

ALUMNI NUMBER

THE COMENIAN

VIA LUCIS



Vol. 27
No. 2

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The Comenian

Volume XXVII.

BETHLEHEM, PA., NOVEMBER, 1917.

Number 2.

“Three Years Without a Table Cloth”

KENNETH HAMILTON, '14 SEM.

WE HAD TAKEN our places at a rough table made from odd bits of packing cases. The orderly had put some finishing touches to our feast and left the square little room that filled one corner of the barrack hut. Then the senior non-commissioned officer of the prisoners, whose guest I was, turned to me with the words: “You must pardon appearances. I haven’t a table cloth to use. Mr. Hamilton, you can’t imagine what that means; three years without a table cloth.”

That happened one evening more than six months ago. In many ways it was a trifling little incident compared to the things with which our work in concentration camps brings us into contact during these long years of war. Still, it left its impression, perhaps just because of its simplicity. I think that sentence may serve as a symbol of what prison camps really mean to the interned. Life certainly can be sustained on bare necessities without all those other things which bring us comfort and happiness, purpose for our actions, food for our thought and satisfaction in living. But such existence becomes a fearful strain under which men degenerate rapidly. Such is the lot of some six million human beings in the prime of their life in Europe today. Therefore, this short sketch is to try to picture their trials—not horrors of chains or thumb screws, blood hounds or whipping posts, famine or plague, but existence typified by three years without a table cloth.

The average prisoner of war feels keenly all the rough and uncouth sides of camp life. He wasn’t accustomed to sleeping on a straw sack

raised six inches from the floor or ground by one-inch planks. He once knew the pleasure of clean linen on his bed or on his person. He dressed and undressed daily in the long ago, perhaps even oftener than that. He remembers meal times as polite functions, when men would eat at tables and use forks and knives and dainty dishes. Perhaps other visions remain with him of a comfortable home, of modern sanitary appliances, of servants even and luxury. Now—it is all so different. For years he has tossed about on his straw bed under three old army blankets, and if by chance some indisposition takes him to the hospital he rubs his eyes at the sight of real beds. One suit of clothes must cover him till it falls into rags, then the Quartermaster Sergeant reluctantly hands him another. One change of underwear is his; he plays his own washerwoman, too. And meal times! Men crowd around the tables and bolt their food in silence and in haste. Probably he prefers to fill his bowl in the dining hut, then to shuffle back to the corner of his bed, there to consume the soup and bread in comparative solitude. As for sanitation, it usually is of the most primitive character imaginable. He can wash and shave daily and bathe probably once in a great while, under the crudest sort of conditions at that. Now, all these discomforts may seem pleasant if undergone voluntarily when men return to nature for a time. They may even seem noble, if endured for some high aim when men feel they serve their fellows thus. But under prison camp conditions, discomforts make men dull and brutish.

Three years you live in a little compound, with

barbed wire and bayonets all around. For three years you wake up every morning to see just the same narrow horizon, to tramp the same beaten track. Your little world changes only in that rain makes the place a morass and trickles through the roof down on your bed. Once in a while a woman may pass along the road outside; then you rush with the rest to the barbed wire to feast your eyes on the strange sight. In a few camps, the "He Who Must Be Obeyed" (the Commandant, needless to say) permits the prisoners to take occasional route marches, of course with fixed bayonets before them, at the rear, and on each side. Those are great events, even though the roads followed always prove the same. Those are occasions when prisoners bribe little children with pennies or bits of cake saved up from precious parcels from home, to hold their hands and toddle along with them for a while. Those are days when men may even gather wild flowers along the road and remember that the world is beautiful.

For three years no one has seen his wife or children, his parents, his relatives, his friends. If folks grow homesick when separated under normal conditions, with regular correspondence, with the conviction that all is going on well at home, with the knowledge that, should worst come to worst, the next train can start them back again, just think what such isolation means in a concentration camp. No wonder men give away under the strain.

Instead of your loved ones, people crowd around you from all walks of life. Your right hand neighbor might be a white slaver, but you can't get out of his company. All day long you are regaled with profanity and filthy conversation. And never, never for a moment can you get away from this seething mass of humanity. Not a moment's privacy for rest or thought or meditation or prayer.

Even should fellow-prisoners be naturally congenial, you can't grasp what it means to mingle month after month and year after year with the same group of men. Conversation is strictly limited to a single topic, the war. You hear everybody's view, you contribute your own, and then you begin all over again. Such close proximity shows up relentlessly all the petty short-

comings of men's nature, but affords few opportunities for revealing the better side. So prisoners inevitably get at loggerheads with each other and cultivate endless squabbles like veritable children. I know of two sane men who debated for hours whether a certain window in the hut was to remain open or closed, reviled each other and each other's ancestors in the strongest terms, and finally appealed to the Commandant to settle this weighty dispute. The Colonel advised the first to knife the second, promising to have number one shot by court martial. Thus the matter would be definitely disposed of.

For months and years prisoners eat the same diet of meat and bread and rice and tea. Hardly ever does any particular vary till the whole system cries out for some change. It's bread and tea for breakfast, bread and preserves and tea for lunch, bread and rice soup and tea for dinner seven days a week—and these are the rations in England, where prisoners of war are best fed. Now and then potatoes may be substituted or peas or cheese, but the monotony becomes almost unbearable. In Scotland oatmeal forms a liberal part of the diet for prisoners of war. Oats in Germany, they say, are strictly reserved for horse feed. So men have written home, advising housewives to study the methods of preparing oatmeal lest upon their return after the war the prisoners have their constitution undermined by too sudden a break from their mainstay of life!

