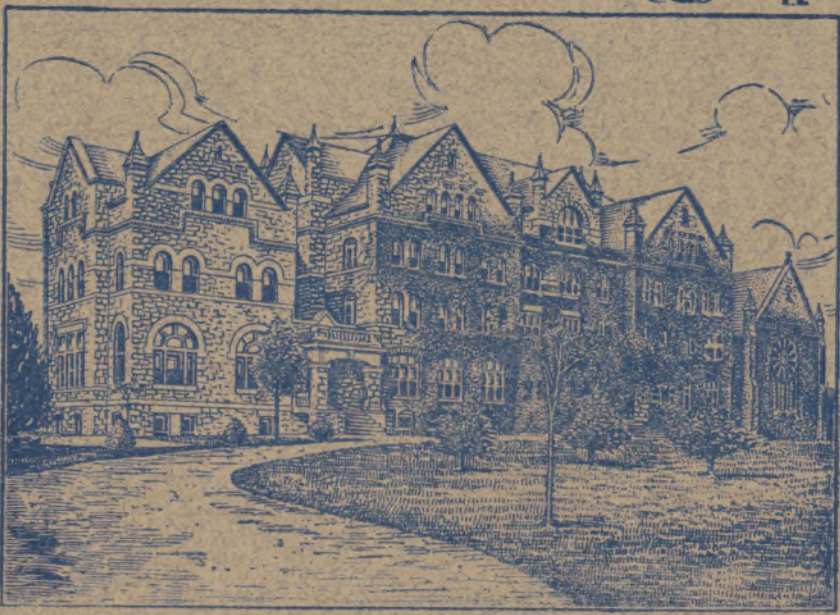


THE COMENIAN

VIA LUCIS



Vol. 28
No. 4

Bethlehem, Pa., January, 1919.

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The Comenian

Volume XXVIII.

BETHLEHEM, PA., JANUARY, 1919.

Number 4.

A Bit of "Over There"

CORPORAL P. GERHARD MUELLER, '17

IT was with a feeling of great relief that we received the words of our Commanding Officer to roll our packs and be prepared to leave within twenty minutes. Those twenty minutes were, for those of us who had anticipated the order and had been prepared long before daybreak, the longest any of us had ever experienced. Having been in the army long enough to know that an order could be recalled as easily as it was launched, sort of got our "wind up," an expression much used in our outfit. But the much dreaded order of recall was not given, and eventually our hike to the boat began.

Two weeks later, having listened to many an entreaty asking that the Kaiser might send his entire navy out to sink us without a minute's delay, and on the other hand to many new and original methods of torture for that same Kaiser, most of which were eternal boat rides on rough waters, we landed at Berkenhead, England. The day was dark and dreary, merely a sample of what we endured for many months following.

By this time we were all primed for about a week of unbroken slumber. I am sure the authorities suspected as much, for instead of our slumber we received another night of travel and to top it all a hike of seven miles. I have often thought about that hike and the numerous and different methods of torture which were suggested for that "Big Chief," the Kaiser. Many wished him a million lives and supplied an equal number of deaths, each one outdoing the other in frightfulness. Others, not as vicious, thought merely to make him hike with us, for being as tired as we were, would have been punishment enough. But it's this banter and joshing that pulled us through on many a long hike. One

must not forget the singing, which perhaps is the greatest "fatigue forgetter" to which the soldier has access. To others perhaps this singing sounds much like the strains of an old, cracked and worn phonograph. But our goal is noise, exhaust pipe fashion. We care little what others think.

Camps were occupied and vacated with as little thought, it seemed, as the wanderer spends in thinking about his next meal or his next bed. One soon becomes accustomed to breaking up housekeeping and bunkies can rig up a new home in short order.

It was shortly after getting "over" that I had my first experience in flying. Never will I forget with what doubts and misgivings I stepped into that "ship." But all doubts and fears soon left me, only to be replaced by a feeling of excitement mingled with that of utmost joy. It was truly a pleasant sensation. The pilot was in a good humor and thus had no desire to try out the machine's numerous side lines. Our course took us over a village and several castles, all of which are numerous over there. To view a castle from above is fully as wonderful as seeing it from the ground. The court-yards, dungeon towers, peaks and flat parts can be taken in at a glance. But for ordinary sight seeing an automobile is far more practical.

My second trip was of a much different nature. The pilot surely must have had a bad night, for he headed up as straight as the machine would pull to the height of twelve thousand feet, then, deciding that he was high enough, came down in a succession of loops, looping seven times without an intermission. It was that time only throughout my flying that I became a bit dizzy.

