

THE COMENIAN

VIA LUCIS



Vol. 28
No. 5

Bethlehem, Pa., February, 1919.

We Clothe Them, E. O'Reilly Co., 3rd & New St.

J. S. KRAUSE,

(Successor to Luckenbach & Krause,)

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,

Paints, Oil and Glass,

25 South Main Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

House Paints and
Painters' Supplies

ANTHONY & FACHSBINNER,

12 Broad Street. Bethlehem, Pa.

T. KAMPMANN,

Jeweler and Optician.

Spectacles and Eye-glasses Fitted.
Jewelry and Fine Watch Repairing.

M. C.
Seal Pln.

28 South Main Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

→*C. O. LEAR,*←

The young man looking for a natty pair of Shoes, can fill his mind's eye right here. New Models, with every new style quirk worked to the limit.

\$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 AND \$5.00.

No. 22 SOUTH MAIN ST., - BETHLEHEM, PA.

J. M. SCHNABEL & BRO.,

THE LEADING

SHOE HOUSE.

53 Main Street,

Bethlehem, Penna.

The Luckenbach Stove Store

HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS,
FURNACES, STOVES, RANGES.

MAIN AND BROAD STREETS, BETHLEHEM, PA.

The Beck-Davis Decorating Co.

**WALL PAPERS,
PICTURE FRAMING.**

CHURCH DECORATING A SPECIALTY.

7-9-11 West Broad St., Bethlehem.

Bethlehem Printing Company

(Incorporated)

BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS

144 South Main Street Bethlehem, Pa.

Bell 'Phone 905

BOOKS AND STATIONERY

Fountain Pens, Self Fillers,
Daily Papers and Magazines.

— AT —

The Moravian Book Store,

146 South Main Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

D. & A. LUCKENBACH,

Proprietors

Bethlehem Roller Flour Mills,

Manufacturers of

Anchor, Kotasota, Roller Star Flour,

BETHLEHEM, PA.

LUDWIG PIANO COMPANY

Grand Upright & Player Pianos

VICTOR VICTROLAS AND RECORDS

26 EAST THIRD ST., SO. BETHLEHEM, PA.

Medical Dispensary,

No. 24 S. MAIN STREET, BETHLEHEM, PA.

OFFICE HOURS:

9 to 10 a.m. 1 to 3 p.m. 7 to 9 p.m.

H. A. BURKHART, M.D.

MCCAA,

ARTIST PHOTOGRAPHER.

Maker of only first-class work.

STUDIO:

111 WEST FOURTH STREET,
SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

Sittings made in all kinds of weather.

Special Rates to Students.

HENRY A. KRAUSE,

Stoves, Ranges, Kitchenware, Razors,
Pocket Knives, Etc.

62 BROAD STREET, BETHLEHEM.

FORREST F. SPECK, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER,

Office and Shop: Cunow and Guetter Sts., BETHLEHEM, PA.

Both
Phones

GEORGE RIEGEL, FURNITURE, 41-43 East Broad Street

The Comenian

Volume XXVIII.

BETHLEHEM, PA., FEBRUARY, 1919.

Number 5.

Training in the R. A. F., Canada

CADET ANDREW D. STOKES. SEM. '19

FLYING from the time of its practicability has been considered the sport of sports. No other game is more exciting and thrilling than this. Other sports that are somewhat related to flying are sailing, motoring, skating, skiing, toboggoning, etc., but none of these games can directly be used as effectually in the world's work as can flying. In the game of baseball the strong arm, quick decision and sound judgment constitute a player. In flying nerve and accurate judgment are most essential. The perfect physical condition of an aviator is more necessary than that of any other sportsman; the aviator, besides his expensive machine, deals with his life, and usually it is up to him whether he lands in a heap or lands safely, as he "took off." As prize fighters and baseball pitchers have been used in trenches for the throwing of hand grenades, so also has the motor racer, and the aviator, who previously mainly figured in mechanical magazines under the columns of new inventions, figured now in bringing news to his battery, and spoiling the enemy's lines.

In baseball one must be a born player, or an excuse for one, so also in flying. The baseball player unconsciously undergoes a training from the time he plays in the back alley until he is made captain of the college team, or is signed up with a league. The aviator likewise undergoes a training. This training sometimes appears foolish and unreasonable, but all leads to the perfection of flying. Experienced aviators say that "a sportsman only can become an A-1 pilot." The little boy trains and develops his judgment of distance and direction when he throws a ball or stone at a tree and later at the flying bird—neither of which he strikes. Later on he catches

the football which his brother kicks into the air. Here he must take into consideration the height of the ball, the speed and direction of the wind and the condition of the ground over which he is to run. Then he goes out horseback riding, sailing, etc., and again improves his senses. He learns about the motor, the mechanism of the plane, the controls and the laws of the air. And later he gets his first flight, his dual work and solo flights and finally receives his aero certificate. Nature has prepared him. The work of his patient instructor now is over, and the young aviator is dependent on his own initiative as to the degree of efficiency.

The successful work of the Royal Air Force, formerly Royal Flying Corps, in the late war, was largely due to the efficient training of cadets and airmen which they received from their able instructors and competent mechanics. Most of the instructors have been on the front from the time the plane was used, and many of the mechanics have either studied aerial navigation in schools or have worked in aeroplane manufacturing houses. The cadet gets everything first handed, and why shouldn't he become efficient?

Canada furnished 8000 officers for the royal air service during the war. Of these, according to a statement made by Sir Edward W. Kemp, Canadian minister of overseas service, 4280 were directly recruited in Canada and most of the rest were transferred from the Canadian service to the royal service after their arrival in Europe. Many of these were trained in Canada. Several fields near Toronto were utilized for this purpose. The Jesse Ketchum School offered its main building and playgrounds for the training of new Recruits, and the University of Toronto

opened its doors to the School of Aeronautics. Besides making the service more attractive for the young Canadians, and thus increase the number of enlistments, many Canadians preferred the training in Canada to that of England.