Just as hard for many to bear is the monotony of mental food. Camp libraries, while growing steadily, are totally inadequate to keep the mind at work. Especially students feel their powers of concentration gradually slipping away without any hope of preserving them. Furthermore, the daily routine of a concentration camp affords no incentive for purposeful living. You have absolutely nothing to struggle for behind the barbed wire. Such as it is, your life is cared for without your own effort. You bear no responsibilities for others, for family or friends. You have no opportunity for definite work. You are an active, capable man, playing the part of a helpless child.

Meantime, from outside the fence come

echoes of great deeds other men are doing. Tales of sacrifices made willingly and cheerfully reach you and stories of fierce energy and tireless effort. You hear of men putting forth their will and accomplishing the incredible. You know your country and her future is hanging in the balance—while you, you lie on your straw mattress and eat out your heart, if you are a man at all, or lie there and doze away stupidly and idly if you are not.

Worst of all your trials is the fact that you have no means of telling how long your imprisonment may last. Times beyond number men have told me if only they were criminals sentenced for some definite term, how happy

they would be. No matter if that term were to run for years, each day they could strike off another fraction of the time and say, only so many days before we are to be free men once more. But in concentration camps no one may tell how many long years must run before he can stop merely existing and begin to live again.

This is something of what it means to live three years without a table-cloth, part of the strain which an outsider can feel. The results tell sometimes for maddened, broken, hopeless men, often for weakened and degenerate men. For no individual can comprehend how priceless a possession is liberty, except he to whom it is denied.

Uncle Sam Talks to College Men

INTERPRETED BY DOUGLAS RIGHTS, '15 SEM.

Nephews of Mine:

IT is a difficult matter to interpret your Uncle Samuel. Oftimes I am in doubt concerning my own plans and actions. Hence you will wait upon this present interpreter with patient forbearance; and I shall be better satisfied if you interpret my messages for yourself.

To you, college men, I speak, and upon you I am inclined to bestow a measure of partiality. Should you doubt this, please review the names of my presidents for the past twenty years, and tell me how many were college men. It may impress you more if you find out how many of these were of Phi Beta Kappa standing. Men of the schools, I have tried you, and if I may express myself in your delightful vernacular, you haven't flunked. My burdens are in your hands and upon your hearts. I speak through the Chief Executive and say: "It would seriously impair prospects of success in this war if the supply of highly trained men were unnecessarily diminished. I have therefore no hesitation in urging colleges and technical schools to endeavor to maintain their courses on the usual basis. As my War Secretary has appealed,

"Don't let the torch of learning die out." Therefore it delights me to read in your college publications such lines as these: "We, the present students, hope that during the present international crisis we shall make ample use of our opportunities, that we can be as great a credit to our Alma Mater and our Nation as many of our Alumni are."

Now what is your great task? What is your duty, peculiar and imperative? In the comfortable and secluded dormitory, in the self-sheltered class room, and in the refreshing athletic contest, no bursting shells may rouse you to question your favored lot, save when the inner voice breaks the silence with the power of the eternal "What ought I to do?"

In selecting you for service, I would have you understand that your Uncle Sam is truly human. I am flesh and blood, body, brain and soul of the hundred million. A vast multitude of your brothers I have called to wield the sinews of my powerful arm. Shall the powers of mind diminish and the guiding forces of the soul weaken or corrupt? You and I are one; I shall be measured in terms of your clearness of vision and greatness of soul. As college men, this is

your peculiar mission: To round out the man, strong of body, but with the superior equipment of keen, clear intellect; backed by love of truth and passion for righteousness.

First I beg of you, "with all thy getting, get understanding." I am looking for the man who knows. You are not weaklings left out of the grim struggle; you are a chosen race. Uncle Sam uses his arms for fighting but still uses his head in thinking. You are a part of the brain power of the nation. A day's work shirked in this college year may mean a loss to me that shrapnel and Liberty Bonds cannot repay.

I want you to know the facts. You must dig for them. This is your trench warfare. Do you intelligently trace the moves on the checkerboard of Europe? Are you on speaking terms with our constitution? Is your class hour a useless drill or do you practice some successful sharp shooting?

With the facts in hand, can you analyze them and express an opinion of your own? Let me tell you a little secret. Often your Uncle's mind is not made up; he is in a quandary. Then some big fellow steps in and helps settle the question. Have you got any opinions that you will risk out in the open? You may as well prepare your next debate as if you were expecting to use it in the Senate, for Uncle Sam has his eye on you.

In pursuing this old trail of search for knowledge, you will find that today we must deal in broad terms. College men a decade ago could rarely locate Gorizia, Ypres or Saloniki. Boy Scouts know more about bonds than many of their parents knew when grown up. A million does not cut the figure it once did. In the midst of great changes, we must search for the broad principles of life. And with all this change and commotion, the fundamentals have not changed since I was born.

