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**SLIGONIAN**



**MARCH - 1924**



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# THE SLIGONIAN

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## THE EDITOR'S PAGE

C. P. Malick, Editor-in-chief

James Leland, Associate Editor

# A Debating Team

A FEW years back a small eastern college suddenly sprang into the limelight of intercollegiate activities when its debating team, composed chiefly of young men who were working their way through college, surprised the college world by defeating some ten or more of the leading American universities in debate. Among them was Harvard, which hitherto had been a champion. The little college then challenged the mighty Oxford to a debate, much to the amusement of the latter. The alumni society raised money enough to send the American team to England. It came back with victory; since then the English team has made a special visit to this country in a return challenge to the plucky little team.

These phenomenal victories led to an investigation of the method of instruction that the team had received. It was found that the boys were not classed among the prodigies, but that the instructor of the department had employed three tactics based on psychological principles that in themselves compelled victory. They were: (1) that the boys before going on the platform should saturate themselves with their subject to such an extent that there would not be a single point *pro* or *con* with which they were not thoroughly familiar; (2) that they should use only plain homely Anglo-Saxon words in their most

forceful arrangement, (this was an unusual departure in debating); and (3) that they should have one or two slogans expressing their chief point of argument, and by coupling this catch-phrase with every point made, it became so forceful by repetition that when the debate was over the high sounding eloquence of the opponents was forgotten in the direct forcefulness of the appeal made by the slogan.

This is the story of Bates College in Lewiston, Maine.

There is no reason why a debating team would not be a valuable addition to the activities of W. M. C. and would be a focus for school spirit which the school needs. Think it over; and when the officers of the Students Association start something along these lines, back it up. And if the officers do not start it, demand it of them.

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### LET GEORGE DO IT

Did you ever hear this?

The Exodus had its Moses; the Reformation, its Luther; the French Revolution, its Robespierre and Danton; the American Revolution, its Henry Clay, its Washington and its Hancock; in short, every movement of advancement has had a leading figure to influence and guide it. In each case the need brought forth the

man, who directed the spirit that was the cause of bringing him to prominence. The same is true in the sphere of documents and constitutions. Thirteenth century England had its Magna Charta, and seventeenth century England its Bill of Rights; and this was for no other reason than that the people rebelled at existing conditions. These documents were the outgrowth of a feeling of discontent that had been brewing for centuries.

That is the point.

Why did the entire body of students so emphatically and unanimously register a desire to "bury" the constitution only a short time ago? The constitution as it then stood was worthless, and valuable time was wasted every week in going over the formalities of a system that produced no apparent results.

To better social conditions, to provide a means of building up the body physically is nothing more than an inductive method of improving spiritually the individual and the school. If this is the purpose of the new constitution why not back it to the limit? This means individual initiative, and nothing short of that. It means that YOU have a job to do. There are too many in the world who carry around the old idea of "Let George do it." If YOU want to see this college have a debating society, a literary club, or a more progressive form of athletics and physical culture, *talk* about it to every one you meet; and remember that YOUR enthusiasm will boost such activities a great way.

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A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish air.  
—*Shakespeare in "Hamlet."*

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"You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the wheat from the chaff by thinking."

## HOW ABOUT THE SLIGONIAN?

"When is the February number of the SLIGONIAN coming out?"

"Say, when am I going to get the SLIGONIAN?"

Fortunately such questions as these have not impelled public opinion to the point of action; otherwise, "the Staff" would not get out of the hospital in time to edit the March issue.

Pat yourself on the back that you are now, however, reading the answer to your question. And had it been in our power to do so you would have received it long before.

Before criticising too severely, remember that the new board is always elected in mid-year, and is not given power to act until it is too late to issue its first number during the month in which it is elected. Consequently, we have been forced to combine the February and March issues, and will make up for the loss by publishing a special Summer Number, after school has closed.

This is not an apology, but a plea, for the Staff which shall be elected next January. According to the Constitution, the Staff is to take up its duties at the beginning of the second semester. Why not insert also a clause, causing the elections to be made a few weeks early; in this way giving the new Staff ample time to become acclimated, and to lay plans for the management of its new duties? EDITOR.