After the cadet is received at the Recruit Depot, is fitted out, and receives the first rudiments of drill he is sent to the discipline camp, Cadet Wing, Long Branch, Ontario—a camp about eight miles west of Toronto and on the shores of Lake Ontario. During this period much emphasis is put on athletics and already here the men who have had experience overseas can often tell whether or not a cadet will be a capable flier. He next goes to the School of Aeronautics, which is in the city of Toronto. At this school aerial navigation, wireless, artillery observation, military law, rigging, etc., is studied. Although an airman and under military discipline, true college spirit is brought back to the cadet. The Armament School is the next camp. This is a very recent school, because not so many years ago only a small pistol was used for offensive and defensive work. Now the machine gun, timed to shoot through revolving propeller, takes its place. Deseronto, Borden, Seaside and Beamsville are the flying camps where wireless and flying itself are the main subjects. Here the most interesting part of the game begins. The sending and receiving of wireless messages is practiced from the time the cadet shovels on his first pair of puttees until he is detailed to do his first work on the front. The thrilling experience of the first few flights is made here, and the longing for real stunting and advanced flying becomes more intense.

There are many interesting events that are not exactly connected or a part of the studies. After raising the right hand and saying "yes" (not in matrimony), the soldier with three stripes on his arm invites us all to stand in line side by each. We all are obedient, thinking this to be the first lesson in flying. It is not. On arriving in the receiving room the reception committee, a smiling red-headed corporal, takes charge of the cadets. This red-headed corporal looks like an overgrown high school kid or a Prep boy, but acts like a well-meaning sophomore of a large university. Others would judge him as the junior

member of bar clerks. Ontario is dry. Although the boy is only twenty, he can tell you anything you want to know. Having given each man his three boards with one soft side and four blankets, he bids them good night, though without shaking hands or showing his pleasure of having met them. We feel we didn't impress him much or wonder whether he is at all versed in modern etiquette. Before leaving, though, he says, "Now bear in mind you are no longer a civilian, but an airman." The majority of us are glad we didn't join the navy or we might be a wreck or might have even lost our Christianity as well as civilization as stated.

The following morning the much enthused red-top arrives five minutes after the band played. He gives you a knife, fork and spoon, takes away your name and gives you a number instead, asks you the name of your wife and the embarrassing question of "how many children." He says, "Now remember your number." Of course, all of us having figured out how soon we'd be millionaires at one per, a small number like 172,845 is not hard to remember.

The first day on parade will never be forgotten. You will always remember the red faced Englishman, with two rows of chevrons decorating his front, showing that he was Lord Kitchener's first-hand man in two wars. He has three stripes, a crown, one red and three blue chevrons and four gold wound stripes. This does not prove that he is disabled—far from it. He carries a swagger stick, heavy enough to make Samson's mouth water. This highly decorated veteran calls out in his typical anglican style, "All them new cadets that came in yesterday fall in the rear."

The knife, fork and spoon take the place of the silver, the knee or a plank transplants the white table-cloth, the tin mug and the pie plate, the fancy china, and the prunes, cheese and beans answer for meals. Water can be had at the tappet. Tea is made of has-been coffee grounds and salt peter. All this makes a very appetizing meal. The canteen next to pay day is the most welcome branch of the organization. Here chewing gum, lolly pops, and ice cream cones can be had, and at a very reasonable sum.

(Continued on page 53)

The Holiness of Beauty

MARK W. RUPRECHT, SEM. 1916

IT is of one who is a friend of mine that I would tell you, tell you of him—just a wee bit—and of his deeds much. If you cannot think of my friend as I do, it must be because you have not learned to love him. It must be so, for love does not manufacture virtues and graces in another—it discovers them.

How often and in how many ways is the heart gladdened by the knowledge that there is no death! If that were not a truth, I should have lost many of my best friends ere ever I could have learned to know them. Even this friend also.

Have you not often of an evening sat long with a favorite book in your hand, reading its message? Have you not felt communion with the real personality of him who wrote that you might read? And in those hours was it not true that mortality is but a veil that hides at times life from life? Was not, perchance, the veil drawn aside?

Cicero, Browning, Thoreau,—not mere authors, dead names; ah, no,—our friends, our living friends, your friends and mine. Is it not so also when you read *The Book*—blessedly so?

It is of such an one that I would tell you, living more truly now than when he could clasp mortal hands with mortal men.

Out of the storm of the strife between our North- and our South-land his spirit spoke. Out of a body racked with the slow consuming venom of a white plague the man rose triumphant. The immortality in him could know no check.

And so he lives today, not in the hearts of a few, but in the hearts of many. But there are many who miss his fellowship because they do not know him. Let it not be so with you, reader. Read his works: the Works of Sidney Lanier.

Born and schooled in Georgia and spending the period of his activity in Baltimore, Maryland, it would be unfair to call him a poet alone

of the South. True, he loved his South-land with all the love of his warm heart, but even in the days of civil conflict he knew the call of the true brotherhood of mankind. He was an American in very truth and a son of sons.

He lived a short life, a span of thirty-nine years, begun in Macon, Georgia, in 1842, but a life equal to a span of ages in the virtue of its being. And in these days, and in the days to come, he lives and will live in his works for those who would know him.

We cannot consider, in the space of this article, the full scope of his work. Though he wrote but little in comparison with many men, yet the beauty and the value of his letters, his books for boys, his learned discussions on music, verse and the structure of the English novel, other prose writings and his poetry, are subjects for much greater discussion than we can attempt. As we can undoubtedly learn to know him best through his poetry, let that poetry claim our present attention.

Music was the very essence of the soul of Sidney Lanier. He saw, as few are privileged to see, the essential unity of music and song. As a lover of the beautiful he loved its manifestations in music and in verse. And the white soul of him read a benignant Deity into all the manifestations of the handiwork of the Master Artist.

Not only a lover of these things, but a student also. He was not content with just seeing and feeling, but he must needs order the laws of the Master. It is so with every true lover of the beautiful. Order is beauty and in the perfect world, even as it at one time was, beauty is born when chaos dies.

