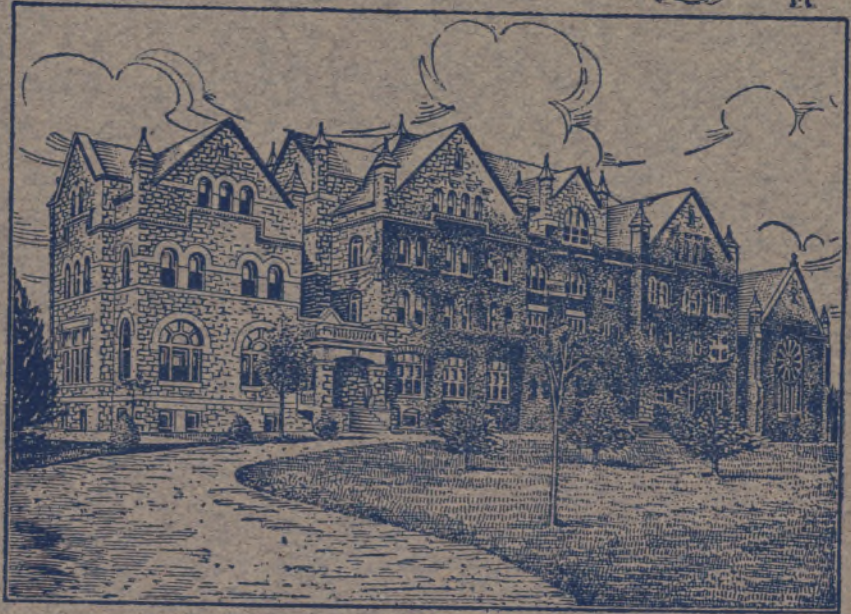


THE COMENIAN

VIA LUCIS



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No. 4

Bethlehem, Pa., January, 1918.

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The Comenian

Volume XXVII.

BETHLEHEM, PA., JANUARY, 1918.

Number 4.

True to His Trust

WARREN F. NONNEMAKER, '19

SPRING had come again. The atmosphere was laden with the perfume of the blossoms. Silence reigned supreme—silence of such a depth that one could almost hear his own breath. Twilight was deepening into night. A tiny star glowed in the heavens, then another and another until the sky was illuminated with myriads of bright tapers. A perfect night, so that John Gordon, as he followed the winding path along the woodland which led to Poplar View, the summer home of J. M. Brewster, head of the firm of Brewster & Co., brokers.

However, the rural solitude and beauty of his surroundings were not uppermost in the mind of young Gordon on this particular evening. What could his employer desire of him? About the middle of that afternoon Brewster had said, "John, have you any engagement for tonight?"

When the young man replied in the negative, he said, "Will you come to Poplar View tonight? Some time before nine o'clock will do. I have a proposition to make to you, but this is neither the time nor the place to make it. You can accept my hospitality for the night after our interview or there will still be time to catch the late train back to town if you care to do so."

Gordon promised his employer that he would be at his country residence at the desired time.

Early in the evening he had left the din and glamor of the city and on the train had ample time to reflect on what Mr. Brewster had said to him. He knew that he had nothing to fear, as, to his knowledge, he had not in any way neglected his duties. He was always on the alert to do anything that might advance his position. He had been left without parents when he was just through high school and had managed to work his way through college. Now at

the age of twenty-five he was working hard, hoping some day to be taken into partnership with Brewster & Co.

The path ended at sloping lawns, where stood the magnificent home of Mr. Brewster. As he mounted the broad steps, he thought what a contrast between the busy city and this quiet place.

Mr. Brewster at once received Jack Gordon and his manner displayed that he was laboring under a strain.

"Jack," he said, "I will not mince matters. I have asked you to come here because I know that I can rely on you thoroughly, and that you will do for me just what I want you to do." So saying, he opened his safe and took from it a package. "This contains valuable papers which must be delivered into the hands of Smith and Brown at C.—. The sooner they receive them, the better. I am asking you to undertake this trip as it is impossible for me to do so myself. If you succeed in giving these papers safely into the hands of Smith and Brown within a week you shall have a fitting reward. You need no introduction to them as you have met them before and they are expecting you.

"However, first let me warn you this is no easy task. There are others whose hands are just itching to get hold of this package. They are unscrupulous men and will employ any means to get what they desire. Therefore take every possible precaution against attacks by these scoundrels."

To this young Gordon replied, "Never fear. I will guard these documents with my life."

"How soon will you be ready to leave on your mission?" asked Mr. Brewster, handing the papers to Gordon.

"I will take the next train back to town and on the first train leaving the city in the morning I will go to C——. I will not communicate with you before I have delivered this safely into the hands of Smith and Brown."

Just then the telephone rang violently and Mr. Brewster, bidding Gordon a hasty farewell, went to answer the summons.

While Brewster and Gordon had been speaking together, the butler in the Brewster home, who was a spy in the employ of Brewster's enemy, had overheard everything and hastened away to give information to his associate. The telephone was a decoy to get Mr. Brewster off his guard.

