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Sligoonian

September-October

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THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. I

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1916

Nos. 3-4

Begin at the Bottom

B. F. MACHLAN

ONE of the noblest and best governors that the state of Massachusetts ever had, was George N. Briggs, the son of a revolutionary soldier, who afterward became a blacksmith.

When George was eleven years old, he was obliged to seek his own living, and was apprenticed to a hatter at White Creek, New York. Three years afterward, an elder brother gave him a year's schooling; for the lad, imbued with the idea of becoming a lawyer, was giving every leisure moment he could get from his work to study. At seventeen, with five dollars he had earned in haying, he left home to go to study law. He had a brother on the Hudson, whom he visited, and then, with his trunk on his back, came to Berkshire County, penniless and a stranger to all except a few relations and friends, most of them as poor as he was, and that was poor indeed. But that penniless lad studied hard, and worked his way in every honest mode he could. Five years later he was admitted to the bar of his native county, and soon took his place as a most eloquent pleader and a keen debater. He served as a representative to Congress six terms, and was for seven years governor of Massachusetts.

Such is the history of a boy who had pluck and energy, and was willing to begin at the bottom. My young friend, do you want an education? Do not sit down and wish you had a bank account. It takes more than money. There are powers inside of you, which, if you could discover, would make you everything you ever dreamed or imagined you would like to be. If you knew what tremendous forces are locked up inside of you, you would not be surprised when you see someone with no visible opportunities, become a man of great worth and influence. It takes pluck, energy, perseverance, and good hard sense. If you have the qualifications, you will succeed.

The best lesson a young man or young woman can learn is that of economy; to know better how to earn and save a dollar than where to spend one; to know that the foundation of true success is at the bottom of the ladder; and that an education is waiting for those who are willing to begin at the bottom and work diligently for it.

Smile!

PERHAPS there is no small habit that does so much good as that of smiling. It is no task for the majority of persons to express their inward worries, struggles, and heartaches by a gloomy face. It is natural that the face should be the barometer of the inward life; for faces are the mirrors of character. But is it not selfishness on our part, when we allow our own sorrows and griefs constantly to greet a world already too heavily loaded with care? Do you not instantly judge of your friend's frame of mind by his facial expression? Does it not depress you if he is depressed? And is it not equally true that if he has a cheery smile to give in return for your "hello," you feel a little gayer and happier for the meeting?

There are smiles—and smiles. But we are not talking of the vacant, never-fading smile, but of the smile that conveys cheerfulness, thought for another, and the spirit of giving. When you feel sad, nerve weary,—well, just plain "blue,"—it means something to be able to smile. But if you can produce a genuine, joy-giving smile at such a time, you are not only forming the habit of self-control, but you are helping others.

I learned a lesson from a little girl one time about this very thing. Her aunt had promised the child that she might go with her big brother and his friends for a drive in the auto. Helen was the first one to be ready, and the first to be on the veranda waiting for the car. But when her brother came with it, he positively refused to take Helen. He "was not going to be bothered with a baby," while out for a ride. Did that little girl sulk, or beg to go?—Not at all. She just stood quietly for a moment, and then looked up at me, while the tears streamed down her cheeks, her little heart like lead, and *smiled*. "I love him just the same," she said.

It came to me that instant, that if this child could smile under what to her was such a bitter disappointment, surely "grown-ups" can smile under their more mature troubles. I interpreted that smile. It meant to me a child's wish that I should not misjudge her brother; that I should not be made unhappy because of her sorrow; and it also meant a habit of cheerfulness which naturally came uppermost.

From this day resolve to be a "smiler." If you are happy, pass on the feeling with a smile; if you are blue, cheer yourself and another, with a smile. No matter how you feel, be a giver—give a smile.

J. R. E.

□ Into All the World □

India and Its Needs

CAROLYN VOTAW

IT would be folly indeed to attempt to describe in a thousand words a country about twenty-five hundred miles in its greatest length, and more than fifteen hundred miles in width. India is a country whose climate varies from the torrid, humid, enervating, life-sapping heat of the Ganges delta, to the arctic rigors of the summit of Mount Everest. The changes from the sun-baked desert of Sind, where rain is all but unknown, to the monsoon torrents of Cherrapungi, in the Assam Hills, where the average rainfall is five hundred inches, and where eight hundred inches have been precipitated in a year, would have to be experienced to be appreciated. This means that nearly seventy feet of water falls in drops in a single rainy season.

India has a population of more than three hundred millions, speaking more than one hundred and fifty languages and dialects.

It is an intensely religious country, birthplace of two of the world's greatest religions—Bhuddism and Hinduism. The followers of the Arabian prophet are sixty millions strong; and, though still in the cradle, Christianity is making progress each year; and indications are that some of the greatest triumphs of the Cross will be witnessed in Hindustan. India boasts of a civilization younger only than that of China. The Hindu calmly tells the boastful Westerner that arts and sciences flourished in India when our forebears were half-naked savages in the forests of northern Europe. Many things seem to prove his claim. The use of mercury in medicine, the value of inoculation in fighting smallpox, the study of dietetics, show the progress that the Indian physician had made at a very early time. Many of the facts of mathematics, commonly believed to have been discovered by the Arabs, are known to have been first learned by the Hindus. They were the inventors of the decimal system. Some of the finest of the Damascene blades have been traced to the workshops of western India. "In the first century of our era, rich streams of merchandise flowed from many a port of India to feed the growing luxury of Imperial Rome. Long before then, Indian bankers issued their bills of exchange, and merchants insured their ventures by land and sea."

The early literature of this great peninsula ranks second only to that of Greece. The longest poem in the English language contains 11,000 lines; the longest Indian poem 400,000 lines. India is so little known because, though she has produced poets, artists, philosophers, she has never given birth to a single great historian. All that we can read of the marvels of the land, have been written, not by prosaic pen in cold facts, but recorded in marvelous verse and age-old folk-lore.

