

THE COMENIAN

VIA LUCHS



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The Comenian

Volume XXVI.

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Individual Responsibility

C. CONRAD SHIMER, '12

TO the individual who cursorily glances through this article and, with the thought that questions of this nature do not interest him, quickly passes on to more interesting news, small benefit will accrue from the reading of this discussion. We hear the term "missions" used so often, and almost invariably with reference to the work of the Christian Church, that we are apt to connect with this word but one idea—the preaching of the gospel.

The Christ-given command, "Go ye," given to a small company of disciples, and today accepted by Christians everywhere as their personal charge, holds for every nation calling itself "Christian" a larger meaning than it held for the faithful few to whom it was originally given. As centuries pass and the world progresses, our ideas open and expand like the rose, gradually and slowly, but nevertheless surely. Words and ideas, which at one time suggested but one thought, now are interpreted in terms of our wider and deeper knowledge of facts and conditions which help to make life interesting and worth while. Just as the Church was given this Divine command, so to every nation comes the same order, "Go ye," not only with the simple gospel of Christ, but with the interpretation of that gospel in terms of brotherliness, helpfulness and forbearance for the difficulties and shortcomings of other peoples.

Particularly does this statement apply to our own loved land, the home of freedom in religion, in thought and in action. Upon us devolves the task of leading the nations now groping in the darkness of despair and horror into the broad daylight of righteousness.

The work of spreading the gospel does not belong to the Church as an institution, but to the individuals who compose that Church. Can this

truth of personal responsibility for the success or failure of any undertaking be any the less applicable to national affairs than it is to religious work? Nay, rather should this fact be borne home to every citizen of this great land, that upon *his* thoughts and *his* actions depends the attitude our country is assuming and will, in the future, take over against other nations. At this critical period of our nation's existence as a world leader in thought and action, discussion of this truth should be of particular interest to every man or woman who would be loyal citizens.

What is this distinct and clear-cut work mapped out for us? Is it the assumption of the financial leadership of the world, to the exclusion of all other considerations? The insatiable desire for gold which seems to have gripped Americans as if in a vise, would certainly seem to indicate an affirmative answer to this question. Is the leadership of the world in armament and physical power our aim? Is this country to have as its goal the taking away of the trade of other nations and its grasp and retention of that commerce for itself? Nay, the mission of this nation lies in the attainment of none of these desires. No one of these purposes should be stressed to the exclusion of the more important but less tangible goal—the leading of the nations now in the bondage of misguided ambitions, misconceived ideas and distorted ideals into the "promised land" of international comity and brotherhood, eventually resulting in world-wide peace.

Neither does the future position of the United States depend only upon the few men who have been elected to the positions of importance in the government. They are but the reflectors of the will of the majority of the people. The right

discernment and interpretation of this opinion is one of the most difficult tasks confronting those in authority. In a land where the opinions of the inhabitants of the various sections thereof are colored largely by their physical and geographical location, it is peculiarly arduous to act in such a way as is best for even the greater number of those dwelling therein. When we remember also that even in one particular section of this land there are polyglot populations representing almost every country on earth and, consequently, bound in some degree to the land of their birth, we will appreciate the burden resting upon our Chief Executive and legislators.

It matters not how loyal any man wishes or tries to be to the country of his adoption, it is unreasonable to expect his opinions not to be colored, however slightly, by the affection for his old home which still lingers in his heart. His first love is almost invariably the strongest, and any ignoring of such inborn sympathy will bring disaster to any effort to foster love and devotion for the country with which he has cast his fortunes.

It is apparent, therefore, that the expression of our ideas and our sympathies does have even a remote effect upon the consensus of opinion which may be gathered from a large number, many of whom may imagine, like we, that the thoughts or ideas of one man carry no weight.

One of the greatest sources of strength, and also a most fruitful source of danger, is found in the treatment we accord to those dwellers in our midst who have come to our shores. As to what harvest—of strength or of danger—we are to reap from these newcomers depends altogether upon the attitude which we assume. If we are proud and inclined to claim a false superiority over against our foreign-born neighbor, or if we show to them that we regard their coming to us as an indication of their eagerness to become part of the warp and woof of our national being; in either case ours will be the responsibility for the results.

The Americanization of these newcomers is a very potent means of winning their affection to the Stars and Stripes and to the ideals for which our flag stands. No man can enter into the life and activity of any people unless he first under-

stands the language which is the medium for the expression of that activity. Neither can the ideals of any nation be impressed upon the thought of any person with no conscious effort to implant those ideals in his life. A commendable effort to teach the "foreigner" English and to prepare him to become a good citizen is being made in many large cities. And it is indeed time that we, who are enjoying the benefits for which our forefathers toiled, should be engaged in this laudable activity if we do not wish these strangers within our gates to remain foreigners in fact as well as in name.

Not only upon the treatment thus accorded to peoples of other tongues depends the future of this nation. In our daily expressions made to people of our own language, in the positions which we constantly assume over against the little difficulties and questions which arise, do we reveal the motives which actuate us not merely in our small restricted spheres of activity but in the larger questions which we are sometimes called upon to answer. For it is impossible to follow two distinct courses of conduct—the one as a guide in our private and naturally restricted life, the other as a standard of conduct in larger, more important deliberations.

And it is this course of conduct which we follow each day that determines the attitude we take in the discussion of international problems. True it is that the influence each individual exerts is infinitesimally small as compared with the influence wielded by the nation, but it is likewise indisputable that as the nation is composed of individuals, so the position which our country assumes in the councils of the world depends altogether on the seemingly insignificant opinions held by her citizens.

The preservation of the correct balance between the material and spiritual pursuits of our peoples will likewise assist in molding the attitude this government will assume in international discussions. The use of the term "spiritual pursuits" should here be interpreted as including all those things which stimulate and enlarge the powers of the mind.