Just as Gordon was leaving the house, Ruth Brewster came down the stairs. She and Jack Gordon were firm friends and hoped some day to become more than friends.

"Jack, I wish you would come out with Daddy for dinner tomorrow night," said Ruth.

Jack answered, "I am very sorry, Ruth, but I will be away for a few days." Not even to his employer's daughter would he disclose what he was about to undertake, as he had promised his employer absolute secrecy.

"Well," said Ruth, "you are very solemn about it. Are you going to a funeral?"

"Never mind," said Jack. "When I return I will tell you all about it." And bidding her a hasty good-bye, he went on toward the station, for if he wished to take the next train into the city he had no time to waste.

When he reached his rooms he planned how he could safely carry the papers. Once he thought of putting them in a shoe, but that would make walking rather uncomfortable. It would never do to carry them in any of his pockets. After a great deal of thought he arrived at the conclusion that he would put them into another envelope addressed to his own name, in care of his old aunt, who happened to live at C——. He put these thoughts into action at once and sent the letter by special delivery. After packing a bag with the few things necessary for his journey, he retired.

During the night Mr. Brewster's enemies had been at work. They realized that Gordon would not leave the city before morning. So two men, whom we shall call Sykes and Hobbs, were

already at the station watching for Gordon when he arrived there. When he boarded the train these two men also got on but did not go into the same coach with him.

At the first stopping place, a dapper young man came into the same coach where Gordon was and seated himself directly opposite. After a short time he changed his seat to the one in front of Jack and tried to start a conversation, remarking about the weather. He talked to a great extent of his own affairs; then he tried to draw out Jack, but did not succeed. After a few more vain attempts to draw Jack out, he went into the smoking car, where he met his co-worker.

"I could not get anything out of the cub; now you try your luck. As we have no time to waste, I would suggest bribing him. I am sure he has what we want in that bag of his, because he watches it as a cat watches a mouse."

So the other shark went into the coach occupied by Jack. As Jack was sitting alone, Hobbs sat down beside him without speaking to him. After a short time he said, "I thought your face looked familiar. Now I can place you. You are John Gordon. How like your father you have grown. I have not seen you since you were a little shaver. Your poor Dad, were he alive, would surely be very glad if he knew what a deep interest I took in you. Let me see, Dick, (here old Hobbs forgot himself,) you are working for that old skinflint of a Brewster. He is nothing but a grafter. He takes everything out of a man he can get, and when he is tired of him, he casts him aside as you would an old shoe. I know that he has sent you to take some papers to Smith and Brown. Take my word for it, boy, I have the best right to them; they were stolen from me. For the friendship that existed between your father and me, hand them over to me and I will give you a check for five hundred dollars. You do not need to work for Brewster. I will help you to a better job."

But Gordon said, "I will not betray my employer's trust. He has always dealt honorably with me and I will not desert him now." Hobbs put up the offer to one thousand dollars, but Gordon was invincible. Realizing that he could gain nothing through the offer of bribery, the

old villain left Gordon to his own devices and proceeded to plot further.

When he met Sykes again he said, "The game is not yet lost. I, too, am convinced that he carries the papers in his bag. He guards it uncommonly well for just a cheap traveling bag. When he alights at the station, you snatch it from him and make your get away as best you can. If the police should notice it or he should make any noise about it, I will take care of that. You just go to our old meeting place and I will join you there later."

John Gordon knew that the conspirators had not yet retired from the field, but he did not know what to expect from them next. However, he was not greatly surprised when he was relieved of his bag at the station.

Knowing that Aunt Sally had probably already received the package addressed to her care, Gordon made some slight purchase, owing to the loss of his bag, then took a car which carried him within a short distance of his relative's house. A few minutes' walk brought him to the door. Aunt Sally greeted him thus, "Jack, who in all the world has sent you a package here? I was so flustered I did not know what to do, but I am quite satisfied since you have come and I know that everything is all right."

Jack only said to Aunt Sally, "I must now

take that package where it rightfully belongs; then I will return here and you and I'll go down town and will reward you."

With this he hastened away, leaving Aunt Sally to wonder whether Jack had suddenly become rich, because of his promised extravagance.

Messrs. Smith and Brown were expecting Jack and commended him very highly for his faithfulness to his employer.

Having purchased Aunt Sally the promised reward, Jack at once prepared to go home, as he had already sent a telegram to Mr. Brewster, letting him know that all was well.

When Jack reached New York again, he knew that Mr. Brewster was no longer at his offices, so he went to his own rooms, removed the stains of travel, then went out for supper.

Later on he took the train to Poplar View, knowing that Mr. Brewster was anxious to see him. Mr. Brewster received him with great welcome and after having heard his experiences in full detail, he said, "Jack, I very rarely make a mistake in judging a man. You have come up to my expectations. From now on, you shall be a member of the firm. My old partner wishes to retire and I have bought his interests for you. Do not thank me. Furthermore, I will not detain you. Go into the living room. Ruth is waiting for you." And Jack went.