But I am convinced that the primary interest of the students, graduates, and friends of Washington Missionary College is centered on the progress and prospects of our work. The third angel's message meets India's needs. It seems to have been conceived to solve India's *particular* problems.

Our denominational name lays stress upon the fact that we believe that the Son of God is soon to return to this earth. The way is prepared for this doctrine. All India is on tiptoe of expectancy. The Hindu says: "A god will soon appear in the flesh." The Bhuddist declares that it is time for an "Enlightened One" to be revealed. All devout Mohammedans acknowledge that Jesus Christ is coming soon.

We, as a people stand practically alone among missionary bodies in using the strong argument of fulfilled prophecy as a proof of the inspiration of the Bible. On one occasion, a highly educated Hindu said to my husband, "Why have no other missionaries ever called my attention to these wonderful prophecies? Such proof is unanswerable." We get a hearing where others can not.

Our understanding of the principles of health reform helps us much in dealing with the people of India. Millions of these people are strict vegetarians. The fact that we are "clean missionaries" and do not defile ourselves by the use of pork, causes many Mohammedans to feel kindly toward us. Some have told us that if all missionaries were as careful as we, about such things, there would be less hatred of the Christians. Not using intoxicants commends us to both Moslem and Bhuddist.

The fact that our missionaries are paid smaller salaries than the workers of other denominations also appeals to the Oriental mind, for all India believes that the "holy man" should make a sacrifice of material things for the religion he follows.

India needs more missionaries. Were we able to place three hundred workers in this needy land, each would have a community of a million population to work for. Washington College has for its aim and purpose the training of workers, and we hope that many, after finishing their course, may make this land their field of future labor.

Echoes from the Field

THIS summer I have been assisting in a tent effort which was held in Danville, Pennsylvania, an unentered city of about ten thousand inhabitants. On the 25th of July we had our opening meeting, which was well attended. The interest kept growing and growing. Those that came first brought others with them the next time. I remember especially one lady who first brought one other lady with her, then two, and then three. She seemed so pleased to think that she could interest others in the truths that were preached from night to night. I have not seen so much interest manifested in my seven years of public work.

Many rich experiences might be given. One very interesting scene was that of ten Baptist ladies from one Sunday School class, who would form a circle after the meeting, and discuss the subject of the evening with us. One Monday evening they encircled me, and each one wished to tell me at the same time what the pastor and Sunday School teacher had said. The pastor was honest enough to tell them that the seventh day was the true sabbath, and that it was Saturday. So they demanded scripture for his teaching, which was so different. He failed to give it. The Sunday School teacher after being unable to answer them said in strong terms, "Believe as you please." They were disgusted with these actions, and after hearing the sermon on baptism, these ten dear Baptist ladies felt that they were of us.

Forty precious souls are now keeping the Sabbath, and thirty have been baptized. We give all the glory to God; for what has been accomplished in the city of Danville has been through his mighty power.

H. G. GAUKER.

I HAD my first real experience in the canvassing field this summer, and as I look back over the weeks of work, I can truly say that I enjoyed them. It was no *easy* task to which I set myself each day: somehow every morning was a "blue Monday." But the experience was good for me. If canvassing were all fair sailing, those who man the good craft would never learn the lessons of perseverance, patience, and faithfulness that are such valuable assets to them all through their lives.

I found human nature to be interesting and varied. Big, pompous gentlemen, bedecked with diamond studs and rings, swinging gold-headed canes with conscious pride, and who have "all kinds" of money in their pockets, walk right by, noses up, disdaining even to be courteous to that young lady who is selling Christian literature. What time have they for idle speculations on the world to come?

On the contrary, some poor working man will come from across the street to spend next to his last dime for the new issue of that book that tells him what current events really *mean*, as explained by prophecy: he may be kind enough, too, to mention how he enjoyed the number he bought a month ago, and to wish you success in your work. *That* kind of a customer is appreciated.

This contrast only proves the established fact that canvassing is an uncertain trade. It requires faith to begin, and faith to sustain the work through the entire period. One morning I sold forty-five magazines in forty-five minutes. But it took twenty minutes to sell the next five. It was easy enough to be cheerful for forty-five minutes of that hour, but it required a little perseverance to *finish* the work.

I think the greatest lesson I learned from my summer's work is that the world is needy,—it needs Christ, his gospel, and love, to take away its selfishness and greed. It needs this third angel's message to clear its blinded sight and save its soul. I am thankful that I had a small part in carrying this light to the men and women of Washington this summer, and pray that the Lord will bless the four thousand papers I left there, to the good of honest hearts.

RACHEL SALISBURY.

San Francisco, California, August 1, 1916

DEAR FRIENDS:—Well, at one o'clock today we are leaving dear old America, and perhaps never to return. We do not feel that we are doing anything out of the ordinary, or that we are making any sacrifice; however it is somewhat of a sacrifice to leave so many kind friends and loved ones, but that is the only thing that is the least bit hard. Some of you we expect to see soon in the mission field, but we all hope to meet before long, *never* to part. With every good wish for the future.

Sincerely yours,

C. C. AND MRS. MORRIS.

IN harmony with the injunction from the "Testimonies" that a field experience is an essential part of a well-rounded college course, Mrs. Trummer and I went to southern Virginia to place "Daniel and Revelation" in the homes of the people. From the moment of our arrival, we saw the Lord's guidance in all that we did. We were well received. The family with which we spent the summer accepted the message of salvation which we had to offer them, and are ready to take their stand for the truth.

Our work was most pleasant. We enjoyed the mountain life, and finding so many people interested in the very things with which our

book dealt. We heard it expressed all through the valley, that we are certainly living in the "last days" which are prophesied of in the Bible. Our greatest desire was to bring to these souls a knowledge of the prophecies, and an explanation of them as given in our literature. We saw many, many truth-filled volumes placed in the hands of such seekers for light.

The results we obtained were very gratifying. We were able to deliver to the value of five scholarships. For this success we give all the praise to our loving Saviour. Our prayer is that souls may be saved as the fruit of the seed sown.

