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Vol. V

DECEMBER

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## CONTENTS

ADMONITIONS OF A FATHER.....	3
AN APPRECIATION OF PARENTS.....	5
IDLENESS.....	6
EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM PROFESSOR LACEY.....	7
THE PARENTS' HOPE.....	9
THE GRINDING OF THE GRIST.....	10
POEM.....	11
FATHER.....	12
MOTHER.....	12
OUR COLLEGE SPIRIT.....	13
CHRISTIAN SCHOLARSHIP.....	14
DOES IT PAY?.....	15
EDITORIAL.....	16
PARENT'S VIEWPOINT.....	18
NEWS.....	21

# THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. V

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., DECEMBER, 1920

No. 3

## ADMONITIONS OF A FATHER

PROF. C. C. LEWIS

MY DEAR SONS AND DAUGHTERS:

I ADDRESS you thus because you are somebody's sons and daughters, and I wish to have a heart-to-heart talk with you as if you were my own. I do not come to you with words of reproof, but with a message of courage and good cheer, although tinged possibly with admonition and exhortation.

You to whom I now speak are in school, and that is something to be profoundly grateful for. Many young men and women your equals, perhaps, in every respect, and possibly more thirsty than you for an education, find themselves unable to attend school this year. Lack of means, somebody's sickness, or other forbidding circumstances hold them to their outside duties and away from school. But you are here through somebody's sacrifice—your own, or that of your parents or other friends.

And this is one of the matters I want to talk with you about—the fact that somebody is making sacrifices that you may enjoy the privilege of receiving a Christian education. We parents do not call it sacrifice, nor do we think of it as such; but it is sacrifice just the same. I know how parents feel. I have been through all their experiences, although my own children are now past college age and are all actively engaged in the Master's service. Allowing me to speak for other parents, I would say that many

of them are toiling hard that you may be in school. Some, it may be, are living from hand to mouth, barely able to make ends meet from month to month, after sending you the stated allowance set apart for your education. In order to meet this allowance they are practising self-denial of which you may have no knowledge or may catch only faint glimpses.

And how gladly they do it all! To them it seems not sacrifice, but the spontaneous outflowing of their love to you, their children. And shall you, its recipients, esteem it less because it is so freely given? No, you will not. You will regard it as the most precious offering they can make upon the altar of their affection. And you will be constantly asking yourself the question, "What can I do to show my appreciation of such love? How can I repay such costly sacrifice?"

Thus we are led to the thought that the only adequate return you can make for the love and sacrifice of your parents in providing for your education is in diligent study and good character. The debt is too sacred to be repaid in "coin of the realm." Your parents are looking for spiritual results. They will never be satisfied with "good grades" alone. These may be gratifying if accompanied with the former, but these alone will not repay your obligation. You parents are sacrificing your com-

panionship, which they dearly prize; and this is too dear to be repaid in any way except in seeing you grow in true wisdom and in favor with God as well as with man.

But if they can behold you coming forth from your school life well equipped for the Master's use and going forth to some field of duty in his cause, firm for the truth, undaunted by obstacles, courageous for battle, and yet simple in manner, tender of spirit, and humble in

are to study, even while in school, how to use the knowledge and power gained to accomplish the things that most need to be done. You should feel above no duty, however humble. You should learn to work with your fellows without friction, and to win and deserve their confidence and co-operation so that you may be able to do team-work together to accomplish the most for God and humanity. You should learn to bear serenely the defeats and failures of life,



heart, they will see of the travail of their souls and will be satisfied.

"Study," then, both in school and when you leave these study halls, "to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Here you are exhorted to the performance of an important duty—that of continuing to be students as long as you may live, not so much of books in schools as of men and the problems of life. You

and, recovering quickly, rally, augment, and train your forces for another battle under more favorable conditions. You should study to concentrate your powers of attention on the problems in hand until the right solutions and the means for accomplishing these solutions appear.

Thus you may become workmen approved unto God, and thus you may honor the name and memory of your parents and may repay the debt of gratitude you owe them for your education.

## AN APPRECIATION OF PARENTS

CAMERON A. CARTER

FROM childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were—I have not seen  
As others saw—I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring.  
From the same source I have not taken  
My sorrow; I could not waken  
My heart to joy at the same tone;  
And all I lov'd, I lov'd alone.

That which has been the theme for poets in all ages, which has inspired volumes, and which has given men courage to dare and die—a mother's love—I have never known. My mother died when I was only three years old, thus leaving a vacancy in my life which has ever grown as I have heard other's testify what a mother's tender affection and untiring efforts in their behalf have meant to them.

Though I never realized what a mother's love was, I was blest with a loving, attentive father whose association I enjoyed until his death. He was more than a father to me, he was also a big brother. Though his business occupied much of his time, he always found time to enter into my childish pastimes, and to add to my joys. He would often take me on trips when attending to business, and though I was at the "curious age," when practically everything had a question mark after it, he seemed never to grow tired of my interrogative who's, where's, what's, and why's, but patiently answered them in a simple way which satisfied my curiosity.

My father made no profession of Christianity; and because he saw the corruption in the popular churches, and church members using their religion as

a cloak for their wickedness, he never attended church himself, neither did he send me. But in his unselfish service for his fellow men, he set a noble example which inspired within me a resolve to make my life an honor to God and a blessing to mankind; and thus is he largely responsible for my being in this school at this time. From earliest childhood he taught me to pray and to reverence God; and he laid special stress upon my veracity as a groundwork of morality.

His great love, and untiring efforts for me did much to make up what I had lost through the death of my mother. His devotion is shown in a letter which I hold as one of my greatest earthly treasures. This letter was written to my sister who was attending school away from home. In it he expresses, in words which only a devoted father could, his great love and constant care for us, of his untiring labors that we might be comfortable and happy in case of his death, and of his great desire to live to see us become a noble and virtuous man and woman.

This desire was not fulfilled, however, as he lived only a short time after this. He died when I was only nine years old. In his death I lost a noble father, and the community, a benefactor. And though his death brought inexpressible sorrow into my young life, his words of love and his desires for me, as expressed in his letter, live on, and have been a great impetus in my daily life. They have caused me many times to grit my teeth in the face of adversity and say, "I can, and I will," or "I must not, and I will

not," for I could not fall short of his expectations of me.