Men who study the mental faculties say that the human mind possesses not only intellect, but also feeling and will. In my national life, the third ingredient is prominent. Will power is not lacking in the American make-up. We do things over here. With all the seedy appearance that characterizes Uncle Samuel in the eyes of the outside world, nevertheless the other nations give him the reputation of being a most ag-

gressive business man. I have, gentlemen, an enviable distinction for putting things through, and I don't want you to spoil it for me. The haphazard, indifferent chap who has come to college to drive dull care away will never be the hero of 1917. I want MEN who know, and not mere knowledge containers. I want men who use the instrument of intellect with which they have been equipped, in daily practice, in loyal service, "in firmness for the right, as God gives us to see the right."

Whatever pride I may take in being styled your wise and powerful old Uncle, it is my chief joy to be known as having a big heart. I want every member of our delightful family circle to be sheltered safely under the starry folds of the emblem of freedom. I desire that my high ideals not be foisted, but be preached as the common property of all mankind. This, gentlemen, you are to study and help bring about. Yours is not only a patriotic mission, but a divine call to help me in my relations toward men and toward God.

Men the world over are looking to us for standards and for guidance. I must deal today not only with men or groups of men in these states. My sleeves have been lengthened to reach out hands across the sea. Democracy and freedom must not be idle words: they must breathe, live and grow with the life of a free people. Can you tell me what to say to the Englishman, or the Japanese? Have you a principle of action that will work in athletic and diplomatic relations? Can you both know thyself and universalize thyself? God grant that this generation of college men may teach me how to deal with my neighbor wherever I find him.

Finally, let me make a confession. My tasks usurp my time. I must gather in the crops of the Middle West; I must check up my bank account in Manhattan; I must visit the departments at Washington. Perhaps in the strain of the hour I have been a little lax in my religious duties. Since the days of my youth I have been religious, but sometimes the spiritual values do not stand out for me in clear figures. In a race with time I may too often lose sight of the eternal. Won't you, as clear thinking, purposeful men help me in the problems of my national destiny, in the welfare of my own soul? Tell me

something about God. Keep the divine purpose aflame to lead the nation in a struggle for fairness and right. Show me the way of Truth, or better still, live it out in your own terms. You don't know how many doubts, misgivings, and temptations your symbolic Uncle must battle. Send me the men of vision. I want to hear again the sweet voices in spirit-filled chorus,

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

The vision must come—and I am looking to you, college men of America, to read His righteous purpose for my people, that through us He may "hasten the day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

Eyes to the Front!

ARTHUR LIMBACH, EX.-'18

DESPITE all that pessimists may say, we are a nation remarkably united in fundamental principles. There were indeed multitudes of our citizens who were opposed to our entering the war, but the vast majority of these have accepted the decision of the President and Congress without reservation. Opposition to the principle of conscription was expected everywhere. On this issue some even predicted the country would be split wide open. It was not. No other democracy has ever accepted conscription with so little popular turmoil. It was prophesied that the decision to dispatch units of the National Guard to foreign soil would meet opposition on the part of adherents of the states' rights doctrine. The prophecy proved false. It was feared that the presence of such large numbers of men of enemy nationality would produce grave civil uprisings. But there has been no trouble worth mentioning. The credit is due to the intelligence and tact of President Wilson and to us as a nation supporting the war and desirous of acquitting ourselves well in its prosecution.

Withstanding all this, one very frequently hears such questions as: "Well, what are we in this war for anyway? What have we to gain?" Our leader has reminded us that we have "no selfish ends to serve," that we are not dealing in dollars and cents and conquered territory. From this it is hard for many to see why they should give themselves up as "cannon-fodder," or even their money to send their sons and relatives to fight in Europe. These people can see no material gain.

But isn't there going to be compensation for us?

Emerson, in his essay on Compensation, gave us hope for far-reaching benefits to come as a result of the world war. Sorrow and happiness, selfishness and the kindly heart, war and peace, life and death, are spawned of the same seed. One is sequent to the other. As sure as the tides flow and ebb; as sure as the pendulum swings and swings back, the experiences of man shall travel from Nadir to Zenith, and the darkness and turmoil and tragedy of the abyss is but to heighten the joy, the exhilaration, the exuberance, of the upward climb. If this reasoning is fundamental, and so it seems, what then can be the benefits the World War will bring to the world? What can be the compensations and the indemnities to civilization for this wanton wastage of men and materials? What guarantee have we that the peoples of the earth are making head? What balm to mitigate the grief, to soothe the sore hurt? What comfort that the loved ones did not die in vain? All written here rises from the belief, the hope, the wish, that the present military masters of Germany will be defeated. Should they win, the future promises but slavery to a brutal automaton without a soul.

The present rulers of Germany shall not win! Their ruthlessness, frightfulness; their frenzied hatreds, their overbearing mode of conduct and government; their militarism, their gross ambitions, needed to be shown up as a menace to progress, a handicap to mankind, and a curse to the people of Germany. Such a peace as existed

(Continued on page 21)

THE COMENIAN

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

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

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Articles for publication are invited from alumni and students. All contributions must be submitted to the editors before the 1st day of the month.

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Address business communications to Christian O. Weber Comenius Hall, Bethlehem, Pa., all other matter to THE COMENIAN.

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

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

They Were There, but—

The problem of the community, is it not that of establishing a correlation or communalization like that of the college dormitory? If we were to consider, let us say, religion and recreation, wouldn't it be true? In the community, would we not be far on the road toward community religion, if we could inaugurate there just student religion? Because this is a college paper, this much is in preface that the following may not be thought amiss.