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Neither a borrower nor a lender be:  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all: to thine own self be true  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—*Shakespeare in "Hamlet."*

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

# The Private Life of George Washington

DE FOREST STONE

AMERICA is always rich in fitting voices to commemorate the virtues and services of her illustrious citizens. And in every strain of affectionate admiration and thoughtful discrimination, the men in Congress, the pulpit, and the press, who saw the glory of his prime—the younger generations which cherish the tradition of his devoted life—have spoken the praise of George Washington. But here at the city he founded, we think it just that the great work of his life was not local or limited; that it was as large as liberty and as broad as humanity, and that his name, therefore, is not the treasure of a nation only, but a universal possession. Some instances in his private life afford an understanding of the reason why his public services were so singularly successful.

George Washington's early education, conducted by a private tutor under the direction of his father, was such as favored the production of an athletic and vigorous body, and the formation of a correct and solid mind. Inhaling pure mountain air, accustomed to the healthful occupations of rural life, and the manly toils of the chase, his limbs expanded to an unusual, robust, but well proportioned and graceful size, adapted to endure the fatigues of his future life, and to sustain the active energy of his noble soul.

At the age of fifteen he decided to become a midshipman on a British man of war. His baggage was prepared for the journey, but his mother's sorrow caused the plan to be abandoned. Thus we cannot consider that he would have been the man in the place he was if it hadn't been for his mother.

General Washington was not less distinguished as a farmer, than as a warrior and a statesman. He undertook everything on a large scale, proportioned to his great and comprehensive mind; and his exact and exemplary method in transacting all his business, enabled him to accomplish more, and in a more perfect and advantageous manner, than perhaps any other man of the age.

Every Saturday afternoon he was accustomed to receive reports from his overseers, even during his command of our armies, and his Presidency of the United States, and the results were kept in books. Order and economy were established in all departments in and out of doors.

Agriculture was his favorite employment, and he pursued it in a manner worthy of himself. One great object which he ever kept in view, was to introduce or augment the culture of those articles which he conceived would be the

*(Continued on Page 22)*

# Abraham Lincoln

Given in Chapel February 12, 1924

W. C. LOVELESS

**I**N our "hero worship" we are prone to forget those humbler days of Abraham Lincoln, when he was building into his character the very fundamentals that have caused his name to be an immortal word on the lips of the American people.

It is not my aim to present a critical story of the life of this dead hero, but a simple story—just a common man who knew the struggles and achievements that are gained from an education in the university of hard knocks.

Many of the admirers and lovers of Lincoln hardly realize that he was born into this world as other squawking, howling infants, with the same temptations that befall all who are born mortal: in this world where men are "shaking up or rattling down."

Another fact that startles the adherers of Lincoln, is to know that he was not born a leader of men. He was sent into this world unfurnished with that modulating and restraining balance wheel, which we call a sense of humor.

We are ready to fall back in amazement when we hear the words falling from the lips of a true American, that such a man made failures or mistakes. Well, that is just what happened to him. In 1831 we find "Abe" starting a little old one-horse store in a backwoods town of Indiana, with a drunkard and a whisky sot for a partner. While we have no doubt, in our minds, but what "Abe" was a total abstainer from all strong drink, nevertheless, we have these unexplainable facts from history. It gives us a little glimpse of Lincoln's great strength to know he hoisted a whisky barrel of considerable contents

to his knees, and in a squatting position, drank from the bunghole. Naturally we are inclined to believe it was only water in the barrel.

The thing that has caused the very name of Lincoln to be enthroned in the hearts and affections of the American people was his love for honesty and justice. He was able to project himself with a mighty force and fling the weight of his whole being into his work, ever gathering strength and courage from his failures and mistakes.

If Lincoln was not inspired of God, then neither were Luther, Wesley or Huss. If Lincoln was not inspired by God, then there is no such thing on earth as special providence or the interposition of divine power in the affairs of men. He ascended the mount where he could see the fair fields and the weighted vineyards of the "promised land," but, like the leader of Israel, he was not permitted to come to the possession of it.

*(Continued on Page 21)*

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His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.—*Emerson.*

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THE best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman.—*Swift.*

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"If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him."

---

THE only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one.—*Emerson.*

# What is Success?

H. A. MUNSON.

**S**UCCESS is a wonderful and desirable accomplishment. It is the successful termination of some enterprise. Every ambitious man or woman, in some part of his or her life, falls victim to its alluring call, and the results may be either good or bad for the individual or community or the nation.

