

# THE COMENIAN

VIA LUCIS



Vol. 28  
No. 8

Bethlehem, Pa., May, 1919.

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

J. S. KRAUSE HARDWARE CO.

(Successor to Luckenbach & Krause,)

**HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,**

Paints, Oil and Glass,

35 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 Pin.

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.

**WE LEAD IN POST CARDS**

**BURKHART'S  
PHARMACY**

24 S. MAIN STREET BETHLEHEM, PA.

**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., MAY, 1919.

Number 8.

## My Impressions of France

THAELER, EX-19

Were I to condense this article into its baldest form, I would be able to do so in a very few words, and these few words would represent my "Impressions of France" quite accurately. But the kindly editor has not demanded such a vigorous pruning of the article, and so I shall describe in more detail the seven topics below.

Briefly, the following words constitute the basis of my experience in France as a soldier:

Brest.  
Box-cars.  
The American Red Cross.  
Vitrey and Chauvirey le Chatel.  
Mail.  
Camp Pontanezen.  
Mud.

Like a steel die, France has stamped indelibly on the minds of some two millions of American men very lasting impressions such as mine. Thrown into close contact with a race and country both radically different from their own, the recipients of these very vigorous impressions have acquired an idea of French life which will never be effaced. Seeing France from a soldier's point of view, from box-cars, mud-holes and billets is a very different procedure from viewing France from the window of a first-class railway carriage, boulevard, or Paris hotel. But after my prating about impressions, you quite naturally ask, "But what are the ideas which our soldiers have acquired, and which you are so sure they will never forget?" Are you truly interested, not in the valorous deeds on the field of battle, or of super-danger in a charge over No Man's Land, but in the ordinary life of a Yankee soldier in France? Naturally every man's experiences are different, so these few of mine may prove interesting

My first contact with "Sunny France" came one day early last fall. Personally I consider

the adjective a misnomer—at least, it was my sad experience to enter that land in a heavy fog, interspersed with painfully frequent rains. Not that they were needed to dampen our clothes, the fog in itself was damp enough to keep all uniforms in a moistened condition, which did not add to the comfort of the wearer. We landed in Brest, an Americanized French port, as I have mentioned before, in a heavy fog and rain. After anchoring in the harbor, the transport was first met by the quarantine tug, which took off the sick men. Then came the steamer, which carried the troops to the dock. I remember the peculiar feeling I experienced when I first put my foot on French soil. I was actually a *foreigner*! Brest seemed particularly muddy that day, apparently in honor of our coming. Later, however, we found out that the city was no dirtier than on any other days. When one reaches the more modern and commercial part of the city, one begins to feel more at home. Though the streets are narrow and ill paved at places, still they are well lighted, and the brilliantly decorated shop-windows give the newcomer a more familiar feeling. Go into any one of the shops and you are attended in most cases by a clerk who speaks English passably. I shall never forget my first shopping experience in Brest. I asked in very halting and lame "soldier" French for something I wished, and was answered by a courteous clerk in perfect English! Thereafter I spoke in English, and saved my French for use only as a last resort.

The second impression I retain of France is "Box-cars." "Well," I hear you ask, "what about them? Why did they remain in your memory?" Maybe the impression was physical rather than mental; though none the less strong because of that! We rode four days and a half continuously in "Frog" box-cars, crowded in like sheep. No, on second thought I will retract

the comparison, for no sheep were ever as crowded into space as we were on our journeys! . A "Frog" car ("Frog" is the pet nickname given by the soldiers to anything French, man, beast or chattel,) is about twenty feet long, and eight feet wide, built of wood on a very light running gear. Painted on the sides of all box-cars used for troop transportation is the inscription, "8 Chevaux—40 Hommes," the French for "Eight horses—Forty men." However, in our cars fifty-one men travelled across France. The men were divided into two shifts, and took "turn about" sitting and standing. There was not enough room for everyone to sit down—hence the "standing population." Our benches were the floor-boards of the car; the back-rests were the sides. Comfortable? Very, when you got tired of standing! Crowded? Slightly so, for each man had barely three square feet of floor space.

However, on another later move we were quartered in box-cars built to American specifications—forty by ten by ten feet in dimension. Then fifty-five men found a car fairly comfortable, for straw had been scattered on the floor, which naturally added to the physical comfort. Every man who has ridden in French box-cars will never again speak slightly of an American "Side-door Pullman." When we found that the trip was to be made in the latter, everyone was as pleased as if the cars were regular Pullman sleepers. Food on these trips was of course uncooked; "canned willy" or corned beef, canned tomatoes, jam, and hardtack or bread formed the menu. However, this is not fixed. One trip was made with nothing but canned beef and bread as food for over four days. I hear someone asking how it is possible to travel four days and a half in a direct line in France without crossing a border. Let me simply say that we averaged the terrific speed of six miles an hour for the whole trip!