They were there, but—

They were there, both sexes, and their ages were from six to sixteen years, more and less; but they did not have the moral neutralizer they should have had, not that producer of moral equilibrium within the self and within the group, that which they join in so readily and are unconsciously benefited therethrough. Organized play is that, and we grant hardly more than that.

Even the statement "moral neutralizer" needs to be qualified; even that is only temporary. No ideals come from play alone; still it is a character builder in so far as we have indicated. And because they did not have it, there is a "but" in this paragraph.

They were there, but they had no place where they could learn to work and to play, and enjoy both. Whether the work they do is worth a great deal intrinsically, does not matter; they do enjoy it.

They were there with their gregariousness, their membership instinct—social psychology does not contain the latter term, though it is rather descriptive; but they had no teams. The line-up of these would have been rather uncertain last year; the excuse would have been work very often, and the kind of work gardening.

They were there with their climbing instinct, but they did not have "hang tag." And those arms should have had it. Whether or not the ontogeny and phylogeny connection be brought in to explain, they had strong arms from babyhood on; and how the "hang tag" suggestion does work!

They were there with their tendencies of curiosity, self-display, imitation, ownership; but there were no new games to inquire for, they had no masquerade day, no feats to imitate, no day whose specialty was an exhibition of pets.

Then also the broomsticks were there; but they were not made aesthetic. If you use them properly, either distance or paint will bring about the desired effect. Nor were they made in the least formidable; for in some places even pacifist playground instructors had to give military drill every so often, and surely they, it seems, beside others, if they had any "arms," made broomsticks serve.

The "springs of action," as McDougall in his "Social Psychology" calls them, were there in the population; but they were not tapped. Many places, unless they had been dying for some time, or were already dead, had, from the leader's point of view, their degree of workableness.

"There," of course, is any community which did not have a playground last summer.

A physical culturist has said that differences

between men lie mainly in their capacity for supreme effort in crises and nothing prepares for such effort better than athletic games. In the "there" places, where no playgrounds were in evidence, some training for supreme effort was omitted.

And Walter Dill Scott says, "Success or failure is caused more by mental *attitude* than by mental capacities." Often wholesomeness of attitude comes through play. Yes, in the "there" places something was missing which would have done its bit toward that. B. Y. L.



Be True to Yourself

Is individualism conducive to the best development of the individual? An eminent writer and philosopher once claimed that "the recalcitrant individual, who refuses to submerge his own personality and opinions to the social and intellectual system about him, denies himself the benefit of the majority's experience, stunts his mental and moral growth, and does an injustice to his fellow-beings."

Such a philosophy does away with the individual, kills originality, destroys the democratic spirit entirely and creates a *group personality*, not a group of personalities.

Individualism is the breath of man's existence. It is the incentive to all progress. The nation built upon personal freedom of thought and unbiased education will live; the system which curbs these must change or die. Any governing force, any educational system, any church doctrine which rules, "this shalt thou do, this shalt thou think and believe, and nought else," strikes at the core of all progress.

But hold. Admitted the theoretical right of the individual to think and act for himself, is there not a limit? Does not willfulness inevitably result from a too independent spirit, causing loss of consideration for others and narrowing the viewpoint to self-interests alone? True, there is an extreme which is detrimental, but the exaggeration does not disprove the point.

Too little emphasis is laid on the development of real personality. We lack independence, the will to think and act for ourselves. We belong

to a group instead. Primarily the fault lies in improper education. From our youth, instead of being encouraged and taught to be real individuals, unit factors in the world, we are shaped and moulded rather to fit into the particular, prevailing system in vogue about us. We are cajoled, wheedled and forced to accept such and such conventions as essential, this one form of religion as the only possible method of salvation, that one method of living which alone is considered proper, and are taught to abhor all opposing tendencies; in short, one generation is forced to follow closely in the steps of the last, with as little branching out and away as possible.

And how well this systematised suppression of the youthful mind is carried out. Seldom do we rise above the course so carefully arranged for us. The call of the "bunch" is too strong. We choose to follow the easy, pleasant path of convention and deny ourselves the calm, reflective seeking after truth. Our personalities, our ideas, our very characters we steal piecemeal from our companions, teachers and heroes. We are a conglomerate mass of pretenses and makeshifts. We lack individuality. Many of us, indeed, there are who find a fellow in Kipling's Tomlinson, of whom he writes:

"The soul that he got from God, he has bartered clean away.

We have threshed a stock of print and book, and winnowed a chattering wind,
And many a soul wherefrom he stole, but his own we cannot find.

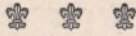
We have handled him, we have dandled him, we have seared him to the bone,

And sure if tooth and nail show truth, he has no soul of his own."

True individualism makes personality. It dispels the narrow, selfish fear of opinion. It creates a character, a powerful force to be reckoned with. It entails freedom of thought and banishes all forms of snobbery. "*Ipse dixit*," the argument *ad verecundiam*, has no weight with the individualist. He is a free lance. His slogan is, "Be Yourself." The love and consideration of friends demands some concession to an opposing opinion when principle is not at stake, but it is every man's right and duty to seek truth

and follow it wherever he finds it. Personality and character are man's most precious possession. He loses his all when he fails to keep them pure and intact.

J. M. S.



The world struggle of today
 "Kultur" may well be termed a war between culture and Kultur.