MAX TRUMMER.

MR. AND MRS. FLOYD W. SMITH who were students at W. M. C. last year are now located in North India, where Mr. Smith is principal of the Garhwal school. They both speak very highly of the special training they received while here, and feel that the work taken at the Dispensary has been of special benefit to them in their work in India.

The Influence of Missionary Americanism on the Orient

THE morning of October 19, 1916, the students of Washington Missionary College were favored by a talk given by Bishop Harris of Japan, on missionary influences in Japan.

Bishop Harris has grown gray in the work of spreading the news of salvation to the Japanese. During his years of activity in the Orient, he has witnessed three resurrections in three of the great Oriental countries, one in Japan, one in Korea, and one in China. These heathen lands are now *awake!* They are beginning to seek for the new order of civilization as portrayed in that of the western continent. What a wonderful opportunity is now open to the people of the western world in helping to direct aright these Oriental people.

Forty-three years ago, Bishop Harris gave his heart to God; and by this act gave up his privilege of living in his own native land. For as he said, "Surrender to God meant to me a surrender of my dear America. But in giving up material America, I did not give up the best of Americanism. I took with me to my field of labor, the patriotism and love of my fellowmen, and all the 'higher things' that Americanism stands for.

"My work in Japan has been appreciated. I have been treated kindly, yes, I have been loved. Loved, perhaps, even more than in my homeland.

"The students with whom I have been associated in Japan, have the same gentle, pure, tender, and patriotic hearts that those in

America have. They are ambitious and progressive, even as you are. There is a new generation, with new ideals and aspirations, in Japan. And these young people of Japan are *eagerly* holding forth their arms to the young people of America, beckoning them to come over and help them. They love the American people. Those men who first obtained for Americanism the entrance to these Oriental lands, worked for it with *prayer* and *kindness*. And their deeds are not forgotten by these later generations.

“Our American missionaries have made the Japanese the friends of this country. They respond to American ideals, to the religion of the true God, and to all American influences. We have the molding of thousands of human lives in our hands; and surely our work should be done with prayer and earnestness. There is a constant call for men recruits for this great work. Five-hundred millions of Orientals are in *need* of our Christianity, our enlightenment, and our sympathetic help.”

Sun and Shadow

As I look from the isle, o'er its billows of green,
 To the billows of foam-crested blue,
 Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen,
 Half dreaming, my eyes will pursue;
 Now dark in the shadow she scatters the spray
 As the chaff in the stroke of the flail;
 Now, white as the sea gull, she flies on her way,
 The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to shun—
 Of breakers that whiten and roar;
 How little he cares, if in shadow or sun
 They see him who gaze from the shore!
 He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef,
 To the rock that is under his lea,
 As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted leaf,
 O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaulted caves
 Where life and its ventures are laid,
 The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves
 May see us in sunshine or shade;
 Yet true to our course, though our shadow grow dark,
 We'll trim our broad sail as before,
 And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,
 Nor ask how we look from the shore!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



□ □ □ LITERARY □ □ □

The Heart of a Boy

C. LOUIS AHRENS

BEHIND the British line of trenches on the famous Gallipoli peninsula, one night after a day's charge on the Turkish defences, an officer of the Canadian cavalry was pacing up and down the shores of the Dardanelles. Beside him walked his tired horse that had carried him, unhurt, through the death grapple of two assaults. Only a few rods distant, lying in heaps, were the dead, and occasionally the wind wafted to his ear the moans of the wounded still lying in pools of blood. He thought of the comrades, as brave and true as himself, whom he had left there; but with keener interest his eye repeatedly searched the horizon. Every few minutes a shell went screaming over his head, destined for the dreadnoughts in the harbor. Anxiously he watched for the provision and mail ship. The few men who had survived the enemy's onslaughts were needing food, and the cheer the letters from home always brought. He envied them when the mail came; for no one ever wrote to him. Thus with worried thoughts of the hardships of the coming months, and with a lingering wonderment of how the folks at home were, he trod the damp sands, wet by the rising tide.

"Halt!" rang a clear voice in the night air. "Advance and give the counter-sign!"

"Quebec, seventeen" came the quick answer.

"Excuse me, sir!" cried the sentinel, saluting his superior, "officers are not usually out in dangerous places like this. I was ordered out about an hour ago," he continued, "in search of some spies. The first Lieutenant of the sixteenth battalion said that the Turks had underground passages leading toward the rear of our lines, which were discovered only today, when our left wing suffered apparent betrayal. I'm certainly a sight—all scratched up with barb-wire, but I'd rather do this than charge into those Turkish trenches. Were you in that awful charge made today?"

"Yes, I'm one of the thirty-two in the eighteenth battalion that came back alive. Only one thing made me happy: we captured two high German officers. My, I wish the mail would come from home. I've been thinking about them a good deal of late. I can see mother

standing in the door of our cottage, looking toward the south: and dad—how he needed me on the farm: he has to climb the cliffs every day for the cows. Reading between the lines of his letters, I know that he made the sacrifice of his life in allowing me to join the colors. My, I wish I could see them, and cousin Marguerite, tonight.”

“Where is your home, and what is your name?” inquired the officer.

With a touch of pride in the utterance, he said quietly: “I came from the House of Salisbury: my given name is Ned, and we live on Irving Estate, Lincolnshire, England; and your name?”

“Carlyle Wellington,” replied the officer.

“That’s an English name, but you’re not in the Imperial corps, are you? Your counter-sign signifies you are an officer in the Canadian contingent. In what province of Canada do you live?”

Before he could answer, a fire-rocket burst on the opposite shore, and from its glimmering flashes, Carlyle saw before him—yes, it was a representation of the face of his father. A feeling of tenderness crept into his heart for his inferior, and he asked quickly: “Where did you get that scar on your face?”

“It makes me shudder to think of it. I was in France for two months and one night the Germans were charging our first line, and that is the result of a bayonet thrust.”