Definite care need be taken to cultivate intensively those qualities which will preserve the proper preponderance of thought. The ma-

terialistic aims of our lives should not be followed to the exclusion of everything which will make for broader intellectual abilities, to the destructive overbalancing of all mature and well-seasoned judgment. If this error is permitted to sway our individual thought and opinion, what can be expected of the influence our nation will exert in international questions, its position being determined largely, as we have seen, by the thought and expression of its individual citizens? Music, art, literature, and more than all these, worship of the Triune God, must be stressed if we, as a nation, would escape the fate

of Babylon, of Greece and of Rome.

Every man, whether he wills or not, has a share in shaping the destiny of this great nation. Upon the individual rests the responsibility for the influence this country will exert in the determination of the status of the world after the war. Who of its liberty-loving, loyal citizens will deny to their beloved land the role of a Moses to lead the war-torn, oppressed nations of the world out of their bondage into the longed-for freedom from petty jealousy, strife and dissension—into the Golden Age of Liberty?

Toledo Scales

RALPH W. EVERROAD, '18

FATHER, please don't swear so," requested dainty Dorothy Blades from the door which connected their general merchandise emporium with the adjoining scale shed. "Here comes Rev. Howell for the groceries his wife ordered yesterday."

The dark blue reply she received would not be a suitable one to put into the opening lines of a story. "Daddy" Blades justified himself, however, by knowing "that no sky-pilot, nor anybody else, could be pestered beyond endurance by those aggravating scales, as he had been, without losing their temper."

"If you could only lose your temper where you could not find it," was a thought the girl dared not express lest she bring down wrath on her own head, but she turned back greeting her customer with unaffected cheerful friendliness, which was not meant to attract business but which was the unconscious striving of a sunny disposition for something to take the place of the home love, of which she had been robbed by the death of her gentle mother, and the harsh selfishness of her father.

The entire trade of the little store was due to the esteem in which Dorothy was held by the village people. For, while it was the only store the village boasted, all would have driven ten miles to the city for their necessities rather than buy from her grouchy father.

The wrinkled face of the gray-haired shepherd

of the village flock beamed as he passed through the door and started back over the cinder-path to the parsonage. A volley of guttural oaths arrested his attention, and he paused, but shook his head and walked on. His smile, however, vanished and he pondered how father and child could be so unlike.

The Monday morning trade of the little store was never heavy, in fact Dorothy had many hours to pass in the little window alcove where she enjoyed her books and her crocheting. But this particular morning was too bright and balmy to spend inside. Stepping out, she stood at the edge of the platform, where she would be aware of any customer's approach and could talk with her father at the same time.

"Can't you make them weigh, father?" she inquired.

"It don't look a great sight like I can, seein' them cars must be empty by four o'clock and those six wagons have been waitin' for three hours. I s'pose if I could make 'em weigh they'd be weighin' coal about now," he growled. "It's no use. There they go again, all out of kelter. They're all shot."

"You loafers, drive your wagons across the track and load up. We'll have to take railroad weight on that coal even if they do always skin you, the pesky crooks."

Kirker McCall, of the Toledo Scales Company, had recently been given territory sur-

rounding Queensburg. With his usual good luck he struck the town when its sole scale owner felt the need of a new one most. That very need, and the inability to make the old one work, brought all the contrary characteristics of Blades's mule-like disposition to the front and made him determined to use no other. Thus the time was opportune but the conditions which Kirker faced were not promising.

The fact that he had appeared unnoticed did not tend to smother the old man's ruffled feelings. The dark scowl which was the only response to his announcement that he was "the very man you want to see" did not indicate an easy bargain. Kirker, however, had not overlooked the girl on the platform, and as she appeared both interesting and interested, he unconsciously had an additional incentive to action.

Kirker ignored the dark looks. "Seen their best days, I guess."

"Young man, I'm not in the market for scales, so you needn't waste your time here," Blades cut him off, shrewdly sensing his business.

"That's all right; you're going to be one of these days, and when you are I'm ready to install, at reasonable prices, the best scales made."

Blades turned his back on the salesman and began tinkering with the balancing apparatus in the scales.

Kirker was not checked in his purpose. He threw off his light balmacaan and, pushing back his sleeves, said, "I have two hours here until train time. If you will just stand aside, I'll have these things ready to weigh your coal by the time your wagons are loaded."

Whether it was the hope of using his scales, or whether it was the broad shoulders of the well-built young salesman who stepped in front of Blades that made him give place, is hard to say, but when he saw the amused expression about the eyes of his daughter, he gruffly ordered her to "get inside."

Kirker, bending over the offending mechanism, looked up. Her eyes met his and a smile of mutual sympathy passed between them. Kirker went over the scales carefully. He knew he could repair them if any one could. He had not spent four years at the big factory for nothing. He learned scale construction from the

bottom and not only knew Toledo Scales but understood all kinds and makes equally well. Loosening a part of the floor, he reinforced a corner of the pit, pulled away some of the rotted parts of the frame, then set to work at the adjustments—tightening them a few threads here and loosening there until, in a short time, the rusty beam swung up and down in perfect balance.

"Now," said Kirker, "you can weigh your coal. Adjusted like this, your scales may do accurate work for a week, perhaps a month, but hardly longer. You can't help realizing they are worn out. The wood frame is rotten, the adjustments are corroded with rust, and the pit is ready to fall in. Whenever you wish to buy, I would appreciate your order."

He didn't wait for a response, simply tossed his card on the desk and started for his coat. Then first he noticed the big "Studebaker" that had pulled up to take on a cargo of the store's produce. The owner, a prosperous-looking farmer, had watched the performance with apparent interest. Engaging Kirker in conversation he made plain to him that he believed a scale on his farm would be a practical investment and a great convenience. Kirker had facts ready concerning the value of farm scales. They were soon deeply engrossed in the subject of Toledo "Pitless." Both were interested and time flew. A third party listened, at a desk where he pretended to figure weights.

