the future is yet to be seen.

Sam: "Fares, please."

(Lady hands him a clothes-pin.)

Sam: "What's this for? Money is what I want."

Lady: "But I was told a clothes-pin was good on any line."

Beware of Bates and his trusty pliers. He has recently escaped from the Extension Division of the Steel Academy.

Everrod (in refectory): "I'm glad to see more tables here this year."

James: "I'd be glad too if there was more on them. Pass the sugar."

In spite of Henks' keen observation, something has happened right under his nose of which he is not aware.

Luther Clewell finds that his spare time can be very profitably spent this year by acting as motorman for the Transit Company between Nazareth and Bethlehem.

Amos Fulmer feels confident that this year will see him behind the footlights, for he has been playing the roll of Baker all summer.

Andy: "Pop, did you bring any Fords from Detroit?"

Pop: "No. But I brought a Traf-ford."

THE FRESHMAN DIRECTORY.

Go to:

Jim Shields for facts concerning a Poor Appetite.

Bates Allen for facts concerning a Long Life.

Gutensohn for The Care of Ties.

Hey Schlegel and disciple Ralph for The Treatment of Scalps.

Bro. Dech for information regarding South Bethlehem.

Fulmer for Collars (give length of neck and size of shoes).

Cupie for the latest ideas of Vacation.

Sam Wedman for The Art of Smiling.

Kuehl for Hot Weather Suggestions.

Rowland and Gerry for Ingersolls and Fords.

Richter for interesting data on the much used and daily demanded article—Paper.

“When the Swallows Homeward Fly”

Fifteen new men have entered the walls of M. C. in order to pursue various courses of study. A good spirit exists among the fellows and according to indications the term '16-'17 will be a very successful year. It might also be proper to devote part of this “Local Page” to point out the many activities the students of M. C. were engaged in during the past summer.

THE COMENIAN welcomes the following new men: Frederick Weinland, a graduate of Pomona College, and Frederick Trafford, from Detroit, both of whom will enter the Junior Theological Class. Also Aubrey Clewell and Abraham Thaeler, who expect to take special courses.

Miller, Steininger, Wimmer, Richter, Schneebeil, Vogler, Hassler, Albright, Fink, J. Stocker and P. Stocker comprise the Freshman Class.

A most pleasant evening was spent on October the sixth when Prof. and Mrs. Schwarze gave their annual reception to the student-body in Students Hall. Many interesting stories were related by different students regarding their summer experiences. After refreshments had been served the happy occasion was brought to a close by the singing of “College Ties.”

The following men of last year's graduating class have returned to take up work in the Theological Department: Weber, Spaugh, Wedman, Henkelmann and Kuehl.

Kuehl reports that he spent a very profitable summer serving as Principal of one of the Daily Bible Vacation Schools in Detroit. Accompanied by Landis, he also attended the Y. M. C. A. Conference held at Eaglesmere during the latter part of June. Both report a good time.

All summer the machine guns in the Savage Arms were carefully examined by Inspector Weber.

The Bethlehem Steel Company and O'Reilly's managed to keep Henkelmann busy. He also spent a week's vacation visiting Roy Hassler in the good old historic town of Lititz. Besides this he spoke at a C. E. meeting held in the Bethlehem Reformed Church and also conducted a service in the United Evangelical Church at Emaus.

The Lutheran Church of Winston-Salem was fortunate in securing Spaugh as their Organist during the summer. In addition to this he also did some office work.

Conductor Wedman spent a very strenuous summer pulling the chain for the Atlantic Electrical Railway Co. We hear he is considered an expert in counting change and helping ladies on the car.

Pfohl was kept busy having a good time in Winston-Salem.

Most of Turner's time was spent working for the Engineering Department of the City of Bethlehem. On September 30 he made a trip to New York in the in-

terest of the college play. While there he visited Vogler, '16, who is at present Secretary of the Intercollegiate Department of the Y. M. C. A. in New York City.

Mueller and Strohmeier made things lively for three months in Phillipsburg, N. J. The Ingersoll plant of that city kept them busy twelve hours a day.

Hagen gathered an extra amount of muscle working in the New Dorp Moravian Cemetery. By an unanimous vote he was elected a member of the Gravediggers' Union.

Kemper says: “This is an age when an Edison should be in every home.” He certainly ought to know, for he spent his summer months working for the Bethlehem Talking Machine Co.

Stolz and Shields have an endless number of tales to relate concerning their three weeks' experience on the deep. Finding the life in Pennsylvania too monotonous, they secured employment as waiters on the “Philadelphia,” sailing from New York to Liverpool. One round trip satisfied the curiosity of both and now they are happily singing “My Country 'Tis of Thee.”

The Bethlehem Steel Company was a source of employment for the following men: Allen, Schwab, Billheimer, Faro, Bahnsen, Funk, and Shields.

Back to the farm is a slogan commonly used these days. Nonnemaker and Everroad are strongly advocating it, for they are both considered full fledged Grangers after spending their vacation in doing hard farm work.