The Increase of Crime

CARL HELMICH, '19

EVER since the expulsion of man from the Garden of Eden, crime has furnished a deadly toxin to society. For four thousand years it has branded the sons of every generation with its stamp, and smitten every land with its blight. The man-made reign of law it has laughed to scorn, has disclosed itself in all its awful reality, and now rages on in the fulness of its blind fury. Where shall the black, seething cesspool of the world's crime end? Has it any significance at all?

Through the centuries it has gathered its energies, and in its bold audacity robbed the

world of its Redeemer, caused thrones to totter, and in its demonic spirit robbed our country of its Emancipator, and we can hear, as if it was but yesterday, the words of our martyred McKinley, "Not mine, but God's will be done." Yes, every nation has wept over the graves of its patriots, heroes and martyrs, sacrificed by its own fury. Every age has had its annals of blood. Ceaselessly, persistently, the intensest forms of crime have sought out the high places, even the courts of kings. It has become the dark riddle for the philanthropist and reformer. The persistent and pernicious activity of this

curse of the human race is his despair. It has put its challenge to the civilization of the world. How will it be answered?

Man has ever tried to meet the advances of man-made crime. He has aimed at the causes, blaming the intellect here, and the psychology of the intellect there. Still his reign of law is discouragingly incomplete. The deepest degradations and lawlessness are not fearful of law and order and make their influence felt, both in the social and political order.

It is small wonder that such is the case, for the guardians of the law sit back and agree to share the spoils. Yet there is no protest. The good citizens sit by in fear or indifference without raising their voices—allowing the law to be stripped of its dignity and honor. The very foundations of our national life are threatened. There is an undefinable unrest and discontent hovering over our prosperity. The dollar has become as nearly almighty as it is possible for it to become, for it has stimulated a universal contempt for authority and justice. Truly the laxity of our courts of law and lack of a sufficient police force offer an explanation for the more than doubling of the crime rate in the last fifty years in this country. The increase is but the natural result of the toleration of abuses that breed crime. We have grown so accustomed to the failure of justice in cases where human life is taken by violence, that we scratch together an excuse for one failure and another until it becomes a habit. Then the strong prevail over the weak, and the man who slays his brother is looked upon as an incarnation of power. Think of 10,000 human lives—the size of a small city—being snatched out in one year by the hand of the murderer in this land.

If one of the wild animals in our city zoos should break loose, what consternation there would be. The whole city would be aroused and be demanding the immediate capture of the animal. But when this same city is infested by murderous lawbreakers—far more dangerous than a lion or tiger, and striking at the very heart of the city—there is a feeble attempt made by the guardians of the law to seek out the culprit—only 26 per cent of the offenders are ever punished. The powerful centers of industry have become reservoirs of the blackest

crimes. It is but the continuation of centuries of evil in older civilizations. The murky cloud has become pitch dark. We are reaping the harvest. The crime, vice, and immoralities of the cities would make Sodom and Gomorra blush. Truly it can be said, "As it was in the days of Lot, so shall it be when the Son of Man cometh."

Let us examine the motley array of causes. As long as we have poverty in our midst, the desperate want will revolt in desperate deeds,—and we will have it until the race has reached a higher average of thrift and efficiency. Again we would lay the blame at the feet of heredity. The deliberate, instinctive, passionate, and habitual criminal are all one in the sight of heredity. Moreover, the immigrant is no longer of the best and at the end of this world war he will have deteriorated still more. No nation ever attempted on so large a scale to assimilate into one composite whole so many arithmetical elements, so many social characteristics, such a heterogeneous mass of national diversities as America is attempting today. No wonder that the murderers from all quarters of the earth, seduced by the character of our impartial, righteous justice, make this the theater of their exploits. Strengthening all this brotherhood of crime is that evil spirit, the saloon. A brighter day seems dawning, but its ravages have already laid waste countless homes and given a wicked incentive to crime. How many children grow up without parental control, doomed to a life of crime! We may either smother the divine fire of youth or we may feed it. We may either stand stupidly staring as it sinks into a murky fire of crime and flares into the intermittent blaze of folly, or we may tend it into a lambent flame with the power to make clean and bright our city streets. Safety at home is necessary, for it is there where the majority of our young people should find their recreation and form permanent relationships. Let us not forget the great processes of social life develop themselves through influences which each participant is unconscious of as he struggles alone and unaided in a current which seizes him and bears him along with the myriad of others which so easily wreck the very foundations of domesticity. Yes, there are

such lights in the gloom as Judge Ben Lindsey working his way and spreading his influence, but the blight has cut so deep that the time is yet far distant when all wandering youth shall be reached.

With a great effort we are maintaining the art of living, by which some criminals are caught and punished and by which young offenders are by our own act put under conditions which virtually assure their becoming hardened professional criminals. Thus we judge one another both unchristianly and uncharitably, put a stumbling block and an occasion to fall in our brothers' way. After all these ages man is still grasping feebly after a gleam of light which shall direct him to cope with ever altering conditions. However, whether we realize it or not, all our efforts toward social reform indicate a growing consciousness in the oneness of society and humanity—just a glimpse of the brotherhood of man.