The American Red Cross is another of the dies to record its stamp on my mind. You who are accustomed to well-cooked meals and food can never appreciate what a cup of good hot coffee means to a tired soldier. The Red Cross canteens along the railroad were informed whenever a troop train would stop at the cities, and

American women in the Red Cross uniform would be ready with great cans of steaming coffee—not of the French variety, which was always black, sickeningly sweet, and strong with chicory and burned corn. Several times a slice of sweet bread, or a sandwich, was served with the coffee, and always impelled the men to thank deeply the contributors to the fund and organization which had made it possible. Stops of this kind were made about twice a day.

My remembrance of French towns concerns chiefly two small villages about sixty kilometers from the eastern border. Here we spent three months, training with trench mortars, rifles, and, last but not least, picks and shovels. General opinion formerly was that the soldier's tool was his rifle or revolver. However, in these days he spends far more time working with shovel or pick. Trenches and their construction were the predominant factor in daily work, and the country around and between the two towns was lined with labyrinths of trenches; with trench mortar emplacements, revetted for stability, breaking the monotony of the narrow brown ditches. In this trench artillery center were trained many American trench mortar batteries, and the pitted fields show the work of the explosive bombs. Indeed, one may obtain a very creditable impression of No Man's Land without its gruesomeness by visiting such a spot. Craters are thrown up all around, and gaping holes fifteen feet deep and twice as broad give the fatigue details plenty of work in filling them up.

The towns of Vitrey and Chauvirey le Chatel, in Haute Saone, are representative small French towns. As one walks through the cobbled streets odd little shops appear in unexpected places, and the wares, usually dusty and undisturbed, are shown in equally dirty windows. Many of the French are shop-keepers, and whereas the American is accustomed to the two or three country stores in little villages, here the numerous smaller shops take their places. Since the advent of the American soldiers into France these shops have done a thriving business, for the shopkeepers have since then kept a stock of souvenir goods of all kinds—silk handkerchiefs, scarves and aprons, lace collars, bullets with

“authentic” tales as to their experiences on the battlefields—in fact, anything and everything which a soldier would be likely to buy. If all the legends these battlefield trophies bear were true, every scrap of metal used in the war would now be in souvenir form! Mr. Barnum was certainly correct when he said that the people like to be fooled!

But these towns are not altogether composed of shops, of course. The soldiers are quartered in billets, or old French houses either sold or leased to the United States Government. Nine tenths of them are in a stage of decay and sadly in need of extensive repairs. Ventilation is perfect, for rarely is there any glazing in the window-sashes, and the cracks and chinks in the walls are not small. Usually it is possible to look out through a few holes in the roof at the stars overhead, while lying between blankets waiting for Morpheus. Many of these billets are merely depopulated barns, or empty hay-lofts. When the occupation is to last a month or more, bunks are constructed of rough-dressed lumber, the most popular unit being for eight men, this being known as a “squad-bunk.” Usually there are two tiers, although modifications are not infrequent. Bed-sacks filled with straw make the rough boards more comfortable.

One of the all-too-infrequent joys was mail. The man who received letters from home was a happy man, and those who did not were always disappointed. The letters which were received showed all too often that many others had gone astray. As an instance of the irregularity and unreliability of the soldiers’ mail, allow me to mention the case of one man, who received his mother’s thirteenth letter, all the others having been lost in transit. This is not an unusual case in the slightest; it was repeated hundreds of times. Mr. Burleson was invariably unfavorably mentioned and commented upon, in language some of which was not fit to be printed here! But can you blame a man who has not heard from his home for four months at a time, when he knows that letters have been written and posted to him? The slim mail-bag was always the sign for a general discussion as to the general inefficiency of the Post-Office Department.

Camp Pontanezen, at Brest, was to the soldiers

a brand which made a deep burn upon the minds of all who stayed there any length of time. During the winter months the camp was a sea of the stickiest mud imaginable. The writer spent five solid weeks in the camp, and made his acquaintance with real French mud; like “Sunny Jim’s” smile, “the kind that won’t come off.” Trench shoes, with their heavy construction and steel hob-nailed soles and heel-plates, looked upon in the States as impregnable, gave up the fight in desperation after a month of contact with the mud, and took a trip to the salvage depot. The camp was tremendous, one hundred thousand men were there practically all the time. Of course, this was not the permanent garrison; twenty-thousand comprised the number of troops stationed there permanently. They were housed in wooden barracks. The transient troops were quartered in leaky tents, or equally leaky barracks; and awaited transportation there for the States. The discipline at Camp Pontanezen was rigid to unfairness. Slightest infractions of orders meant the removal of the offending unit from the sailing list for a period of time varying from a week to several months. An instance of this was the removal of a whole regiment from the sailing list and subsequent relegation to an out-of-the-way camp, as punishment for several of the regiment who in their exuberance at returning home had shouted uncomplimentary remarks about France in general and Camp Pontanezen in particular, while on their march down to the transport. The effect on the morale of the other troops may well be imagined. In the battalion to which the writer was assigned, the failure of two men on a detail to salute an officer, and a third man buying a bottle of cognac from a Frenchman, caused an order to be issued restricting the whole battalion of six hundred odd men to the confines of the camp for at least a month. The order was announced to the troops on Christmas Day, and was a most inappropriate Christmas gift from the Commanding General, inasmuch as the battalion had previously been billed to sail the following day.