Splices worked a few weeks in a paper mill and managed to get two of his fingers mashed. The rest of the time he spent in waiting for college to reopen.

Fulmer, when not busily engaged working in a printing office, played ball in the Philadelphia Church League. At the same time his room-mate, Clewell, was busy making guitars in the Nazareth Guitar Factory.

Best wishes and congratulations are extended to Edward McCuiston, '16, on his engagement to Miss Minnie Hermany, of Bethlehem. He is now working in the offices of the Auditing Department of the Bethlehem Steel Company.

Allam, '16, is a member of the teaching staff of the Moravian Parochial School.

Clewell, '16, is engaged in social work in the city of Detroit.

Allen, '16, and Wesenberg, '15, are both serving as instructors in the Nazareth Hall Military Academy.

Harold Lopp, '14, formerly a teacher at the Moravian Parochial School, is at present working with the charity organization in New York City. He spent Sunday, the eighth, visiting at M.C.

Rev. C. H. Wenhold, Jr., Sem. '04, who has recently taken a charge in St. Kitts, B. W. I., published interesting diary notes of his trip in the *Bethlehem Times*.

Rev. J. Reinke, of Kingston, Jamaica, is spending a few months in Bethlehem.

Rev. Rufus Bishop, Sem. '12, delivered addresses in various places concerning his work in Bluefields, Nicaragua.

Rev. Richard Shields, Sem. '16, is now stationed at Antigua, B. W. I. In three months he expects to take up work at Santo Domingo.

Mark Ruprecht, a member of the same class, is taking a post graduate course at Princeton Theological Seminary.

D. L. Rights, Sem. '15, finished his post graduate course at Harvard Divinity School. He now has charge of the Moravian Church in Greensboro, N.C., and also teaching in the Salem Academy and College.

During the summer R. Riemer, Sem. '12, served a congregation at Ritmare, N. J. He is now continuing a post graduate course at Yale University.

THE COMENIAN extends congratulations to Frederick Schultze, '00, on his marriage to Miss Alice Romig, a graduate of the Moravian College for Women and daughter of the late Rev. W. H. Romig, at Grinnell, Iowa, on October 3.

Dr. Schultze spent part of the summer visiting the Moravian Churches in New York. He also conducted the German services which are held in the Old Chapel every other Sunday.

Dean Rau spent part of his vacation at Lake Geneva, N. Y. Otherwise he was busily engaged in Bethlehem.

Both Dr. Gapp and Dr. Schwarze remained in this vicinity during the entire summer with the exception of preaching in various outside pulpits.

On October the third the services at the Laurel Street Chapel were conducted by Dr. Moses. Much of his summer was also spent in Bethlehem.

Instructor Hassler spent his entire vacation in Lancaster County, "The Garden Spot of the Earth."

The Allentown Tennis Club kept Hoffman busy. With Harry Wieland as his partner he won a silver cup offered to the champions in doubles. "Champion Williams, please take notice."

It was announced at the opening exercises on the morning of October 5 that Henry A. Kuehl had been appointed assistant librarian and Samuel Wedman custodian of the museum.

At 9 o'clock of the same morning, in the library, a meeting was held of the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association. The following were present: President P. S. Meinert, of Nazareth; D. H. Keech, of Allentown; Dr. E. deS. Brunner, of Easton; Dr. H. E. Stocker, of South Bethlehem; Victor G. Flinn, of New York, and Professors Moses and Gapp, of Bethlehem.

The Dramatic Association has already started work on its play for this year. The members will present "The Man on the Box," a breezy comedy in three acts, adapted to the stage by Miss Grace Livingston Furniss,

from Harold McGrath's popular and lively novel. It is one of the most delightful plays of the present day. Bubbling over with high class comedy, then a touch of pathos, to be followed by a scene of exceptional dramatic strength, is a brief outline of this most enjoyable of plays. It has been a tremendous success on tour and in stock.

The cast this year will be entirely new with the exception of two men, Turner and Allen, who have had several years' experience. However, the try-outs brought forth some exceptionally good material. There will be eight male and four female participants. All realize the importance of the work and have shown a willingness to help make this the "best yet" of the annual plays.



Y. M. C. A.

The general slogan of the Y. M. C. A. is Spirit, Mind, and Body. The entire man is taken into consideration in these three words, but each phase of the human life can, and must be developed. No man can ever acquire more than one body, but he can develop the body which he has. It is the aim of the Y. M. C. A. to develop the entire man.

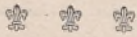
The Y. M. C. A. at college must of necessity be somewhat different from the city "Y." The Athletic Association takes care of the physical training, while in the studies of our curriculum we have ample opportunity to develop the mind. So the only thing that is left to the college Y. M. C. A. is the spiritual side of the man. In many colleges even that side of the triangle is partly removed by various religious organizations, such as Christian Endeavor, Sunday School and a score of other activities, so that we sometimes wonder what there is left for the Y. M. C. A. to do.