“Lucky Tommie, eh? But about where I live. I’m not from Canada at all. I was born in the southern part of New York, United States of America. Now that we have these few minutes together, I might as well tell you about how I happened to be here. I know that it will seem strange to you to know that an American is fighting for the cause of the Allies. But I have wanted to tell some one all about it ever since I came here; but no opportunity has opened until this one.”

“Go ahead, friend,” said Ned.

“I may never see you again, but if I should be tipped over, and you should be so fortunate as to get out alive, I want you to remember the story of the officer from the States.” For a moment he could not continue. The regret of former sins and mistakes filled his heart with struggling emotions. Suddenly the clouds parted and the moon’s mild rays fell upon the two boys, as if pitying the sorrow, and loneliness of their lives.

Carlyle resumed: “I was brought up a Christian. I had one of the finest fathers that any boy ever had. When I was a mere child, he joined the Seventh-day Adventist denomination. Later on I went to high school, but it was a bad thing for me; for every bad habit which was then in social life, I acquired. When I was sixteen, father came

home from one of his trips (he was a travelling salesman), and told me about an Adventist college in the south which he wanted me to attend. Dad had had some financial reverses, but he said he would pay my expenses, even though it would be a great sacrifice to him and to mother. He brought home a catalogue, and I read it. It told how the lights would go out at ten o'clock every night, and that students would have to be in their rooms after dark, etc. It had the wrong effect on me, and that evening I went down town to a dance. While there I met a fellow who was going West the next day, and he wanted me to go with him. I went home that night feeling that I ought not to go, but I hated that school proposition of father's; so in the morning I told them what I expected to do, that I had had enough education, and that it was time for me to begin to work. Mother sat there in the old arm chair and cried, while father just sat with his head between his hands and thought. He was thinking of my future, probably. Perhaps he saw me down here dodging shells—at any rate he finally said: 'My boy, if you go away from home, I shall feel you are making a great mistake. You have been the object of your mother's and my solicitude for sixteen years. I am sorry that home is not interesting enough for you, and that in your choice of future work you take to wild west fancies rather than to an education. But we will pray for you, and will hope that the Eternal Father will guide you in all that you do.' I'll never forget that last speech of father's. I don't know why I ever left them, unless it was for the reason that I disliked that school.

"It was a beautiful afternoon in October when I left home for the West, in company with that horse buyer. We stopped off at Toronto, and I thought that I would tell the fellow that I was going back home; but I was ashamed to back out now, so I kept on until we arrived at Winnipeg. I don't know why, but I never sent the folks even a post card. Of course they couldn't write to me because they did not know where to send a letter. After I had gone around with that man for about six months, he sent me with a band of other men, to the Canadian Rockies to train horses for the cavalry. Once during that time I saw a man from my home town, and he told me that the old folks had moved away, but he didn't know where. He said he had heard it remarked by some of the neighbors that they couldn't stand it to live in the old homestead where I had grown up. He thought I ought to look them up; but the days slipped by and I didn't. One evening I went down to the post office, and found a letter with a black seal on the back. It was from dad. Evidently the traveler had told him of my whereabouts. The message inside was short, but full of meaning. It read:

'My dear boy:

Mother died last night; her last words were: "I Hope Carlyle will yet become a Christian, and go to college." She prayed for you, my boy, every day to the last. When will I hear from you?

Your affectionate dad.'

How hard I must have been not to have answered that, but I didn't. This was in the winter, and the following July the war began. I had suffered reverses in my work, and thinking that father might be dead too, by that time, I joined the first Canadian contingent, and sailed for England."

For a few moments, the boys were silent, each thinking his own thoughts. Far out in the harbor, they could see lights flashing. Her Majesty's dreadnoughts were making ready for an early morning attack on the Turkish fortifications. Off to their right, a shrapnel exploded, and sent its load of death flying over the earth. Once or twice they saw a British biplane skim the water in search for the periscope, while along the line of trenches the occasional crack of a rifle announced the coming dawn.

"But did you not hate to leave your homeland to fight among foreigners?" questioned Ned. "Don't you wish now that you were in that fine college in the south?"

"I did not wish it until today, not until I saw the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twenty-third battalions mowed down like grass. I never saw men fight as they did; but when the trenches were finally taken and the Turks driven out, I was ordered with half of my cavalry to silence the battery that was playing havoc with the center of the conquered trench. I knew each one of my men by name; they were good friends of mine, and I hated to see them go to their death. There arose in my heart a feeling akin to what father must have suffered when he saw me going out into the world—to my spiritual death. Well, we were successful, but I could have cut out my own heart if that would have saved one of them. On the return, I saw the horses I had trained, limping back at the sound of the recall. I saw my men gasping their last and crying for some one to take a final word to their loved ones at home. I settled it right there that I would find my father if I could, and for the first time in years, I committed my life to the care of the Eternal God. If I ever get out of this alive, I'll find him and the college."

With a hand shake of loyalty, the two parted. The officer mounted his steed, and rode away to headquarters, while the sentinel crept back to the dugout.

(Continued in next issue.)

Internal and External Forces

WALTER A. NELSON

WITH the opening of college come new life, new ideas, new ambitions, and many an old ambition renewed. And, as the year progresses, new and higher ideals will come to many from a deeper and fuller insight into life, and many a career and destiny may be definitely decided. The forces which will determine the results, for weal or woe, for each student, are two—external and internal.

The external forces are many. The life of one student will be an external force to his roommate, to his friends, to all the students; and in the same way the life of each of these will, in a greater or less degree, influence him. Other outside forces will be the books read, the instruction given in the class-rooms, the meetings in the chapel from time to time—in short one's whole environment. All of these forces, whether good or evil, that influence each student in one way or another, are active in their methods of approach; but they enter the life only by permission from the internal forces.

The internal forces are, in the final analysis, the determining factors. These, too, are divided into the good and evil. But either one may be subdued and controlled by the other. The will to make the most of every opportunity, is attended with divine power; and as long as this will is surrendered to him who is the guide to all noble success, no other force, internal or external, can turn it out of the way.