When the main sources of crime are recognized and controlled, when sound sociology unites with Christianity as the basis of dealing with the greatest of problems—crime will still be with us, because human nature will remain human nature as long as the world stands. The unjust judge will be unjust still and the beast of prey will not sleep, but be rampant as ever, having as its testimony the wholesale slaughter of mankind and the destruction of property. We will always be baffled by the proverbial black sheep. The warp of the fabric is the same, but various are the colors and the tones and strength of the threads of which the individual lives are woven.

Nothing short of the complete regeneration of human nature can banish crime and after we who call ourselves society have done our best, human nature will contend to break out in lawless acts. The spirit of hatred, greed, vengeance, and suspicion must give place to brotherhood through the Christ, who in that awful scene on Mt. Calvary atoned for the sin of the world. The time will come, when as with one blast of a trumpet the walls of the penitentiaries shall crumble as the walls of Jerico did under the peal of the trumpets of the hosts of the Lord. The truth will appear in spite of all obstacles.

From the midst of the cloud which human im-

perfections have thrown around her, the voice of truth will, like that of the Almighty on the Mount, repeat again to all nations as well as individuals the great command, "Thou shalt not kill."



Headquarters 14th U. S. Inf.,
Camp Lewis, Washington,
November 28, 1917.

To those I still know at M. C.:

A copy of THE COMENIAN came to my hands yesterday and, like a breath from the broad Atlantic, refreshed all the old memories of dear M. C.

This army game gives one little time for recollection, at least in this outfit. The regular army is a real whirl now and we have so many things to meet ahead that little thought is given to the past.

Have been detailed assistant regimental unit supply officer of the 14th and find myself trying to equip the regiment with everything from coal, food and forage to pins and needles for the tailor shop. Nevertheless it is a most interesting and fascinating game.

The Y. M. C. A. is doing a wonderful work in this camp, practically assuming responsibility for all the recreation in the outfit.

The camp reminds one of a wooden New York City, quite a difference from our old post at Vancouver Barracks.

I have a most interesting horse, just fresh from the remount station, and we have some great parties together, especially at formations. The first time we met "Coddie" threatened to have his rider meet the ground, but we reconciled him and now he has become a most enjoyable rider.

Was very much interested in the athletic column in THE COMENIAN. My very best wishes for the success of the team. I am most grateful for my experience in athletics at college now since I have been out of school. Again, best wishes for your success in all activities of old M. C. I remain,

Very sincerely,

EDGAR L. CLEWELL,
2nd Lt., 14th U. S. Inf.

THE COMENIAN

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

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Camouflage

Necessity has been called the father of invention. If the necessity be great enough a new art may result. Poilus had a great need. His safety demanded concealment from winged destruction hovering above him. He borrowed the art by which Nature, the master-painter, conceals the hare from the eagle, and made it an art of man. His ingenious brush changed canvass camps to forests. Batteries became groves. White roadways are obscured beneath leafy canopies. The landscape scarring trench eludes the circling birdman's eye. The aviator has added a new angle of observation. Camouflage has clouded his vision. Its efficiency impressed Fritz so efficiently he has copied. Tommy Atkins saw he must, and daubed his camp with green and black. What Sammy will do remains to be seen, but we expect him, with

Yankee ingenuity, to take on the characteristics of the chameleon.

We think of Camouflage as something new, a product of the great war. The practice is as old as nature, but a new application has coined a new word for our vocabulary. Ages ago, as now, the spearman saw no bass, because it melted into the black depths of the bayou or blended with a pebbly stream bed. Sought by the creatures beneath, it appeared as a patch of sky, if visible at all. Three centuries ago the Redskin was indistinguishable from the trees and crags about him. The stone crab is part of the rocky shore.

Human society is the superlative of camouflage. Its formality conceals. It masks dislike in smiles. It obscures the kinship of understanding souls. Most credibly it baffles the eye of contempt breeding familiarity. Character is disguised by reputation.

The individual life is full of concealments. Man hides his crimes by instinct. Modesty impels the screening of a noble deed. A sea of ignorance is covered by a well chosen brilliant remark. A choice bit of knowledge lies hidden under a blank look or stupid reply until that knowledge may be cashed in achievement. Some noble souls are obscured entirely by rough exteriors. Viperous scoundrels conceal their venom under a serene countenance.

The group veils purpose with deeds and resolutions. Politics hide graft beneath Philanthropy. The Church places the candle of truth under a bushel of superstition and dogma. Civilization is lost to view. Christianity seems to be working under cover of disguise. The future, the coming year, hovers under a Camouflage of uncertain circumstances and conditions. We strain our eyes in vain to penetrate the gloom. We dare not guess what underlies the chimeric vista of unknown possibilities. The unnatural conditions of the time make New Year's resolutions inadequate and vain. We can only pray, that, as Time unreels the series of coming events, we shall rise to the occasion, and, whether it shall be "stick to our knitting," or "go over the top," vision be given us to see our part, and courage to perform our task.

R. W. E.

Why Teach? "Well, sir, and what do you intend to do when you leave college, teach?"

"Nix; not if I can find anything else."