No one can fully appreciate the value of parents until he has lost them. Even now as I think of the joys in my childhood associations with my dear father, my spirit seems to cry out within me:

"Backward, oh backward, turn time in  
your flight,  
And make me a child again, just for to-  
night."

But this can never be. The only way

that I can show my appreciation is by living the life and striving to reach the standard which he held as an ideal for me.

But those who have parents still living, I would earnestly entreat to let their appreciation be known 'ere it is too late. For flowers placed upon your parents' grave can never remove the gray hairs, dry the falling tear, or heal the broken heart, that you have caused by your negligence.

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## IDLENESS

B. F. MACHLAN

"THE devil tempts all men, but idle men tempt the devil."

If time be of all things most precious, wasting time must be of the greatest prodigality.—*Franklin*.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.—*Ruskin*.

It is of no more use to give advice to the idle than to pour water into a sieve; as to improving them, one might as well try to fatten a greyhound.—*John Ploughman*.

The amount of time lost during the school life of some students is astounding; on the other hand, the progress made by others is equally astonishing. Some, because of their propensity to in-

dulge in games, parties, and visiting, find little or no time to prepare their lessons, and, as a consequence, their work is a failure. Others, seizing every opportunity for self-improvement, develop, through their devotion to duty, a courage which knows no defeat. Those of the first class are a burden to society; those of the second, a blessing to humanity.

Idle men are common enough, and grow without planting, but the quantity of wit among seven acres of them would never pay for the raking. Nothing is needed to prove this but their name and their character; if they were not fools, they would not be idlers; and though Solomon says, "The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason," yet in the eyes of every one else his folly is as plain as the sun in the sky.—*John Ploughman*.

Shun the sin of idleness.

# MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM PROFESSOR LACEY

A CHINESE VILLAGE—how can I describe it, the smells, the filth, the pigs, the chickens without feathers, the dogs without hair, the kiddies without clothes, the old people; it is impossible! I will tell you something of the care we must take to avoid sickness here.

First of all, you must drink *not one drop* of un-boiled water. All drinking water is boiled and strained. Then you must avoid flies and mosquitoes as

though they were death plagues, as indeed they are. And so if a fly touches a piece of food, it is thrown away by a careful man; and we sleep under mosquito netting. One mosquito may bring you malaria, and one fly may give you Asiatic cholera. All fruit is dipped in boiling water before it is eaten. This spoils the appearance of apples, pears, grapes, etc., but one is running a risk if he does not do it.

August 24, we went to Nanking, the

southern capital of China. The trains here have three classes: first, excellent; second, good; and third, execrable and unspeakably filthy. We traveled second class. We found ourselves in a good car, open throughout, with seats facing

each other, and a small table between. We were the only white people, all the rest being the better class of Chinese. Nanking is a walled town, wholly Oriental, with a great deal of



beauty about it. There are streets and avenues of trees, grass and vegetation within the walls.

The business section of the city has narrow streets, winding and filthy; but they have some excellent stores. The Chinese store extends far back from the street, and the deeper you go into it the more valuable the goods are. They do not display their best goods in front as the Americans do. The streets are sufficiently wide for two rickshas to pass

with a squeeze.

Our mission is at one corner of the town on an eminence and consists of four or five houses built in American style and really comfortable and well furnished. Brother and Sister Scharfenberg, former W. M. C. students, are here. He is educational secretary of this province. These missionaries are for the most part young people, and though so far from their native lands, they are contented and happy, while working hard at the tasks assigned them.

I spoke in the evening, and the people crowded in from the city until the hall was fairly packed. I spoke through an interpreter about Christ as a Savior from sin. They listened to the end, although about three fourths of the audience were standing. In Nanking is located the Language School where newly arrived missionaries are taught the Chinese tongue before entering upon their work. Three couples will attend this winter. It costs the mission about \$3,000 to give each couple a year's training in the language, including their fare from America.

I am now in Chang-sha, capital of Hunan, in the heart of China. We are in the midst of a union meeting, and are having a good time. This city is about twenty-five centuries old and was a flourishing place in 200 B. C. The streets are paved with great granite slabs, and although only six or eight feet wide in places, are wonderfully clean and fine for a Chinese city. There are many magnificent stores, displaying excellent products in native work, some of which would rival our Woodward & Lothrop's in Washington. We visited the temple of Confucius, five hundred years old.

The mission here comprises two comfortable houses, two stories each, situat-

ed on an island in the midst of the great river running by Chang-sha. We own our own boat, about twenty to twenty-five feet long, and two men row it over, or we sail across, the distance now being about one quarter of a mile. After a time the river dries up somewhat, and the breadth is less, for there is a great stretch of sand on the island. From this the city takes its name Chang-sha, meaning "Longsand." But just now the river is at flood, and the whole place is singularly beautiful—fine mountains in the rear, the country around green and well covered with trees, and this beautiful river.

The city is now under the Southern soldiers, and all are happy. Four or five months ago an army of 20,000 Northern soldiers swept through the district and camped on the hills overlooking the city, terrorizing it. The mission grounds were pretty well ploughed up by shells, but no one was hurt, although a shot hit a post in the veranda of one of the houses while Brother Kuhn was standing nearby. Soldiers are everywhere; the temples, yamens, etc., are filled with troops, but they rarely interfere with foreigners unless they happen to get in the way.

SEPTEMBER 23.

Here we are, on board a Japanese vessel sailing down one of the finest rivers of the world, on one of the most beautiful days you ever saw, and in as comfortable a ship as you could want, en route to Hankow, thence to Nanchang for another union meeting.

OCTOBER 1.

While at Nanchang we received an invitation to take dinner at the home of a Chinese lady, an "inquirer," the wife of a Chinese doctor, which we gladly accepted. We found her home a very

nice one, with good furniture. There was nothing on the floors, however, as that is the Chinese style. Our hostess, a pretty woman of about thirty, welcomed us, smiling and bowing, and we were served to sweetened hot water and roasted water-melon seeds. Then we were invited into the dining-room. The table looked very pretty, with flowers,

individual menu cards, glass, and silver. A seven-course dinner was served European style.

Next time I shall tell you of what I shall always remember as one of the most remarkable answers to prayer that the Lord has ever given me, and it was about a poor little Chinese baby.