A whistle sounded down the track and Kirker knew he had not enough time to make his train. Mechanically he grabbed his coat and bag but quietly set them down with a subdued "no use."

"Your next train will be the 4:10. Come with me and we will take up the scale question more leisurely."

Kirker had dinner at the farmer's home and, when he returned to the village in the evening, he brought with him, besides an order for scales, the history of Simon Blades. Of all he had heard one thing interested him most. No salesman in that territory stopped to trade. All his goods were ordered by mail. He trusted no man. This lack of faith in his fellowmen seemed to be the cause of the old man's harshness. His neighbors gave him a clear path and did business with his store only because of its convenience and

their regard for his daughter. Thinking over these things at the little station, Kirker vowed that sooner or later he would replace that old scales with a new "Toledo."

Several minutes remaining before train time, he decided to step over and leave Blades some literature about his product, hoping he might look it over and be ready to talk business when he returned to install the "Pitless" for Farmer Gross.

Blades was not present but Kirker went inside and asked permission to leave some of his pamphlets. Dorothy granted the request and apologized for her father's rudeness during the morning. She "hoped he would excuse him, for it was 'Daddy's' way" and she "guessed he couldn't help it." There was a touching little note of wistfulness in her voice that made Kirker feel uncomfortable. Before he went back to the station he assured her that he hoped to win her father's confidence by the time he finished his work in that neighborhood.

Dorothy stood on the platform, where he first saw her, and returned his wave as the train pulled out.

Kirker made a number of towns before he reached headquarters on Saturday. He had met with considerable success on the trip but the frequency with which the image of a graceful, dark-haired creature in a middy suit forced itself upon his mind, worried more than amused him. Nor could he forget the row of pearly teeth which gleamed through the smile she gave him.

Monday morning a crated "Toledo Pitless" left the big warehouse. Monday evening, under cover of the gathering darkness, anyone living near the Queensburg station might have seen Blades prying about the crates that came in on the last freight. Before he sneaked back he was impressed by the fact that the goods were as represented in the pamphlets which Dorothy had cunningly brought to his notice without arousing his antagonism by appearing interested.

Kirker followed up his order the next morning and, finding the wagons from Gross's farm at the station to haul the crates, he climbed up by the driver and, rumbling past the little store,

waved so hearty a good morning to Blades that it made him swear. Whatever inclination to buy scales had been generated by his investigation of the pamphlets, and of the scales themselves, was turned into determination not to "give in" to that "fresh upstart."

Six o'clock that evening saw the scales on their foundation. Enough "fixing" and adjusting, however, remained to make it necessary for Kirker to stay until the following morning for its completion. Kirker willingly accepted the hospitality of the big farmhouse in preference to that of the dingy little inn at the village.

After supper Kirker was invited to accompany the family in the big Studebaker to a musicale the "League" was giving in the village church.

It is needless to say "Daddy" Blades didn't "waste his time on such foolishness," but Kirker knew he was going to enjoy the program when he saw Dorothy busy about the stage, managing the final arrangements. During the exercises Dorothy's popularity was shown by the enthusiasm which greeted her at every appearance. Her ability was proved by her able rendition of some heavy extracts from "Il Trovatore."

At the close of the exercises, Kirker was not the last to express his appreciation, nor were his congratulations least in the appreciation of the recipient.

Farmer Gross was not blind to the congeniality which existed between the two young people. Knowing Dorothy seldom had the opportunity of associating with the high type of men which, in their short acquaintance, he had found Kirker to be, he suggested to his wife that she invite her to go along for a spin.

Instinctively, Dorothy sensed the disagreeable interview which she knew would be forthcoming with her father, but the enchanting moonlight and purring motor were indeed inviting. Her hesitancy was brief. Noting the appeal in Kirker's eyes, she decided to accept, willing to pay the price. She was hardened to her father's continual scolding and, although she humored his every whim, she craftily managed to do as she saw proper.

The roads were perfect, and the big car floated through the balmy air. Little Freddie would sit

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Will You

Wherever things are to be achieved, the means of accomplishing them are required.

Sometimes one hears inquiries in regard to why M. C. does not undertake certain plans or does not enter into activities which seem to be inseparable from college life. Whatever these may be, we can only answer that they would not be neglected if the requisites were obtainable.

Considering the size of the student body, it is quite evident that everything possible is being done to place and keep M. C. in the world of colleges. In deliberating on some of those which fall outside of the curriculum, we might mention that, along musical lines, the Glee Club, concerning which an editorial appeared on this page recently, has obtained a standard scarcely to be surpassed. In the dramatical line, mention need only be made of the success with which plays have been presented by the Association in recent years. In athletics, basketball predominates, and in this Moravian has just completed its most successful season. Tennis, too, is playing a

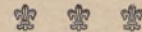
prominent part. In other branches of college activities which require a larger number of participants, we are not so fortunate, due to the lack of men needed to conduct them.

This need of men is strongly felt not only at the college but also throughout the entire Church. The problem becomes more serious when we turn from athletics, musicales and plays to the chief aim for which the Church is working—spreading the Gospel to win souls for the Kingdom.

Recently, Bishop Hamilton, by means of an illustrated lecture, brought before the students the need of men in Nicaragua. This, although the most serious problem at the present time, is but one instance of what we are facing. When we recognize this great need throughout our Church, does it not stir the very blood in our veins and prompt us to put forth effort to meet this want?

No doubt the ministers of our various churches have received a letter from President Schultze in regard to the matter of securing candidates for the ministry and for mission service. This is a matter which should be of vital interest not only to each of our pastors but to every alumnus and student as well. We need men, and until each member of the Moravian Church has done all in his power to promote greater interest along these lines he cannot justly sit back and bemoan the fact. Let's get busy.