For years we read of German kultur and listened to its praise with humility and admiration, the assumption being that it was the same as that which is known in English speaking lands as culture, only of a higher order. Not until kultur had been revealed in international action did we presume to contrast or even compare the two, for we had only a superficial knowledge of what kultur meant. At last it has been unmasked and during the three years of its exposure men have gradually become disillusioned.

We might speak of its fruits, such as the Belgian atrocities, or sunken hospital ships, but space allows only discussion of its nature. It is now clear to the whole world, that kultur is but another name for social organization, whose golden text is efficiency and whose aim is control of life to the end of achieving visible results in material good and the accomplishment of political ends. It exists and thrives under extreme dictatorship in a supreme state,—one exalted far above the individual. At its best, German kultur is a social philosophy, at its worst, a social machine. It is not an influence or an inspiration, but an institution. The universities, which are in other countries a source of culture, are in Germany the reinforcements of political power. The same is true of the pulpit. All German institutions tend toward one end,—to teach the golden text of efficiency, and organize that nation which former Secretary Nagel designated as "a military machine of which the army was but the spear-head."

A cultured people is one which, at a word, can throw its whole energies instantly into the performance of any task which its supreme authority sets for it. When a certain German statesman said that the nation's armies would "hack their way through," he used the language

in which is written the "get there" gospel of kultur.

Kultur in Germany is an affair of commerce, manufactures, finance and war, with religion as a handmaid. It involves the use of any means, whether in commerce or war, that seem most likely to accomplish the end sought. Its doctrine is summed up in a sentence from the German War Book: "Certain severities are indispensable to war, nay more, true humanity very often lies in a ruthless application of them." Such is the kultur which made Nietzsche believe that, "the Germans have entirely lost the breadth of vision which enables one to grasp the course and the value of culture; not only are they all political puppets but they have put a ban on this very breadth of vision. A man must first and foremost be German, he must belong to the race, then only can he pass judgment on values in history, then only can he establish them. To be German is itself an argument. 'Deutschland über alles' is a principle.....There is such a thing as the writing of history according to the light of Imperial Germany. When I listen to such things I lose all patience and feel inclined to tell the Germans for once in a way, all that they have on their conscience. Every great crime against culture in the last four centuries lies on their conscience. Wherever Germany extends her sway she ruins culture." The very character of Nietzsche, who has been called "the philosopher of Prussianism," makes one doubt that his own hands were entirely unstained. For he said, "A new beatitude I give unto you. Be hard. You tell me that a good cause hallows even war. I tell you a good war hallows any cause. And thus I would have women and men; the one for bearing children, the other for making war." Yet such statements from such a man are doubly emphatic and we shall do well to heed his words, that German extension means cultural ruination. Recent history written at Rheims about its cathedral, at Louvain about its library and at Ypres about its bell-tower vouch for their truth. Complex and extensive intrigues carried out, proclaim the German's intention to extend "his sway." In the struggle resulting, kultur's victory is culture's death.

R. W. E.

Eyes to the Front!

(Continued from page 17)

before 1912 could not crush this monstrosity. War was needed, terrible war, to make people suffer, all because a few men would not reason. From heartrending anguish and long-suffering, comes the "peace that passeth all understanding."

What form peace will take may not be completely anticipated; only in part. Surely, we believe, these will be some of the blessings and benefits to come as a reward for the supreme service cheerfully rendered by the common people of all nations, even unto death.

We, the common people, have learned a lesson in geography. We have learned who inhabits this earth and how he lives; his civilization, his religion, his habits; what he produces. We have learned who holds the gateways of the world and for what purpose. We have learned why some nations desire to dominate and rule over other nations; and what class in these nations desires this dominance, and who takes the profit. We have tapped the cave of the world-robbers and listened to their quarreling over booty. This is "practical" education, and we shall not soon forget. We have learned our first lesson in the Brotherhood of Man; and laid the foundation-stones of a world democracy; we have learned that common men of all races are equally brave, essentially the same in virtue and fault; that men in twenty nations can serve as allies and live together in amity, and work together for a common cause; that a difference in language is no barrier to co-operation; that money-lust and autocracy, oppression, perverted education and ignorance, are the insidious enemies of us all.

We have learned the fundamentals of wrongdoing of kings and emperors. This cruel war has dissipated the myth of their goodness and benevolence. We see the self-styled upper classes as parasitic bugs feeding off the unwashed bodies of the poor.

We will have learned as private soldiers, that man's machines of destruction have overpowered man's resistance. The machine is the hero and the sole survivor of the battlefield. Who wins this war will march to victory over

millions and millions of the common people slain! Those who survive will go back to the graves of their starved children; to ruined fields and homes. The price is too great to pay! We will have no more of war, because we will have no more of *preparation* for war! We have broadened our patriotism to include the honest people of all nations; our flag is the flag of Humanity. We understand the future's need as one for the distribution and curtailment of power. "That government is best which governs least."

We have learned to respect the true representatives of the common people, the social revolutionists—those who in peace times the aristocratic governments of the world named an anathema. This war crisis finds Liebknecht, the German Socialist, the one government official honored outside that country; it finds Kerensky, the Russian Revolutionist, the strong man of the Near East. We shall not be confused or misled again. These defamed and vilified fighters against class and caste, these men who risk freedom and life, we shall not forget them. The epithets stuck on them last year shall be a badge of greatness next year.