It indeed seems that he sensed more clearly and more purely the underlying and encircling harmony of God because of the pain of his own flesh and the sorrow of his heart. Almost as soon as he became conscious of his power he also be-

came aware of the tuberculosis with which he must fight a losing battle. And never was there a braver warrior. And even more than his personal illness did the illness of his nation tear at his heartstrings. His vision cleared neither alone because of or in spite of these things but was accentuated by both conditions. He arose in the conscious power of his spirit above the common plane to the apostleship of a new dawn and found unhindered and untrampled paths in the esthetic grandeur of the soul-life, his spirit in close sympathy with all matter and life and in close fellowship with the Master of these things.

The earliest verses of Sidney Lanier date from his college years. These have come to us unrevised by the author, and probably well so, as they illustrate as nothing else could, the developing genius of his art. If any adverse criticism can be made of his verse it is that he may sometimes be called extravagant in his imagination and imagery. We hesitate to call such criticisms adverse; such an over-abundance is rather like that of a perfect diamond which, because it is too large for its setting, may appear ill-chosen.

We have called him a student, and a student of poetic structure he was indeed. But he was more than that—he was a creator. We cannot here go into detail, but suffice it to say that a great deal of the beauty of his style lies in his original and often quaint linking together of unusual vowel and consonant sounds. This, for him, was an artistic touch, reaching far deeper than the harmony of mere alliteration. We use the word "harmony" advisedly, for one can scarcely read a line of his verse without being impressed by its musical similitude. And here again mention must be made of his conception of poetry and music.

He was a master of the flute, being engaged as first flute with the Peabody Symphony of Baltimore in 1873. It was while he was thus employed that he wrote his "Symphony," a poem which brought him the enthusiastic attention of many admirers.

He formulated and delivered a course of lectures entitled, "The Science of English Verse," at Johns Hopkins University, at a time when his health was so that he knew not what hour would be his last on earth.

His life struggle was made more severe by the necessity of earning daily bread for his little family, and often when too ill to do any work he had hunger for a companion.

It was during his last days that he wrote the crowning work of his life. He called it "Sunrise." No excerpts can do justice to even a part of it, yet a few lines will help to illustrate both the beauty of his thought, the melody of his words, and the deeply emotional and religious nature of his being.

"Ye hispers, whisperers, singers in storms,
 Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms,
 Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves,
 Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves,
 Oh, rain me down from your darks that contain me
 Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me,—
 Sift down tremors of sweet-within-sweet
 That advise me of more than they bring,—repeat
 Me the wood-smells that swiftly but now brought
 breath
 From the heaven-side bank of the river of death,—
 Teach me the terms of silence,—preach me
 The passion of patience,—sift me,—impeach
 me,—
 And there, oh there
 As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in
 the air,
 Pray me a myriad prayer."

Out of the richness of his soul rather than from the skill of his mind flowed the river of his thought. Overcoming the pain, the sorrow, the cares of life by the strength of his living spirit, he flowed forth into melody. He loved beauty and the Creator of beauty and he knew the true verities of life and their value. And linked with all was a feeling of fellowship with nature that is hardly to be found so pure and intense in any other.

As I write I have the book of his poems before me. The spirit of the master artist lives on its pages. And I speak of him with pride as I would speak of the virtues of a dear friend.

Let us read together one of his gems that has in it the echo of his own life: his hopes, his trials, his disappointments and his triumph. His triumph, yes. For he saw triumph when others can see only despair; he read victory on the wings of death and wrote it in golden letters out of the consciousness of his high poetic mission.

A Ballad of Trees and The Master.

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

"Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came."

**Training in the R. A. F., Canada**

(Continued from page 50)

If a man saves, he can sport himself thrice daily to the canteen, and besides that take his lassie to see Charley Chaplin do the right wheel, or Doug. Fairbanks fly from Vancouver to New York. This is very instructive for the young miscellaneous third air mechanic, would-be aviator.

The week following the inoculations proves a posting. Before you leave the drill sergeant announces that "now you leave a bed of roses." Sighs announce the joy. The cadet finds out though that every camp is an improvement on the last, and when he eats his first meal at the University, where white table-cloths, private rooms, and perfect food is served, he thinks of mother and sister. The "gnashing of teeth" shows that the cadets enjoy civilization even though they are not civilians.

After traveling an hour or more the street car finally stops at the cadet wing, Long Branch, where the band greets you with, "The King's Own," "Liberty Bell," "Friendship," etc. The "Sawgent Major" meets you with a "paride shun," and "take that chest off your back," and "drow in yor gut," and "let me hear them heels come together with a click," etc. He gives us a formal introduction to the executives of the kitchen by detailing a couple to wash pots. The following day a call is made for fighters, wrestlers, swimmers, actors, singers, etc. The cricketeers and typewriters are called the following week—chewing gum is provided. During the

course of the day some of the new men are working on the tennis courts, when the major comes strolling along—a tennis enthusiast. "That thea cidet oia; oia what aw you doing?" The cadet drops his pick and with a snappy salutue greets the major, "Sir, I am learning how to fly." That cadet got seven days C. B.

The Irish Corporal, who has become famous in the Winnipeg police force and Toronto restaurants, now holds forth. We call him Food Controller Pete Cafforty—his right name is unknown, but it is believed that he is a second cousin to Henry Speed—better known as British warmer velocity. Both of these men were promoted to Military Police, and it is said that mother will never needs to wait up for the cadets because Cafforty will wait. Cafforty had a little work to do one day and so picked up loafing cadets. These cadets are known as "lead swingers." The following was his system of training: He struts along picking on little fellows, even though he is 6 feet 2 and weighs 215.