H. A. K.



English for Coming Americans

One of the most regular and productive activities of the College Y. M. C. A. is the teaching of English to foreigners. The work is carried on by means of night schools in South Bethlehem, under the leadership and direction of several members of the Lehigh faculty. In another part of this issue mention is made of the commendable efforts to teach the "foreigners" English and the beneficial results of such activity. Indeed such an effort is necessary before the many aliens and strangers in our country can even become useful residents, much less true American citizens.

This sort of work is mutually beneficial. To the foreigner who earnestly desires to become

an American a school of this kind presents boundless opportunities. He not only learns the rudiments of the language and becomes more or less efficient in its use, but he also gains an insight into many affairs that are peculiar to our country. He learns much of the history, literature, customs, and traditions of the land of his adoption. From the beginning, the benefits and advisability of naturalization are impressed on him so that he may realize and take advantage of the opportunities of citizenship. He is subjected to the best influences of the Melting Pot and rapidly passes through the changes and development which have been going on since the time our country became an independent nation.

But to one who teaches English to a class of foreigners this work also presents many opportunities if he wishes to make use of them. He meets men of many nationalities and may exchange views on all sorts of subjects. He finds ideas which are totally opposed to his own and thus is almost compelled to become more broad-minded. The education, history, and customs of different peoples are sure to leave an impression on his mind, and these things are necessary to the proper education of a man. On the whole any person who engages in this work will have a greater understanding and deeper sympathy for "foreigners" and will also gain much that is profitable for himself.

R. W. S.



Creeds== and Other Things

Increasingly do we look upon creeds as testimony and not as tests. But the latter view is probably still the more common. We determine whether a person can be a Christian or not by putting to him several questions on the order of, Do you accept this creed, or prefer this form of worship, or will you join our denomination? Recently someone has written a creed in which he believes. Many people do not know what they believe, but this man does. He has given us this:

"I believe in God, the Master most mighty, stirrer up of heaven and earth. And in Jesus, the carpenter at Nazareth, who was born of pro-

letarian Mary, toiled at the work bench, descended into labor's hell, suffered under Roman tyranny at the hands of Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried. The power, not ourselves which makes for freedom. He rose again from the dead to be Lord of the democratic advance, sworn foe of stagnancy, maker of folk upheavals. I believe in work, the self-respecting toiler, the holiness of beauty, free-born producers, the communion of comrades, the resurrection of workers, and the industrial commonwealth, the co-operative kingdom eternal."

We choose neither to favor nor condemn it here. What we would particularize upon is that it would be useless to ask the author to subscribe to another creed. It is his product, and he has a license to write it.

Anyway, creeds cannot be identified with the Christianity of Jesus. He gave none. The first Christian creed was formulated in the century after he lived.

Nor, for that, did he formulate a system of theology, or any form of worship.

He organized no church.

He did not, as is generally held, come to found a new religion.

He lived, as it is, pregnantly, in Henry Van Dyke's sentence, "the human life of God."

His purpose in coming He has told us. "I am come," said He, "that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly."

He came, then, to use the words of Dr. Lyman Abbott, "to impart a new experience of God, and to found a new life, rather than to substitute a new creed for an old, or to found a new religion.

. . . For Christianity is not the same as Churchianity. It is a new life, and it can no more be confined in a creed or creeds, a ritual or rituals, a church or churches, than spring can be confined in a glass house. It is the spirit of vision, of aspiration, of self-sacrificing service. It is wanting in some who call themselves Christians. It is radiant in some who do not call themselves Christians. It exists wherever faith, hope, and love dominate the life."

B. Y. L.





...The...

Paragorical Recorder



Manager Sam, in drug store, asking for ten cents' worth of carbohc acid—

C'erk (suspiciously glancing at the scar above Sam's eye): "What do you want it for?"

Sam: "For five cents."

Clarence Tyrole Richter to Victor Tumutch Richter: "Pray couldst tell me upon what day came Christmas in the year of our Lord 1911?"

Victor Emmanuel Tumutch Richter to Clarence Tyrole Annanias Richter: "Verily, upon the twenty-fifth of December."

Fulmer (seeing Hens Lurch by): "Say, Hens, how do you feel after the Bath?"

Hens: "Fine. Did you get your Biers home all right?"

Professor Bill, in English: "Now, Gutensohn says 'the negro bought the watermelon of the farmer,' and Strohmeier says it should be 'the negro bought the watermelon from the farmer.' What is your opinion, Mr. Hagen?"

Hagen, speaking easily with great difficulty: "Sure, and I believe the old nigger stole the thing."

The other Sunday Rev. Deckie exchanged pulpits with the pastor of the only other church in the burg. The pulpit was unusually high, and was reached by a winding stairway. He ascended very slowly, and for a time disappeared from sight. At length the congregation saw a wrinkled brow raised timidly above the pulpit, so that only the eyes were visible, while Deckie announced his text in a high, squeaking voice: "It is I, be not afraid."

Otto: "What happened up in your room last night—a prize fight?"

Hass: "No such luck."

Otto: "But I heard an awful noise. What was pulled off?"

Hass: "A porous plaster, if you must know."

It has been recently said by that transcendent genius of modern times, Schmalz Wedman, der Grosse, that the seven wonders of the world are: The Moravian College Observatory, The Great Wall of China, "Bessie" Everroad's Crop of Hair, The Police Gazette, The Statue of Liberty (on a windy day), Pop Sheridan's Bath, The Prohibition Party. To this list Cyril Pfohl would add Hope, at Everroad's suggestion.

In this day of literary appreciation, when dramatic and dime-novel bugs dispute with German hymnologists on the respective merits of their favorite authors, it is deeply to be lamented that true poetry, as a rule, is not

appreciated. Now to really enjoy poetry to the fullest extent, the reader must exercise such control of his feelings and fancy as to force himself into the mood of the writer, to feel with him and actually put into the lines the expression of his own soul. This is oftentimes exceedingly difficult but the writer, on one memorable occasion, after spending a few moments in the odoriferous proximity of his friend Clarence, connoisseur of limburger cheese, felt that he could appreciate as never before the famous lines—"Breathes there a man with soul so dead."