The love of the true and beautiful is one of the noblest inward powers. It is only as one has this in the heart, that he sees the true and beautiful in art, in literature, in life. An evil heart sees and thinks evil; beauty in the heart sees and hears that which is beautiful, and "thinketh no evil." It takes this beauty in the heart to appreciate a glowing sunset, to notice and enjoy the song of the birds, to love a noble character. To get the good, the true, the pure, the beautiful out of life, one must have these in him; and having them he will constantly receive more and more. And the more of the best of life one receives, the less room there will be for the evil internal forces, and the stronger will be his powers for good.

Unless the good in man is strengthened, the evil will predominate, and soon will exercise the controlling power. The individual must ever be active for the right. He must have on the "whole student armor,"—a desire for the best, a willing spirit, determination, untiring effort, and consecration to the will of God. With this armor buckled on, success is sure to follow. It is a case of cause and effect. When the right conditions exist, the result is certain.

Gradatim

*Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies
And we mount to its summit round by round.*

*I count this thing to be grandly true;
That a noble deed is a step toward God
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.*

*We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.*

*We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.*

*We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.*

*Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise or we fall again.*

*Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.*

*Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.*

—Josiah Gilbert Holland.

Your Brain Is a Machine—Wasting When Not Working

MARIAN BROOKE

How can a man teach himself to think? Very easily. Sit quietly in the house that is your body; use your eyes that show you the outside world; use the ears that tell you the thoughts of others; then *think*. No matter what you are doing, make your brain work at the question, "How can I do better?"

There have been thousands of telegraph operators, still we all know the name of one—Edison. Why do we know his name? Because while he sat ticking his message on the wire for five or six dollars a week, as a boy, he was also *thinking*. It was not merely because his brain was good, but because he *used* it.

John Bunyan was a simple uneducated man, yet his name stands out with the great authors. Why? Because when they put him in prison, as he sat there very humble, *his brain was working*. He did not say, "If my father had sent me to college, I would write a book," but he thought earnestly of life and its temptations and snares. Then he wrote that wonderful book, "Pilgrim's Progress."

The human brain usually is like a machine and must be wound. But sometimes it can wind itself without outside assistance. Do not expect some one to come around the first of every week to wind your brain for you, but make it a "self-winding" machine.

The man who really wants to think, can think. Always bear in mind that no one on earth can do your thinking for you.

How do you suppose Marshall Field changed from a lad with a fruit-stand on a corner to the owner of a business using a hundred millions a year? He asked himself every day, "What else can I do?" He had a wonderfully well shaped head. But the main thing was he *used* the machinery inside of it. He was a "self-winder" and also wound others.

If you can realize that your mind is a machine, keep track of its work, take stock once a week of its productions, and above all, teach it to be a "self-winder;" then you may advance rapidly.

"I AM not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a man's nervous troubles; I can subtract from his physical energy; I can multiply his aches and pains; I can divide his mental powers; I take interest from his work; and I discount his chances for success."

When You Borrow a Book

WHEN you borrow a book:—

Be sure to turn down a corner every time you stop reading. Books are never made artistic enough, and should have the edges trimmed.

If it has a paper covering on it, tear it off. It is absolutely necessary that you analyze the binding.

Make all the comments you like in the margin. Ink is preferred to pencil, because it won't rub out. The owner is probably not well enough acquainted with English to understand what the author means unless you make explanations.

If it is a schoolmate's textbook, be sure not to return it in less than two weeks. He does not come to school to study anyway, and if he should happen to want to read his lesson over, he could borrow someone else's book.

If it contains a bookmark, be sure to take it out. It was put there especially as a gift for you.

Always have dusty, sweaty hands when you read another person's book, especially if it is new and has a light-colored cover. It improves its appearance. Thumb marks, pencil smooches, etc., are the sign of a careful and intellectual reader.

RACHEL SALISBURY.

HE has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who was never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, and whose memory a benediction.

—A. J. Stanley.

Audience

WHEN I was a fledgling in the grass,
 I ruffled and swelled my callow throat;
 I could never let the traveler pass
 But I made him start at my shrill new note.

Now it is summer, quite past the prime,
 My pipe is learned and my song runs clear,
 I choose my singing, place and time,
 And care not at all if the traveler hear.

—Edith M. Thomas.



COLLEGE NEWS NOTES

THE chapel was crowded on the evening of the opening exercises. Professor Machlan gave each and every one a hearty welcome. Elders Daniells, Evans, Spicer, Knox, Thompson, Wilkinson, and Professor Howell, were among the speakers.

IT would not be hard to convince one that more classrooms are needed, if he should visit the class in Philosophy of thirty-four members, which meets in Professor Albertsworth's room.

MRS. EDITH BRUCE is serving as preceptress in South Hall this year. She also has charge of the laundry.

MR. LOUIS AHRENS is preceptor in West Cottage this year. Mr. Kimble finds that most of his time is taken up with his work in the laboratory.

THE classes in woodwork have been delayed owing to the illness of Professor Wood. We are glad to report that he is convalescing. The commercial classes are meeting, for the present, in the carpentry shop, Professor Smith being the teacher.

MRS. H. R. SALISBURY is teaching the classes in Latin and French. She will also direct the work in Physical Culture.

GLENN KEWLEY from Battle Creek, Michigan, runs the jitney this year.

THE officers of the Students' Association for the first term of 1916 are as follows: Walter A. Nelson, President; J. Norman Clapp, Vice-President; Grace Adams, Secretary; Victor Barrows, Treasurer.

Additional members of the executive committee: Elizabeth Gibson, Olive Osborne, and Percy Cowles.

THE young ladies of the Dining Hall and South Hall met on a recent Thursday evening in the dining room to enjoy some games. Candy was served.

MARY WHILDEN and Edith Kimber, students of last year, have entered the Sanitarium nurses' class. Grace Shull, a sister of Helen and Virginia Shull who are students here, is also a member of the class.