### THE PARENTS' HOPE

THAT which spurs the whole world on to greater undertakings is hope. Greater than political, social, or religious ambitions is the hope of parents for their children. The first father and mother known to this world centered their hope of eternal salvation in their eldest son, thinking that through him they, and all the future inhabitants of the earth would be saved.

Hundreds of years later, about the thirty-fourth year of Egyptian bondage, a child was born of slave parents. Just prior to this time the king had issued a decree requiring that all the male children of captives be killed. Under these circumstances the enslaved infant did not have an ordinary chance of life even as a bondman; nevertheless his parents had their hopes fixed on him.

These devoted Hebrew parents believed that God would deliver them from bondage before long, and they concluded that if their son was properly trained perhaps the Lord would use him in the deliverance of his people. With this hope before them Amram and Jochebed took the greatest precaution to protect their child against harm. We are familiar with the story of the child's safe hiding, of the watch-care of his sister, and of how he was found by Pharaoh's daughter, who unknowingly employed the baby's mother for his nurse.

Jochebed's heart was filled with gratitude as she entered upon her happy task, and she faithfully improved her opportunity to educate her child for God. This Hebrew mother felt confident that her son's life had been preserved for some great work, and she knew that he must soon be given up to a royal family to be surrounded with influences that would tend to lead him away from God.

Realizing the circumstances that would soon surround the child, Jochebed endeavored to imbue his mind with the fear of Jehovah, the love of truth, and justice, and earnestly prayed that he might be kept from corrupting influences.

Our mothers of today do not have the time to teach their children as did this Hebrew woman, but we have institutions of learning that are founded on the same principles that were taught to Moses—the fear of God, the love of truth, and justice. The purpose of our parents in having us trained in these institutions is that we may develop characters that will stand the test in the supreme moment of our lives; and if offered a position of honor that demands a sacrifice of the principles for which we stand, that we may choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

## THE GRINDING OF THE GRIST

H. J. DOOLITTLE

AMONG the many impressive sights in the Oriental lands there is one that often greets the traveler; it is the mill the natives use to grind their grain. Without a doubt it is of the same ancient type that was used in the time of Christ, and probably the same scene was often witnessed by him. One is impressed by the massive mill-stones, and the patient beasts toiling in their endless road and at their ceaseless tasks of turning the upper stone. In a slender golden stream the yellow grains go slipping and tumbling to their places beneath the ponderous stone. Held beneath this crushing weight, they slowly struggle forth from between the lips of this all but living mill, changed to a gray white dust. As it falls it is caught by the shelf below where the almond-eyed old miller with his scanty, dusty garment gathered loosely about his loins, follows from time to time in the path of the patient beast, to sweep up this dust. Gathered around the grating, grinding mill are half-clad or naked native people who are silent, and whose faces are hunger marked. Eagerly, they watch the precious dust grow deeper and deeper like the snow on a silent winter night. But when the miller has gathered and sifted it, they noisily plead for a share in the life-sustaining dust, holding out in one hand their dirty square-holed cash, in the other a cracked bowl or broken gourd.

In this waiting group at the mill, the grain, the busy miller, even the old mill itself, is a striking lesson that will better enable us to comprehend the problem of manning the foreign fields with work-

ers. Washington Missionary College through God's blessing upon it has well earned its title of "The Gateway to Service," and very much as the golden grain passes through the mill, so the consecrated youth of our cause pass through the portals of this College into the fields for service. Here for days, weeks, months, sometimes years, under the pressure of study there is worked out a wonderful transformation. As the grain was crushed and separated from its useless husk, so, too, it is the aim of this College, which I have likened to a mill, to break the husk of self and allow that inner struggling heart to become a thing of service to the world.

Note, too, the similarity in that pathetic picture of the hungry throng, waiting for flour around the mill, to that of the great mission fields as they longingly wait for this College to prepare workers. From the distant fields there comes to us but the echo of their solemn prayer, their agonizing call and their earnest pleading for college-trained, spirit-filled workers—men and women capable of mastering difficult Oriental languages, and battling intelligently against subtle philosophies.

In the faithful miller gathering up the flour to sift and distribute to those most needy, is another lesson that may well be applied to the faithful Mission Board as it gathers in the finished products of this College, and sends them in answer to the most urgent calls.

And now, dear college friends, realizing something of the solemn responsi-

*(Continued on page 24)*

# LITERARY DEPARTMENT

## MOTHER

CLAUDE BUSS

THERE is one beloved person  
With whom I long to be;  
And that, of course, is mother,  
She means everything to me.

She's my friend from earliest childhood  
Just the the truest of the true,  
And her, I'll try to honor  
In everything I do.

Many times I think about her  
For me she's worked and prayed;  
So, I will not disappoint her,  
I'll fulfill the plans she's made.

E'en now it seems I see her,  
Tho's she's many miles away;  
Her vision always haunts me,  
I can go where'er I may.

The thought of her's an inspiration  
To be as helpful as I can,  
To do the things which aid me  
To perform a duty here for man.

It shows to me my errors;  
It expresses all her love,  
It's the best of any teachers  
Who speak of God above.

So, I'll be a worker for him,  
In this sin-filled world so drear;  
And I'll be as he would have me,  
And let him use me here.

**FATHER**

MARY SANFORD

WE have all heard that pleasing bit of sentiment, "What is home without a mother?" We observe Mother's Day, and we sing and read praises to mother, and truly all the honor that is ever given to mother is not enough for her. But what about her partner through life, father, who toils on silently, day after day, to provide the necessities and comforts for his loved ones, until his shoulders have become a little bent, perhaps, or the hair around his temples, tinged with gray?

Too often, all the affection and praises are given to mother; and father, true companion that he is, is not envious, but feels, indeed, that nothing can be too good for her.

If the position of the mother in the home is an important one, even so is that of the father. Who would provide all the needs of the family, pay for the pretty dresses or the new shoes, or the beautiful things in the home that mother is complimented for, if it were not father? While mother spends sleepless nights over the bed of a sick child, father puts in longer and heavier hours at his work in order to meet the bills that are forthcoming.

In the home the name of father should be loved and revered as much as that of mother. It is not a name by which to frighten children into obedience, not a name to suggest thoughts of tyranny to their minds. Rather it is one to inspire sons and daughters to do well, and one that means a friend and helper. If it is a name that means justice and retribution to the doer of some misdeed, it is also one which means loving help and kindness over stumblingstones.