* How many young men, before graduating, have felt just that way! And how few have really analyzed their feelings deeply enough to give a single good reason for such an attitude! But whether or not the prejudice can be explained, there it is, and must be reckoned with. The fact that it has not been reckoned with is shown by the growing dissatisfaction with teachers everywhere, and the insistent demand for more and better trained college men for the job.

The students' prejudice might be explained in three ways. First, men in the profession are underpaid. He may say, "Money counts. I wish to invest my life where it will bring the greatest material returns."

Secondly, teaching is hard work and is trying for nervous people. Probably Mr. Student recalls his own mad pranks and the trials of his instructors too vividly. Or perhaps he is lazy.

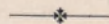
And third, he may be caught by the general contagion of prejudice, which does exist, and has existed since the day of the itinerant pedagogue.

After a thorough analysis and mustering of all his forces, I doubt if any young man can find a fourth good reason for his dislike. Mayhap these are sufficient. If so, good. If not, then let the man who does not put the dollar first, is not afraid of work, and is independent enough to form his own opinions, at least give teaching a fair chance. And if he is a Moravian, all the more reason for the spreading of Moravian ideals in education. Moravian teachers are badly needed, even in Moravian schools. If we, as Moravians have had a single distinguishing characteristic, it has been our educational ideals. Are they shattered? If so, then the denomination no longer exists.

Teaching is the coming profession. World democracy, or national democracy, or democracy in any form is only possible when all the people are properly educated. The present teaching force of our own land must be tripled, both in quantity and quality, before even a small majority of our population can be properly edu-

cated. With a higher standard among teachers must come more recognition and better salaries. And surely the teacher deserves both. What more can a man do, when he gives to others all that he finds best in life, in following the example of the Great Teacher as a layman and teacher?

J. M. S.



Food—Huh? There has been too much of a beclouding of the issue. Too often it has been: The Romans humbled Carthage; but food—huh! Alexander of Macedon waded through Greece; but food—huh! Europe ran some crusades, but food—huh!

There is a country life movement today; many of us are proud to spend ourselves in it; and hunger is really the reason.

Webster's peroration, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable," is forever repeated; but does the speaker know the occasion of the deliverance? Does he know it was voiced in support of a resolution proposing to stop survey of public lands, limit the sales of those already in the market, and abolish the office of surveyor general, because the eastern manufacturing states opposed development of the west, because those states wanted cheap labor, and this settling westward affair was taking away the labor? In 1816 Daniel Webster, a newcomer in Congress, offered strong opposition to tariff legislation. John C. Calhoun was a supporter of the tariff. By 1828 their position was reversed. What explanation except the "food" of their constituents?

George Washington acted for food once or twice also. The first step toward a constitution was an invitation from Washington to visit him at his home in Mount Vernon, extended to commissioners from Maryland and Virginia, to consider methods to care for the commerce of the Chesapeake Bay.

When the explanation is in terms of food, it was Virginia and now New England who was the front and fount of the American revolution.

There has been but little investigation of the psychology of the country boy, yet one of the revelations seems to be that his winter time sausage plays a part. As for some of us, we do

(Continued on page 48)



RESOLVED

Resolved—

Says James Montgomery, "that I will read my Bible more faithfully to save Goosey the trouble of keeping my copy with me, and also resolved, that I will squelch some of the rumors afloat relating to me."

Says Tiny, "that I will kiss her good night next time."

Says Splies, "that I'm always going to trust to Gapp; he knows."

Says Haus, "that I will pass my next physical exam."

Says Ted Shields, "that I'll never let Mitchell referee again."

Says Goosey, "that Lyman Abbott is a punk writer."

Says C. Richter, "that the recent public speaking contest was a grand affair."

Says Louis, "that but one Book is mine."

Says Fred Trafford, "that I must never try to buck the brick wall I encountered in Pop's Modern History class."

Says Billheimer, "that I will take just one look into my Pedagogy and Psychology books before the year is over."

Says Bates "that I...I...I...I...I...I."

Says Dech, "that I will preach things Biblical and not things scientific."

Says Everroad, "that Greek exalts the soul."

Says Dug, "that my name shall never again appear in the Linden Hall news notes."

Says Stolz, "that we will never hear the footprints of the ghost again."

Says Ted, "that when someone visits Nazareth again, you won't find me away on a doggone glee club trip."

Says Pharo, "that such articles like that one by Cheese Limbach a while ago should be suppressed."

Says Kemper (in the back row in the Psychology class), "that Gapp surely has Thorndyke's number."

Says Funk, "that I can't stand much of this Comparative Religion."

Says Abe, "that fellows feigning girls' voices will never pull one over on me again."

Bessie (yawning): "Gosh! I'm tired; just finished writing an essay, Johnny."

Golding: "What on, Ralph?"

Snyder: "Two sheets of paper, Johnny."

Pfohl (walking into V. Richter's room): "Where is everybody tonight, Vic?"

V. Richter: "Here! Have a seat."

Doctor: "Why weren't you in class yesterday, Samuel?"

Wedman: "I was so ill I couldn't come, Doctor."

Doctor: "Yes, but I saw you ride past on a bicycle."

Sam: "Er-r, yes, I was going to see a doctor."