We have learned of the failure of the methods employed by the Christian Church. We have watched it forsake its God who commands, "Thou shalt not kill," and enlist under all flags to wage bloody war. We have watched the joke they have played on the Prince of Peace, praying to Him in a dozen tongues under a dozen flags for "victory"—and we are ashamed. The new religion shall be one of enlightenment, of service, love, faith and mutual respect.

We have decided that the *world vision* in business will guarantee both peace and prosperity. We do not quarrel with our customers, or make war on them. Once acquainted with men of other nations; once we begin to understand them, to share their successes and sorrows, we will never want to kill them. All countries should trade with all other countries *freely*. Prosperity must not be segregated.

We have learned that woman is man's equal even in war time. She has adroitly demonstrated beyond doubt that not even war can be conducted without her. She is civilization's

(Continued on page 25)



Sweet Cider Time

The Ladies Aid, assembled at luncheon, were discussing the ailments and operations as eight or nine or one or two or sixty or seventy women will do. The talk ran through torpid liver, tuberculosis, the benefits derived from deep breathing, etc.

"I thought," commented the guest of honor, our Dr. Wilhelm der Schwartze, Hausvater, "that I had been invited to a luncheon and not to an organ recital."

Pfohl: "I say Scrap Everroad, can you lend me five bucks."

Bessie: "Impossible! I've tried to lend you money several times, but you always seem to look upon it as a gift."

P. Hassler had been working in the fields from dawn till darkness, day after day, finishing up his chores by lantern light. At the end of the month he said to the farmer, "I'm going to quit. You promised me a steady job of work." "Well haven't you got one?" was the astonished farmer's reply. "No," said Hassler, "there are three or four hours every night that I don't have anything to do but fool away my time sleeping."

Meinert (in Central Park): "Let's hire a car and see the Park, Engleke, you can get them for fifty cents per hour."

Angelface (excitedly): "What's the use of paying fifty cents? Down the road I saw a sign, 'Park Cars free here.'"

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Vogler: "Thanks to you, 'Haus,' for all the German I learned while under you last year."

Hoffman: "Its a mere trifle, Vogler. Don't mention it."

After prayer-meeting one evening, Louis Walther was describing to an interested assembly of students, how George Weinland—before the lights were out—was nearly caught by Prof. Bill—(Louis narrating)—and just as George was preparing to break a paper bag, (Fred enthusiastically encouraging him) George heard the pitter-patter steps of Prof. William approaching and he made a bolt for the door—

Sister: "H'm! Why shouldn't he? He's a hardware man."

Volunteers are not always soldiers when they are mustered.

At Chapel—Kemp hard at work during the singing of the first hymn.

Inquisitive Wedman: "What are you doing Kemp?"

Kemp: "Well, Henks is playing the organ"—

Sammie: "What about it."

Kemp: "Oh I am just taking down the notes."

F. Weber, while crossing Broad and Main at a busy hour, was approached by an exceedingly stout lady who said anxiously, "Young man, could you see me across the street?"

"I could see you for half a block," replied Weber walking on.

Haus (In the chair in his newly organized class of scientific love-making.): "Now ask any questions you wish, and I will answer them."

Stocker: "What is a woman for?"

Haus: "Woman—she shares our griefs, doubles our joys, trebles our expenses."

Allen: "When is love deformed, Professor?"

Haus: "When it is one-sided."

C. Richter: "What ship carries the most passengers?"

Haus: "Courtship."

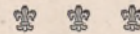
Hemlock: "When is a girl like a mirror?"

Haus: "When she is a good looking-(g)-lass."

Schlegel: "I am not denying that women folks are foolish. They are made to match the men. You don't have anything to say on this subject, but let me try you from a different angle. Why is a deceptive woman like a seamstress?"

Dechy: "I know that Professor, she is not what she seems."

Haus: "At the head of the class, Herb."



IF THE LADIES FLEW.

Captain—Why did you let that enemy plane get away?

Aviatrix—The brute started flirting with me, and I lost control trying to powder my nose!

Locals

An occasion which will not be forgotten in the near future, took place Friday evening, October 26. A long cherished idea materialized into a most successful and enjoyable Hallowe'en Party. The faculty and students entertained their friends in a most delightful way in the gymnasium of the College. The members of the faculty and their wives received the guests into the gymnasium with its artistic decorations. The entire wall surrounding the lower floor of the gymnasium was completely covered with corn-stalks, studded here and there with the grotesque face of a pumpkin. Extending all around the edge of the gallery from a gigantic pumpkin, suspended from the center of the ceiling, were orange and black streamers, thus forming a canopy over the main floor. The railing of the gallery was interwoven with branches to which clung brilliantly colored Autumn leaves. The gallery of the gymnasium was found as an excellent place where the refreshments were served. The hand-made name cards designated the feasting place of each person. These cards were one of the significant things as a remembrance. They were made of rough bark and had the name and date and occasion burnt upon the smooth side. The refreshments were served after the joyous crowd had participated in various games and other forms of entertainment. The Glee Club added a very agreeable variation to the entertainment. We would do injustice not to mention the unique invitation which was sent out to each guest. The invitations sent out were in the form of an ear of corn, artistically decorated.

Members of the faculty were requested to make a few remarks at the end of the entertainment, after which the first social of this year was brought to a close by the Alma Mater. We heartily thank everybody who helped in any way to make this party a success, and are anxiously hoping for another social gathering.