But the mud and rain were not the only troubles of the soldiers at Camp Pontanezen. In the haste to finish work on the camp, every

transient unit was placed on fatigue nearly every day or night, working regardless of weather conditions. Add to a leaky tent, damp blankets, and the eternal mud a hard day's work with cold food, and you have the prime formula for a grouchy soldier. Is there any wonder why so many returning troops can say so very little that is good about Camp Pontanezen?

However, all was endured in comparative silence, for the sake of *the* day when the unit should embark for the States. No one minds the long hike from camp to docks, under heavy marching order, which means carrying a pack of some ninety pounds, except for a short time. I have heard many men growling about the long hike to the docks, but not one of them would

prefer to fall out along the road. The finest craft afloat in the eyes of each man in the American Expeditionary Force is the boat that carried him *home!*

Have you ever asked a returned soldier whether he enjoyed himself while in France? Nine times out of ten the answer will be negative. But, on the other hand, have you ever asked that same soldier whether he is sorry he went through it? Have you ever known him to say "yes?" The sentiment of practically all of the soldiers may be summed up into the one sentence, "I wouldn't take ten thousand dollars for the experience, but I wouldn't go through it again, if I didn't have to, for a million!"

## The Month of May at M. C.

Last year, owing to war conditions, the majority of American colleges closed a month early. M. C. followed this precedent and as a consequent we missed the most glorious month of the school year. At least the students think of it as such, up to the last week when exams begin. However, it is doubtful if the professors hail the approach of May with as much glee, judging from the remarks they let slip from time to time about that most deadly of all diseases—spring fever. The student has two spheres which are very distinct. One is in the classroom, and the other out of the classroom. While to the professor, as far as college life is concerned, the classroom represents his entire world. So we really cannot condemn him, scientist or philosopher whichever he may be, for not appreciating the student's preference for the month of May.

But what is it that makes May such a popular month? The answer is the name of this season's production at the Hippodrome—"Everything." Spring is here and with it comes the glorious outdoor life. There are several infallible signs of spring which are characteristic of M. C. only. The first of these is Haus Hoffman rolling the tennis court. Even while the boys are still practicing baseball in the gymnasium the courts begin to assume a very tempting appearance. The next proclamation takes the form of budding magnolia trees, and a few weeks later one

side of the campus attracts the attention of the passers by. Not long after this Dr. Werst begins his weekly rounds with the lawn-mower, and the delightful fragrance of newly-cut grass fills the air. The robins hunting for worms makes one think of Tom-Sawyer with his fishing pole, and we rather envy him the privilege of playing "hooky" with merely a "licking" for punishment. Who said "lickings" were worse than "zips?" Probably some professor, and a doctor of philosophy at that.

One more sign of spring deserves mention, and that is the arrival of the street musician. Every year toward the end of April they find their way out to M. C. and give their concert under the Resident Professor's window during Greek class. Their reception can hardly be styled cordial, yet as long as they remain and keep up the music, their compensation comes in the form of a shower of nickels and dimes from the balcony. Needless to say not until the contributions cease, does the Greek class resume the conjugation of the irregular verbs—lovely animals.

Then usually with the first of May all signs of winter have disappeared. Tennis is in full swing, and baseball has come into its own. Thus the days are filled with work and play, classes in the morning and early afternoon, and sports until supper. But the best part of the day is

still to come, and that is between supper and chapel. This time is usually spent on the balcony. If there is anything that an M. C. man cannot forget, it is the balcony during the month of May. There the "bunch" gathers of an evening to spend a short half hour in luxurious contentment and ease. Soon the air is filled with the aroma of many well-seasoned college pipes and good old "P.A." Some member of the Glee Club starts a song, and the casual onlooker might well exclaim, "Happy family!" Words really cannot adequately describe this scene—the beautiful campus, the setting sun, true friendship, the best of fellows, the dearest old Alma Mater in the world, 'n everything. Do you wonder that we prefer the month of May?



### Y. M. C. A. Notes

Due to the Easter vacation there are only three meetings to report for April. The first was a song service in which opportunity was given the men to suggest songs and express their thoughts on them. Several hymns were sung and then the retiring president, Carl J. Helmich, '19, who was leading the meeting, gave a summary of the last few months work, after which the meeting was turned over to the new president, Francis E. Weber, '21. In his opening talk Weber emphasized the fact that because the Y. M. C. A. has an influence entirely for good at M. C. it merits the support of every member of the student body. The meeting was brought to a close after several more songs had been sung.