The life of the true father, though marred by human mistakes, reflects the life of the Heavenly Father. All the love and care that the Heavenly Father has for his children the earthly father has, in a human degree, toward those who have been intrusted to him. The attributes of the Father above, truthfulness, justice, wisdom, mercy, goodness, and love are seen in the life of the earthly father below.

**MOTHER**

FLOYD WALLECKER

THAT magic word which embodies in our minds everything which is pure and true, that word, which was the first our childish lips ever tried to utter, is still the sweetest which falls from our lips except the name of Jesus.

Through all the years of childish sunshine and shadow, she was always ready to cure by the magic kiss the bruises and hurts which we received in our first battles with the world. The hands may have been dirty, yet mother's kiss healed the bruises and made them well. To her we came with all our childish grief and woes, and she in her calm quiet way, comforted and soothed our ruffled spirits.

Later, when we went out to battle with the world, it was mother who believed in us, trusted us, had faith in us, when we had almost lost faith in ourselves. She it was who encouraged and cheered us when everything looked dark around us. Her strong faith in God and in us turned our feet again in the narrow way, when they had well nigh slipped.

She is not young now, her face has more wrinkles than it once had, but

*(Continued on page 17)*

# COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

## OUR COLLEGE SPIRIT

HAROLD B. HANNUM

ONE of the first phrases that the new student hears on coming to Washington Missionary College is "college spirit." He hears this in connection with the Students' Association, and the activities of the school. It makes an impression upon him, and he desires to know what real college spirit means, and how he can foster it, if it is worth his while. It is perfectly proper and right that he should feel this way.

Some one has defined college spirit to mean a spirit of loyalty to the school, and an active interest in its welfare. This may be very true, but what does that embrace here in Washington Missionary College? Practically every educational institution in the land seeks to foster a loyal spirit among its students. The term that is applied to this in civil life is "patriotism." Should the students of this College think of their spirit as merely loyalty to the school in a superficial way, or should they think of it in a broader sense?

Our College was established for the purpose of training workers for the great mission fields, both home and foreign. It stands as a "Gateway to Service" through which men and women pass to answer the call of sin-sick souls in every part of the great harvest field. It stands for a world-wide vision of a task to be accomplished and a noble

effort to finish that task. Washington Missionary College is a sacred institution, ordained by God to be a mighty factor in giving the gospel of the kingdom to all the world. In view of this great responsibility, what should college spirit mean to us? First of all it means loyalty to God. In an institution of this kind, the student cannot have the right spirit without being loyal to God. He who is false to God will not be true to his fellow student. But he who honors his God will honor his school. This is one great fundamental principle of this College.

The next great principle for which this institution stands is loyalty to humanity. This means to love your neighbor as yourself. Under this topic comes the aim of the school—that of training workers for God. It includes a world-wide vision of the fields that are ready for harvest, and waiting for the reapers. The student who has the real college spirit will catch a glimpse of this great task, and will determine in his heart to prepare for some part in the work of God. That does not mean necessarily that he will strive to be one of high authority in the work, but that he will strive to be an effective soul-winner. He will see a world in need of his help and the help of many others. With this vision what will hinder him

from becoming a Daniel or Paul in this last movement to warn the world of its doom?

College spirit then, as we understand it, in this Seventh-day Adventist institution, means a devotion to the spreading of the gospel message to all the world. But before the objective is reached, a period of preparation must elapse. For the student, his college life is that period of preparation. It is during this period that he is tried and tested, and his attitude toward the activities of the school determines his attitude toward the work in which he will later engage. A spirit of criticism and fault-

finding is an index to what may be expected of him when he enters his life work. In general his entire student life is a guide to the kind of worker he will be in the cause of God.

We may rightly conclude that college spirit means a spirit of consecration and loyalty to God, and a spirit of earnest endeavor to gain the best preparation possible for the work of God. With this spirit prevailing the College will always be a sacred place in the lives of the students, and the name of W. M. C. will stand for that which is the highest and noblest in the world.

## CHRISTIAN SCHOLARSHIP

JULIAN GANT

IN the past God has wonderfully used many men who have had little or no training. Persons from lowly walks of life have accomplished a great work. These facts have led some to place a low estimate on the value of learning, especially the type of training gained in institutions of higher learning. While it is true that much has been accomplished by men of little education, how much more might they have done had they had the advantage of better training!

As we review the pages of history, it will be noticed that the greatest per cent of the characters who have influenced human thought, have been men who have had much institutional training. Luther and Melancthon were men who had acquired the highest education of their time. The same may be said of John Wesley and many of the other great reformers.

They were well able to meet their opponents.

There is no one who can gain the attention of the people like the man who *knows*. By the knowledge that God gave him, Joseph *knew* the interpretation of the king's vision. By this knowledge he was not only able to reach the king, but he became a man of great influence and authority in all the kingdom. He could never have induced the king to act according to his word unless there had been behind his words a firm conviction of absolute truthfulness. The same is true of Moses and Daniel. Their words were heeded because they spoke with the knowledge of absolute certainty. One may be sure of a hearing only as he speaks the thing which he knows.

All wisdom and learning is not obtained by attending educational insti-

tutions, neither is the man with many degrees the incarnation of wisdom. Nevertheless, true as this may be, these institutions have their function. Every student who is blessed with the privilege of attending should make the very best of the opportunity. Higher education is not a thing to be afraid of or avoid, but rather it should be aimed at and attained. In seeking this high type of mental training there is one thing that must be guarded. There must be a firm foundation. Christ is the only true rock on which to build. Evil influences are subtle and difficult to detect. Especially is this true when men attain to a high mental development, and depend upon their own ability apart from divine guidance.

As true followers of Christ we should see that we come behind in no way. How much broader and higher

should our training be than the training gained outside of a christian institution. Every valuable source that is available to the world is also at our command. In addition we have the firm foundation and perfect guide to direct all effort in the right channel. These things are lacking in systems apart from Christ. Surely there are great possibilities before the Christian student!