We all have our opinion of what a successful man is today. Some have noble ideas of success, but the thought that is uppermost in our minds today, of a successful man, is a man who has made himself enormously wealthy. We do not take into consideration how he got his wealth or position. The fact that he has it is enough to make us fawn on him and respect him above the common person.

But cannot we look on the inside of this so-called success? Does the accumulation of a great deal of wealth indicate a truly successful man? We will say that it does, in that it makes possible schools, churches, hospitals, institutions of charity, the advancement of science and medicine, and in fact everything that is of benefit. But the way in which a man becomes wealthy determines whether we can class him among the truly successful or not. Did he get his wealth by manipulating the natural resources that belong to the nation as a whole? Did he get it by dominating and exploiting his less fortunate fellow-citizens? If he did, he is not a really successful man. But wealth is not real success, because wealth fosters aristocracy, undemocratic social classes, profiteering, domination, exploitation, class struggle and vain show.

Is success power or position? It may be power, because power breeds respect, responsibility, and advancement. But power and position also breed corruption, selfishness and greed. And we see that that is not success.

For instance, take the man with the millions of dollars, which he has made at the expense of the other fellow. Is he successful and is he happy? No, he has power and position, but he is not happy. Why is he not happy? He is not happy and contented because he is not a man! He cannot look the world squarely in the face. By rights his wealth does not belong to him. His is not the perfect peace and harmony with the world that comes from just dealings with his fellowmen, but an ephemeral peace, giving joy at only rare moments, because it is not based on the solid foundation of honesty, integrity, and justice.

Then what is success? It is stated as the prosperous termination of some enterprise. But we have seen that this does not mean gaining power by knocking someone else in the head. It is not getting wealth by manipulating the natural resources or exploiting one's fellow-men. It is not getting power, position, or wealth by having it willed to you regardless of your mental ability.

We will agree that success is the prosperous termination of some enterprise, but that enterprise has got to be in the right line. The most honorable enterprise in the world is development! Unselfish development of natural resources for the good of the public, development of science

and medicine for the advancement and profit of the human race, development of inventions that are helpful and uplifting, and, greatest of all, the development of personality, individuality, uprightness, justice, love of truth, education, ideals, and character. When one has lived a good, upright life, has a position that supports him and his family decently, and has developed and acquired these things, he has acquired success.

If he has successfully abstained from all worldly temptations and is living in the spirit of the Golden Rule, he has lived

and made something of life. He has real happiness and peace in his heart and is a man to be envied, respected, and honored. That success is not in material goods of this world, but is a success that is everlasting. The efforts of this success will be rewarded in the last days by the appearing of the final Judge. And at that time, and not till then, will the world know what true success is. Then any man who has acquired it will know that the reward is so great that the effort or pain is not given consideration; the obstacles overcome will not be thought of.



## About Thought

**T**HERE is something about the make-up of the carnal and mortal nature of the human biped that strenuously objects to exercise. And really now, it makes little difference whether that exercise is work or play. The person that puts forth noticeable effort at play, will, in the average case, put forth an equal amount at work. Again, the amount of this effort is, to quite a certain degree, proportional to the amount of mental activity carried on in the brain of that person. Now, stepping one notch lower, and delving deep into the present subject: There is hardly any limit to the amount of physical exertions the human being is willing to undergo, in order to escape that painful process of mental activity. Why the brain should be so averse to forming mental concepts,

and why it should so shrink from thought processes, is a question that not a few have pondered over.

Did you ever think of something while in a certain room in a certain position, then leaving the room and entering another room try to remember what it was you thought of while in that first room? Perhaps it was a name, or a date, or a slogan, or perchance it may have been something you were supposed to purchase from the store. And didn't you find it necessary to go back into the first room and stand in exactly the same position you were in when the sudden thought came to you, in order to bring back to your mind that thought? Perhaps you happened to be gazing at a certain picture or wall decoration at the

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# MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by Ray Kimble

**D**URING the college days it is well for us, as students, to give thought to some of the more important things about us. It is impossible to shut ourselves away from the realities of life, and sink deep in study and meditation over our daily program. As we study and pass on from year to year to higher steps in our educational quest, we should not leave behind the real issues of life. Place them in open view and then ask ourselves, "What is my purpose in getting an education?" This seems necessary, for with the answer, we are better prepared to shape our plans and strive for a definite goal.