MAY HARKINS was called to her home in Alliance, Ohio, recently on account of the death of her uncle. We are glad that she has been able to return.

JOHN W. COLE, a last year's student, and Miss Ethel Johnson, of Oregon, were married in Erie, Pa., October third. They sailed from New York on October seventh for Buenos Aires where Mr. Cole will assist in the office of the South American Division Conference. We wish them success in their work.

FORMER Union College students are pleased to be associated again with "Daddy" Reed. For a number of years Mr. Reed had general oversight of the buildings and grounds of Union College. His faithfulness and willingness to help, endeared him to all.

DURING the summer the College buildings were renovated, and many changes were made for the better. Mr. Chesnutt has charge of the janitor work in the College building this year.

LAURA PATTERSON is the assistant librarian this year, and Mrs. Gauker has charge of the bookstore.

THERE is an unusually large class in advanced sewing this year. A new feature of the sewing department is a class in millinery.

THE present Journalism class is the largest that has taken that course in this school. Mr. Walter L. Burgan of the Press Bureau, met with this class recently and gave some very practical instruction.

THERE are ten members in the pastoral training class. Elder Daniells has been giving them some timely instruction.

To keep in touch with the various departments of the school, one must be a member of at least one of the five bands which have been organized by the Young Peoples' Society.

THE W. M. C. reception was given in the dining room, Thursday evening, October fifth. The room was made pleasant by decorations. Professor Machlan gave the opening speech of welcome to all the students and friends gathered there. A violin solo by Mr. Tvedt and a vocal duet by Professor and Mrs. Hamer, were very much enjoyed.

MR. F. C. VARNEY of Nashville, Tenn., was a recent visitor to friends at the College. He was en route to Lima, Peru, where he goes to take the position of secretary and treasurer of the Inca Union Mission.

WE sympathize deeply with the Misses Gradye and Marian Brooke in the loss of their brother. They left for their home in Alpharetta, Georgia, upon receiving the news.

ELDER CHARLES THOMPSON, of Minnesota, while attending the Fall Council, has made several visits to his son John, here at the College. Somehow he seems inclined to drop this remark to every one he meets: "This is certainly a great college here."

ELDER DANIELLS gave his last sermon before sailing for China, to the students, Sabbath, October fourteen. Again we were reminded of the great need for a new chapel. Many came that could not find seats.

WE have recently enjoyed some interesting chapel talks from Drs. Magan and Evans from Loma Linda, Cal. Dr. Magan encouraged a great number of us with the thought that if we were not learning anything, we were at least absorbing something, by our stay in school.

ELDER MCGUIRE spoke at the Young Peoples' Meeting on Sabbath at the College. He urged that the young people should early in their training, realize that they are being trained to form armies which will fight for the Lord's work, and for the spread of the third angel's message rather than for the formation of armies for national defence.

WE are glad to welcome the return of Mr. Clarence Wheeler; also a Mrs. Wheeler accompanies him. We see that Union College is still carrying out the idea of its name, for they were in college together there about two years ago.

THE class in History of Antiquity had a pleasant trip to the city, Sunday, October fifteen, under Professor Sorenson's able direction. The class visited the National Museum, the Botanical Gardens and the Library of Congress. The time spent in the library was probably the most interesting of all, as much of the time there was spent in examining pictures of ancient Egyptian life.

THE students chosen to take the place on THE SLIGONIAN BOARD of the 1916 graduates, are: J. Alvin Renninger, editor-in-chief; Miss Lula Ferris and Miss Florence Kneeland, assistant editors; Denton Rebok, business manager and John Thompson assistant business manager.

WE are expecting this to be the most successful year of our school. Every condition is favorable to this end. The remaining factor for success is you. Are you doing your part?

ON account of being called home, I was not able to take charge of the News Department, but Miss Kneeland kindly consented to look after it. If anything has been overlooked attribute it to the lack of time she had to prepare for it.

M. B.

Miss Jaunita Gibson was unable to continue with us on account of ill health, but we rejoice that she has again taken up the course and will finish with the class of 1917.

Miss Belmont realized that she could not stand the strain of a nurse's life, so returned to her Pennsylvania home.

We regretted very much that Miss Sahli, our member who came from the white-capped Alps of Switzerland, was obliged to leave us on account of failing health; and it was with sorrow that we learned that her life's work had closed.

We still have with us one of New York's popular citizens, who is a jolly fellow and enjoys an occasional excursion to New York or a trip to Melrose. He is a brilliant student, and his definition of electricity would give scientists some new ideas; and his remarks on inanition would amaze an expounder. At any hour of the morning, or in the "shadows of eventide" you may hear him rendering cornet solos to the inhabitants of the hill. His hobby is to become a famous diagnostician.

In a fishing town in eastern Canada, by the shores of the Atlantic, a child was reared, and sent into our midst, to be a spokesman for us during our first two years, and during our third year, to act as class president. Miss Barrett is very clever, for although she has never yet been seen studying, her average is always high. She has an attractive personality and is a beautiful singer. She enjoys boat riding on the tranquil waters of the Potomac, toward Mt. Vernon, when a good sized lunch basket is a part of the equipment.

One of our number came from the beautiful state of Virginia, a state noted for its famous harbors, its lofty Blue Ridge Mountains, and its immense fruit orchards. Of Miss Hafenmayr it may be said: Her cheeks are red, and her eyes are blue, and she is German, through and through. With amazing ability you may hear her expounding the war proceedings. She is a good practical girl and doesn't believe in theory. No doubt our anatomy teacher will remember her marvelous description of the gall bladder. Her hobby is circulating in the operating room.

We sometimes wonder what our class would have done without a dear, faithful grandmother to drop her knitting and to look at us over her spectacles in a chastising manner, whenever we chanced to tear an apron, or to be late getting home after an evening's frolic. She has never been known to fail in an examination but once. The meter system was to us very difficult, but to this classmate quite easy. Naturally it was with great amusement that we beheld her grade of 64. She is an excellent nurse, and one could not wish to gaze upon a more peace-

ful and picturesque scene than Miss Ada Page and a certain old lady, toddling down third floor hall arm in arm. She always enjoys caring for old ladies.