"That there cadet, come here. What's your name, Moffat?" "Moffat, Corp'l," answers the cadet. "Alright, I want you." He goes through the lines of tents and hears several cadets in a tent. "How many of youse shlapin in here?" "Three, Corporal," was the answer. "Alright, half of youse fall in here, I want you." He goes further and sees a cadet all togged up as though ready to see his sweet Marguerite and calls him. "Where might you be going, Cadet?" The cadet, though somewhat backward, answers, "I might be going to a class, but I'm not." He gets him and other similar cases and then makes them number off, form fours, stand at ease and as you were several times, until finally he begins to give them their work, which was picking up paper. Before he details every one of them he must give them a speech, or not show his political and Irish instinct. This is what is heard: "Youse men think youse can get away from me, but ye ain't got the edication. Some day when you will find yourselves in the guard-house youse will wonder who did it. Well, I did it. Furthermore, this marnin' I went through the lines and I found them in a filthy, a dorty condition. If youse men think ye are puttin' one over on me, youse are laborin' under dillusions."

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.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

WALSER H. ALLEN, '20 Sem.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Senior: CARL J. HELMICH, '19
Junior: PAUL D. HASSLER, '19

DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

PAUL G. BAHNSEN, '19, Local Editor.
FREDK. G. FULMER, '20 Sem., Personal Editor.
CHARLES F. GARDNER, '22, Asst. Personal Editor.
PAUL STOCKER, '20, Exchange Editor.
WM. STEININGER, '20, Athletic Editor.
FRANCIS E. WEBER, '21, Y.M.C.A. Editor.

BUSINESS MANAGERS.

FRANK H. SPLIES, '20 Sem., Manager.
WARREN NONNEMACKER, '19, Asst. Manager.

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

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.

Address business communications to Frank H. Splies, Comenius Hall, Bethlehem, Pa., all other matter to THE COMENIAN.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance; \$.10 per annum to all foreign countries in the postal union. Single copies 15 cents.

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

**James One
Twenty=
seven**

“Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.”

Men may doubt or altogether reject the truth of Christianity, but they cannot deny, either from its documents or from the course of history, that it claimed to be a supernatural and divine revelation. “The cross of Calvary, set up in the center of time, and dividing the ages of the world in twain, witnesses, if to nothing else, at least to this, ‘Christ did not die for a metaphor.’”

Thus at the very start we have this wide gulf separating Christianity from all religions. The origin of the one claims to be divine; while the origin of the others do not profess to be anything but human. Other religions explain; Christianity reveals.

Not only in origin does Christianity differ from other religions. It is a Faith which seeks disciples, a missionary and converting Faith, a Faith which despairs of no man, and is able to save the most abandoned and wretched victims of sin. You will look in vain among all other religions of the world for missions to foreign nations and missions to the sinful and sorrowful. No other religion attempts to rescue the sinner. In this connection Harold Begbie gives us a striking comparison between Buddha and Christ. “Christianity is *janua vitae*; Buddhism, *janua mortis*. Christianity is an ardent enthusiasm for existence; Buddhism, a painful yearning for annihilation. . . . Buddha sought to discover an escape from existence; Christ opened the door of life. Christianity is a hunger and thirst after joy; Buddhism a choral quest for insensibility. Buddha forbade desire; Christ intensified aspiration. Buddha promised anaesthesia; Christ promised everlasting felicity.”

Does this Christianity still exist? It does, yes, but unfortunately to a limited degree. The *Literary Digest* for February First quotes Dr. Harry E. Fosdick as saying: “Now, religion can afford to be called many names; but in this generation of splendid self-sacrifice, for religion to be called ‘a selfish thing’ is to condemn it to irretrievable perdition.” Dr. Fosdick, after years of experience with the churches, feels himself forced to admit that “the churches for generations have been urging upon us an individualistic and self-centered gospel.”

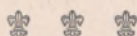
The Church has been and is still being severely criticised. Some say she is eaten up by sacerdotalism, formalism, ritualism, and all other conceivable “isms.” This may be true in many cases, but is decidedly not universal. The root of the whole thing is a lack of genuine Christianity. There is nothing wrong with the gospel. True Christianity and salvation is the same today as it ever was. “Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away.” The Church is composed of the people who belong to it, and if there is something the matter with the Church, the popular idea is to blame the religion. Christianity has been saving souls for the last 1900 years, and its power for continuing this salvation has not diminished one iota.

Where then lies the difficulty? Christianity has been too much camouflaged by all sorts of semi-religious enterprises. It has also been camouflaged by various philosophies which try to explain away practically everything in the universe, and attempt to make Christianity merely an occasional entertaining speculation. No man who has actually viewed the power of Christ in action, or who has been fortunate enough to have this power work through him and be instrumental in saving a soul, can doubt the truth of Christianity.

In too many instances the criticism of the Church is justified. In our immediate locality there are churches dead enough and cold enough to freeze a man in the middle of July. There are ministers with a passion for souls, who are preaching the true gospel, and by so doing are emptying their churches. We need more such ministers, men with a vision and a passion for souls. The gospel of Christ is not "individualistic" or "self-centered." It is the so-called Christian people, who have not a true conviction that make it appear such. Since the war has done so much to eradicate the radicalism of religion, the Church should put forth a special effort to rid itself of all superfluities. The Christian Church has weathered many storms, and we need not fear that she is in danger of going under, but as the greatest force for good in the world, she must keep abreast of the times and seize her opportunities. She has not failed in her purpose, neither is she beyond reproof.

We can be truly thankful that there are in this world genuine Christians, unselfish people who "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," who try to keep themselves "unspotted from the world," and in all walks of life endeavor to live up to the standard set by our Lord Jesus Christ.

W. H. A.



College Chapel

This scholastic year, in a peculiar and tangible way, proved the real worth, and justified the existence of, the college chapel service. It was during the S. A. T. C. days, when time was a premium, that a great number of the larger institutions abandoned this service. However, there were colleges, among whose number

M. C. is included, which continued to hold the daily chapel, doing so on the assumption that this was a part of the college life which the War Department did not intend to interrupt. It was but a short time after institutions like Grinnell and Harvard had discontinued chapel, that they reinstated it again, finding time for it in a full military schedule, because they discovered that it supplied a real need.