When diving from a height of several thousand feet in a direct dive, I never did rid myself of a peculiar sensation in the lower regions, but it was not a dizziness, moreso a feeling as of evacuation. But, those are all sensations that help to add to the enjoyment of the thing. Perhaps it would be best to cease my idle ramblings, as far as flying is concerned, but I cannot desist from relating one more of the experiences I had, for which I was envied very much by the remainder of our outfit. It was a foggy, rainy, altogether disagreeable morning, but as flying very seldom ceases, no matter what the weather, we went up as usual. After getting up we both decided that target practice was out of the question on account of the fog lying over the lake, which contained our target. The pilot, in place of target practice, decided to brush up on make landings. Landings were made in good shape for a while, but we had not as yet made the last one. In coming down to land the machine is not to be straightened out until it is about three feet from the ground, from which height it is allowed to sort of settle. This time a dense fog had settled close to the ground and we were unable to see the ground. We could see the top of the hangars, so a guess was made as to the depth of the fog. It proved to be a poor guess for we straightened out too soon and consequently had several yards too many to settle through. We landed with a thud, bounced quite a distance into the air, and came down with a crash, nose first. We crawled out and, looking over the crash, found the longest piece that was left of a four-bladed propeller to be five inches. The wings on the port side were completely demolished, the tail pointed toward the clouds, as if to accuse them of it all. "Crashes," as these falls are called, are very frequent, but as they are usually fatal to the pilot and his passenger, we were considered very fortunate in having come out in good shape, and consequently envied on account of our additional experience. I have seen six ships come down in one hour and five minutes time, all being fatal to the occupants. The public may wonder why men will persist in going up in "ships," but every crash adds to the desire in a flier to conquer completely this wonderful invention of man.

It's high time to leave England, with its air-

planes, wonderful scenery and the never-to-be-forgotten undesirable climate. Tents were never made to withstand such weather. One morning we were told to have everything in readiness for departure on the next morning. Not a murmur of our destination. The English, who are a far-seeing race, thought it best to collect their blankets, immediately. We had been given an issue of these on our arrival at that camp. This left us with but three comparatively thin blankets for the night. Sleep with but three blankets on the bare ground was impossible, as it is fairly cold over there. The majority of the fellows built fires in the company street and hugged them all night. My bunkie and I had an idea that the ever-to-be-relied-on "Y" man might be able to help us out. We were correct in our surmise, for he offered us his two tables to lie on and even insisted on sitting up all night in order to keep the fire in his stove in full swing. The tables in the first place were a luxury and having a fire in addition was positively unheard of. We slept better than we had for many a night.

Our journey began early next morning, but our destination was not known until we landed that evening in Liverpool. We were then fairly certain of being homeward bound. We were happy beyond control, but our troubles were not at yet at an end. Several days later we stood at five fifteen a.m. with packs on our backs, at the entrance to the camp in Liverpool, in the act of vacating it. It was raining as it only can rain in England. Our overcoats, suits and all protecting overseas caps were soaked in short order. It was eleven o'clock when I was able again to crawl under a bit of shelter, the rain never having ceased a minute in all that time. At two in the afternoon we boarded the "Mauretania" and the end of all our troubles and tribulations was near. The voyage was a very stormy one and there were few among the well, but one heard no entreaties for submarines and German navies.

It was the beginning of the end of the biggest adventure man ever went out on. The end of many months of army life was in view, and I was again about to go into the world, and enter with many thousands of others a different kind of battle.

M. C. Alumnus Decorated

ARTHUR L. LIMBACH, Ex-Col., '18, has been awarded the Italian War Cross for excellent work and special bravery on the Italian Front. Limbach is a member of the Port Washington, Ohio, Moravian Church. He came to M. C. in the Fall of 1914, and was a member of the first Freshman class to enter the rebuilt Comenius Hall. He had a craving for Oberlin College which could not be satisfied. In fact he tried to enter Oberlin before he came to Moravian, but was not sufficiently prepared. Through the leniency of dear old Dr. Schultze, he obtained the required number of units to be enrolled as a Freshman at M. C.

The following year Limbach went to Oberlin, entered the Sophomore class, made the varsity debating team and in many other ways proved the value of his year at Moravian. He enlisted in the U. S. Ambulance Corps and was stationed at Allentown for nearly a year, during which time he made frequent visits to M. C. The Oberlin Unit of the U. S. A. A. C. was sent to Italy and the *Oberlin Alumni Magazine* gives an account of what has happened in the meantime. The following is an extract of a communication received by the Oberlin authorities from an Italian officer in high command:

In the action in which the 70th Division, First Army Corps, 12th International Army, was engaged in the zone known as Tomba-Monfenera, from October 20 to October 30, this Sanitary Section evacuated 1269 wounded. The transportation by hand and by stretcher was especially difficult because of the mountainous zone and of the heavy fire of the enemy. Not less difficult was the work performed by the automobile detachment assigned to said section, composed of four Italian machines with the personnel assigned to it, and of Section 587, U. S. Army Ambulance Service, with twelve machines,

under the vigilant inspection of Major T. V. Boyd, and commanded by Captain C. C. Moore.