The interesting subject of "Worship in Work," was discussed at the next meeting. Stolz led this

meeting and a number of opinions were expressed dealing with the subject from various viewpoints. In summarizing the thoughts brought out we may say that in work, although in some cases the mind is occupied by other things, a person should constantly strive to feel the presence of his creator guiding him in all that he does, because worship is a drawing closer to God. All work which is honorable and done in the right spirit is a blessing to the worker and a glory to God.

A rather new subject was brought to our attention by Dr. C. A. S. Kemper at the last meeting. He gave an informal talk on the relationship of the medical and ministerial professions to each other. It is highly necessary that men of these two learned professions which minister to the physical and spiritual needs, respectively, of the people should work together in the greatest harmony.

"This," Dr. Kemper said, "has not always been the case in the past, due perhaps largely to misunderstanding between the two professions."

He gave several illustrations from personal experience, showing how sometimes a pastor through lack of knowledge of the case reads the service for the dead to a person who may need only a little kindly advice or a few mandatory remarks. Oftentimes too the minister takes a stand as protector of the patient against the cruel treatment of the doctor.

These things could be remedied if doctor and pastor worked hand in hand as they should, the one tending to the physical, the other to the corresponding spiritual needs of a patient. Dr. Kemper stated that the minister in many cases could aid greatly in restoring the health of a patient if he had sufficient knowledge of the medical side of the case to enable him to administer the proper spiritual aid. Then in closing Dr. Kemper advocated the establishment of a short course in hygiene and elementary medicine at M. C., the need of which we all realize.

### Announcement

*The June issue of THE COMENIAN will contain an article giving full details of the plan to raise \$50,000 for a Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial. This memorial will be in the form of a Science Building, to be erected on the college campus. The Lehigh Valley branch of the Alumni Association has passed on these plans as submitted to them by its Executive Committee. This committee is now waiting for the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, and that of the General Alumni Association, when the project will be presented for the approval of these two organizations. Interested Alumni will be able to obtain a full account of all these proceedings from the June COMENIAN, and it is very essential that all Alumni who can possibly attend the Commencement exercises, June 1-4, be present at least for the meeting of the General Association. Read THE COMENIAN and visit your Alma Mater at least once a year. We need your help, and your presence alone will be a great asset.*

THE EDITOR.

# 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.

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 NONNEMAKER, '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.

## Mothers

According to an ancient and well-nigh forgotten legend, an angel once came to earth on a visit. He remained here for several weeks going among various classes of people and travelling through many different lands. When the time came for him to return to his celestial home, he looked around for something that he could take with him to heaven in remembrance of his visit to earth. He finally chose three things which he thought would be acceptable trophies for his mansion on high. They were: A Bunch of Flowers, A Baby's Smile, and A Mother's Love. When he got to the gate of heaven and showed his possessions to St. Peter, the Bunch of Flowers and the Baby's Smile had to be left behind. A Mother's Love was the only earthly good acceptable in heaven.

Of course this is only a legend, a simple little story, yet very beautiful. There is no emotion so pure and unadulterated as a mother's love. Mother nurses you when you are sick, looks after you when you are well, shares your joys and sorrows, your pleasures and disappointments, loves you unceasingly, and the only bad thing she does is to die and leave you.

There is something about maternal affection which is at one and the same time quite laughable, very beautiful, and a trifle sad. When mother's baby boy appears in "rompers" for the first time, a beginning is made. The second stage is when he wears his first suit—coat and trousers—and the climax is reached when he puts on his first long pants. How proud mother is of her fine big boy, and the gleam in father's eyes gives evidence of a similar feeling, and testifies to his inevitable thought, unuttered or expressed, that "the boy is like his father." Little sister glories in the strength of big brother, and little brother wishes he were old enough to wear long trousers. What a brave, cheerful smile lights up mother's face. Happy family! Soon mother finds an excuse to go to her room, and once alone, throws herself on the bed and has a good long cry. And this is not the first time. To begin with, her little baby was no longer a baby. Then her little boy became a big boy, and finally her big boy blossomed out into young manhood. How mother's heart was wrung at each successive stage. One more long cry does mother have, and that is when her son gets married. She almost despises the girl who stole her baby's love, for she can never forget that he was once a baby.

The reader—and especially if a member of the so-called weaker sex—may wonder if the daughter does not figure in the household joys and sorrows. Yes she does, but the criterion by which to judge her development is not so obvious, because a girl wears dresses all her life. In some countries a girl's age can be estimated, with a fair degree of accuracy, by the length of her skirt, but on the whole, in this day and generation such a standard is altogether too precarious. However, there are numerous criteria by which daughter's advancement is measured. The first appearance of low-neck dresses and evening gowns, coupled with various social functions, is



evidence of advancement in years. And when little Willie Green—who lives two doors away—escorts her home from a church social, and asks to take her to the movies some evening next week, mother begins to realize that her little girl is growing up. But no one ever knows of the tears that often dampen her pillow. And then eventually wedding bells peal out their joyful note. Beautiful ceremony, many congratulations and smiling faces characterize the event. But when it is all over, in the secrecy of her room mother cries herself to sleep, because her little girl is hers no more.