The cry of this age is for "efficiency." When there is a world to be evangelized, should any class of persons be more efficient than true Christians? Shall we be satisfied with any thing less than the best that the human mind combined with divine guidance can produce? By earnest effort and faithful prayer, we must reach a high standard of Christian scholarship.

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## DOES IT PAY?

S. ELLEN KLOSE.

THE education of the boys and girls is a question which has always been dear to the heart of every loyal Seventh-day Adventist. One reason is because our schools did not spring up automatically, but have been the outcome of prayer, hard work, and sacrifice. During the time of the 1844 movement, those who were looking for the advent of Christ had taken their children out of the public schools, and for some time the children had no intellectual training. But after a few years they began to see the need of educating them.

The principal cause leading to the founding of our schools was the great need felt by the Seventh-day Adventist

parents as they saw their children going out into the world in spite of the early home training. It was a work of preservation.

Our schools had a small beginning, but the founders of them were inspired by the Founder of true education, and the seed planted then has grown until now it has filled nearly the whole earth. These schools owe their beginning to men who had a clear vision of the need, and who were willing to push the work. Many of the schools were started under adverse circumstances, being held in basements of churches, kitchens, etc. Means and facilities were needed. They had prac-

*(Continued on page 20)*

# THE SLIGONIAN

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How many times each day we are made to feel keenly the love of our parents! Their sacrifice is unstinted. Do we appreciate their love and sacrifice? How many times now do we feel, and how often in the future shall we realize the benefits received from our school! But are we fully awake to all she is doing for us? She is our alma mater, our fostering mother.

She fosters a spirit of consecration and deep spirituality. The teachers are Christians, and the students are pressing forward in the Christian way. W. M. C. fosters learning—Christian learning. She maintains high standards of scholarship. Her aim is to give such

knowledge, as will best fit her children for service to mankind.

A spirit of missionary activity is possessed by the school. Many of W. M. C.'s children are looking forward to the foreign field. These are beginning their work at home. A spirit of loyalty—loyalty to God, to our alma mater, to our fathers and mothers, and to ourselves—is emphasized. The school fosters these elements in the Freshman and sends them forth with the Alumnus. Her work is progressive.

W. M. C. functions not alone as a promulgator of religion and education. It is a mother. As a true mother, she shields her children from the world.

She endeavors to keep from her children all worldly influences. Perhaps it is she who first teaches a son or daughter about the true love of God. She helps her children in their trials; she comforts them in sorrow; she reproves in error.

High ideals for the Christian, the student, the worker, are set before her children. The time comes when some of them must go out and live these ideals before the world and inspire others to the same ideals. They go to all parts of the world. With joy and satisfaction, yet with sadness our alma mater sends them forth.

As we can never repay the debt we owe our fathers and mother, so can we never compensate our school for what she does for us. The least we can do is to give her our love, loyalty, and admiration. As her sons and daughters, we must be willing to sacrifice for her. We must guard her name. And above all, we must live up to the high standards she has placed before us, now and always.

R. W.

It is a familiar story that we have heard from childhood, yet each time we recall it, there is the same stirring appeal.

A group of young men were gathered about the street corner. A little, bent, old lady comes up and stops on the curb not daring to cross the busy street crowded with vehicles passing to and fro. Only an instant she waits and one of the young men stepping out from the group offers his assistance. Supporting her with his strong arm, he guides her safely past the danger. Upon rejoining his companions he explains simply, "Boys, she's somebody's mother."

Somebody's mother, ah, yes, and perhaps forgotten by a son for whom she has suffered and toiled. Mother—embodiment of all that is loving and self-sacrificing—shall we forget her when we have reached man's estate? Rather should we have greater reverence for mother. Let us seek to brighten the life of one who has done so much for us. It is not gold or an abundance of things that she wants, but a bit of loving thoughtfulness, a good report—just to know that we are striving manfully at our daily tasks. And be ready to show an act of courtesy to the lady you meet on the street; she may be somebody's mother.

L. S.

## MOTHER

*(Continued from page 12)*

when we are sick, her face is as the face of an angel to us. One of these days she may leave us, but while we have her with us why not make her life as bright as possible? Let us not neglect to tell her how much we love her, how much we appreciate her. Her hands are rough with toil, she has always done so much for us. Let us not fail to show her by every means within our reach that we love her still.

When away from her as we are now, let us not forget that she is at home praying for us. Let us remember how anxious she is to hear from us, to know of our successes, to know of our failures as well. So let us write often, for she watches the mail daily, hoping for a letter from the dear one so far away.

Without mother home would be a dreary place, indeed. Abraham Lincoln felt that all he was he owed to his mother, and most of us feel the same way. All honor to our mothers.

# ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

## PARENT'S VIEWPOINT

BY AN ALUMNUS

OUR Alumni Editor tells me that I am the sole representative of a special variety of the alumni species. He may be right, but you must take his word for it; I haven't investigated. In any case, however, I yielded the point in our little argument and promised to write from the viewpoint of a highly specialized individual. On the faculty of one of our academies I have a son who is also a W. M. C. alumnus, and that is the basis of our good editor's argument—an alumnus parent with an alumnus son.

Do I believe in our colleges? Yes, I believed in and patronized them years ago, and I believe in and patronize them today. No one claims they are perfect in all their functioning, much less those who carry the heaviest burdens in conducting and maintaining them; but in the light of twenty-five years' experience I have no hesitancy in defending the proposition that they have accomplished wonders for our youth, and for this message we love.

As a parent writing to parents, let me present three reasons why I believe in our colleges. First, I believe in them because I believe in the "safety-first" principle. It was James Russel Lowell, I think, who once made a statement to this effect: "Show me ten square miles of the earth's surface where the prin-

ciples of Christianity have not penetrated, and I will show you a place unfit for a decent man to live and bring up his family." No Christian will challenge the truthfulness of his remark.

As for our basic principle, love; we may bemoan its lack, as we often do; but after all, measured by results, will we find more in other colleges? Where do their graduates go and for what purpose? Ours go to the ends of the earth to save souls. Why? Is it not that the love of Christ constrains them?