* * *

The work to be done by the auto ambulances required an uncommon ability, the roads being mountainous and very difficult and crowded with troops, trucks and guns; and being under the direct fire of the artillery of the enemy. In some places, as at Fener, the roads were exposed to rifle and machine-gun fire.

Furthermore, the service required special physical resistance, and an uncommon spirit of sacrifice because the wounded were coming day and night, continuously, so that the work was absolutely incessant and continuous. In this the Americans distinguished themselves, being absolutely indefatigable, full of enthusiasm, careful with the wounded, and very attentive to their duties. They did not want to be second to their Italian brothers of the automobile section, and refused to accept their very short rest in order to be ready at every call.

We have the honor to bring to notice the fact that the first automobile which had the honor to enter the redeemed territory at Fener was the American auto-ambulance driven by Private Arthur L. Limbach, who was one of those who distinguished himself the most.

These Headquarters asks the honor to call your attention to the following men, who are considered worthy of special citation and reward for their indefatigable activities and very noble conduct and for having been especially under the enemy's fire:

Private Arthur L. Limbach,
Private Harold S. Marvin,
Private George A. Roose,

assisted by the interpreter of the Second Section, Soldate Lattanzi Vite, who was indefatigable and praiseworthy.

These Headquarters have the honor to bring to your attention the fact that in compliance with orders from the high command of the Division, it has proposed Major T. V. Boyd, Captain C. C. Moore, and all of the men of the Section for the awarding of the Italian Cross for Merit in War, for services rendered during the fight, so that our American Brothers may bring back to their country, together with the war

ribbon, the gratitude of the Italian brothers, who were wounded in behalf of the high common ideal.

*The Captain Surgeon,
Commander of 2nd Sanitary Section,
GIUSEPPE SIRTORIS.*

When Limbach returns to this country, we hope to have him relate his experiences in the form of an article for THE COMENIAN.

THE EDITOR.

Spare Moments

New Table Arrangements

THE institution of the Students' Army Training Corps here at M. C. necessitated a complete change in nearly every detail. About the only thing that remained unchanged was the regular chapel service. But of special interest is the revolution that took place in the dining room.

At first there was a general "first come, first served" arrangement. It mattered not that a Freshman sat beside a Theolog. Soon a more orderly plan followed out. The Theologs and other non-combatants were put at the table known in former years as the Theolog Table. The Lieutenants occupied the places of honor on either side of the Resident Professor. There was also a Non-commissioned Officers' Table, where the Sergeants and Corporals gloried in the distinctions afforded them by their rank. The only drawback with this table was that it had to serve as a model for the rest. Military inspection includes absolutely everything pertaining to a human being. The occupants of the table with the dirtiest table-cloth were held up for public disgrace from time to time. Woe to the unfortunate private who spilled the coffee.

Now with the end of the military regime, the arrangement of tables according to classes, a time-worn custom at M. C., has gone into effect. This may not seem at all extraordinary or even worth mentioning, but to the Theologues it was a matter of more or less interest. The question was, who would be honored by a seat at the Professor's Table. There was a good deal of banter as to who the select few would be. The first mid-

day meal after the close of the Christmas Recess decided the question. Of the eight taking the seminary course, three were left out in the cold.

No theological student fully deserves his "B. D." unless he has occupied a seat at the Resident Professor's Table for at least a year. This is an essential part of his education and training. He must lay aside the improprieties of his Sophomore days, which sometimes stick to him even when he is a Senior. The bread is to be passed and not dealt like cards.

But associations are the most valuable assets derived from a seat at table number one. In the classroom the student meets his professors on a professional basis only. Most people have two natures and this is especially true of college professors. In the classroom they are crabbed, exacting and sometimes veritable slave-drivers. But outside of the classroom—aye, how many college men know what they are outside of the classrooms? How many know the human side of the men whose teachings influence their thought and action to so wide an extent? There should be more intercourse between student and professor, not as teacher and pupil, but as man to man.

Fortunately, the three Theologues spoken of above are only in the Junior class, so they may yet have the chance to grace the Resident Professor's Table.

Buried Treasure

"Pesky Pete" was dead! He had been considered a miser, and his few relatives had waited a long time for him to cross the "great divide."

"Pesky Pete" had lived in a small shack on the outskirts of the city for five years. He did not have many friends, and loved solitude. Now that he was dead, few people mourned for him.