There are people who think that emotion is not a power, that sentiment is a sign of weakness, that love has had no part in the history of the world. In favor of the opposite view we have the testimony of the prominent men of the ages. St. Augustine would never have been one of the greatest of church fathers had it not been for the love of a true mother. If hate is unquestionably an enormous factor in human experience, what may not be said of love?

True love finds its highest expression in motherhood, and on "Mother's Day" it is very fitting that we pay a simple tribute to the one to whom we owe more than we can ever hope to repay. For a mother's love is essentially the same and second in depth only to that of which George Matheson speaks in his famous lines:

"O Love that will not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in Thee;  
I give Thee back the life I owe,  
That in Thine ocean depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be."

W. H. A.



**Introspection** At times we pause to question ourselves as to the practical results of our activities. We are dissatisfied with our progress. Change comes so gradual, that we think our efforts in vain. A feeling of being tired of spending such a long time in preparation for some phase of life which is not clearly defined, comes over us. Have, perhaps, many opportunities of life been missed, while we were busy preparing for them? If we have done more than merely drifted through the year, suppressing our capacity,

stifling our best thought, ceasing interest and effort or ambition—if we lived for more than to get enough to eat, to sleep comfortably and escape disturbance, then we may be assured that progress of a mighty definite kind, both in studies and development of our natures has been made. "The only fixed thing in the world is progress," says a great teacher, and so also, "the surest element in personality is change." A friend may greet another with, "You haven't changed a bit," but our conversation may reveal a richer, fuller life, with finer qualities, charged with power rising from great tasks and filled with a new spirit. Growth typifies the most hopeful element in change. Too often it is stunted by waste of time on unimportant pursuits, or waiting for the right mood or inspiration, not recognizing that progress comes only on the invitation of toil. If we have learned to master self, formed a noble sincere friendship and gained a better understanding of our fellows and greatest of all if we have "grown in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," then we may say that "one crowded year has been worth an age without a name."

C. J. H.



## Influence

There is one responsible influence in this life that man cannot evade—that is his personal influence. An insincere man may wear a smile as a mask and deceive some people, but he does not succeed in deceiving all of them. His insincerity is radiated by his presence.

Man's unconscious influence, the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles he never considers—is tremendous.

After meeting some men you feel calm and rested and your faith in humanity is immediately strengthened. Others, without knowing why, keep you chafing and fretting in their presence. You must force yourself to like them.

Into the hands of every individual is given a marvelous power for good or evil, the unconscious, unseen influence of his life. Unaware of it he is constantly weakening or strengthening others.

(Continued on page 94)



## THE COMENIAN

### Flickers of Fun

We wish to announce that Slim Engelke has decided to change his name to "Porky" on account of his acquiring a superabundance of superfluous avoirdupois.

Porky Engelke wishes to know if the Allentown-Philadelphia Limited runs under the Philadelphia Subway.

Bahnsen: "I can't see why languages have roots."

Chief Bender: "Why, that the languages may grow."

Mock: "What is that buzzing across the hall?"

Horne: "Pfohl, going through his daily recreation."

Potts journeyed to Allentown the other evening. He had a fall, upon falling he cried that he had broken his leg. The police came to his assistance, and telephoned for the patrol to bring him home. On the way home he was in a rather happy mood, joking with the police. They remarked that it was strange for a man with a broken leg to be in such a happy, jolly mood. Potts remarked that, "It was his wooden leg." And the police wooden-leg-o until he found entrance to the lock-up.

First Pater: "My boy's letters from college always send me to the dictionary."

Second Pater: "That's nothing! My boy's always send me to the bank."—Ex.

"Nonnemaker went down town in a veritable ecstasy."

"Is that a new make of a machine?"

"How does it come that out in Wisconsin there is no change in the prices of meat?"

Neitzel: "Well, you hand the butcher a bill and you get no change."

They tell us a practical joker is one who jokes with his subordinates and an impractical joker is one who jokes with his wife.—N. B.

X: "What on earth is worse than not having to pay an income tax?"

Y: "Not getting to."

Turner: "Does President Wilson have a salary?"

Hassler: "Sure."

Turner: "Then what is he doing in Europe on piece (peace) work?"

An old colored man was burning dead grass when a "wise guy" stopped and said: "You're foolish to do that, uncle Eb, it will make the meadow as black as you are." "Don't worry 'bout dat, sah," retorted the oldtimer, "Dat grass 'll grow out an' be as green as you is."

"My brother still has the same ambition in Europe that he had in America," said Samley.

"What's that?" asked Sauppee.

"To cross the Atlantic ocean," replied Samley.