A USUAL THING.

C. Richter (at 10 P.M.): "Please cut the rough-house, boys, and let a fellow sleep."

THINGS WHICH DO NOT HAPPEN.

Bates: "Anybody want my dessert?"

Henks: "Have a cigarette, Vogler?"

Ted: "No, thanks."

Louis: "What's at movies tonight, Fritz?"

Noises caused by fairy feet are heard and Nonnemacher approaches.

Professor: "Why was Latin used in addressing the ghost in Hamlet?"

Stengel: "Because it's a dead language, Professor."

TO THE FACULTY.

George Weinland has found time to attend Chapel three times a week.

And when the Kaiser, as a captive, approaches New York harbor and sees the Statue of Liberty, he will say: "Stat-ue, 'Stat-ue, 'Stat-ue?"

Schlegel: "I'm going to get a hair cut."

Goosey: "Which one, Schlegel?"

Prof. Moses (to Engelke, who is rehearsing an oration): "Although you bow to the maximum leave of your rotundity, your obisance is very negligible."

Engelke: "Y-es, sir."

But that's not the point, as the man said to the assassin, who tried to stab him with the hilt of the dagger.

"Yes," said Nonnemacher, the man with the fairy feet, "my 'understanding' is large."

Says Sister: "Fly paper always did remind me of birds."

FOR THOSE WHO ARE NOT FORD OWNERS.

That means, of course, that Dech is excluded. This is for the comfort of the rest of us poor fellows. It is from the pen of Bessie. He wrote it as an editorial last summer in the *Hope Aspiration Sifter*, and now it has been saved for posterity. We consider ourselves fortunate to be able to reproduce it here.

"Never mind, Cy! What does it matter if Joe, from the town, has a flivver, and can take Sallie out? Just use your bean. Think the thing through and through,

and you'll find that the advantage lies with you. Your buggy is still *the* thing.

"In the first place, reflect on the following: He takes the moonlight night and you can take the dark ones. Get me?"

"To go on a little farther, turn your ear this way: His hands are on the steering wheel all the time, yes all the time; while you, well you can lay down the reins.

"He whirls her along at a thirty-five mile an hour rate, yes, the poor boob. Think of the time you have when you're goin' along at a walk. You have something to say and an eternity in which to say it."



Locals

The Christmas vacation will be the main theme of the local items this month. All have taken advantage of the free days to leave studies behind for a while and enjoy the holidays in various places.

Only eleven men were at College during most of the vacation. These were Messrs. Trafford, Kuehl, Weinland, Gutensohn, Hoffman, Guerner, Everroad, Splies, Engelke, F. Weber and Meinert.

L. Walther visited friends in New York, with whom he had lived before coming to M. C.

Gutensohn spent New Year's Day in Schoeneck.

Splies, Everroad and Engelke spent the afternoon and evening of the First with the Bahnsens, in Coopersburg.

Henry Kuehl preached in the West Bethlehem chapel on the evening of November 25, and also for the Rev. Stocker on the South Side, December 2.

On New Year's Eve, George Weinland spoke in Nazareth on the California Missions, using some magic lantern slides.

Henry Kuehl left on Wednesday evening, the second of January, for a conference of Student Volunteer leaders at Northfield, Mass. While there he will also visit his sisters, who are living in that State.

Benson Landis spent part of the vacation with friends in Connecticut.

A number of the students are helping in the Edgeboro building campaign.

Herbert Dech spent several days in Pottsville and also some time visiting with his father, Professor W. D. Dech, of Albright College.

Carl Helmich was in Newfoundland, Pa., for several days.

The first three Sundays in December, Weber preached in Reading and in his home pulpit in Utica on December 23.

Henkelmann occupied Rev. Bahnsen's pulpit in Coopersburg on Sunday morning, December 2.

The theologs with the Glee Club rendered a much appreciated service to our Moravian congregation at Graceham, Md. On December the 29th Weber conducted the Sunday School session, Wedman preached the morning sermon and Henkelmann conducted a love-feast service in the afternoon.

Letters and cards from different members of our Glee Club tell of a very pleasant and profitable trip. The concerts at Lititz, December 27; Lancaster, 28; Graceham, 29; Port Washington, Ohio, 31; Frys Valley, January 2; Gnadenhütten, 3; Sharon, 4; Uhrichsville, 5, and Dover, 7; all were well rendered and much appreciated by large and enthusiastic audiences.



Y. M. C. A.

During these times in which the Y. M. C. A. is doing such splendid work for the men in the camps and trenches, we are happy that we can have a branch of this great Association in every educational institution. The fact that we are a part, although a very small part, of an organization which is world wide gives us a feeling of closer brotherhood toward all men. Thus the Cabinet of the Association at M. C. is doing everything possible to have interesting and helpful meetings throughout the year.

The first meeting of the month was held on the evening of December 6. It was our good fortune to have with us on that evening Mr. Elmer Galaway, of New Dorp, Staten Island, N. Y., and Rev. V. G. Flinn, of New York City. Mr. Galaway spoke to us for a few minutes concerning some of the sacrifices in connection with the Student's Friendship War Fund and also gave us some idea of the result of this blessed undertaking.