When his scanty belongings were divided, a large book came into the possession of his nephew, "Jim." "Jim" was not overjoyed with his share of the inheritance and threw the book on a shelf in his room. A few weeks later, "Bill," Jim's chum, asked him what he had inherited from his uncle. Jim showed him the book. "Bill took the book and looked at some of the pictures. On the back of one he found a map of "Pesky's Ranch," as the old man had called the small plot of ground where his shack was built. Below the map in the hermit's peculiar scrawl was written: "When the moon is full, go to the north-west corner of my "Ranch" and dig where the shadow of the corner-post crosses the path at two o'clock. Gold"—but here the page was torn off and the piece was not in the book.

"Here is your fortune, Jim," said Bill, "all you have to do is wait until full moon and then go and dig. I am sure your uncle has buried his money there."

The two friends could hardly wait until full moon. The time for the moon to be full came but it rained all week and the two treasure hunters were disappointed. Another month passed. The treasure hunters were on the spot early. The time dragged. Would two o'clock never come? Finally, the shadow of the post crossed the path. Both began to dig at that spot.

After digging for a short time, Jim's spade struck metal. "I have found it," he cried. They dug faster and were both greatly excited. Soon they unearthed a large iron pot. "The treasure!" both exclaimed. They pried off the lid and found—a gallon jug of "Gold Drip Whiskey."

A Necessary Evil

OF COURSE you have all heard of the existence of necessary evils. We call them necessary, I suppose, because a vacuum would otherwise exist at certain junctures of our sojourn here, the results of which would be more disastrous than the evil itself. So it is that we

resign ourselves stoically to being kidded along every other "whipstitch." (With apologies to Grimes.)

That very ingenious contrivance, commonly known as an alarm clock, plays an important part in the irregular life of the inmates of Comenius Hall, although universally acknowledged to be classed among the necessary evils. Occasionally this invention departs from its regular daily routine of attempting to rouse some "night-hawk" (who has a half dozen subjects to prepare for in an hour before breakfast) and goes on extra duty in a classroom.

At such times when it is called upon to demonstrate its vocal ability in a classroom, great care is taken that the alarm will be on the job, the aforesaid alarm belonging to one of the biggest of the "Big Bens." Were those instances less rare when some unsophisticated being is guilty of allowing one of those innocent mechanisms the luxury of inhabiting a classroom, one might be tempted to infer that "bolshivism" were creeping into our realm.

It seems like the irony of fate to have the infernal thing accomplish its purpose with the greatest degree of efficiency in a place where it is considered a non-essential, while on the other hand all its effort and remonstrance is in vain at the bedside of one who, having become "acclimated," slumbers peacefully on, or of another whose spirit is willing, but whose flesh is most discouraging weak. It is rumored that there are certain persons who like to be entertained and have their desires gratified, so each morning when their faithful servant has only just fairly begun in the discharge of its duty, a long arm cautiously silences any further attempt to disturb. The remaining moments (before a more urgent call, which may either be for breakfast, chapel, or Latin class) are thoroughly enjoyed, because they are stolen. We also have several light sleepers in our midst who find the rhythm of an alarm clock disconcerting—although the Ingersolls under their pillows are quite as capable of producing a healthy sound. Fortunately, they are blest with roommates who are very accommodating, which has led one victim

(Continued on page 46)

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Subscribers wishing THE COMENIAN discontinued at expiration of their subscriptions must notify us to that effect, otherwise we shall consider it their wish to have it continued.

You would oblige us by paying your subscription in advance.
THE MANAGERS.

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World Fellowship

Two of the most noteworthy movements of recent years, which have gained an added impetus of late, through the problems faced and opportunities of unlimited service presented and forcibly driven home during the war, are the movement toward church unity among Protestant denominations, and that of the evangelization of the world in this generation. The two movements are so inter-related, that the measure of success which will attend the spreading of the gospel to the ends of the earth in this generation, depends to a significant degree on the united and conscientious effort of the Protestant evangelical churches in America.

The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, which has been representing a united

Protestantism on the urgent national war-time questions, has undoubtedly cemented the fellowship of the denominations for greater, practical, democratic service in the time immediately ahead. Through it the churches of cities and villages are annually being bound together in more efficient service, eliminating an unjustified waste of money, energy and resources, and becoming a source of good to an indefinitely larger number of people. A similar federation of the Protestant Churches of Bethlehem is soon to be effected.

It will not be found necessary for any man to abandon a conviction in order to put an end to denominational differences, but such a result will only be secured when one church recognizes the other's sincerity, and that grace is one, although its means are many. Aside from the minimizing of differences, a great practical good will issue from harmonious and unified effort on the part of the churches in the stemming of the tide of evil forces. When the spirit of toleration has become one of friendly co-operation, then the strongly entrenched pagan, pleasure-seeking and indifferent multitude can be met on more of an equal basis.