As for our objective, I should much prefer to have my boy's mind directed to God in his study of the sciences, than to have his mind directed to a philosophy which informs him there is no God, and to a science which teaches him that life spontaneously originated in a low form of matter, which passed into higher forms by a constant succession of transmutation of species, until at length mankind was reached. In theory this kind has an upward look, but in practice it debases and degenerates. It was tried out and fully tested in Germany and reached its complete fruitage some four years ago. Let those who believe in the results of high criticism and evolution judge. "For their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." Deut. 32:31. No, I do not

like such objective results. As a parent I prefer the brand "Made in the Schools of the Prophets," to that of "Made in Germany."

As for development of individuality, etc., I think there may be need of improvement, but our achievements here are not to be despised. If any one does not think it requires some individuality, some power to think and act for himself ing vacation and earns a scholarship, let him take a book and try it out. Moreover, some of our students seem to be able to think for themselves when talented and powerful influences would lead them away from the basic principles of our message. It recognizes two all-important factors in education—the saving, uplifting character of Christianity and the powerful influence of a non-Christian environment even upon a decent man and his family.

Let us paraphrase Lowell's statement and fit it into our own time and needs. Show me a college where the Bible and God's special message for this time is not taught, and I will show you a college unfit for a conscientious Seventh-day Adventist parent to send his child. There are many such schools, but the Lord has definitely told us to keep our children away from them.

Second, I believe in our colleges because of their high ideals of education. What higher ideal can a Christian parent desire to have placed before his child than that ideal education which has for its basis the love of God; for its object to direct the student's mind to God's revelation of himself in the great volume of his created works and in the Scriptures; for its work, to develop that which nature and nature's God has endowed us with, "individuality, power to think and to do"—to train our youth to

be thinkers not reflectors of other men's thought; for its goal, the preaching of the gospel of the kingdom in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and for its glorious fruitage, the winning of precious souls? And he only who wins souls is truly wise. Such are our college ideals. We hear them in chapel and classroom. Do you know of any better basis, object, work, goal and fruitage for an educational ideal?

Third, I believe in our colleges because of their achievements in reaching up toward these high ideals. Not as though they have already attained, either were already perfect; but they follow after, if that they may lay hold of that for which Christ has established and maintained them.

Let us be glad for what we have in this respect and pray for men, for more will be needed.

Men like Elijah sore are needed now  
 To heed God's voice and mock the  
 God's of Baal,  
 To stand alone, though all the world goes  
 wrong;  
 To know, with God, there's no such  
 word as "fail";  
 Men who have substance, tissue, brawn  
 and bone—  
 Not the mere shadows cast by others  
 tall,  
 Nor echoes caught by cliff or ruin old,  
 But men of strength to stand, though  
 heavens fall.

And now in conclusion what shall we say of our achievements in goal results and fruitage. Some years ago I looked up the graduates from one of our colleges and found that less than one in twenty had apostatized and the great majority were in various lands actively engaged in the work of this message.

Let us not forget in this connection that after a complete course in the perfect school of the Great Teacher, one in twelve apostatized.

The dean of our school informs me that since the establishment of W. M. C. nearly three hundred students have found their way to other lands, there to proclaim the gospel of the kingdom and reap the fields white unto harvest.

Yes, I like the Safety Plan  
When it comes to education;  
And I like our high ideals  
For our work and avocation,  
And I think results proclaim  
We should keep a steady aim,  
Never mind earth's wind and rain  
Till we reach hope's consumation.

### DOES IT PAY?

*(Continued from page 15)*

tically nothing with which to begin, but they possessed something far greater— hearts filled with love for their children, and willing hands to work. These schools met a great need, and men were willing to get under the load and lift.

Money was raised through sacrifice. It has been so all along the way from the founders to the present time. Hard-working men and women who have taken a great interest in our young people, teachers who have given their strength, and students who were willing to undergo hardships, have all had a part in the establishment of our schools. As a result of this early sacrifice many of the men on our General Conference Committee are men who were students at Battle Creek College.

God has greatly blessed the efforts put

forth in establishing and maintaining our Christian schools. Though the educational work had a small beginning, it is growing to such an extent that it is difficult to get a report up to date. There is no feature in the denominational work that has received so much attention and sacrifice as that of educating our young people. In them lie the hopes of the future, a source from which to draw to answer the many calls. The hardships are not thought of, the sacrifices are forgotten in preparing young people for the service of God. Parents, or even friends, consider it a great privilege to educate a boy or girl. They see not the sacrifice, but the son or the daughter out on the firing line in a mission field battling for God, or helping some other young man or young woman who is struggling for a Christian education.

God has a place for every young man or woman. He can use every one; in fact, he is counting on them. Young man, young woman, can you say: "Well, I don't know why I am here at W. M. C.; I tried to please father and mother, and so I came; I know they are working hard to keep me here"? That isn't enough. God has called you here for a purpose, find out what he has for you to do, and then get to work.

We as young people owe a deep appreciation to the pioneers, who through their consecration established Christian schools; we owe much gratitude to our parents whose one desire is to see us become noble young men and women; the greatest appreciation, however, is due to God who has called us to W. M. C. and is giving us the privilege of becoming co-workers with him. Are we accepting all the opportunities offered us to receive a Christian education?

## NEWS ITEMS

EDYTHE DETWILER

"OH, it sets my heart a clickin'  
Like the tickin' of a clock  
When the frost is on the pumpkin  
And the fodder's in the shock."

The reddened leaves of autumn were strewn on the floor, and the stately cornstalks encircled the tall pillars of the gymnasium when the members of the Students' Association gathered to spend a social evening, October 31.

After grinning pumpkins had found their mates in handsome black cats, Mr. Walter Place with a sweeping bow opened the exercise by a short address of welcome.

The program showed careful forethought and preparation. Historical pantomimes, a solo by Professor Osborne, a piano duet, "Autumn," by two of the girls, and an Indian song by Miss Douglass accompanied by a violin obligato, were very much enjoyed. Mr. Piper astonished all by his wonderful skill in extracting music from a carpet broom.

Apple-ducking, potato races, and other interesting games were enjoyed by all. A five-cracker race was won by Mr. Parrish.

To close the evening a march was played, and as the ranks filed up the middle aisle for the last time, Miss Bloom and Mr. Carter magically separated the pumpkins from the black cats, and they stole quietly to their accustomed haunts.

W. L. PLACE

THE opening number of the College Lecture Course was given in the chapel on Sunday evening, October 31, when Dr. Adam Geibel, the noted blind pianist and composer lectured on the "Story of My Life."