College men are a peculiar class with which to deal. They are a problem to the Church, a problem to the community, a problem to their parents and friends, a problem to every one but themselves. Yet there is a great deal to be expected of them. It takes an expert, however, to deal with them. The college Y. M. C. A. has a work peculiar to itself. There are problems in the lives of students which the Church can not settle, problems which the faculty can not pass a decision on, such problems and difficulties are the task of the college Y. M. C. A. How to solve them is often very difficult to determine. We see where the difficulty lies, but we can not find the point of contact. The college man has a soul. Many a man has hidden beneath a heap of frivolity, foolishness, and carelessness, the makings of a really great man. Can the Y. M. C. A. clear away the obstruction and get at the soul of such men? If it can it is accomplishing its task.

Enthusiasm for working in the "Y" is at high water mark at M. C. The new men, all of them, promise to be earnest workers. We only hope that the enthusiasm which has thus far been shown will never die out.

The cabinet had a short but very snappy and helpful

meeting. Every man on the cabinet showed a keen interest in the work and expressed a desire to help make the Y. M. C. A. a singular success this year.



Athletics

Because there was no Alumni baseball game in June, one was arranged for October 14, but the game was suddenly changed to the previous Saturday when several of the Alumni team could not have been present on the 14th. Only seven Alumni played, and Richter and Strohmeier, who were substituted at the last minute, rounded out a winning combination. The infield starred, while for Moravian no member of its team played remarkably poorly nor remarkably well. They did their best, and the result was so because their best was inferior. The final score was Alumni 8, Moravian 2.

Basketball practices are also not so far distant. Of last year's squad Captain Kuehl, Turner, Wedman, Allen, Hagen, Stolz, J. Shields, Mueller and Strohmeier returned, and there is good material among the new men. The number of men out for the teams will not be less than last year. The schedule is nearly complete and includes games with Albright, St. Joseph's, Lehigh, Temple and Lebanon Valley. Games are pending with Ursinus, Loyola and other colleges.



Enemies of Culture

(Continued from page 7.)

Some would maintain that this is a modern world, that one must follow modern methods to succeed, that "*on ne peut pas porter partout avec soi le cadavre de son père.*" What could be more false! Every one of us carries with him the body of his father in all he does. The experience of our ancestors is woven into the fabric of our existence every where we turn. Modern activity in every line witnesses to our dependence on the past. Without the foundation of generations of labor our intricate system of material affairs would crumble in ruins. Why, then, should we attempt to sever all connection with past ages in matters of much greater importance than material affairs?

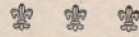
Let us therefore acknowledge our dependence on the past in education. Let us all become familiar with the higher ideals of the generations, so that the universal bond of culture may continue to unite every class of mankind, and lift men above the sordid, nearer the divine!

R. W. S.

Seeing the Sea

(Continued from page 5.)

angel" not only feel that they have profited physically, mentally and morally from their experience as "galley slaves," but they enjoyed it immensely.



Exchanges

Due to the late opening of our fall term and to the summer cleaning, we find only a few exchanges at hand. But those few, which are mostly commencement numbers, are exceptionally good.

As greetings to our old friends and to the new ones we hope to make, enthusiasm at this year's outlook leads to the promise of a better COMENIAN, and to exchange editors, we would suggest more friendly criticism, approving the good and pointing out faults that they may be corrected, thus being of mutual benefit. The Exchange column is too often neglected, and the space apportioned to that department unfilled. This were indeed a grievous fault, for through this medium of exchange do we not only come to know each other as publications but have an insight into the student life and activities of the colleges and schools with whom we exchange, giving us suggestions and ideas by which we can improve ourselves and likewise hope to give others the benefit of any efficiency to which we may have attained. The year is before us, our success depending upon our efforts.

Getting arranged and organized for coming work has prevented more than a glance at the contents of each of the editions, but a well arranged table of contents in several, has directed the writer to numerous articles and editorials which could not be passed without having been read.

The June contributors to *College Chips* have made that issue more than an interesting one. It breathes a patriotic spirit which is good to see and inspires one to do all in his power to fill the demand for a pure and incorruptible citizenship, which is now in such great demand. "Is America True to Her Ideals?" and "What is an American?" are questions worth considering and are well considered in the space allowed them. The author of "The Home and America," well says, "The home is the foundation upon which the nation is founded."

The *Perkiomenite* for June gives its readers an adequate idea of what Perkiomen is like. The numerous cuts make it especially attractive.

The pleasing appearance of the *Ogantz Mosaic* and its excellent quality speaks well for the taste and ability of its publishers and make it a welcome visitor.

Two September issues have arrived. They are the *D. M. L. C. Messenger* and the *Black and Red*. The editorials on "Indolence" and "Usefulness" are not only very readable but contain ideas very applicable to life.

Other issues at hand are *Steel and Garnet*, *Linden Hall Echo*, *Old Penn* and *College Times*.

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