During October a number of Alumni visited their Alma Mater on their return from the First District Synod, at New Dorp, Staten Island, N. Y. Rev. Meinert, Rev. Weinland, Rev. R. Bahnsen, Rev. A. Harke, and Rev. A. deG. Vogler were among the visitors. Rev. and Mrs. Stengel, of Lititz, visited their son Douglas. Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Schaffer, of Dover,

Ohio, were also visitors. Rev. Deer, from Reading, was a visitor at M. C., October 29.

Rev. Kenneth Hamilton, engaged in Y. M. C. A. prison camp work in London, England, is here for a month's vacation.

Roy D. Hassler left Monday, October 29, for his home at Lititz, where he expected to join the Lititz unit leaving for army training at Camp Meade, November 3. Mr. Hassler was instructor at M. C.

James Munger, '15, will leave for Camp Meade, November 3.

Edgar L. Clewell, '16, is a Second Lieutenant at Camp Vancouver, Washington State.

Wilfred E. Vogler, '16, is in training at Norfolk, Va., with the Signal Corps of the Navy.

Rev. W. Harner, '17, Sem., of Lansdale, visited M. C. during the last month.

Earnest S. Hagen, Jr., '17, received an honorable discharge from army services while in training at Chattanooga, Tenn. He paid his Alma Mater a visit. Mr. Hagen is now assistant secretary in the Boys Department of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A.

The reunion of the class of 1917 took place October 13, at a banquet.

Mr. Edward Crosland, of Lititz, visited friends at M. C., October 28.

Messrs. Jeeter and Limbach, of the Ambulance Corps, at Allentown, were visitors on several occasions at Moravian.

F. T. Trafford, '18, Sem., preached at Freemansburg, October 7, in the Reformed church. He also attended the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. Wm. B. Stuart, at Williamsport, Pa.

C. O. Weber, '18, Sem., preached, September 30, in the Trinity Moravian Church, Utica, N. Y. Mr. Weber has been appointed assistant pastor of the Reading Congregation.

S. Wedman, '18, Sem., preached in the Reformed Church at Freemansburg, October 7, and in the Moravian Church at Coopersburg, October 14.

H. A. Kuehl, '18, Sem., spoke at the Edgeboro Sunday School Rally, October 7.

R. Henkelmann, '18, Sem., filled the pulpit of the Moravian Church at Palmyra, N. J., October 7.

T. K. Vogler, '20, visited friends in Philadelphia and Palmyra, N. J., Saturday and Sunday, October 27 and 28.

T. H. Mueller, '13, Sem., of Lebanon, Pa., was a visitor at M. C., October 21.

D. M. C. A.

On the evening of October 18, Rev. Kenneth G. Hamilton, who has spent more than two years in charge of the Y. M. C. A. work in the prison camps of Great Britain, spoke to us. He gave us an interesting account of his work and, as far as he was able, told us of the conditions as found in the Detention Camps.

Among the prisoners of war are men of all ranks. There one finds university professors, skilled mechanics, daily laborers, and men of all occupations of life. These men, accustomed to active life, acquainted with all branches of domestic life, are now cut off from everything of that kind. Then they were free men, now they are prisoners of war. For some the change is too great. They become desperate; they lose faith in God and man; they acquire a selfish nature. But fortunately there are those among them who are determined not to give up. They hold fast to their faith, seeking some means of employment in order to keep themselves active, and they are ready to share whatever they may have with their fellow-sufferers.

The real difficult problem of the Y. M. C. A. Secretary lies in his dealing with the former, those who become despondent. However, it is the latter class that arouses one's interest. They devise all manner of contrivances to keep themselves busy. In one of the camps the prisoners made a hand-made lathe, wherewith they turned out different articles of wood. Others made articles of old bones which, after being polished, so much resembled ivory that even experts were deceived. Among the many curios that were displayed was a monstrance made by a prisoner. Instead of the crucifix, however, the maker put the Moravian Church seal. This monstrance Mr. Hamilton donated to the College. Although a strange combination, it is, nevertheless, a rare souvenir and we greatly appreciate the kindness of the donor.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting of October 25, was a Missionary meeting. Different men were asked to report on various Mission study books, with the view of arousing interest in Mission study. Since then Mission Study Classes have been organized. Four different Mission books will be studied and the various classes include almost the entire student body.

The interest in the Y. M. C. A. meetings has been greatly increased through the aid of the College Orchestra. The special music puts a new spirit into the meetings and more enthusiasm is felt in the singing of the hymns. We hope that the members of the orchestra will continue lending their assistance toward the conducting of a successful Y. M. C. A. Season.

C. L. S. Notes

The first meeting of the year was held Tuesday evening, September 25. After the inaugural address of the new President, Mr. R. W. Everroad, the meeting was adjourned to the gymnasium where the informal reception of new men took place. The new members received into the Society are Messrs. Stengel, Meinert, Weber, Engelke, Van Horne, Gehman and Walther.