In considering these definite goals, we should aim high. As W. M. C. students, the purpose for which we are in college should be an important one, controlled and steadied by a simple faith which places no limit to the power of God, determined to reach the mark. Carey, the great pioneer missionary of modern missions, dared to do this. His plans were broad; his undertakings great. "Attempt great things for God; expect great things from God," was his life's motto.

There are many opportunities on every side that invite us on to success. There are many needs about us that urge recognition. And too, there are many pathetic pleas from distant lands, the darker corners of the earth, calling for help. What are we doing with these opportunities? Is our life's goal and plan broad enough to let them in?

In the heathen lands there are more than one billion souls who have heard but little about the gospel. Some of these have had glimpses of the light, and are sending out calls for help. Truly these people are turning away from degrading customs, away from lifelong superstition and darkness, seeking light. Hungry souls are these, with but a taste of the better things, and craving for more. The head man in a village in India told one of our missionaries that he and his family were willing to make any sacrifice, however great, in order to obtain a home in the "new earth." From all the distant lands such reports come in. They are ready and waiting.

When we think of these people with but few opportunities, far away in the jungles of strange lands, it seems as though a voice comes very near, and is heard saying, "Give ye them to eat." These are words from the Master, which convey his plan for others. What a privilege this is to be permitted to have a part in the giving of the gospel. It is a broad plan our Saviour made and it reaches each of us.

Are we, as students, willing to accept the challenge and make good the opportunities God places before us? During our school days are we making the needed preparations; are we considering the important thing of life? When the hour strikes and the time arrives for us to take up work in some needy place, what will our answer be?

R. L. KIMBLE

# Our High Calling

MARCELLA KLOCK

WHAT a privilege to be a young person of this generation! We, into whose lives this gospel has come while we are still in our youth, are especially fortunate since we have the opportunity to choose early that profession or line of work for which we are fitted.

"Men have varied gifts, and some are better adapted to one branch of work than another. What one man would fail to do, his brother minister may be strong to accomplish. The work of each in his position is important." *Gospel Workers* p.482. It is to those who have in their hearts a desire to become nurses that these few words are written.

To every nurse during his training there comes the temptation to get out and make money. This feeling grows until it seems an absolute necessity. Yet how different is the feeling when we read these words about our Saviour: "His life was one of constant self-sacrifice. He had no home in this world except as the kindness of friends provided for Him as a wayfarer. He came to live in our behalf the life of the poorest, and to walk and work among the needy and the suffering." However his life was not one of sadness, for we are told that "He was always patient and cheerful, and the afflicted hailed Him as a messenger of life and peace." *Ministry of Healing* p. 19.

Upon contemplation of these words we see the purpose of our profession in a new light, and cease to value our earthly reward in dollars and cents. To be "hailed as a messenger of life and peace" is indeed reward enough. There is no work on earth which carries with it such rich blessings as medical work.

Just what end are we endeavoring to gain in treating the sick? Primarily we are trying to bring them back to health, but should this be our only aim? Should our interest cease when we have helped to make the body strong? If so, ours is a one-sided profession. These questions are answered in the example that is set before us. "The Saviour made each work of healing an occasion for implanting divine principles in the mind and soul. This was the purpose of His work. He imparted earthly blessings that He might incline the hearts of men to receive the gospel of His grace." *Ministry of Healing* p. 20. Can there be any doubt then as to the sacredness or responsibility connected with the care of the sick?

Every Seventh Day Adventist young person who has medical training should be directly connected with some branch of the Lord's work. By virtue of our training we are pledging ourselves to His service. What a wonderful thing it would be if all nurses should live up to this pledge, and this would be true if each one realized the true purpose of our profession.

"The duty and delight of all service is to uplift Christ before the people. This is the end of all true labor." *Gospel Workers* page 485.

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"A purpose is always a companion. An earnest purpose is the closest of companions. To fulfill duties is more than to enjoy pleasures—it carries its own reward."

# The Ministerial Band

W. W. JENNINGS

"Hello, old man."

"Hello, Bob, come right in and take that chair over there."

"Thanks."

"You will have to excuse us this morning, we are a little late with our breakfast."

"Oh, that's all right, go ahead and finish it."

Russell Graham poured some more syrup upon the large pancake that was upon his plate and Mrs. Graham placed a still larger one on top of it.