An announcement was recently printed as follows: "Rev. Harner will administer another sermon next Sunday morning, after which this church will be closed three weeks for repairs."

Herr de Funk's latest song is now making its rounds under the title of "Heiny, oh Heiny, oh won't you be meine."

In considering the county in Diana as a state, special interest has been aroused by the agricultural scientists centering about the section commonly called by a hopeful name. Some illucidating ideas may be obtained from the following extract of

THE SIR SCHNEIDER DE RALPHSTEIN PAPERS.
(Apologies to Addison.)

I have observed that a reader seldom becomes interested in a book unless the statement of facts comes at the beginning and is continued throughout. To gratify this most natural desire I will endeavor to begin this paper with the statement of facts and to continue so doing.

Having often received an invitation from my friend to pass away a month with him in that famous burg, the white hope in Diana, I finally accepted and remained with him for some time, intending to form several of my ensuing speculations of the town in which his house was situated.

I could not but observe when I came, the striking metropolitan appearance of everything. I will cite, as my first example, the city square. It is rather large, and one not acquainted with its immediate surroundings might judge it to be a stretch of forest coming right up to the edge of the town, if he were standing on the sidewalk, across the street from it. To illustrate my point, I will venture to say that the man walking through the square by way of the path which runs diagonally across it, does so at his own risk, for he will be liable to snake-bites and, were he not thoroughly acquainted with it, might even get lost.

One or, I should say, two important things connected with the square are: the band-stand in the center (which, by the way, can hardly be seen in the summer-time), and the railings around the edge of the square, where everyone hitches his horse on Saturday night. The band-stand, true to its name, is used once a week by the town band for the presentation of a concert, or rather, a cat fight, that being the best description for such an ear-splitting discord. The hitching railings are in use, generally, the same night as the band-stand. This night, as I have observed before, is Saturday night.

An enticing feature of the town is the moving picture theatre which is situated just across the street from the square, and one can, therefore, enjoy the "Perils of Pauline" to the tune of the wip-poor-will and the night-owl. This theatre is open twice a week, Tuesdays and Saturdays, due, no doubt, to the two trains a week to

and from the town which bring the new films.

The village is indeed quite a city, the population being about two thousand; one thousand of these, however, are in the graveyard. The corporate limits extend about two miles from the center of the town, and one not acquainted with the situation would be quite surprised at this. I was riding one morning into town and came to a sign marked "City Limit." I was astonished as there was not a sign of a house anywhere, but I rode on for a couple of miles and suddenly came upon the square!

This will give one some idea of the size of the town.

Other interesting things in this eighth wonder of the world are the High School, the Bank, the Fish-pond, the Postoffice, the newspaper, and the road to Indianapolis, but I will endeavor to dwell at length upon these in my next paper.

* * * College Hill News * * *

Dr. Schultze attended the meeting of college presidents, which was held at Houston Hall, Philadelphia, on Friday, February 16. At this meeting very many important questions were discussed which had a bearing on all the State colleges. The following were some of the most essential questions before the meeting: (1) Should Normal School graduates be registered as Sophomores in a College; (2) Should the two hundred hours required by the State for teaching of Pedagogy be made to include other related subjects?; (2) Should a student be permitted to represent his college in any 'varsity sport during his first collegiate year? No definite action has yet been taken regarding any of these questions.

The following extract from the Uhrichsville (Ohio) *Chronicle* may be of interest to many of our Alumni: "Bishop Reinke (Sem. '53), nearly 83 years old, occupied the pulpit of the Gnadenuetten Moravian Church on Sunday, February 25, greatly to the enjoyment and pleasure of the congregation that heard him.

"The venerable Bishop had latterly felt, at times, that he would like to have the privilege of preaching the Gospel once more, but he had not mentioned it to any one, it is said. Therefore, when the pastor, Rev. J. E. Weinland, planned to be away on Sunday, February 25, and asked Bishop Reinke whether he would fill the pulpit that day, the Bishop felt constrained to say that he would try to do so in spite of weakness and infirmities.

"The Bishop took for his text Matt. 3:2, 'Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.' The sermon of this aged saint made a deep impression upon the hearers."

Dean A. G. Rau addressed the Civics Club, of Mauch Chunk, on the subject, "New Individualism," a few weeks ago. He also delivered an address to the Bethlehem High School students at their Washington Birth-day celebration.

On Sunday, February 25, Dr. W. V. Moses filled the pulpit of Christ Reformed Church, Bethlehem.

Rev. J. E. Weinland, Sem. '94, pastor of the Gnadenuetten Moravian Church, while recently visiting relatives in town, called on his Alma Mater.

Reinhold Henkelmann conducted the services at the Laurel Street Moravian Church on the evening of January 25, and on February 25, he conducted the services at the Edgeboro Chapel.

C. O. Weber preached at both morning and evening services, on February 25, in the Reformed Church of Freemansburg.

Frederic Trafford filled the pulpits of the following places during the month of February: Schoeneck on the 11th, Laurel Street Chapel on the 18th, and Coopersburg Moravian Church on the 25th.

George Weinland spoke to the Moravian Christian Endeavor Society, of Emaus, on February 25, on the subject, "The California Missions."

The Rt. Rev. J. T. Hamilton gave an illustrated lecture on the Nicaragua Missions to the student body on Thursday evening, March 1. The lecture made a deep impression upon the students, as it pointed out very clearly the mission activities in Central America, and it also revealed to them the great need of more men to labor in this field.

Rev. Wayne Harnar, Sem. '17, at present pastor of the Freemansburg Evangelical Church, has been appointed pastor of the Lansdowne Evangelical Church.