There is an ever-growing conviction that Christianity cannot conquer the paganism of Christian lands and the heathenism of distant nations, except it be through a union of the churches here at home. This is a task for men of unshaken purpose and noble souls, a task in which young men with vision of world service will be needed, a task in which the great and eternal truths will alone be the channels for the spread of His kingdom.

A most encouraging step toward having the gospel message presented to all the non-Christian nations of the earth is that of the launching of a simultaneous missionary drive by all the Protestant evangelical churches of America, the purpose of which is "the raising of sufficient funds for equipment and support of all foreign mission work." The student world has been given a very definite share in this great undertaking. It is hoped that each institution will make itself responsible for a certain clearly defined project which concerns the education of students in other lands. Surely, we in our own denomination have

some object worthy of our support and one in which our interest can be centered.

In preparation for such a definite part in the promotion of world brotherhood we may find inspiration in a quotation from President Wilson's Thanksgiving Day Proclamation: "A new day shines about us, in which our hearts take courage and look forward with new hope and greater duties. While we render thanks for all these things, let us not forget to seek Divine guidance in the performance of those duties, and Divine mercy and forgiveness from all errors of act or purpose, and pray that in all that we do we shall strengthen the ties of friendship and mutual respect upon which we must assist to build the new structure of peace, and good-will among the nations."

C. J. H.



Thinking

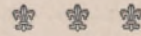
Our former professor, Dr. S. H. Gapp, made the following remark to one of his classes in Logic: "Even though you forget all the logic you hope to learn, if the study of logic has taught you how to think, you will have acquired that intrinsic power which is the fundamental aim of all education."

"There they go, all fools," were the words uttered by Thomas Carlyle, that famous old Scotch philosopher, as he gazed from a window at the throng surging up and down a busy London street. And even though this startling remark may brand Carlyle as somewhat of a cynic—in the opinion of many people—it unfortunately contains more truth than poetry. Real, genuine thinkers are few and far between. Good thinkers—so called—are scarce enough, and men who only use their heads for a hat-rack represent an overwhelming majority.

Naturally enough there are reasons for all this. Our modern factory system allows the ordinary workman little initiative of his own. For example, in the Ford plant, one man does one thing and nothing else. He learns how to do that one thing and soon becomes a mere machine. It cannot be expected that such a man develop his powers of thought to a great extent, yet it can be done. There are many instances of men who have risen from the bottom of the ladder through just such channels. But then, on the

other hand, there are men who are woefully lacking in what is known as "Common Horse Sense." It is really pathetic what difficulties some men will wrestle with, when a little com-

(Concluded on page 46)



Books

The first thought suggested is the relation which books sustain to the human mind.

Books supply the mind with the material for thought. They are a necessity. That the mind may work, it must have material on which to work. If it is to grow, it must have nourishing mental food.

What books to select is the problem which confronts and oftentimes perplexes every individual. In our day the material is so abundant and so varied that the task of choosing the correct books to read becomes very complex.

Act in the same manner as you would in choosing a friend or a number of companions. Let there be a high aim in view. Then let your personal taste direct you. Books are useless unless they provoke and stimulate thought. That book is to be valued most which frequently compels the reader to close it, shut his eyes, and ears as well, and impels the mind to reflect in wonder and delight on some new thought. The best book invariably challenges the reader's attention and calls out his force of concentrated application.

In our libraries we have preserved for us the inspiration of departed days. Here we have the fossil thoughts of the different eras and ages of the world's mental and moral history. Here may we read the prominent features of each cycle of the literary and religious age.

When we undertake to tell to another the results of our reading some solitary, some original thought must start in our life. It brings into play a new order of faculties, gives a firmer grasp to the writer's meaning and condenses what had formerly been hazy into solidity.

Men, by reading good books, have entered upon new paths of living and well doing. They have blessed where before they were indifferent. If "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," a good book is a source of benefit for all time.

P. D. H.



THE COMENIAN

SHRAPNEL

Professor—"Don't you think "Yes, sir" sounds better than "Yes ser"?"

Schlegel—"Yesser."

Hauptert—"I dot two of my ears freezed."

"Was she shy when you asked her age?"

"Yes, I imagine about (10) ten years."

Spiritualist—"Ah, I hear the knocking of your late wife."

Patron—"That so? Who is she knocking now?"

"Her face is queenly, and her mouth is the mouth of a princess—yes even her teeth are crowned."

"Honk! Honk!"

"Is that your auto outside?"

"No that's Bates Allen. He swallowed some gasoline by mistake for medicine; and now instead of coughing he honks."