"Say, Russell," continued Bob, "I would like to talk to you about the ministry. I have been asked to prepare an article upon this subject for the SLIGONIAN, and thought that if we could talk the matter over together I might get some new material."

Bob Jenkins was a student of the Washington Missionary College who was preparing for the ministry, and was rooming in the same house. The two boys had become fast friends and their problems were one.

"I have just been reading in the 'Testimonies' upon this subject, said Bob, and I found the following quotation, 'Some have been encouraged to take a course of study in medical lines who ought to be preparing themselves to enter the ministry. The Lord calls for more ministers to labor in His vineyard.'

"Say, listen to this one, 'The number of workers in the ministry is not to be lessened, but greatly increased. Where there is now one minister in the field, twenty are to be added; and if the Spirit of God

controls them, these twenty will so present the truth that twenty more will be added'."

"Is that in volume one?"

"No, it is volume six, page 411 and 414."

Russell, who was a tall well-built man, arose from the table and walked across the room, took from the shelf his notebook and put down the reference. It was evident that he had been impressed.

"Do you know that I have thought possibly the Lord had a similar work for me to do after I have gained a deeper experience from the canvassing field?" said Russell.

"Well, I am glad to know that you feel that way about it, for I am sure that you are on the right track."

"I have just been reading 'In His Steps,' and I have been deeply impressed with the suffering need of humanity and their great need of a Saviour. Have you ever read it?"

"No, I never have, but I would like to."

"Say, Bob, do you think you can come up some other time and talk this matter over? We are planning to visit the Congressional Library this morning and are anxious to get away as soon as possible; but I will be very glad to talk this over with you."

"Oh, that's all right, but, say, before I go, wouldn't you like to attend the ministerial band with me this coming Sabbath, we meet at two o'clock?"

"Why, yes; will you call for me and we can go together."

"Good bye, Russell."

"Good bye, Bob."

# God's Plan for Us

W. O. BERRY

THE Gospel to all Washington and surrounding towns before June the first is the responsibility that our Young People's Missionary Volunteers are shouldering. We request the prayers of every loyal Seventh-day Adventist that God will help us to accomplish this great work. God has told us to warn the world of its approaching doom, and whether the people will hear or forbear, we are to do our part in warning them.

We have a special testimony to the young and the old members of the Seventh-day Adventist church at the Capitol city. In "Life Sketches," page 397, we find the following in regard to Washington: "My hopes for this place are high. The country for miles and miles around Washington is to be worked from here. I am so thankful that our work is to be established in this place. Were Christ here upon the ground, He would say, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." There is no better time to fulfill this testimony than at the present. "Today, if ye will hear His voice"—hearken. We young people of the Missionary Volunteer Society believe that God is calling upon us to go forward in this work and search out the honest in heart in this city.

We believe that a Missionary Volunteer is a volunteer missionary, a missionary who is willing to serve without a salary. "The ground whereon thou standest is holy," were the words of God to Moses. We should not wait till we are sent out by the conferences to China, India, South America, etc., to begin our labors for souls. There are souls right at our doors who are hungering for the bread of life. Let us feed them.

We plan to have two automobile loads of our enthusiastic young people visit the homes of the nearby towns every Sabbath with *Present Truth* series. We want to get in touch with our churches in the city and secure their help in carrying forward our program, that when school closes in May we may all be able to look back and say, "Lord, it is good that we have been here." I know that our good people in and near Washington will be more than glad to help us in this God-given work. I call it God-given because Sister White names it that in the above reference.

## A RESOLUTION

I wandered alone in the moonlight,  
Weary and ill at ease,  
Because I'd made a failure,  
And two or three E's and D's.

So right there alone in the moonlight,  
I decided I'd start again,  
"I'll not go to class without study,  
And be like the rest of men."

I felt sure I had learned the lesson  
That was meant for me that day,  
But, alas, I was soon drifting backward—  
Back to the same old way.

I went in and thought it over,  
And wondered what I could do;  
Maybe I had the wrong subjects;  
And perhaps too many, too.

Maybe I had the spring fever  
At the wrong time of the year,  
Perhaps I was merely lazy;  
The worst thing I could fear.

At last, I reached my conclusion:  
I needed an iron will,—  
I stretched and reached for my Latin,  
And studied the dry verbs till

The lights "blinked" to stop me.  
So I put the book away.  
I felt I'd gained the victory,  
I knew I had won the day.