W. E. Vogler, '16, was a visitor at M. C. on Sunday, March 4.

T. Arthur Shields, '12, while visiting at M. C., witnessed the Moravian-St. Joseph basketball game.

Messrs. Paul Hassler and Ernest Hagen spent Sunday, February 25, visiting with the parents of the former at Lititz.

Henry A. Kuehl preached in the Laurel Street Moravian Chapel on Sunday morning, February 25.

Rev. Richard Shields, Sem. '16, has been appointed assistant pastor of the Trumbel Avenue Presbyterian Church in Detroit, Mich. During the early part of February he was also a M. C. visitor.

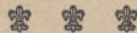
The annual John Beck oratorical contest will be held this year on March 29.

Washington's Birthday was observed as a holiday at M. C.

Three concerts were given by the Glee Club during February. On February 8, they appeared before an audience at Nazareth; on February 14, at Freemansburg, and on February 21, at the Edgeboro Chapel.

Dr. W. N. Schwarze occupied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, Bethlehem, on Sunday, February 25.

The *Allentown Morning Call* issued a special edition, on February 23, in which the activities of the Allentown Rotary Club were shown. Prominent mention was made of D. Hayes Keech, Sem. '96, Secretary of that club. In addition, Mr. Keech is also Editor of the club's paper, entitled *Smiles*.



Y. M. C. A.

There have been only a few meetings of the Y. M. C. A. during the course of the last month, for various very valid reasons. The meetings which were held were quite successful and inspiring.

On Sunday afternoon, February 25, the men gathered for a short prayer service, this being the universal day of prayer. The leader, Mr. Trafford, very aptly drew the attention of the men to the fact that we were facing a time which demanded the prayers of every earnest man more than at any time in the history of the college Y. M. C. A. activity, even more than at any time in the history of all Christian activity. Prayers were offered especially for the suffering ones in the war lands, for all who are working in such regions, and for the government of our own country.



Exchanges

February exchanges were rich in stories and the *Mosaic* was among the list with two of the best.

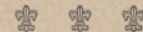
"The Appassionata of Fear" is a story which might well be termed "different." One does not anticipate the outcome but is "kept guessing" until every line is read. The writer must be accredited with considerable imaginative genius and an insight into human nature, which are two requirements of a good story teller. We hope she will develop her ability by writing more stories for the *Mosaic*.

"By Way of Bequest" can not be credited with an amount of originality equal to the former story. But the story is interesting, has good style, moves rapidly

and is realistic. Instead of "turning out rightly" the story ends in a manner much more true to life.

Your editorials breath a spirit of the times. "A Priceless Legacy" points us to the two supreme examples of past greatness—Washington and Lincoln. "What We Can Do" presents a stern reality of the present. "War Poetry, Ancient and Modern," by contrasting the soullessness of what was best in the life of the ancient (its poetry) with what is most soulless in the life of the modern age (its war), shows that modern warfare includes as an object the maintenance of worthy ideals, while ancient poetry had as its purpose the gloating over clash and carnage of conquest. Nor do the two extracts quoted, one from ancient and one from modern poetry, both being characteristic of the best of the two ages represented, justify the prevalent feeling that one must go back to the past for good poetry. A comparison of the two extracts makes one favor the modern poem for it expresses a worthy emotion of a noble soul, while the ancient pictures only the din and color of battles degrading inferno.

Other exchanges received are: *Newberry Stylus*, *Wartburg Quarterly*, *Linden Hall Echo*, *Spectator*, *College News*, *Purple and White*, *Witmarsum*, *Black and Red*, *College Chips*, *A. R. C. Light*, *Albright Bulletin*, *Ursinus Weekly*, *The Oskimo*, and *Memoranda*.



Athletics

MORAVIAN, 46; TEMPLE, 36.

Temple University visited Moravian College on February 7 and played a strenuous game. The Moravian boys were superior to their opponents, as was exemplified in their shooting and passing. Temple was also strengthened by the addition of Hedelt, a University of Pennsylvania student. Weiler with four goals, and Smith with five, led Temple's scoring. Hagen and Turner led Moravian. The score was 46-36. The lineup:

Moravian.	Positions.	Temple.
Hagen	forward.....	Neff
Turner	forward.....	Weiler
Kuehl	center.....	Gesslemann
Wedman	guard.....	Smith
Hassler	guard.....	Hedelt

Field goals: Hagen 2, Turner 3, Kuehl 2, Wedman 2, Hassler, Smith 5, Weiler 4, Gesslemann 3, Neff 2. Foul goals: Hagen, 26 out of 43; Weiler, 8 out of 17. Substitutions: Mueller for Turner, Stolz for Kuehl, Kuehl for Wedman. Referee: Walton, Lehigh. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

MORAVIAN, 50; COLLEGE HILL, 41.

Moravian annexed another victory by defeating College Hill Club, on Saturday, February 10, the score being 50-41. The Eastonians put up a clean, plucky game. Both teams played aggressive ball. McCracken and

Wright, of College Hill, excelled in long range shooting. In floor goals, Turner excelled for Moravian, while Hagen redeemed 22 points from the foul line. The line-up:

Moravian.	Positions.	College Hill.
Hagenforward.....	Raub
Turnerforward.....	Boehmer
Allencenter.....	McCracken
Kuehlguard.....	Bell
Wedmanguard.....	Wright

Floor goals: Turner 7, Hagen 3, Allen 2, Kuehl, McCracken 5, Wright 5, Raub 4, Bell. Foul goals: Hagen, 22 out of 35; Raub, 11 out of 21; Wedman, 2. Substitutions: Hassler for Wedman, Bell for Boehmer, Swartz for Bell. Referee: Walton, Lehigh. Time: 20-minute halves.

MORAVIAN, 42; DELAWARE, 23.