Dr. Geibel, who was here three years ago, was warmly received by both the older and younger members of the student body and faculty. He is a great friend of the College, and his visits are always a pleasure.

His lecture was concerning his life as a musician. He told how he was born in Frankfort, Germany, of very poor parents, and through the mistake in a physician's prescription was blinded when but three months old. At seven years of age his father moved his family to America. A few years later he was placed in a school for the blind in Philadelphia. It was here that his talent as a musician was discovered. He was given the best training possible by the Pennsylvania State Board of Education, and in due time he was graduated with honor from this school.

Dr. Geibel then began teaching music, and taught for seventeen years in the school for the blind at Philadelphia. But he is now best known throughout the world as a composer and pipe organist. Besides writing many piano pieces, he has written scores of hymns and other songs. For thirty-five years he has done pipe organ work in various churches and

institutions. At present he plays in the auditorium of the Stetson Hat Stores of Philadelphia.

Dr. Geibel's keen perception of pitch is very remarkable. He demonstrated this by having Professor Osborne play chords on the piano, while he named them as rapidly as they were played. He also asked any one in the audience to give the words of a hymn and the key in which he wished it to be played. He then composed the four parts as Professor Osborne wrote them down. After this he sang the new hymn and taught the audience to sing it. He named it "Osborne" in honor of Professor Osborne.

Dr. Geibel loves young people, and lectures especially for them. His visits here will always be remembered by those who heard him.

IF any one had peeped into the dining-room on Wednesday night, November 10, he would have thought he had dropped into the slums of New York. "Tackey" was the word, and the dormitory girls did their best to spell it, dressed in old garments, with their hair combed in various odd styles. Peals of laughter rang out, for each one seemed funnier than her neighbor.

The tables were pushed back, and in the corner was a blazing wood fire—the kind we used to have at home. While drawing up the juice of lemons through all-day suckers, the game of twisting the plate was played. But when marshmallows and sticks were brought upon the scene, a rush was made for the fireplace, each one eager to get her marshmallows browned. Laughter, fun, and music were plentiful, and everybody was as happy as could be, when to the sorrow of all the hour 10:30 was announced by the preceptress, and the party was dismissed.

HATTIE COUCH, of South Hall, spent the week-end of October 23, visiting Florence King, of Cottage Park, Va.

THE third meeting of the Music and Oratory Society was held on Saturday night, November 13 at 6:45, there being a good attendance of members and a few visitors. After some moments devoted to business, the program for the evening was rendered.

Before Miss Derby opened with Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in C minor," Professor Osborne described Russian music to us, and pointed out the structure of this particular piece. Mr. Parrish then sang "Had a Horse," in which the poet consoles himself by comparing the insignificance of his personal losses—those of a horse, a house, and a sweetheart—to the loss of a national liberty at "Mohacs' Field." Many other interesting selections were rendered, and the members feel that they are really getting something out of their Musical and Oratory Society.

THE boys of North Hall believe that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and not desiring to be dull they decided to cut the study period short for one night during the six weeks' period, and devote a part of the evening to a real "old-fashioned, good time." Tuesday evening, November 2, was chosen and after studying hard until 9 o'clock, all gathered in the assembly room, which was well decorated with corn shocks, pumpkins, and other farm products which gave it the appearance of being "way down on the farm." After a very interesting program consisting of music, readings, and games, the cider barrel was tapped, and a big box of sandwiches was placed in the center of the room and the boys were told to help themselves to sweet cider and sandwiches. Did they do it? Just ask some of those who were sick the next day.

ELDER E. E. ANDROSS gave a very interesting stereopticon lecture on the Philippines, Sunday night, November 13. He showed a beautiful tropical land in which the average temperature for the year is 82 degrees. The people are very kind and intelligent, though they have been downtrodden by the Catholics. Some very pitiful pictures were shown of men doing penance until the blood rushed down their backs. In the mountain districts the natives are quite savage, but in the valleys and cities there is an excellent civilization.

It is a bit surprising, upon returning to one's Alma Mater after an absence of several years in Japan, to be introduced to the students in chapel by a Japanese student. Such, however, was the case November 8, when Mr. Kamoda introduced to us Elder Hoffman, who has charge of the work in Japan. All listened very attentively as Miss Kamoda read the twenty-third Psalm in the Japanese language, and Mr. Hoffman held the interest of every student as he told of the progress of the work in Japan. He was glad to learn that the Japan study group is the largest in the school, and will be glad to welcome the members of this band in Japan in the next few years.

"FRIENDSHIP" was the topic of the Y. P. M. V. Society, November 13. Mrs. E. E. Andross gave a very interesting talk on the different kinds of friends one may have, and the benefit which may be received by being a true friend. The friendships formed in college are of inestimable value to one as he travels through life. The roll was called, and every member was given the opportunity of answering with a verse on friendship. The membership of the society is constantly growing, and the young people greatly enjoy the interesting programs given from week to week.

"SURPRISE! Surprise!" rang out from the group of merry girls, assembled in South Hall parlor as Miss Beulah Walleker came in, in answer to Mrs. Quantock's announcement that a girl friend was waiting to see her in the parlor. The friend proved to be a number of friends seated on the floor around a large birthday cake lighted with candles. Refreshments were served, and Miss Alback gave a very humorous reading. After a piano solo by Miss Brill and a ukelele solo by Miss Woolly, games were played. All too soon the time came when Mrs. Quantock called "Bed time, girls," and we were rushed off to bed.

PROF. OTTO SCHUBERTH, instructor in foreign languages, has been ill for some time from nervous trouble. Mrs. J. A. Guild has been teaching his classes during his illness.

NOVEMBER 12 during chapel period the wonders of Gregg shorthand were demonstrated to the students by Mr. Harold Smith. He wrote as fast as 274 words a minute on court proceedings matter. After writing a business letter upside down in shorthand, he wrote it off on the typewriter, much to the interest of those present. That which attracted the most attention and called forth much applause from the student body was when Mr. Smith demonstrated how some rookies write on the typewriter by whistling a tune and keeping time on the typewriter to the music.

MISS WALTHER, who recently resigned her position as College registrar, left for her home in Baltimore on November 15. Miss Walther's health has not been very good, and she will now take a much-needed rest.