—Stanley Altman.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Child of the boundless prairie, son of the virgin  
soil,  
Heir to the bearing of burdens, brother to them  
that toil;  
God and nature together shaped him to lead in  
the van.  
In the stress of her wildest weather when the  
nation needed a man.

Eyes of a smoldering fire, heart of a lion at  
bay,  
Patience to plan for tomorrow, valor to serve  
for today;  
Mournful and mirthful and tender, quick as a  
flash with a jest,  
Hiding with gibe and great laughter the ache  
that was dull in his breast!

Met were the man and the hour — man who  
was strong for the shock!  
Fierce were the lightnings unleashed; in the  
midst he stood fast as a rock.  
Comrade he was, and commander, he who was  
meant for the time;  
Iron in council and action, simple, aloof and  
sublime.

Swift slip the years from their tether, centuries  
pass like a breath;  
Only some lives are immortal, challenging dark-  
ness and death.  
Hewn from the stuff of the martyrs, write in  
the star dust his name,  
Glowing, untarnished, transcendent, high on the  
records of time.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

---

## WOODROW WILSON

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The eagle has passed on!—into the blue—  
And all the chattering of the sparrows dies.  
They could not bear to see the eagle rise  
Beyond the reaches that their small wings knew,  
Above the housetops they could compass too—  
But though they strove to blind the eagle's eyes  
With fluttering wings—to stay him with their  
cries,  
He rose and passed—above, beyond their view.

An eagle always is a lonely one—  
The far heights call to him and he must go;  
But little birds cannot look on the sun,  
And what an eagle knows they cannot know—  
When he is gone the small ones know, at last,  
That there, above their head, an eagle passed!

—From the *Literary Digest*.

---

## A Tribute

WHILE the American people are joyfully honoring the anniversary of the births of two of their foremost Presidents in this month of February, they are also compelled to perform the sad duty of paying the last earthly tribute to the late Ex-president Woodrow Wilson, the last of the trio of epoch-making Presidents.

Mr. Wilson died at his home at 2340 S street, N. W., Sunday morning February 3, 1924, the direct cause being digestive troubles. Indirectly, however, the cause dates back to that day in Wichita, Kansas, when his health broke down after fighting so long and steadily for the League of Nations. The four succeeding years displayed an indomitable courage in attempting to regain his former physique.

At 3:30 P. M. of the Wednesday following his death the entire nation stood at respectful attention in honor of the man who for eight years led this country through the most troublous times in its international history; and who, in spite of broken health, continued to fight for the ideal which he had conceived for his country.

There is no man, regardless of political affiliations or personal bias, who is not compelled to look with respect and admiration upon Woodrow Wilson, the man who, in every position of responsibility made a success, whether a professor, author, historian, university president, Governor, diplomat, or President of the United States.

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## NEWS NOTES



### DR. YEUELL LECTURES

Many were the expressions of appreciation voiced by the students over the week-night lectures conducted by Dr. Yeuell. As we had been told, he truly compared favorably with the more prominent travel lectures, such as Newman and Burton Holmes. From his wide range of subjects, he presented four of the best we could have been privileged to listen to. *France, Today and Yesterday*, was a fine presentation of historical facts. In all his lectures, Dr. Yeuell incorporates information of literary and musical artists and their works, and painters, which lend added interest and color to the topics. The second lecture on *Beauty Spots of Italy* was one of benefit and beauty, but the following lecture was the finest given. This was *The Passion Play of Oberammergau*, which gave us an insight into the lives of the men and women who live as perfectly as they know how in order that they may present a true depiction of the life of Christ. These people live in Oberammergau, Germany, a village of about 2,000. They are all artists, and carve from wood all manner of wonderful pieces, which they are now selling on their tour throughout the United States. Dr. Yeuell's closing lecture was *Beauty Spots of America*. As students, we wish to extend a hearty invitation to Dr. Yeuell to return at a future date and again honor us with more such educational and uplifting lectures.

DOROTHY PLUMMER.

### DID THE BOYS ENTERTAIN?

Yes indeed! they gave an entertainment (the boys). If you weren't there, you should have been. This is what they did.

To start with, the platform looked like one of their rooms in the Dormitory. The students supposed to be rooming in this room were Freshmen—"green Freshmen"—Messers Hansen and Williams. Messers Willet and Bragan agree with them that the first year of college life is not exactly what the layman says it is.