Rev. Flinn's talk was on Religion. Religion is immediate, it is real and vital. Religion is a tremendously real and valuable thing. It is essential that men realize and believe this. If a man who is in the ministry doesn't believe that, he had better get out of the ministry. In fact, however, many people think that a man ought to get out of the ministry when he does believe that. If a man can get a Religion that is immediate, one that makes God real to him, he can get nothing better. In most people's religious experiences one finds that he hesitates to accept Christ. We ought to get out of our minds the historicity of Religion; and we ought to get out of our minds the future for a while, so we can realize the immediate value of Religion. Let us forget what kind of body Christ came in, and remember that He was related to all kind of people like we must be related, in love, etc. Christ came to reveal the Father. Where did He reveal Him, in Heaven? If so, it is of no value to us. All the things that are common to life now are the things that were common to Him. The one thing that Christ did was to come into the world and reveal the Father to men as men lived. Thus it was that He drew His disciples, and they followed Him. He was an interested sympathizer of theirs. For our vital Religion, if we can attach it to Christ, out of that we will see the Divine. "For whosoever shall do the will

of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister, and mother." As we do the will of God, so we learn to know His purpose. If we look at God in the past and future and compare Him to the present, we see a contrast. But if we think of God in relation to the present we see everything as it is, only better, for thus we relate God to everything valuable and good. So Christ always found the things of the earth manifesting the glory of God. When we think of God, let us think of Him in connection with immediate things and in terms of the human Jesus, and learn to make a companion of God.

At the meeting of December 13, Mr. Charles H. Rominger, Superintendent of the Moravian Preparatory School, addressed us. Mr. Rominger spoke on "Teaching as a Profession." At the request of the Association representative, he told something of his experience during the period of selecting his life's work and how, finally, he chose teaching as the profession through which he could do the greatest good. For, when one is given the opportunity of directing, instructing, and shaping the lives of twenty, fifty, a hundred or more children, what greater privilege and joy need he seek? As a profession through which the greatest good can be rendered to mankind, he placed teaching as the highest, excepting only two. Moravians have always laid great emphasis on educational work and yet it seems that enough attention has not been given to such work by the majority of Moravians in later years. Young men of the Moravian Church who are thinking of taking up teaching should enter Moravian institutions and keep up the good record along educational lines. However, it would be a splendid thing if we could have Moravians in many of the public schools and colleges. If young men are thinking about a profession and wish to enter one through which they can influence a great number of young people, let them consider the teaching profession.

The meeting of December 20 was the last one before Christmas and was therefore converted into a song service and many Christmas songs were sung. This is always a beautiful service and it brings with it a spirit of Christmas. Mr. Fulmer sang the solo part to "Morn-ing Star."



Food—Dub?

(Continued from page 45)

not like whole wheat bread—why must that horrible bran be in food for man? Men become as old as their arteries, we know that, don't we? Still we act as though we didn't know what our arteries contained.

Of course food will win this war. Lives which are prayers for Mr. Hoover are most worth while. And the role of food—the food of raiment and comforts—will not end with this war and its peace adjustments.

B. Y. L.

C. L. S. Notes

December 4. After the call to order the Chaplain read a part of the seventh chapter of Matthew. Mr. Trafford was appointed critic for the evening. The extemporaneous speeches were: "The Influence of a Grant Six on a Summer's Vacation," Stocker; "Feeding a Press at the Bethlehem Times," V. Richter; "The Influence of Amos Comenius on Education," Fulmer; "My Work in the Edgeboro C. E.," Engelke; "The Spanish Influence on the Mexican Situation," Wedman. The first declaimer, Hassler, gave Shakespeare's Sonnet 30. The second declaimer, Pfohl, gave a selection from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." The question for debate was, "*Resolved*, That Under the Present Program of Missionary Endeavor, India will become a Christian Nation before China." It was upheld affirmatively by Messrs. Meinert and Weinland, and negatively by Messrs. E. Weber and Kuehl. The President's decision was in favor of the affirmative, but was not upheld by the house.

December 11. After the meeting was called to order, the Chaplain read the twentieth chapter of Proverbs. The extemporaneous speeches were: "Process of Cloth Manufacture," Allen; "Pennsylvania Dutch Novels," Bahnsen; "Value of the 'North American Student,'" Henkelmann; "Comparison of High School Life at Canal Dover and Lititz," Stengel; "The Value Derived from the Study of Classics," Splies. The remainder of the meeting was given over to extemporaneous debating.

Dec. 14. The first public meeting of the year was held in Students' Hall. Mr. Van Horne rendered a selection on the piano, after which the meeting was called to order by the President with a few words of welcome. The Chaplain read a portion of the twenty-fourth chapter of Proverbs. The declaimer, Allen, gave "Young Fellow, Ma' Lad," by Service. He was followed by a reading by Vogler, "Romance of a Busy Broker." Funk favored the house with a violin solo, after which Gutensohn read his essay on "The Vicar of Wakefield." The narrator, Helmich, gave Poe's "Tell Tale Heart" in very dramatic style, after which the Quartette brought us back from the bloody scenes of Poe with a number of vocal selections. The paper of the evening was edited by Fulmer.