These daily services, which bring the entire student-body together for a few minutes of devotion, have always exercised a steady, sound influence and can be reckoned among the permanent values of a college course. The feeling of fellowship and common interest experienced, aside from the fundamental religious purpose, "makes for, and preserves the proper functioning of the group," as Dr. Rau so aptly put it a short time ago. Occasionally, due either to sudden forgetfulness as to the part of some, or a totally indifferent attitude on the part of others, chapel loses some of its dignity and meaning. This laxness is unpardonable. Then again attendance at chapel should not be considered as a hard and fast duty, but rather as a privilege and pleasure, which embodies in it an inspiration for the tasks of the day.

In many relations of life it is necessary to stand at a distance in order to view their meaning with the right perspective. This holds true when the value of chapel is questioned. From statements of some of the more recent alumni we have it that when they recall the days just past, the chapel holds a central position in their college experience, their only regret being that they did not always appreciate the value of the service. It was not always indifference which caused absence, but rather the stronger desire to get a few more minutes of sleep, or the necessity of the rapid absorption of a neglected lesson.

In spite of all our shortcomings in regard to chapel service there is a responsiveness and hunger for practical help and intensifying of the spiritual life. There is a hospitality to new truth or new statements of old truth. Certain types of hymns—some joyful, others positive and searching—will always appeal and in their way inspire and strengthen the college purpose.

Continued on page 58)

ON THE FUNNY SIDE

THE COMENIAN

DAFFODILS

"Say Hassler, have you a large police force in your town?" asked Van Horne.

"I reckon," said Hassler, "he weighs close on to three hundred pounds."

Prof. Moses: "Mr. Mass, where is the Scandinavian language spoken?"

Mass: "In Scandinavia."

Prof. Moses: "Mr. Bender, where do you say?"

Bender (thinking for 5 minutes): "Well, I suppose in Scotland."

Farnum: "Why are all 'rubes' like the third and fourth letters of the alphabet?"

Hauptert: "Dunno, why?"

Farnum: "They are all 'C. D.'"

Christianson had an entertainment in his cell the other evening. He entertained a thought.

Shafer would make a good farmer—he's always rooting.

Weber: "Your voice is like a stormy night."

Engelke: "How is that?"

Weber: "It's like a nightingale."

Prisoner: "There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?"

Policeman Casey: "Pwhat? Run away and never come back. You stand here and I'll run after your hat."

Their eyes metski.

With a great sobovitch she sank into his armski. "Cursakoff youski!" he criedovitch.

He kissigoffed her againski and againski.

"Ahaski!" she sneerediski, at lastervitch we have meteroffski!"

"Gawdski!" he exclaimed, "all my life I have beenovitch a darnphoolski."

Van Horne: "What made that loud noise?"

Sauppee: "Bender dropped Algebra."

Maas: "Is your favorite a north-sider or a south-sider?"

Harm: "Sweet cider."

Neitzel: "Who is the 'I' in the verse?"

"Machines may come and cars may go. But 'I' go on forever."

A. Helmich: "A Ford, I guess."

Bahnsen felt pretty strong the other evening, as he attempted to blow a file out of his pipe. (He had onions for supper.)

Tailor Splies is planning on putting a few more nails in the chapel seats, since business has fallen off so appreciably of late.

Samley, upon noticing a man hammering at something on a house, across from Comenius Hall, said: "That man is going out driving."

Gardner replied: "Yes, but it's not a critical drive on the Western front." (It was on the south side of the house.)

Steininger: "What kind of monkeys grow on vines?"

Grimes: "Search me."

Steininger: "Gr-apes." (Gray apes.)

The professor said, "I should call you," remarked Richter.

Brubaker (sleepily): "Three aces; what's he got?"

Potts: "Randall, you have no head."

Randall (pointing to his head): "What do you call this?"

Potts: "Just a knot to keep your spine from unravelling."

Nonne: "My, you certainly have a little waist."

She: "Yes, there's no getting around it."

"How do you define 'Black as your hat?'"

"Darkness that may be felt."

"Say, Pfohl, why don't you give that chap Bahnsen a good talking to. It's about time he thought of choosing a career?"

"Well, judging by the hours he keeps, I thought he was studying to be a night-watchman."

If you can't make both ends meet—make one vegetable.

If a girl was falling on a railroad track, would a cow-catcher?

When a girl is wanted for the Freshmen class, will Brubaker?

If chewing gum is worth five cents, what is Woolworth?

If Thomas weighs 240 pounds, what does Eva Tanguay?

If a woman was seen fainting, would Julius Caesar?

If February don't soon March, April May. (Please pass the pickles.)

A bowl might not be able to do the soup dance, but a 'tin can.'

If every one forsakes M. C., will a match stick?

Locals

The month of January passed quickly—very quickly as the month before Exams. usually does. As it was not feasible to have examinations in all subjects the faculty decided to continue with the regular class work and hold the examinations whenever possible between the 24th of January and the 8th of February. This arrangement has enabled us to make up a lot of back work.

Cyrril Pfohl is relieved from active duty in the Navy, and has been placed on the reserve list. He has returned to Moravian to resume his studies and hopes to be able to graduate with his class in June.

Aubrey Clewell, ex-'19, visited us while on furlough. He is in the field artillery, Camp Knox, Kentucky. Shortly after his return to camp, we received the news that he has been discharged and expects to be in Bethlehem very shortly.

Splices preached at Lehigh on February 2. He also spoke in the Moravian Church at Coopersburg during the week of prayer.

Holtmeier assisted Rev. Henkleman at Schoeneck during the week of prayer.

President Hamilton was present at the funeral of Bishop Leibert in New York. On January 31 he attended the annual meeting of the College Presidents of Pennsylvania, held at Harrisburg. This gathering was a reception by Governor Sprout, at his home.

Fulmer represented M. C. at a Student Y. M. C. A. Officers' Conference at Philadelphia on February 1.