After the platform was cleared for the next act, six sturdy specimens of manhood stepped forward. With the exception of black neckties, they were garbed in white. They carried weapons with them, known as dumb-bells. When the music started, they began waving these instruments around in a manner quite commendable. Mr. Gilbert "is no dumb-bell"—he swings one too well.

A little rustle and a few deft movements and lo, the platform was a room again. Mr. Weis, the Sophomore occupying the room, would have enjoyed the evening himself had it not been for the shoe-string around his neck. No, he didn't tie the shoe-string on the wrong end—it was his neck-tie. Man is so vain. But this didn't worry him so much as "to study or not to study."

The next transformation revealed a Junior's room. Have you any doubts, friend, whether or not it is hard to awake in the morning when the alarm goes off? Ask Messers Corbett and Pohle how the art is accomplished. When their alarm went off, they mechanically turned it off and settled down for another sleep.

The last scene brought us to the climax of college days—final rehearsal for Commencement exercises. Ah, brother, knowest thou the suppressed agony experienced by those immortal Seniors as they anticipate the closing scenes of college life? But the class "profit" had a large roll with him and he went right through it without stumbling the way some people do when it comes to money. The way Mr. Yost brought about the climax

of the evening with his valedictory reminded us that the evening was well spent. You'll know better than to get the mumps next time, won't you? We're sorry you couldn't come this time.

"Speaking of operations," as Irving Cobb would say. Have one and be popular. Misses M. McPherson, M. Mason, L. Miller, J. Sunderland, and K. Zinn have recently undergone operations at the San. All recovered nicely, and still seem to be "all here."

Miss Edith Valentine who was a student in 1920, has returned. Welcome!

Some of the students thought they'd go skating one day, so they did, but when *some* reached home they spelt it, s-w-i-m-m-i-n-g! Ask G. Kern .

Valentine Day did not pass without recognition by the Dining Hall, for at supper time, the room was daintily decorated with red hearts, and best of all there were real party eats to go with it all. Mrs. Damsgard was the hostess and to her was awarded a rising vote of thanks and good wishes.

Fireside School has a new president in the capable person of Professor M. E. Olsen.

Student Association committees find that they have a "hard row to hoe" sometimes, but we finally found one that did its work so well that the student body accepted their report and finally elected new officers. This was way back on January 29, and nothing has happened yet, maybe we'd better get another committee to work!

Humpy and Dumpy,  
Bumpy and Mumpy.

This is the best poetry which can be written about our recent little epidemic. If space would permit, the editor would be pleased to publish a catalogue of the names of the afflicted ones with a record of the side or sides they specialized in. Happy is the man who had It on both sides, for now is he all over Them!

We take time to state, for the benefit of Atlantic Union College, that it is not alone in offering a special course in the "Mumps." We have given intensive attention to this subject in the last few weeks, even granting special buildings for a more serious study in all of its phases.

## Sanitarium News Notes

We have had in our midst during the past few months, Dr. Landis and his family from the Chinese mission field. Upon several occasions the morning chapel hour has been given over to Dr. Landis. His last talk on "The Kind of Workers Needed," was especially good. "Those who are most thoroughly prepared become the best missionaries."

Friends of Elder Gaylord, our chaplain, will be glad to hear that although he is still seriously ill, he is sowing signs of improvement. We have been quite handicapped since the first of the year by the loss of his services.

Miss Hanger is our new Missionary Volunteer Leader. We are sure to have some very fine meetings, and already the attendance is increasing. There is abundant material at her disposal in Sligo Hall and every nurse is anxious to do his part.

In Sligo Hall we are reminded of the motto which hangs in the old fashioned home, "What is home without a mother," for our beloved preceptress was the only successful one of several, including Dr. Williams, who tried having the mumps.

Have you seen the new Doctors' offices in the Sanitarium? We are very proud of them and feel sure that no one will object to having his tonsils removed after he visits our completely equipped Ear, Eye, Nose, and Throat Department.

We are glad to have Dr. A. W. Kosky on our Medical Staff once more after an absence of several weeks. Although he and his wife had only been with us a short time, we had missed them.

## Alumni News Notes

Gwendolyn Lacy is now among us. We are so glad to see that she brought her cheery smile back with her.