Athletics

The first basketball game of the season, with the Alumni, proved to be somewhat of a walkover. The first line-up of the 'Varsity was the strongest combination, but substitutes continued scoring, though not nearly so rapidly. The general impression was that the game might have been won by a larger score, yet the later scores which we are publishing show that they and not this score demonstrate the strength of the second good machine which Coach Shields has built for Moravian. The final score was 45-12.

| ALUMNI. | POSITIONS. | 'VARSITY. |
|------------|-------------------|-----------|
| Strohmeier |forward..... | Turner |
| Mueller |forward..... | Hassler |
| T. Shields |center..... | Allen |
| Wolter |guard..... | Kuehl |
| Gutensohn |guard..... | Wedman |

Field goals: Turner, 6; Hassler, 4; Allen, 3; Kuehl, 3; Stolz, 2; Stengel, 1; Fulmer, 1; Mueller, 1; Shields, 1; Wolter, 1. Fouls: Wedman, 3 out of 6; Hassler, 2 out of 6; Gutensohn, 7 out of 9. Substitutions: Stolz for Hassler; Hassler for Wedman; Stengel for Turner; Turner for Allen; Fulmer for Stengel; Vogler for Turner; Stocker for Hassler. Referee: G. Turner.

MORAVIAN, 44; LAFAYETTE, 28.

On the evening of December 15, the Moravian basketball team met the Lafayette five on their new floor in Easton. A fast game was expected and our men outdid themselves in fulfilling these expectations. After the first few minutes of play Moravian took the lead in scoring and kept it throughout the game. Captain Anderson was easily the star for Lafayette, scoring 24 points out of 28. Moravian displayed exceptional team work all through the game. The defense of the guards was very strong and instilled confidence into the rest of the team. Every man on the team played in his best form. The line-up:

| MORAVIAN. | POSITIONS. | LAFAYETTE. |
|-----------|-------------------|------------|
| Turner |forward..... | Keating |
| Hassler |forward..... | Anderson |
| Allen |center..... | Miller |
| Kuehl |guard..... | Tamborelli |
| Wedman |guard..... | Bobbe |

Substitutions—Lafayette: King for Tamborelli; Behney for Miller. Moravian: Stolz for Allen. Field goals—Lafayette: Keating, 2; Anderson, 5. Moravian: Turner, 6; Hassler, 5; Allen, 3; Kuehl, 1; Wedman, 1. Fouls—Anderson, 14 out of 17; Wedman, 8 out of 14; Hassler, 4 out of 9. Referee—Bibelheimer.

MORAVIAN, 32; LEHIGH, 41.

After the crushing defeat given the Lafayette five at Easton, all Moravian supporters were eagerly looking forward to the game against Lehigh. Everyone interested expected a very close game, for in years the two teams had never been so evenly matched.

Finally the Wednesday afternoon came. A large crowd was on hand to witness the contest. Immediately after the whistle blew the M. C. boys were on their feet and had the game in their hands. Things began to look very favorable for Moravian. However, the lead obtained was not to be held very long. The Lehigh defense stiffened; indeed, it was this improvement of their defense which really brought defeat to our team. The game became faster after the first ten minutes of play, and the pace maintained was a hard one considering that our floor is small, and playing is not usually so strenuous as on larger floors. Center Allen was injured during the first half, continued to the end, but had to retire then. He was one of our high scorers while in the game. For Moravian Hassler also starred. For Lehigh Wysocki was certainly the man who did most for his team.

| LEHIGH. | POSITIONS. | MORAVIAN. |
|-------------|-------------------|---------------------|
| W. McCarthy |forward..... | Turner (Captain) |
| Mauer |forward..... | Hassler |
| Hess |center..... | Allen |
| Straub |guard..... | Wedman |
| Wysocki |guard.. | Kuehl (Captain) |

Substitutions—Lehigh: R. McCarthy for Mauer; Moravian: Stolz for Turner; Turner for Allen. Field goals—Lehigh: W. McCarthy, 5; Straub, 4; Mauer; Hess, 3; Wysocki, 1. Moravian: Hassler, 4; Allen, 3; Turner, 1. Fouls—Wedman, 16 out of 25. Straub, 11 out of 22. Referee—Mitchell, of the Allentown Y. M. C. A.

The following is the complete schedule for the 1917-18 season:

| | |
|--------------|------------------|
| December 8. | Alumni. |
| December 15. | Lafayette.* |
| December 19. | Lehigh. |
| January 12. | Ursinus. |
| January 16. | Muhlenberg. |
| January 18. | Drexel.* |
| January 19. | Temple.* |
| January 30. | U. S. A. A. C.* |
| February 1. | Delaware State.* |
| February 2. | Pratt.* |
| February 6. | Drexel. |
| February 7. | Albright. |
| February 13. | U. S. A. A. C. |
| February 16. | Ursinus. |
| March 2. | Albright.* |
| March 6. | Temple. |

* Games away.

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