CONFESSIONS.

"My heart leaps up when I behold
My poems set in type.

So was it when I was in High
So is it now I am a Frosh,
So be it when I'm in the world,
Or let me die.

Such rhymes are father to great odes;
And I could wish my poems to be
Bound each to each with my popularity."

WHAT IF—

Frankie should say "I don't know?"

"House" and Thomas would miss a movie at the Palace?

We paid our matric fees on time?

Bender got sore?

The mailman would forget to bring a letter from Grand Rapids, for Neitzel?

Nonne forgot his Wednesday night date?

"Pedro" forgot to part his hair in the middle?

Stewart joined the I. P. A.?

Andy didn't know all the girls in town?

"Doc" Wurst wouldn't listen to our hard luck stories?

Prof. "Bill" dismissed his classes when the bell rings?

Nonnemaker called to see his lady love the other evening. In the course of the discourse, he said:—

"Agnes, my peach blossom, I am on fire with a mighty love for thee." Directly the old gent appeared and put him out.

The reason why Potts keeps so young looking is; that he drinks goats' milk and feels like a kid.

"She gets my number every time I talk to her," said Stocker.

"How is that," asked Hoffman.

"Why she is a telephone operator," replied Stocker.

Bahnsen—"I heard an alarming thing this morning."

Schlegel—"Aw go way! What wuzzit?"

Bahnsen—"An alarm clock."

"Say Andy, I hear you are anxious to try your hand at flying?"

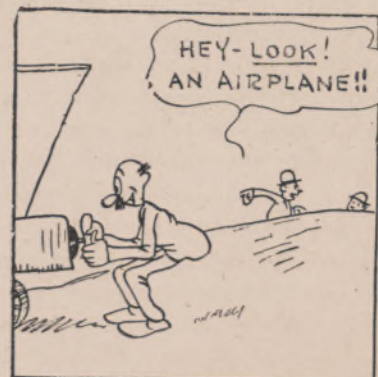
"Yes sir, give me a chance."

"All right, you can begin with repairing the flue in the mess hall."

The raw recruits should be drilled without rifles until they become accustomed to the blisters caused by the weight of their army hats bearing down on their new army shoes. Many a good bird dog has been spoiled by shooting the rifle too suddenly near his false teeth.

"Why are you always looking into that mirror, Randall?"

"Well, I was simply told to watch myself."



Locals

Tempus fugit—and so do vacations. The Christmas vacation, which was a long one, didn't seem so. Only a small number of the students spent the holidays at school.

Engelke, Neitzel and Christianson had to go all the way to Wisconsin to spend the holidays in the proper manner.

Robocker and Maas, who were in the Camp Crane Hospital, Robocker suffering from pneumonia, and Maas from tonsillitis and "flu," were discharged December 23 and spent Christmas at their home in West Salem, Illinois. Robocker has not returned and is attending a business college in Evansville, Indiana.

Gardner was threatened with pneumonia and removed to St. Luke's Hospital. He recovered in time to spend Christmas at home in the wild and woolly West—Ohio.

Stocker visited his home in Port Washington, O., spent most of his vacation in bed, suffering from tonsillitis and other ailments.

Schaeffer traveled to his home at Dover, Ohio. He also visited friends at Columbus, Ohio.

Bender spent part of his vacation at Canedensis and the rest at Trenton, N. J. He did some hunting at Canedensis, but either his zeal or his eye were dimmed, as he only shot one fox.

The Helmich brothers, Carl and Allen, spent Christmas in New York, visiting Trafford, '18 Sem.

Harm spent Christmas in his own home town of Snowshoe. He also honored Williamsport with his presence for a week end. For the benefit of those with a pardonable ignorance of geography, it may be mentioned that Snowshoe is somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania.

Warriner would have had a more pleasant time at his home, in Philadelphia, had he not been suffering from the grippe.

McCoy, who had been sick before vacation, recovered his health and strength at home in Lewis-town, Pa.

McGill's vacation was divided between Philadelphia, New York, Easton and, last but not least Bethlehem.

Sanppee, who should have stayed in Allentown, for some unknown reason chose Reading as his loafing place for seventeen days.

Van Horne spent a week end with friends in Philadelphia.

Fulmer enjoyed his vacation at home in Philadelphia.

Hassler was at Lititz. While there he persuaded a freshman, one Brubaker by name, to return with him.

Huffman made his annual trip to Brooklyn for Christmas dinner. He also made a business trip to Philadelphia.

Allen visited Henkleman, '18 Sem., at Schoeneck for a week. He occupied the pulpit at Schoeneck on the 29th.

B. Y. Landis, '18, resigned his professorship at Nazareth Hall Military Academy and has accepted a position in the Sales Department of the Silvex Company.