In a quaint little Texas village, where few people ever come and go, except its handful of friendly inhabitants, Miss McCarty spent her childhood. Coming to General Conference in May 1913, and being favorably impressed with Washington, she decided to remain and enter this training school. How industriously she labored during the typhoid epidemic, setting trays in the annex kitchen or cooking tasty meals for the worthy helpers! At the end of our probation time, her mind seemed to be undisturbed regarding being sent home, because as she said, she was on "cold storage" in the Sanitarium kitchen. She has not passed through her training on "flowery beds of ease," but with steady plodding. How well we remember the night she was obliged to sleep on a pillow of corn cobs! If we didn't know her name was Kittie, we would surely call her Paddy, for her dry wit is one of her striking features.

Miss Hiday is the only member to represent the middle West. She is an Indian girl, and one who always wears a smile. Better than anything else she enjoys taking care of the little piccaninnies in the South-west. We wonder why? She has also specialized on rheumatic cases.

Not far from Broadway in Baltimore, a dark haired, dark eyed, laughing child grew up, and when it was old enough its mother sent it to school. The child always hurried home from school and perched itself on the piano stool. Its little feet didn't even touch the floor, but still it drummed away; and as a result of its perseverance, Miss Sheirich has become a splendid musician. Her mother, observing her stick-to-it-iveness, sent her to this institution to take the nurses' course, and she has "stuck to her bush."

Miss Longacre joined us in our third year, having completed her first two years at Melrose. From her name, one would be likely to picture her as very tall and very broad, but no, she is very short and small. She is a faithful nurse. There is only one thing disagreeable to her, and that is her habit of camping around the operating room.

Last but by no means least, comes our youngest member, one who can always laugh, though all the world weep; for she "keeps on the sunny side of the road." Prior to coming here, Miss Ethel Page lived among the orange groves of Florida, and spent much time boat riding and fishing on the numerous lakes of her home state. Thus things pertaining to medical lines were foreign. to her Anatomy is not a pleasant subject anyway, and why should she be able to tell the contents of the thoracic cavity? A few times we have seen our classmate

somewhat disfigured by conflict with mental patients, but never beyond recognition.

So ends the history of our class; and as we go out "Into the furrow of the world's need" memories of our days spent here will linger with us. But though we meet not again until the haven is reached, all through the voyage this light on the ocean's waves, this meeting, this greeting, this brief moment of association, with its "goodbye and safe voyage," will never be forgotten.

The Students' Association

THE readers of THE SLIGONIAN will be interested to know what progress the Students' Association has made in its efforts to raise \$5000 for the new College administrative building. Pledges up to date, total \$3,468.53; cash received, \$746.98. Eight-hundred and eighteen copies of "Ministry of Healing," have been sent out. Any who have received copies of this book should see that the proceeds are turned in as soon as possible to the treasurer of the Students' Association. The plan is, that those who have pledged a certain amount for the College fund may receive copies of "Ministry of Healing" to sell, the entire proceeds from each (\$1.50) to apply on their pledges. The Students' Association will be glad to furnish copies of this book to any who are interested in the new College building. A special invitation is extended to all our people to co-operate with the students in their efforts to raise the \$5000. The Association is grateful for the assistance that already has been given.

W. A. NELSON, *President.*

Note of Explanation

OWING to the shortness of time at the beginning of school the editors and managers of the SLIGONIAN BOARD have found it both expedient and necessary to combine numbers three and four of the paper and have them appear as one. We have enlarged its size by an additional signature and hope that it will be a satisfactory adjustment in every respect. This brings us up to date at once, and we confidently hope that we shall not fall behind again. These first issues of the paper are the real test of endurance, and if the SLIGONIAN can hold its place now, we feel that it is bound to succeed. We are counting on the forbearance and help of all those who are anxious to see its success.

Responsibility causes some men to grow; others only swell up.

Roll Call

Alabama: Ellen Bird, Elsie Nelson, Walter Nelson.

Arkansas: Samuel Dickerson, Enola Freeman.

California: Hugh Peden, Florence A. Peden.

Delaware: Vivian Cain.

District of Columbia: Peter Angelo, Robert M. Ball, Josephine Bauerlein, Ruby Bollman, Winifred Bowen, William Bowen, Ethel Boyd, Eva Boyd, May Boyd, Elizabeth Cole, Agnes Campbell, Jeannette Carpenter, Florence Chrisman, Ruby Cornor, Grosvenor Daniells, Paul Davis, Edythe Detwiler, E. H. Dye, Margaret Estep, Jessie Ruth Evans, Walter Fields, C. Eldon Ford, Arthur Gibbs, Mildred Godwin, Donald Griggs, Bruce Griggs, Harold Harter, Bernice Hook, Estelle Hook, Gladys Kime, Stewart Kime, Florence Kimmell, Elden Lockwood, Ethel Longacre, Harold Machlan, Daniel Mitchell, Edward Mitchell, Adelaide Overacre, Edward Paap, George Paap, Alice Palmer, Clarence Palmer, Pansy Palmer, Eugene Philips, Donovan Philips, Ruth Phipps, Gladys Phipps, Alice Pleasants, David Percy, Genevieve Peacock, Mildred Quinn, Edythe Quinn, J. A. Renninger, Mary Sandborn-Renninger, Minola Rogers, Louise Sanders, Maybelle Seely, Esther Sherman, Melville Shorey, Agnes Sorenson, Virgil Sorenson, Hazel Spear, Helen Spicer, Mrs. S. W. Van Trump, Carolyn Votaw, Beecher Walters, Arthur Walters, Lala Wilcox, Ruth Wilcox, W. A. Woolgar, Florence Kimber, H. R. Miller, Lillian Moriarty.