The case was one in which the plaintiff sought to recover damages from a railroad company for the killing of a cow. During the course of his argument the country lawyer used this expressive sentence:

"If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or if the whistle had been blown as it should have blew, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

Mass: "What domestic article represents a pillar of Greece?"

Meinert: "Dunno."

Mass: "A candle."

Thomas: "Brother Holtmeier, why is an acquitted prisoner like a gun?"

Holtmeier: "Go 'way from here you prune."

Thomas: "Because he has been charged, taken up and let off."

"Goodness, Doris," exclaimed the mother, "why are you shouting in that horrible way? Why can't you be quiet like Willie?"

"It's a part of the game we are playing for him to be quiet," explained the little girl, "you see, he is papa coming home late, and I am you."

Prof.: "What three words are used most among college students?"

Weary Fresh: "I don't know."

Prof.: "Correct."



## Locals

The proposed memorial to soldiers and sailors from this institution in the form of a science building has created much favorable comment among the students in college. The need of a separate building for science has long been felt and it is the sincere desire of the men in college that the proposed campaign may materialize in the comparatively near future.

The financial success of the lecture, "The Miracle of the Marne," on the evening of May 22nd, in the High School Auditorium, on the South Side, by the Hon. James M. Beck, '80, under the auspices of the Lehigh Valley Branch of the Alumni Association, will in a large manner determine whether or not the campaign will be a success. The proceeds of this lecture are to form a nucleus for the proposed goal, \$50,000. It is unnecessary to enumerate the merits of the speaker, whom we are glad to own as a distinguished alumnus. He has secured a large part of his material for the lecture by personal observation and personal contact with French officers and executives, and this lecture, delivered by one of the most eloquent orators in the country, will undoubtedly be most pleasant and enlightening.

It is hoped that all alumni and friends of the institution in the immediate vicinity will find it possible to be present and thereby pay due respect to the speaker, and also by their presence show their approval of the campaign and their interest in education in general.

The proposed campaign as has already been stated has been the cause of much favorable comment. The students are cooperating with the L. V. Branch of the Alumni Association in making the coming lecture a financial success, by helping in the sale of tickets. We also take this opportunity of expressing our desire that the campaign may be approved of at the meeting of the General Alumni Association in June, and that it will have the hearty cooperation of all alumni and friends of the institution.

On Friday evening, April 11th, the fifteenth annual athletic banquet was held in the refectory. As a wind-up for the basketball and a booster for the baseball and tennis season it was a decided success.

Dr. Schwarze, the toastmaster, called on the basketball manager and several other members of the team, the baseball and tennis managers and the basketball and baseball coach, R. Hassler. The

guests of the evening, Allam, '16, and T. Mueller, Sem '12, also spoke briefly.

A majority of the fellows spent Easter at their homes or visiting relatives and friends.

Funk, '18, our Glee Club violinist for the past four years, played with Lehman's Symphony Orchestra, Atlantic City, during the Easter season. He will return to Atlantic City in June and remain with the same orchestra for the summer months.

Abram Thaeler, ex '19, 4th Trench Mortar Battalion, Trench Mortar Division, A. E. F., resumed his studies at M. C. immediately after the Easter holidays.

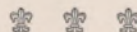
Allen occupied the pulpit of the 3rd Church, New York City, on the evening of April 20th. On May 4th he had charge of the morning services in the New York 2nd Church, and in the evening of New York 3rd Church.

On May 6th he returned to New York to meet his parents, brother and sister. His father, the Rev. Samuel Allen, Sem. '94, has been for twenty years a missionary in Jamaica, West Indies, and is now in this country on furlough.

Fulmer had charge of the evening services in Coopersburg, April 27th, and the morning services at Easton, May 4th.

Splices preached at Bingen on the evening of April 20th.

A quartet assisted at two entertainments given in North Bethlehem, one on April 30th and the other on May 2nd.



### Paul Jonathan Allen

It was with great regret that we received the sad news telling of the death of our esteemed alumnus Paul J. Allen. Active in many ways, he was a real Moravian College man, ready to help, or make a sacrifice; to strive for the Right and Just; he was a man.

Paul J. Allen entered Moravian College in the year 1912, being a member of a class of ten. His brilliant and thoughtful mind soon placed him among the leaders of his class. Talented in many ways, he was especially successful in oratory, winning first place in one of the Comenius' Day Oratorical Contests. In athletics he was also a prominent figure, being college champion during his college career, and first man on the varsity tennis team. He graduated in 1916.

After leaving college, he taught at Nazareth Hall Military Academy, at the same time taking special work at Lehigh University which in the course of time would have given him the degree of Master of Arts. Upon the entry of our nation into the

Great War he enlisted in the Medical Corps of the United States Army. Later he was transferred to the Chemical Warfare Department, where as First Sergeant he superintended the manufacture of gas masks. At the time of the signing of the armistice he was located in the officers' training camp at Camp Taylor, from which place he was mustered out about December first with an honorable discharge. He was employed by the Texas Oil Co., in New York, but a short time ago he was transferred to Marcus Hook where the fatal accident occurred. He was overcome with gas while at work, and although efforts were made to bring him back to consciousness, he died a short time later in the hospital.