E. Hagen, '17, who was in the navy, serving on the Transport Mercury formerly the Hamburg American Liner Barbarossa, favored M. C. with a visit. He has been released from active duty.

The Class of '17 almost had a reunion, the members present being Hagen, Stoltz, Turner, Kemper and P. G. Mueller. Those who did not answer the roll were Strohmeier, who is at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, and Gutensohn, now pastor of the Moravian Church, at Tagus and Aurelia, North Dakota.

Rev. Harke, '12 Sem., whose church was closed because of the Influenza, together with his family spent three weeks visiting his wife's parents and also his Alma Mater.

According to reports from Steininger and Richter, Camden is an ideal place in which to wile away the idle hours of vacation.

T. H. Mueller, '12 Sem., since May, 1917, in charge of the electric steel furnaces of the Bethlehem Steel Company at Lebanon, has obtained his transfer to the Sales Department of the Bethlehem Steel Company and will live in Rosemont.

Corporal P. G. Mueller, '17, returned on the Mauretania after seven months as a machine gunner in aerial gunnery, attached to the Royal British Air Forces in England. He re-enters the employ of the Bethlehem Steel Company. (See article elsewhere in this issue.)

The three Vogler brothers—Alfred, '11 Sem.; Wilfred, '16, and Theodore, Ex. '20—were fortunate in being able to celebrate Christmas at home. Chaplain Al, Ensign "Pete" and "Gob" Ted were all welcome visitors at M. C.

Now that the war is over, the "Old Boys" are rolling in one by one from all parts of the globe. Lieutenant George Turner, '17, Ordnance Dept., has been placed on the reserve list and is now at his home in Bethlehem.

Kenneth Hamilton, '14 Sem., surprised his parents by his unexpected arrival in Bethlehem last week.

All news articles will be gratefully received and willingly published. Help us to keep in touch with the Alumni by keeping in touch with us.

THE LOCAL EDITOR.



Thinking

(Concluded from page 43)

Common sense will solve their problems in less time and with half the amount of labor. So many blunders and mistakes are traceable to unthinkingness.

"To exercise the mind" is the first definition of the verb "to think." Physical exercise is not of much value unless the body perspires, and mental exercise is useless unless the brain "sweats." Brain-work requires a stronger constitution, more energy, and consequently more relaxation than any other form of labor. This is the reason why thinking men are in the minority. People of this generation have no inclination to make their brains work—work so hard and long that sheer exhaustion follows. If as much attention were paid to genuine brain-work in our colleges as to athletics, there would not be such a crying need of thinkers.

Thinking is not mere reflection. It is the means by which success is achieved. A trained thinker will meet and solve problems that engulf the average man. The world needs thinking men, men who have developed their powers of concentration and thought, and also by thus doing have increased their fund of good sense. The world is full of fools as Carlyle intimated. The average public school graduate cannot be blamed for not thinking, because what are most public school teachers but a set of hair-brained girls who take up the teaching profession merely as a matrimonial agency? Or, as one professor puts it, "A mobile mob of maidens meditating matrimony." If teaching were only entered upon as a life work, as a definite profession, the per-

centage of thinkers would not be so ridiculously low. We can be devoutly thankful that in our American colleges we have trained thinkers, men who have taken up teaching as a profession, and who are devoting their lives to the great task of molding character and producing men—thinking men, who will be the leaders of our nation. More devotion to duty, more good, solid, honest, hard work, should be the slogan of college men for the year 1919. And only when this ideal is realized will the need of trained thinkers be fully supplied.

W. H. A.



Spare Moments.

(Continued from page 41)

of cold feet to lovingly dub his cellmate "my alarm clock." (Names furnished on request.)

In spite of all the indignities heaped upon our faithful alarm clocks, they serve us well.

Ghosts

Every noteworthy building should have its ghost story so that it may have an air of mystery to strangers. Comenius Hall has a ghost story, though many people do not know about it.

About a year ago mysterious noises were heard on the fourth floor. A theologian was the first man to report them. And who is there to doubt the word of a theologian?

Our friend, the ghost, had the habit of walking a few steps, then fly a short distance and again resume his walk. Sometimes this would happen early in the evening and sometimes late at night. This noise was very distressing to the men who tried to study immediately below the spot of the ghost's activities.

Several searching parties tried to catch the ghost. One was led by the House-Vater, but the ghost always escaped. Several persons were suspected of being this ghost, but no one could prove any connection.

School closed last Spring without anyone discovering who the ghost really was. Some of last year's men did not return. Others did. Is the ghost among the ones who returned? No one can tell until it again sees fit to show its presence. Perhaps after it has become reconciled to college life, it will again perform the "Ghost Walk."