One of the greatest victories for Moravian occurred on Friday, February 16, at Newark, Del., when they triumphed over Delaware State. The game was featured by the wonderful teamwork, the accurate shooting and close guarding on the part of Moravian. Hagen's foul shooting was noteworthy, scoring 14 out of 18 tries. The Delaware team played well. The score, 42-23. The line-up:

Moravian.	Positions.	Delaware.
Hagenforward.....	D. Horsey
Turnerforward.....	H. Horsey
Allencenter.....	Pierson
Kuehlguard.....	Casey
Wedmanguard.....	Wilson

Floor goals: Hagen 5, Turner 5, Allen 3, Wedman, H. Horsey 2, D. Horsey 2, Pierson 2, Clancey. Fouls: Hagen, 14 out of 18; Pierson, 9 out of 16. Substitutions: Mueller for Turner, Clancey for H. Horsey. Referee: Smith, Wilmington. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

MORAVIAN, 21; ST. JOSEPH'S, 31.

Saturday evening, February 17, Moravian College lost to St. Joseph's College, at Philadelphia. Moravian was handicapped on account of the Eastern League rules, the main difficulty being the 12-inch extension baskets. The score was 31-21.

Field goals: Turner 2, Allen 2, Hagen, J. Martin 4, Healey 2, S. Martin, Connor, Temple. Foul goals: Hagen, 11 out of 19; Connor, 11 out of 22. Substitution: Hassler for Wedman. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

MORAVIAN, 49; LEBANON VALLEY, 28.

In an exciting and interesting game, Moravian triumphed over Lebanon Valley, February 20, at Bethlehem. The score was 49-28. The victory was due to the all-round playing of Moravian in the second half, completely outplaying its rivals.

Field goals: Allen 7, Hagen 4, Turner 2, Kuehl, Keating 6, Swartz 2, Walters. Foul goals: Hagen, 21 out of 35; Walters, 10 out of 19. Substitutions: Hassler for Wedman, Addicks for Seltzer. Referee: Walton, Lehigh. Time: 20 minutes.

MORAVIAN, 37; ALBRIGHT, 35.

Besides winning from Albright on our home floor, Moravian journeyed to Myerstown, on Friday, February 23, and there defeated the Albright aggregation. Kuehl, Turner and Hagen did the bulk of the scoring for Moravian, while Hoffman starred for Albright.

Field goals: Turner 4, Hagen 3, Kuehl 3, Allen 2, Hoffman 2, Henry 2, Smith, Woodring. Foul goals: Hagen, 13 out of 21; Hoffman, 19 out of 25. Substitutions: Hassler for Wedman, Teter for Walmer, Woodring for Smith. Referee: Smith, Lebanon. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

MORAVIAN, 31; LEBANON VALLEY, 57.

Lebanon Valley triumphed over Moravian in a fast game, at Lebanon, February 24. Lebanon presented several new men in the line-up who proved to be point-getters for their team. Keating excelled in field goals with 14. Allen and Turner played well for Moravian. The score, 57-31.

Field goals: Keating 14, Loomis 5, Shetter 4, Atticks 3, Allen 6, Turner 2, Hagen, Hassler. Foul goals: Loomis, 5 out of 12; Hagen, 11 out of 15. Substitutions: Rupp for Atticks, Mueller for Turner. Referee: Hollinger, Lebanon. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

MORAVIAN, 46; ST. JOSEPH'S, 15.

Saturday, March 3, Moravian turned the tables on St. Joseph's College, of Philadelphia, and completely vanquished them to the tune of 46-15. The game was fast. Captain Byrne led St. Joseph's attack with five field goals. Turner and Allen shared the honors for Moravian, each with five goals. Wedman shot fouls well.

Field goals: Turner 5, Allen 5, Hagen 3, Kuehl, Byrne 5, Gallagher. Foul goals: Hagen, 6 out of 18; Wedman, 12 out of 13; Byrne, 2 out of 9; Connors, 1 out of 5. Substitutions: Mueller for Allen, Hassler for Kuehl, Stolz for Hassler, Healy for Martin, Lecky for Healy, Healy for Murphy, Connors for Healy. Referee: Mueller, Lehigh. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

On Washington's Birthday, the Scrubs journeyed to Catasauqua and played the High School of that place. The Scrubs were handicapped by the small floor. They could not do justice to their passing ability. The score ended in favor of Catasauqua, 41-22.

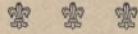
Friday evening, 23, M. C. Scrubs triumphed over the All-Scholastics to the tune of 31-23. The game was interesting throughout.

The Fairview team, of Bethlehem, proved to be no match for the Scrubs on Saturday evening, February 24. As a result, the former team went down to defeat in a loosely played game. The score was 49-14. Mueller, Strohmeier and Stolz excelled in field goals.

Lehigh Freshmen defeated the Scrubs in a very interesting and exciting game, Wednesday, February 28. The Scrubs played a good passing game. Straub and

Ketcham starred for Lehigh, the latter with several long sensational shots. The score was 30-25.

In an uninteresting game on Saturday, March 3, M. C. Scrubs bowed to ex-Moravian Parochial. The game was marked with roughness. The final score was 35-18.



Toledo Scales

(Continued from page 69)

between "Dottie" and Kirker in the tonneau, but sleepiness soon quieted his jabbering, and the two were soon so deeply engrossed in subjects of mutual interest that they could not believe an hour had passed when the car pulled up at the store platform.

"I'm going to trouble you, 'Dot,' to get me some strap hinges for my scale shed doors before we say good night," said Mr. Gross.

"I'm so sorry we are out, but father goes to Bangor on the 8:45 tomorrow and can bring you some."

"That will be O. K. No special rush."

* * * * *

That Blades was going to Bangor on the 8:45 gave Kirker an idea.