In appreciation of her kindness and good company, the members of her table in the dining-room held a farewell party for her at dinner time, November 15. After the dinner Miss Walleker, the hostess, presented a beautiful leather-bound snap-shot album to Miss Walther as a token of sincere friendship.

On Sunday, November 7, two picked girls' basketball teams had their opening game of the season. The 8:30 gymnasium class playing against the 5 o'clock class. The game proved to be full of excitement for the many spectators, and when the signal was given at the close of the second half the score was 5 to 2 in favor of the 8:30 class. The girls played nobly, each player sticking to her post. Although the 5 o'clock class lost this time, yet from the practice which they have been putting in, it looks as though the 8:30 class will have to "go some" to get such a score again.

MRS. GEORGE HARDING visited her son, George, at the college the week-end of November 12. George enjoyed seeing his mother very much and also his youngest brother, Charles, who spent one night with his big brother in the College dormitory.

"SPELLING today" was the general word of greeting in chapel, Monday morning, November 14, for that was the dread day set apart for a spelling examination. The students occupied alternate seats in the chapel, and this required the use of the vestries. The vacant seats between students gave all room to think. Professors Salisbury, Werline, and Smith were in charge, and the students heaved long sighs as the 100 fatal words were given out. Some made a hundred per cent, but the majority will have to "try, try again."

THE Ministerial Band believes in putting into practice that which they learn, so they have organized into different groups which go to Georgetown, and Capitol Hill church every Sunday night, where religious services are carried on. The different members of this band thus gain a good experience in preaching while attending college and hope to win many souls by their efforts.

THE first meeting of the Colporteur's Band was held Friday night, November 12. An enthusiastic group they were, too. It looks as if there would be a large number of colporteurs going out from W. M. C. next summer.

MISS SADIE ROGERS is recovering very rapidly from her operation at the Sanitarium. We are sure she will receive a hearty welcome from the South Hall girls upon her return.

H. J. DOOLITTLE, a returned missionary from China, and student at W. M. C., was called to his home in Ohio, on account of the serious illness of his wife. We are glad she is better, and that he has returned to school.

W. M. C. first football team found a good obstacle in its encounter with the Second team. The Second team boys put up a real battle, but were defeated, 14 to 0. Superior line play was responsible for the victory.

AND still they come! Miss Loreene Seigle is the most recent member of the happy South Hall group.

ANOTHER silverware banquet! November 18, 7 o'clock p. m., the Review and Herald silverware fund committee gave another banquet in the cafeteria. We all agreed that the more they come the better they get, for from the first to the last course everything was simply delicious! Elder Palmer, with his characteristic humor, gave an interesting toast, and was responded to by Mr. Reavis. All those present were interested in the little talk given by Elder Daniells. A vocal solo by Miss Mildred Corder, a piano solo by Irene Salshaw, and recitations by Miss Halley and Mrs. Paulson were greatly enjoyed by all, and it seemed that 9 o'clock came all too soon.

MR. VIRLE NEALL left the Review and Herald November 4 for South Bend, Indiana, where he will take up work with the branch of the Review and Herald situated in that place. We all miss Virle's smiling face at the Review, but hope he likes it at South Bend.

MR. ELDEN GREEN and his wife arrived November 17. Mr. Green is to be assistant manager in the Book Department. We welcome these newcomers.

MR. E. L. RICHMOND, superintendent of the Review and Herald, left November 18 for Oshawa, Ontario, to look after the work there.

## THE GRINDING OF THE GRIST

*(Continued from page 10)*

bility which rests upon Washington Missionary College in its relation to the cause of God in the needy fields abroad, let us strive to fulfill the hopes of the Mission Board and of the multitudes in the foreign fields who are awaiting our help. And with this, let us not forget the sacrifice our parents have made to send us here, nor that greater sacrifice of placing us on the altar for the mission field, if God so calls.

## Permit This Suggestion

- The Sligonian for a Christmas Present
- The Sligonian for a New Year's Gift
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- The Sligonian for W. M. C. Life
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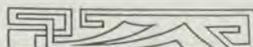
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A minimum of ten grades is required and to any interested in taking the Nurse's Course not having ten grades, we wish to state that the Sanitarium is conducting a preparatory course enabling those short in requirements to make up the necessary work. It would be necessary to send in your application at once to enter either the regular training course or the preparatory course which begins June 1, 1921.

To all interested in nursing send for our catalogue and further information about this school. Address

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## What Is Air?

**B**EFORE 1894 every chemist thought he knew what air is. "A mechanical mixture of moisture, nitrogen and oxygen, with traces of hydrogen and carbon dioxide," he would explain. There was so much oxygen and nitrogen in a given sample that he simply determined the amount of oxygen present and assumed the rest to be nitrogen.

One Great English Chemist, Lord Rayleigh, found that the nitrogen obtained from the air was never so pure as that obtained from some compound like ammonia. What was the "impurity"? In co-operation with another prominent chemist, Sir William Ramsay, it was discovered in an entirely new gas—"argon." Later came the discovery of other rare gases in the atmosphere. The air we breathe contains about a dozen gases and gaseous compounds.

This study of the air is an example of research in pure science. Rayleigh and Ramsay had no practical end in view—merely the discovery of new facts.

A few years ago the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company began to study the destruction of filaments in exhausted lamps in order to ascertain how this happened. It was a purely scientific undertaking. It was found that the filament evaporated—boiled away, like so much water.

Pressure will check boiling or evaporation. If the pressure within a boiler is very high, it will take more heat than ordinarily to boil the water. Would a gas under pressure prevent filaments from boiling away? If so, what gas? It must be a gas that will not combine chemically with the filament. The filament would burn in oxygen; hydrogen would conduct the heat away too rapidly. Nitrogen is a useful gas in this case. It does form a few compounds, however. Better still is *argon*. It forms no compounds at all.

Thus the modern, efficient, gas-filled lamp appeared, and so argon, which seemed the most useless gas in the world, found a practical application.

Discover new facts and their practical application will take care of itself.

And the discovery of new facts is the primary purpose of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

Sometimes years must elapse before the practical application of a discovery becomes apparent, as in the case of argon; sometimes a practical application follows from the mere answering of a "theoretical" question, as in the case of a gas-filled lamp. But no substantial progress can be made unless research is conducted for the purpose of discovering new facts.

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