Stoltz occupied the pulpit at Great Kills, January 26, both morning and evening.

Allen conducted both services at the Presbyterian Church at Lehigh on Sunday, January 26.

R. Hassler, who has been with Uncle Sam since November, 1917, has resumed his work here as instructor. Since he left us he has been in the Infantry, Air Service, and Chemical Warfare Service. We are very glad to have him with us again.

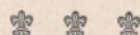
R. Stimson, whose home is at Valley Forge, has entered Moravian. He was overseas for eighteen months, having been in the French Camion Service, the American Red Cross in Italy and the American Aviation in France and England.

Philip Miller, another former student of M. C.,

has resumed his studies here, having received his discharge from the Navy. He was stationed at the Great Lakes Training School.

Dr. Schwarze on January 25 preached at the Trinity Lutheran Church, West Side, and on the 1st of February occupied the pulpit of the First Moravian Church, New York City. He has recently been elected President of the newly organized Federation of the Churches of Bethlehem.

Abraham Thaeler, ex-'19, a member of the Trench Mortar Division, returned from France a short time ago. He secured his discharge soon after his arrival in this country.



Y. M. C. A. Notes

The past month was one of pleasant activity. A meeting was held each week and we sincerely believe that those who attended enjoyed the short period of devotion and also benefited by it.

Rev. Trafford was at college at the time of the January 16 meeting, so the entire time was given to him. He talked of the period of rebuilding which is now at hand, dwelling especially upon our part in it as students. Our attention was called to the fact that now in a time when changes are taking place in everything, men of real faith are needed, men who can guide the tide of reform into the right channels so that the principles of Christ will remain the foundation of civilization. Again and again these words came to our ears "If you want a man's job, get into the ministry, there is plenty of work there." And such words coming from the heart of one who knows through experience and from one who we know loves his work, ought surely to be an inspiration to all of us.

The night of January 23 was a rainy one which perhaps in great measure accounted for the large attendance. Almost every man in college was up in students' hall and this fact coupled with the good singing made the meeting an enjoyable one. The time was given over to the discussion of selfishness. F. Weber was leader. Rev. Trafford was present and by means of several illustrations held up to us the ideal of real unselfish service. Several others took part and in short the thoughts expressed during the meeting showed the influence of unselfishness in the little every day things and the greatest decisions in life.

The last meeting in January was led by R. Hauptert. The topic discussed was "The Master's Fearlessness." Most of the speakers applied the topic to our own school life and the thought was brought out that if we all were as brave as Christ and true followers of him our college life would be much better.

Rev. Kenneth Hamilton spoke at the meeting of February 6. He told of his work in Switzerland, dwelling especially upon his connection with the Student Friendship League. We learned how the money raised by the "Student Friendship Fund" movement in the United States was used to help the students of many nations who had been cut off from communications with their homes because of the war.

Rev. Hamilton also described some of the phases of his Y. M. C. A. work among the interned Allied prisoners in Switzerland. Some descriptions of individual characters which he had met were especially interested. He closed by stating that Europe, he felt sure, recognized the spirit of brotherhood which led the United States to come to her relief in so many different ways.



C. L. S. Notes

Meeting of January 21, 1919.

At this session Mr. Brubaker was accepted into the society. The literary program was as follows: The first declaimer, Mr. Shafer, gave "The Reckoning," by Robert W. Service. He was followed by the reader, Mr. Neitzel, who gave "6½ Dozen." The second declaimer, Mr. A. Helmich, then rendered his selection. Mr. Christianson, the essayist, then read an essay on "Cats." Mr. Bender, the narrator, rendered his selection entitled "My Buried Treasure."

A three-minute recess ensued. Following this the Editor, Mr. Stocker, presented his production. It was moved by Mr. Bahnsen, seconded by Mr. Stolz, that the President state an exact time for an election meeting.

The critic, Mr. Steininger, then gave his report and the meeting was adjourned by the President.

Meeting of January 28, 1919.

This meeting was an election meeting and the following men were elected to the respective offices: President, C. Helmich; Vice-President, P. Bahnsen; Secretary, Steininger; Treasurer, Engelke; Custodian, Bender; Chaplain, Burbaker; Executive Committee, Splies, Hassler, and Stolz.

The meeting was then adjourned.



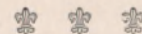
Editorials

(Continued from page 55)

President Shanklin, of Wesleyan, is very decided in his conviction as to the worth of chapel: "If, as we believe, a positive Christian faith is essential to the highest tone of morals in any community, it follows that there should be a proper use of the religious inspiration which

such services provide. Education in the new world to which we are looking cannot be worthily conceived unless it includes the training of the character as well as of the intellect. Facing the new world problems of reconstruction, it behooves us to provide every instrumentality that will help the college trained men to make Jesus the most real thing in the world."

We need only to grasp the full significance of this service which holds a permanent place in the American college, and a greater appreciation of its worth will result. C. J. H.



"Cool Headedness"

There are many different types of people in this world of ours. Every individual has his personal peculiarities. To study these various types of humanity is most interesting and fascinating. However, after discarding the singular characteristics of individuals, man can be classed as belonging to one of the fewer general types. One example of this general type is the man who takes things coolly.

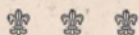
Have you ever studied a man who takes things coolly? Perhaps his actions oftentimes exasperate you. He never seems to be in a hurry. He has, apparently, plenty of leisure, does not seem burdened by his task, does not talk about it, is not particularly tidy in his habits and even seems glad of an excuse to escape from the routine of his business. In contrast we have the fussy man. He is always busy running here and there. Talk to him and he will give you exactly five minutes, during which time he will closely scrutinize the dial, impatiently waiting for the last second. Results prove which is the better man. The cool-headed man invariably achieves the greatest results.