Florida: Carrie Sims.

Georgia: Gradye Brooke, Marian Brooke.

Illinois: Gordon Bollman, E. M. Branson.

Indiana: G. W. Ellers.

Iowa: James Counsell, Isaac Counsell, B. A. Scheer.

Kansas: S. B. Thompson.

Maine: Grace V. Adams, Ray Moultrup, Rachel Salisbury, Julian Tvedt.

Maryland: Nellie L. Bladen, George Carroll, George Dunham, Alice Miller.

Massachusetts: Victor Barrows, Percy Cowles, Eric Meleen, Hazel Treuchet, Inez Miles, Thomas Cunningham.

Michigan: R. E. Callicott, Elizabeth Gibson, Agnes Heffley, Lucile Smith, Harry Morse, Glen Kewley.

Minnesota: Vesta Andreason, Ethel Otterstein, John Thompson.

Mississippi: W. W. Tinsley, Mary Welch.

Missouri: Lula A. Wilson.

New Jersey: Olive Boynton, J. Irvin Butcher, Vera Cheseaux, Harold Gulick, Ingeborg Horton, Dorothy Leach, Nicholas Lessner, Harriett Mediary, Herbert Penn, Anna Puils, Pauline Schilberg, Neva Sandborn, Wm. Schmidt, Howard Shull, Virginia Shull, Helen Shull, Jeannette Wadsworth, Ethel Wilson, Norman Wilson, Loretta Taylor, M. L. Tunison, V. A. Severs.

New York: Louis Ahrens, Ruland Bowen, Norman Clapp, Elmer Davis, Lula Ferris, Fred Greiner, John Keeler, Norman Kimble, Archibald MacEntee, Clement Masson, Francis Parish, Lam-

MOST of you appreciate what it means to come to school for the first time. There are so many things to make you feel discouraged and "blue," and so few things to cheer you up and make you feel at home. Everything seems to go wrong, and you rather wish you had not come—that is, you feel that way for a while. After it is all past you look back and wonder why you let the little things bother you so, and make you feel forsaken.

Of course you have found some friends, now, friends that you feel you can depend upon, who you feel it has been worth while to come so far to find. Maybe it will take several months to perfect the friendships that have begun. Maybe the friends you are gaining, will be true to you all the rest of your life. In any case you soon come to the place where you feel satisfied that you have not made a mistake in coming. Far from it! Every day that passes, you are more grateful for the privilege of being here. Every friend you have gained makes you feel more at home in your new surroundings, until finally you cease to be a stranger.

Then you begin to form a real attachment for the college which you have chosen to attend. Her name grows dearer to you every day, and you thrill with pride when you think that you belong here, and that you are a part of her army of workers. Her interests become your interests. You take pride in raising her standard high and keeping it there. You are impressed with the fact that the honor of your school is sacred and must ever be so regarded. Your college stands for your highest ideals, and you take pleasure in helping to reach those ideals.

If you have reached this stage, it is then only a step further for you to realize a deep-rooted affection for your college. You are no longer a "new student," but one of the "family." You are ready to work and plan and even deny yourself for her good. In short you have been adopted and you feel at home.

After spending two or three or four years, you complete your work and pass on to the field; still you retain your love for your Alma Mater. No matter how far you go, the memories of the days you have spent here will ever be fresh in your mind. The time you spent here becomes a wonderful period to which your mind returns with love and appreciation. News of your college is welcome above all other kind of news, even though the people you knew are no longer here. Only the familiar faces of the professors remain, and even some of those have been replaced by others, from time to time.

Finally, when you have finished your school work and have experienced all the satisfaction it gives, it is worth all it cost. For after all there is nothing that succeeds like true success.

J. A. R.

Henry's Honesty

LULA H. FERRIS

ONE afternoon two poorly clad boys, James Blank and Henry Clark, were walking down a city street, behind a well-dressed lady. Her purse accidentally opened and Henry noticed that a bright quarter fell out of it. He picked up the money and said to his companion, "I will give this to the lady."

"I wouldn't," replied James, "she will never know where she lost it. Come on, let's buy some candy with it."

"That wouldn't be right. My mother has taught me to be honest at all times."

"Pshaw! when a fellow has a chance to get some money, he should take it."

"I must not be dishonest."

Henry went up to the lady, and with a smile said, "I beg your pardon, but didn't you lose this money?"

The lady looked at him in surprise and answered, "Perhaps I did lose it. I see my pocketbook is open; but you may keep it. Here is my card. Come to my house at ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

The next morning Henry awoke earlier than usual, happy because he could go to see the lady, yet a little fearful. Promptly at ten o'clock he called at her home, and was ushered into an elegantly furnished room. In a few moments the lady came and greeted him.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Henry Clark."

"Where do you live?"

"On the corner of Madison and Jay Streets."

"Are your parents living?"

"My father is dead; so mother sews to support herself and us four children."

"Do you go to school?"

"Yes; and after school I run errands. But I expect to finish the eighth grade this year; then I am going to work to help mother."

"Would you like to go to school longer?"

"Indeed, I would; but mother needs my help."

"I know you are a good boy, Henry, I thought so yesterday when you came to me with the quarter. Most boys would have gone on and said nothing about it. I will see that you go through high school and college; and I am going to help your mother too."

Henry went home determined to do his best and make the most of his opportunities. Today he is a bank president, while James Blank is a day laborer, noted for his greed.

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DEPOSITS:

September 12, 1916	\$10,829,700.08
June 30, 1916	9,913,947.90
Increase	\$ 915,752.18

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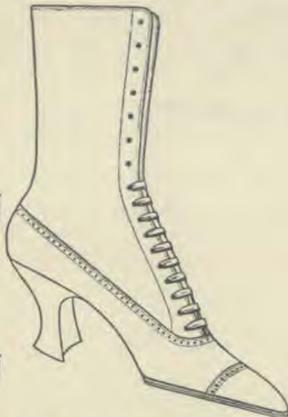
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