One night one of the fellows saw something on the fire-escape, but he only saw a foot. He was probably dreaming, for who has ever seen one

foot roaming about by itself. But from that time he took a bayonet to bed with him as a means of defense if he should again see the spectre. Another chap who probably saw the ghost (after spending the evening in Phillipsburg) mistook it for someone else and startled his room-mate from his sleep by shouting, "O, my darling!"

Frequently noises are heard on the fire-escape, but these noises are probably made by Romeos whose wrist watches were not properly regulated and on returning found the back door locked. What sensible ghost would create a disturbance on a cold fire-escape when it could enjoy itself in a large warm building like Comenius Hall?

We have with us two men who have the detecting instinct and are taking a course of study in detective work. If the ghost again dares to haunt the halls of M. C., we will soon end its career with the aid of these two famous criminologists.



Y. M. C. A. Notes

Owing to the break in student activities caused by the Xmas Recess, only two meetings have been held since the last issue of the COMENIAN. The first of these was in the nature of a song service, led by Richter. Meetings of this kind give variety to the Y. M. C. A. program and are always very beneficial.

The first meeting of the year was an exceptionally good one. We were fortunate in having as the speaker of the evening Mr. Ostrum, a missionary from Japan. Before entering mission service, Mr. Ostrom was the Secretary of the Layman's Missionary Movement. While here on furlough he has become connected with the Student Volunteer Movement, and is doing very efficient work among the college Y. M. C. A's. He spoke to us on the evening of the 7th., and his talk was interesting, to say the least. Unlike the proverbial missionary address, it was free from all exaggerated statements or emotional appeals. In the half hour that Mr. Ostrom spoke, he crowded a volume of information about Japan and the Japanese nation.

Japan is the great power of the Orient. She is a wonderfully industrial nation and has a highly developed form of civilization, but the foundation of that civilization are not solid because the fundamental principles of christianity are lacking. Japan possesses a highly developed educational system in which religion has no place. Materialism permeates and directs the policies of the empire as well as the majority of private individuals. The problem of the orient is the evangelization of Japan. This must be accomplished before christianity can gain a permanent foothold in the east, owing to the vast influence and predominating power of Japan in the orient.

Athletics

Our Basketball season was opened on Thursday the 16th of Jan. with a game between The Moravian College Varsity and the Polytechnic Institute team of Brooklyn, N. Y. The contest was disasterous for the Moravian Five. At the end of the game the score was 44 to 25 in favor of Poly Tech.

We are not trying to hide our faults but the visiting team had the advantage of having played eight games previous to this one. The night before they played Lafayette and lost by one point. Undoubtedly Poly Tech. has a very strong team, and they played a very good game.

Owing to insufficient practice and the lack of a coach, our own team did not make the showing that was expected of them. Both passing and shooting was very poor. There was no lack of "pep" but that alone cannot win games.

The line up is as follows:—

POLY TECH.		MORAVIAN.	
Specht, (Capt.)Forward	Turner
NelsonForward	Stolz
FrazerCenter	Allen
BlumenthalGuard	Hassler, (Capt.)
BachrachGuard	Steininger

Field goals—Specht 12, Nelson 3, Frazer 4, Ratner 1, Turner 2, Stolz 2, Hassler 2, Allen 1.

Referee—Geo. D. Turner.

Time of Halves 20 minutes.

We are glad to announce that an interested Alumnus has donated the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars to the Athletic Association.

THE SCHEDULE AT PRESENT IS AS FOLLOWS:

- Jan. 22nd. Lehigh, (Away).
- Jan. 30th. Brooklyn Poly Tech., (Away).
- Jan. 31st. Pratt Institute, (Away)
- Feb. 1st. Stevens Institute of Technology, (Away).
- Feb. 12th. Muhlenberg, (At Home).

Games are pending with Bucknell, Temple, Drexel, Albright, Franklin & Marshall and Delaware College.

The next issue of the COMENIAN will contain the account of at least four games.



Exchanges

We are glad to welcome the "Black and Red" to our exchange list again. It has been a long time since this publication has been seen on our exchange table, and we hope that in the future it may appear regularly.

The first number for this year of "The D. M. L. C. Messenger" came recently and we also welcome it to a place on the table.

We feel that we must praise the article "Dear Old Pal" in the "M. P. S.," because it is a production which would do credit to any paper. The entire article is very well written, and we like the latter part especially well since it shows such a strong feeling of love and respect.

The Exchange Editor acknowledges with thanks "The Ogontz Mosaic," "The Linden Hall Echo," "The M. P. S.," "The Albright Bulletin," "The Black and Red," "The D. M. L. C. Messenger," "The Lesbian Herald."

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THE MANAGER.

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