Behind the coolheaded man's apparent laxness there is method. Whether he rises early or late makes comparatively little difference. He has a clear plan for the day's work and he sticks to that plan. In illustration, it reminds us of the two typesetters. One was very coolheaded and the other very fussy. The coolheaded man with his deliberate motions appeared to be a very slow worker. He always worked in a steadfast manner and said little concerning his daily tasks. On

the other hand the fussy man with his bustling manner seemed to be very speedy and quick, and nothing delighted the fussy one more than to speak to his fellow workmen concerning his own dexterity. The workmen, to satisfy their own conjectures as to which of the two extreme types was the more adroit worker, arranged a speed contest. To the surprise of many, the man who never seemed to hurry won the contest, and on examination his type was seen to be set more correctly than that of his opponent. The cool head won out because the strain was too much for the fussy man. He failed at the critical moment.

A frequent occurrence in life is that of sudden failure. Here, too, the prescription of "cool headedness" is in place. Men who take things coolly are not frightened by words like "irreparable," "irretrievable," "hopeless," and the like. Such men have been and are the backbone of a nation. To them, to a very great extent, can be ascribed the stability and steadfastness of the human race.

P. D. H.



Athletics

The Basketball Five seem to be lacking something with which to break their losing streak. Up to the present date out of (5) five games played five defeats have been registered against M. C.

There has been "pep" but that as we all know cannot win games. Individually the playing of the team has been commendable, but the lack of team work in some of the games is very noticeable, due largely to the fact that the team has as yet not been permanently formed and men are being continually switched from one position to the other to find their "berth."

One exception to this was the Lehigh game played in the Lehigh "Gym.," January 22. Had it not been that the Lehigh aggregation replaced one team with another until at last three teams opposed our "Five," a different story might be told. Our "Five" played a brilliant passing game but three teams were too much for them. The final score was 43 to 23 in favor of Lehigh. Line-up:

LEHIGH.	MORAVIAN.
Tollin.....	Forward..... Turner
Martz.....	Forward..... Allen
Marshall.....	Center..... Neitzel
Kopf.....	Guard..... Steininger
Straub.....	Guard..... Hassler

Foul goals: Allen, 5 out of 6; Straub, 3 out of 6. Referee: Dynan. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

The New York trip registered the last three defeats. Polytech. of Brooklyn, N. Y., was the first of the victors. The game was played at Brooklyn, January 30. The final score was 63 to 33, in favor of Polytech. Specht starred for Polytech., while Turner and Stolz after learning the peculiarities of the referee, made a fine showing for our Five. The line-up:

POLYTECH.	MORAVIAN.
Specht.....	Forward..... Turner
Nelson.....	Forward..... Allen
Fraser.....	Center..... Neitzel
Blumenthal.....	Guard..... Stolz
Schnartzman.....	Guard..... Hassler

Foul goals: Hassler, 7; Fraser, 4. Field goals: Specht, 13; Nelson, 6; Fraser, 5; Schnartzman, 1; Ratner, 5; Turner, 5; Allen, 4; Stolz, 5. Substitutions: Ratner for Nelson, Seelig for Blumenthal, Damiano for Fraser, Steininger for Stolz and Stolz for Neitzel. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

The next game was with Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, N. Y. It was played January 31 on the floor. The game was clean, fast and interesting. Pratt has a strong team and did some splendid passing. Our shooting was very poor. The final score was 28 to 13 in favor of Pratt. The line-up:

PRATT.	MORAVIAN.
Stanley.....	Forward..... Turner
Fitelson.....	Forward..... Allen
Brown.....	Center..... Neitzel
LaBarr.....	Guard..... Stolz
Meyer.....	Guard..... Hassler

Substitutions: Steininger for Stolz. Field goals: Stanley, 2; Fitelson, 5; Brown, 2; LaBarr, 1; Turner, 1; Allen, 1; Stolz, 1. Foul goals: Fitelson, 7 out of 10; Allen, 3 out of 6; Hassler, 2 out of 4. Time of halves: 20 minutes. Referee: Thorpe.

The next game was with Stevens Institute of Hoboken, N. J. It was the last game on the New York trip played February 1 at Hoboken. The team was "fagged out" by two previous games and it resulted in an easy victory for Stevens. Score: 49-10. Line-up:

STEVENS.	MORAVIAN.
Headden.....	Forward..... Turner
Donnelly.....	Forward..... Stolz
Chastaney.....	Center..... Allen
Drew.....	Guard..... Neitzel
Higley.....	Guard..... Hassler

Substitutions: Hassler for Stolz, Steininger for Hassler, Stolz for Allen, Stocker for Neitzel, Ellis for Headden, Daley for Donnelly, McCulley for Chastaney, Roth for Higley. Time of halves: 20 minutes.

SUBSCRIBERS, ATTENTION

The War Industries Board of the United States Government has instructed all periodicals to put their subscription lists on a cash basis.

We shall gladly comply and are sure that our subscribers will do their part in the same spirit.

If the date on the wrapper indicates that your subscription is due now or soon, renew it at once.

This will be of great convenience to us and at the same time will secure you against any break in the numbers.

THE MANAGER.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAID.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAID.

A. Christianson, Mrs. S. Wolla, Louisa Weitzel, J. G. Crist, A. W. Flath, H. A. Gerdson, B. Y. Landis, Rt. Rev. C. L. Moench, H. E. Stocker, O. E. Reidenbach, Chas. Bornman, J. E. Weinland, E. Drebert, L. Eysenbach, J. R. Roming, F. R. Nitzschke, F. J. Klinker, A. Harke, John Goerner, J. Prochnau, G. Henklemann, C. Shimer, Mrs. E. N. Schwarze, P. G. Miller, Eugene Michel.

Subscribers who have changed their residence would confer a great favor by notifying us of the change, giving both the old and the new address. We cannot be held responsible for any irregularity if this is neglected.

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.

If the payment of your subscription is not acknowledged here within two months after you have paid it, please notify the Business Manager at once.

You would greatly oblige us by paying your subscription in advance.

THE MANAGERS.

The NEW EDISON DIAMOND DISK
PHONOGRAPH

THE YEAGER STORE

No. 13 East Broad Street.