We have lost a friend but his spirit lives on. May his life inspire us to seek only that which is worth while. We all join in extending our sincerest sympathy to those bereaved ones to whom he was a true son, brother, and friend.



**Editorials**

(Continued from page 91)

To make our influence felt we must live our faith and practice what we believe. A true man must cultivate those vital active qualities of character, such as truth, loyalty, justice and nobility, which constantly affect the world.

No man, however insignificant he may be, can isolate himself to evade this constant power of influence. Men and women have duties to others and duties to themselves. The influences of our varying moods are recorded in the lives of others. We should not only be an influence, but an inspiration to the individuals around us. If the fault lies in us we should master it. P. D. H.



**Athletics**

The baseball team has already played three games and is now rounding into shape for a string of victories. Of the three games played, two have been losses but each of the defeats was by one score, and the blame for the defeats cannot be laid directly upon the team.

On Saturday, April 12, our nine played Drexel Institute, at Philadelphia. Due to a heavy rain on Friday night, the field was in a very wet and soggy condition. The base lines and the pitcher's box were slippery, and as a result of heavy condition of the diamond, a very poor exhibition of baseball was given. The game was very loosely played and,

although Gardner pitched a good game for M. C., at times his support was very poor, and our opponents finally won 14-13.

The line-up:

**MORAVIAN.**

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.
Randall, l.f.....	3	3	0	0
Fulmer, s.s.....	3	2	0	1
Stocker, 3b.....	3	2	1	0
Turner, 1b.....	2	1	1	1
Bernecker, c.f.....	2	1	0	1
Ganey, 2b.....	2	1	0	1
Brubaker, r.f.....	2	0	0	0
Van Horne, c.....	2	2	0	0
Gardner, p.....	2	1	0	2

**DREXEL.**

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.
Van Tassel, s.s.....	3	1	0	1
Mansfield, 3b.....	4	0	1	1
Twoes, 1b.....	4	0	0	1
Ivory, 2b.....	4	0	2	1
Parsons, l.f.....	4	2	0	1
Repp, c.f.....	4	0	0	1
Dold, r.f.....	3	2	0	0
Deppe, p.....	3	3	1	0
Miller, c.....	3	2	1	0

Stolen bases: Fulmer, Stocker, 2; Bernecker, Ganey, Brubaker, Van Horne, Van Tassel, Mansfield, Deppe, Miller. Two base hits: Dold, Turner, Ganey. Struck out: by Gardner, 6; by Deppe, 4. Bases on balls: off Gardner, 3; off Deppe, 1. Sacrifice hit: Miller. Errors: Van Tassel, Mansfield, Van Horne.

The Keystone State Normal team, from Kutztown, played our team on the college athletic field on April 26. The day was cold, and although the game was close it was not immensely interesting. The Kutztown team won, 5-4.

The line-up:

**MORAVIAN.**

	A.B.	R.	H.	A.	P.O.	E.S.B.
Stocker, 3b.....	3	1	0	1	1	0
Fulmer, s.s.....	3	0	0	0	2	0
Turner, 1b.....	3	1	1	0	4	0
Ganey, s.s.....	3	0	0	3	0	0
Bernecker, c.f.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Van Horne, c.....	2	0	2	1	4	0
Randall, r.f.....	3	1	0	0	1	0
Horne, l.f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Gardner, p.....	2	1	1	1	0	0

**KEYSTONE STATE NORMAL.**

	A.B.	R.	H.	A.	P.O.	E.S.B.
Serfass, 2b.....	4	1	1	3	4	0
Harris, c.f.....	4	1	1	0	1	0
Levine, s.s.....	4	0	0	3	3	0
Peatick, 1b.....	3	1	0	0	6	0

Fessler, 3b.....	3	0	1	0	0	0	2
Evans, r.f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Kemp, c.....	3	1	0	3	4	0	1
Werst, p.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Kohl, r.f.....	3	1	1	0	1	0	0

Struck out: by Gardner, 12; by Werst, 8. Bases on balls: off Gardner, 2; off Werst, 1. Sacrifice Hit: Ganey. Substitutions: Guy for Van Horne. Umpire: Hartzell.

The most interesting game witnessed here this year was staged on May 3, when the Schuylkill Seminary team from Reading battled with our team. The game was close from beginning to end and interest was intense throughout. Gardner pitched a superb game, the opposing team being unable to find his curves with regularity. In the last half of the ninth the score stood 3-2 against us, but a base on balls, a hit batsman, a sacrifice, and a single to right field scored two runs, thus ending the game: the score being 4-3 in favor of M. C.

The line-up:

MORAVIAN.