When the 8:45 came through, not only Blades climbed on but, at the last minute, Kirker and Mr. Gross followed. Inside they purposely waited until Blades sat down, then chose a seat directly in front of him. Kirker greeted the storekeeper and was surprised to note a hint of cordiality in the grunted response. Blades had just that morning indulged in what the villagers called one of his "worst tantrums," because Dorothy had gone out in the company of that "young upstart," and had forbidden her to speak to him again. His interest in scales, however, was too real to get away from. The night before, while every one else attended the musicale, he had walked up to see Gross's scales, and their appearance in the moonlight convinced him that they were just what he wanted. He swore, nevertheless, that he would weigh everything he bought or sold on his fifty-pound counter scales before he would buy from that object of his contempt.

According to pre-arrangement, the two men in front of Blades discussed scales from all angles, prices, values, competitive makes, and

prospective buyers, whom Gross knew in the neighborhood. Before the train had covered a third of the journey Blades, who had heard every word behind his newspaper, wanted those scales so badly that he would have telegraphed his order from the next stopping-place had not McCall previously mentioned that the company only talked business through its representatives.

At the right time Gross drew a cigar from his pocket and started to the smoker. Soon Kirker dropped back and began talking with Blades. He discussed everything from the weather to war, but never mentioned scales, which was the very thing Blades now wished him to mention. Before they reached Bangor McCall had side-stepped a dozen attempts to lead up to "Toledo Scales."

At Bangor, Kirker told Gross of his success and bet him cigars on the length of time until he replaced the old decayed scales at the Queensburg store, although he meant to make the old man beg for them. Leaving Gross he went into another part of his territory.

On his return to headquarters Friday evening, he found a letter from Gross stating that two of his neighbors, and a miller from Rawleigh, some ten miles distant, had seen his scales and would undoubtedly place orders if he would see them.

The next morning found Kirker in Queensburg. Meeting him at the station, Gross directed him to the prospective buyers and also gave him his friend's address at Rawleigh.

Kirker spent most of the day selling to the first farmer and selecting a model suited to his needs. He called on the other but he was away. Walking to the inn, where he meant to stay until he could resume his attempts on Monday, he stopped at the village store to talk with Dorothy and her father.

He greeted Blades cordially, but whether by design or unconsciously, his conversation was all for Dorothy.

Only a short time had elapsed when the farmer he had called to see, drove up hurriedly fearing lest Kirker meant to leave on the evening train. He lost no time in stating that he wanted to place an order for scales identically like his neighbor's, Gross. Kirker was elated at the successful business he was having in his new

territory. He drew out his order book and was filling the blanks. Before he had finished, the farmer nervously inquired as to terms of credit. Without looking up, Kirker replied, "Three per cent. for cash, but a bankable note is always acceptable."

The farmer looked relieved. "I will be able to pay the note this fall. I mean to have a sale to pay the mortgage on my farm, and there will be enough besides to cover this note."

"You have a mortgage? That settles it. You don't need scales until you get your mortgage paid. Use Gross's. When you're out of debt I'll take your order."

Brown, the farmer, was so astonished he opened his mouth wide.

Blades was so flabbergasted he opened his mouth wide, but it closed with a snap. He could not understand such action by a traveling salesman. It set him thinking.

Sunday morning, Kirker heard Rev. Howell at the village church. He enjoyed the choir for Dorothy sang in it. The evening services also found him present. Dorothy had promised to walk with him after its conclusion. When their walk ended she "regretted that she could not ask him in." "But father would be very rude to you," she said.

"If that's all, I'll take a chance," he replied.

"You're risking your life," she laughingly responded, as they went inside.

The father glared. Dorothy had not only disobeyed him in going out with "that upstart" but deliberately brought him home. Such impudence was beyond him.

The fuse of what might have been more than a verbal explosion was burning close to the bomb. Kirker knew he must relieve the situation. Quietly he remarked, "I dropped in to ask if you would drive me over to Rawleigh, in the morning, to see a prospective buyer."

Blades was so dumbfounded he could only gasp his consent, for which he mentally kicked himself after it was too late to withdraw it.

* * * * *

The trip to Rawleigh was a repetition of the train ride, only Blades actually started the subject of scales several times. Kirker discouraged every attempt.

At Rawleigh they found the "prospect" an enthusiastic "Toledo" admirer. He quickly selected one of the most expensive models in Kirker's catalogue. Then taking some measurements, Kirker found he had a cheaper scale that would answer the man's needs much better. He told him so and pointed out how it would be a much better selection.

This gave Blades another shock, but the miller showed no surprise. By his attitude he showed that he expected fair dealing from all men. Blades began to wonder if he was too severe in his judgment of traveling salesmen.

* * * * *

Half the journey home was spent in silence. Finally, with evident labor, Blades broke forth, "My pesky scales have been out of kelter for the last three days."

"I'll fix them up for you when we get back. They likely need a little adjusting," returned Kirker, and then he lapsed again into silence.

Then, in tones indicating humility, the old man resumed, "No use fixin' 'em. They won't last. I want a new pair, if you'll sell 'em to me."

Kirker could not refrain from smiling.

"Sure, I'll sell them to you, but on one condition."

"Name it."

"It is, that you give me permission to ask your daughter to share a little home I have in Toledo."

* * * * *

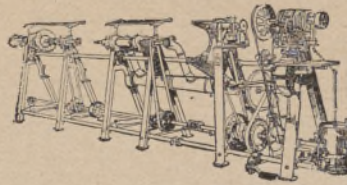
From that day the rough old storekeeper gradually learned to weigh men, balancing them with the Toledo scales salesman who became his standard of manliness and, also, his son-in-law.

Today a "Toledo Pitless" has seen five years' service in the shed by the little village store, but another man operates them.

"Daddy" Blades still has enough of his old-time "pep" to make him the trusted defender of a little Toledo home while Kirker is away covering his territory, but little three-year-old Theodore would ask no gentler playmate.

Even Pastor Howell who, having retired and now residing near Dorothy, enjoys nothing more than the quiet chats he has with the once hopeless blasphemer of his former parish.

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