CHAS. A. HAFNER, PROP.

BARBER

SUN INN HOTEL - - BETHLEHEM, PA.

SALEM ACADEMY AND COLLEGE
FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN,
WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.
THE REV. H. E. RONDTHALER, M.A., Principal.

HATS, SHOES AND FURNISHINGS

YOUNG, THE HATTER

No. 52 South Main Street

H.E. Ricksecker Pianos, Player Pianos,
and Talking Machines

Any Quality of Tone, Design of Case or Wood Required, or Made to Order, if Desired.

52-54 East Broad Street, Bethlehem

REUBEN F. OPP, Merchant Tailor,

Main Street, opp. Post-office, Bethlehem.

FINE REPAIR WORK A SPECIALTY.

A. C. HUFF, MUSIC STORE,

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

No. 57 S. Main Street.

Bethlehem, Penna.

UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT
SANITARY BARBER SHOP

Broad and Main Streets

DELMONICO RESTAURANT

80 Broad Street.

Everything in the line of eats.

S. E. SHERER

Cut flowers and all kinds of plants.

No. 86 Broad Street.

DR. H. W. SOLT, DENTIST

Riegel & Cortright, Dry Goods, Carpets, Globe Store, BETHLEHEM PENNA.

Try Our \$2 Special

The Style Headquarters

HATS—THE REINER STORES—FURNISHINGS

Broad St., near New St., Bethlehem

Third St., So. Bethlehem

F. E. Weinland, Hardware, Window Glass, Cutlery, 8 Broad Street,
BETHLEHEM, PA.

J. E. LEIBFRIED, Insurance.

FREDERICK A. KRELL,
Tobacconist

68 South Main Street Bethlehem, Pa.

FAIR VIEW STORE,

H. S. JONES, Proprietor
DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES
7 W. Fairview Street, Bethlehem, Pa.
Bell Phone 635
Butterine a Specialty. Give us a trial order.

THE QUALITY SHOP,
TAILORS, CLOTHIERS AND HABERDASHERS,
5 East Broad Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

E. F. SOBERS,
UP-TO-DATE BAKERY
Open for inspection to the public at all times

The Moravian College ^A _N ^D Theological Seminary
BETHLEHEM, PA.

Collegiate and Theological Course.
For terms apply to Bishop J. Taylor Hamilton, D.D.

LEHIGH STEAM LAUNDRY
NEW ST., SOUTH BETHLEHEM.
Goods called for and delivered. Bell Telephone 79.

MEYER & HEIBERGER
The place where you meet your friends
BROAD & MAIN

SHANE BROTHERS
Haberdashery

DR. R. M. WALLS DENTIST

Office and Residence
158 E. Broad Street Bethlehem, Pa.

Phone 370.

James R. Ray,
FINE TAILORING
60 E. BROAD ST., BETHLEHEM.

ALFRED C. BETGE
Undertaker

17 North Main Street Bethlehem, Pa.

Readers of the Comenian wishing to send flowers to their friends in or near Bethlehem, can with confidence send their orders to

SAWYER & JOHNSON
Florists

GREENHOUSE:—241 Laurel Street
Bethlehem, Pa.

CITY PROVISION COMPANY
DEALER IN
HIGH GRADE MEATS AND PRODUCE
221 NORTH HIGH STREET

NAZARETH HALL
Our Moravian Boarding School for Boys
Offers College Preparatory and Business Courses
For Catalogue write the Principal
THE REV. A. D. THAELER, Nazareth, Pa.

TRAEGER GROCERY CO.,

FANCY GROCERIES,
Fine Confectionery,
Cakes of the Good Kind.

5 South Main Street,
and
Corner New and Church Streets.

F. E. WHITESELL,

STEAM AND WATER HEATING APPARATUS, PLUMBING.
74 MAIN STREET, BETHLEHEM, PA.

H. J. MEYERS, Chairman. ARNON P. MILLER, Sec. and Treas.

Brown-Borhek Lumber and Coal Company, LTD.,

RELIABLE LUMBER, MILL WORK, UPPER LEHIGH COAL.

"The best from forest and mine."

Main and Canal Streets,
Bethlehem.

Brodhead Ave. and Third St.,
South Bethlehem.

SIMON RAU & CO., DRUGGISTS.

Medicines, Chemicals, Photographic Goods,
156 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

KOCH BROTHERS

Manufacturers and Tailors of

Men's, Young Men's and Boys
SMART CLOTHING

Hotel Allen Building, Centre Square,
ALLENTOWN

SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

THE BUSH & BULL CO.
BETHLEHEM, PA.

Moravian Seminary

FOUNDED 1742.

and College for Women,

BETHLEHEM, PA.

Ninety minutes from Philadelphia.
Two hours from New York.

For Circulars address J. H. CLEWELL, Ph.D., President.

CLOTHES AND HABERDASHERY FOR COLLEGE MEN

WE CATER TO ALL THE DESIRES
OF THESE CLASSY DRESSERS . . .

10% Discount to Students on Clothing

LOUIS REIS

55 SOUTH MAIN ST., BETHLEHEM, PA.

Shankweiler & Lehr

Centre Square
Allentown, Pa.

Men's, Young } FINEST HIGH GRADE CLOTH-
Men's, Boy's } ING AND FURNISHINGS

Agency for the Celebrated "SOCIETY BRAND"

CLOTHES For Young Men and those who Stay Young

Unsurpassed

Merchant Tailoring The Store of GREATEST Values

R. W. LEIBERT & SON,

FIRE INSURANCE.

LOANS ON MORTGAGE. NOTARY PUBLIC.

BETHLEHEM, PA.

MORAVIAN PREPARATORY SCHOOL

EFFICIENT COLLEGE PREPARATION

Business and Commercial Courses

Modern Languages A Specialty

SAFETY LEHIGH VALLEY NATIONAL BANK SERVICE

Open Saturday Evenings

MAIN AND MARKET STS.

6 to 8.30 p.m.