October 9. Meeting was called to order by the President and the Chaplain read a part of the twenty-ninth Psalm, after which Mr. Kuehl was appointed critic for the evening. The extemporaneous speeches were: "Duties of a temporary charge at Palmyra," by Mr. Henkelmann; "Does Senator LaFollette reflect the attitude of the people of Wisconsin?" by Mr. C. Richter; "Progress of the Boy Scout Movement in Bethlehem," by Mr. Weinland; "What Philadelphia thinks of Mayor Smith," by Mr. Fulmer; "Football's Future at M. C.," by Mr. Pfohl. The first declaimer, Mr. Shields, gave "The Cremation of Sam Magee." He was followed by Mr. Allen, who gave selections from "The Tempest." Mr. Vogler gave the review for the week. The question for debate was, "Resolved, That all Newspapers be Censored by the Government." It was debated affirmatively by Messrs. Hassler and Gutensohn, and negatively by Messrs. Stocker and Trafford.

October 16. The meeting was called to order and the Chaplain performed his duty, after which Mr. Kemper was appointed critic. Due to several absences, a short program resulted. The declaimer, Mr. Engelke, gave "Abou Ben Adhem;" he was followed by the reviewer, Mr. Steininger. The narrator, Mr. Nonnemaker, gave "Bugs;" he was followed by an oration by Mr. Henkelmann, entitled, "The Unfolding of the Blossom of Life." The editor was Mr. Splies, who presented a paper, entitled, "Vox Populi."

October 23. After the call to order the Chaplain performed his duty, and Mr. Wedman was appointed critic. The house then proceeded to the election of a new Treasurer, to take the place of Mr. F. H. Fink, who did not return this year. Mr. Stocker was elected. Mr. Weber opened the extemporaneous speeches, speaking on "Conditions of Country Churches in North Carolina;" he was followed by Mr. Walther, speaking on "Moravian Missions in Surinam." The house then listened to three alumni, Messrs. Hamilton, Harke, and Shimer. The first declamation, by Mr. Hassler, was entitled, "Out of Siberia;" he was followed by the reviewer, Mr. Pfohl. The second declaimer, Mr. Weber, gave "If," by Kipling. The debate for the evening was, "Resolved, That Democracy is not Possible at Present in Russia." It was debated affirmatively by Messrs. Helmich and Kuehl, and negatively by Messrs. Fulmer and Weinland.

Athletics

By the time this issue of THE COMENIAN has been put to print, the basketball men will be busy training for the 1917-18 season. Football is being used as a means for getting the men in proper physical condition for the strenuous schedule which lies before them. Indications seem to point that M. C. will be represented by both a strong Varsity and Reserve team.

The schedule for the season has not yet been completed, but the following are some of the teams with whom games have thus far been obtained: Alumni, Temple, Lafayette, Lehigh, Albright, Ursinus, Drexel and Lebanon Valley.

At a recent Student Body Meeting, S. G. Gutensohn was elected Assistant Basketball Manager, in place of F. H. Fink, who has not returned this year.

✿ ✿ ✿ Exchanges

Among the contents of the *D. M. L. C. Messenger* for September appear several articles and also quite a number of jokes in German. It seems to us that this is entirely unnecessary for a college paper; of course there are many people of advanced years in the United States who cannot understand English as well as they do German, but for these there are the German language newspapers to which they have ready access; but in a college paper, which is edited and put out mainly by young people who should know and understand English, it rather goes against the grain to see it full of German, which might just as well have been written in English. This is especially true since the United States is at war with Germany. Such papers as these should endeavor to eliminate from their issues articles written in German. Nothing can be lost by it and, we are sure, much may be gained.

Of the old exchanges, we are very glad to welcome again *College Chips*. It is a paper that is to be commended for the way in which it is arranged and for the quality of the articles it contains.

An interesting article is the "Eastern Question." This question remains as much unsolved today as it did during the trouble of the nineteenth century. This is truly an interesting situation to study and at the present outlook promises to remain so for quite some time to come.

Exchanges received this month: *College Chips*, *The Lesbian Herald*, *The Lehigh Burr*, *D. M. L. C. Messenger*, *Archive*, *Albright Bulletin*, *Spectator*, *College News*, *Ursinus Weekly*, *Whitmarsum*, *Old Penn*, *Fulneck School Magazine*, *The Eskimo*, *Linden Hall Echo*.

Eyes to the Front!

(Continued from page 21)

most urgent need. Women have taken over the industries of Europe; they are saving for the world what remains of their mangled men. They have won their right to vote on all subjects.

When at last it is ours to enjoy peace, we will think less of national, religious and patriotic education, and more of *constructiveness* and *helpfulness*; more of beauty and happiness; more of justice and liberty.

This is the compensation that is in store for us. But now it is for us to fight and win. "The time has come to conquer or submit." To one in the ranks, too many men are going about their private affairs as if the world were not aflame. Something should be done to wake them up.

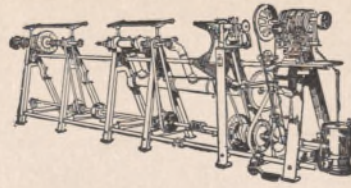
"I am a pacifist to the core, I abhor war, I do not believe in its glory and valor, but I accept it as a last desperate weapon." The pacifist of today is one who would rather not fight, but can fight and fight like a Spartan when he realizes no other alternative remains. There was but one choice; we made it.

Let us remember that peoples who evade their duty perish, that fear destroys empires. It is a man's lot to fight for his race and his place. "Was ever mighty surgery without blood? There are times when steel alone can heal—then bayonets must do a scalpel's work to right the wrong."

Until we all stand upon the same heights and see the lights, civilization must expect to employ force against those who will not respect reason.



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