	A.B.	R.	H.	A.	P.O.	E.	S.B.
Stocker, 3b.....	5	0	3	1	1	0	3
Randall, c.f.....	4	0	0	0	1	1	0
Turner, 1b.....	4	0	0	0	12	1	0
Ganey, s.s.....	4	0	1	4	1	1	0
Van Horne, c.....	4	0	0	2	12	0	0
Bernecker, r.f.....	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Fulmer, 2b.....	3	2	1	1	0	1	1
Horn, 1.f.....	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
Gardner, p.....	4	0	1	4	0	0	2

SCHUYLKILL SEMINARY.

	A.B.	R.	H.	A.	P.O.	E.	S.B.
High, s.s.....	4	0	0	6	2	1	0
Smith, p.....	4	0	0	1	0	0	0
Griffith, 1.f.....	3	1	1	0	0	0	2
Buxton, 2b.....	4	1	0	2	0	0	0
Albright, 3b.....	4	1	0	2	0	1	1
Goodman, r.f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Butt, 1b.....	4	0	0	0	12	0	0
Angstadt, c.f.....	4	0	1	0	1	0	0
Noll, c.....	4	0	0	0	11	0	0

Struck out: by Gardner, 12; by Smith, 11. Two base hits: Fulmer, Angstadt. Hit by pitched ball: by Gardner, 2; by Smith, 1. Sacrifice hits: Gardner, Horne. Bases on balls: off Gardner, 1; off Smith, 1. Balk: Smith.

Umpire: Hartzell.

Two out when winning run was scored.

Moravian opened her season on April 23rd by defeating Muhlenberg, on the courts of the latter, two matches to one. Summaries:

Doubles.

Beddow and Miller (Muhlenberg) lost to Hoffman and Warriner (M. C.), 3-6; 3-6.

Singles.

Beddow (Muhlenberg) lost to Hoffman (M. C.), 1-6; 1-6.

Miller (Muhlenberg) won from Warriner (M.C.), 8-6; 3-6; 6-1.

On May 3rd the Franklin and Marshall team defeated Moravian on our courts five matches to one. Summaries:

Doubles.

Myers and Brinton (F. & M.) defeated Hoffman and Allen (M. C.), 6-4; 1-6; 6-4.

Hager and Mehl (F. & M.) defeated Warriner and Brubaker (M. C.), 6-2; 6-2.

Singles.

Myers (F. & M.) won from Hoffman (M. C.), 7-5; 6-3.

Brinton (F. & M.) won from Allen (M.C.), 6-3; 6-1.

Hager (F. & M.) lost to Warriner (M. C.), 3-6; 0-6.

Mehl (F. & M.) won from Brubaker (M. C.), 6-1; 6-3.



Exchanges

We note with pleasure that the March number of "The Black and Red," from Northwestern College, was of especial merit. The poem "Encomium" is excellent, and its originality adds immensely to its attractiveness. The article "John Peter Zaegner, the Liberator of the American Press" is laudable both because of its informing power, and its open, straightforward style.

The occasional interspersing of short poems with the other literary matter makes "The Lesbian Herald," of Hood College, a delightful and interesting magazine to read.

The following exchanges were received: "The Black and Red," "The Lesbian Herald," "The Ogontz Mosaic," "The Steel and Garnet," "The M. P. S.," "The Albright Bulletin," "The Linden Hall Echo," "The Mirror," "The Ursinus Weekly," "The Hall Boy."



COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS.

The Rev. John S. Romig, D.D.,  
First Moravian Church, Philadelphia, Pa.,  
Baccalaureate Sermon.

The Rev. James Robinson,  
First Presbyterian Church, Bethlehem, Pa.  
Commencement Address.

### 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.

Emil Suemper, H. D. Funk, C. W. Clewell, M. A. Borhek, R. J. Grabow, M. F. Oerter, J. S. Weir, Mrs. Ed. Weber, S. H. Gapp, Ernst Detterer, Ray Schmich, Theo. Henklemann, E. J. Bishop, Salem College, D. C. Meinert, J. M. Shields, A. H. Weber, Edw. H. Swavely, H. A. Kuehl, Al. Vogler, W. V. Moses, S. C. Albright, F. E. Grunert, G. F. Bahnsen, R. E. Shields, Laura Joeckel.

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.

DR. H. W. SOLT, DENTIST

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 flower and all kinds of plants.  
No. 86 Broad Street.

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

Try Our \$2 Special

HATS—THE REINER STORES—FURNISHINGS

Broad St., near New St., Bethlehem

The Style Headquarters  
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 <sup>A</sup> <sup>N</sup> <sup>D</sup> 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**  
OUTFITTERS FOR  
MEN AND WOMEN

**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.

Students desiring to work an hour or more a day can make wages of more than \$1 per hour selling America's War for Humanity and Life of Roosevelt. Send at once for free outfit. F. B. Dickerson Co., Detroit, Mich., enclosing 20c in stamps for mailing outfits.

**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:—Laurel Street near Main  
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 Men's, Boy's } FINEST HIGH GRADE CLOTH-  
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.