Mr. Raymond Kraft and family have gone to Panama to connect with one of our training schools there.

Mr. George Rapp "just couldn't stay away any longer," so he came to chapel one day to see us all. We were as glad to see him as he was to see us.

One of the late visitors in the Park is an old student friend of ours, Mrs. Ruth Johnson-Lippart, of Charleston, West Virginia. Mrs. Lippart is teaching a thriving church school of eight lusty younguns. Confidentially, she says she has her hands full.

Of course Jimmie had to wait until wife got home to hold things down so he could take a jaunt too, so a few weeks later whom should we see but James Lippart, smiling, and fatter than ever. We hope we shall have more calls from both soon.

Judy's gone, but not forgotten! January 11th, Miss Julia Leland, '23, stepped aboard one of the boats at New York, as a start on her round-about trip to California, where she will be employed in an office at Hollywood. She wrote that she had not been the "tiniest bit seasick," and thought California a wonderful place to get fat in.

### THE PRAYER BANDS

Every Wednesday morning at 9:30 all the students who wish to do so gather into small groups in different rooms, where they have a season of prayer for about fifteen minutes. Each of these groups or "bands" has a leader, who takes charge of the band, and different members are asked to give a talk or read something of spiritual interest, after which prayer is offered by several members of the band.

The prayer bands have proved to be a spiritual blessing to the students who take part in them. There, some have prayed in public for the first time, and some have been led to Christ in repentance through the fervent prayers of those in attendance.

If you have been attending, do not fail in the future to get the spiritual blessing there is in it for you, and if you have not been attending, come and see what the Lord has in store for you if you will only seek Him earnestly.

B. VOTAW.

Elements of a successful life: A deep look within; a long look ahead; a steady look on high.—*Selected.*

CENSURE is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—*Swift.*

### SLIGO DRIPS

The Ministerial Band is receiving excellent training. The "Shepherds of the Flocks" have a practical and interesting time visiting surrounding villages.

*South Hall seems to work on the wholesale basis. Five of its members being operated on in one morning made a thriving business for the Sanitarium that day.*

When men like Dr. Yeuell lecture to us, we begin to see the joy of living.

The new official staff of the Students Association promises an interesting future for us. Well, that's what we have been waiting for.

*Life has not only its bumps, but also its mumps. Ask the students. They know.*

A mump "ain't no joy." "Ask the man who owns one."

Isn't it more pleasant to imagine we have sires like Abraham Lincoln, than like orang-outang, Chimpizzle?

Mr. Nicol isn't worried so much because there are so many "feeble-minded" persons in the world, as he is because these "feeble-minded" persons look so much like normal human beings.

*Dr. Salisbury is a great lover of peace. He highly maintains that women and men have the same mental capabilities.*

Davis—This lady once saved me from being kidnaped.

Yost—Too bad.

Echoes from Antiquity:

Finch—Did the Pharaoh of the oppression believe in evolution?

Bright Student—No, but he enjoyed reading H. G. Wells.

Mr. Berry—In the days of Rameses the priests owned almost all the steamboats.

Modern civilization unearths many hidden ancient truths. Miss Sunderland informed a few of us privately in class one day that she is going to be a man-hater. She is making a poor start.

**STUDENTS!**

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**ABRAHAM LINCOLN**

*(Continued from page 9)*

"O Captain! my Captain! Our fearful trip is done.  
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won.  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.  
But, O heart! heart! *Heart!*  
O! the bleeding drops of red;  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

"O Captain! my Captain! Rise up and hear the bells.  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills.  
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths;  
for you the shores a crowding.  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning:  
Here Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head.  
It is some dream that on the deck,  
You've fallen cold and dead.

"My Captain does not answer; his lips are pale and still.  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse or will.  
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the Victor ship comes in with object won.  
Exult, O shores! and ring O bells!  
But I, with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck where my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead."

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## THE WHITE AND THE BLUE

(Lest someone should have forgotten,—the colors of W. M. C. are White and Blue.)

Praise loud the Blue with spirit true  
And fond heart free and glad;  
Our flag must rise beyond the skies  
Of fame itself, my lad.  
Proclaim the Blue in hall and pew,  
Where'er you find your way;  
Keep silent not, when speak you ought,  
A good word every day.

Exhalt the Blue, it's helping you  
To win out in the strife.  
The price you stake for your school's sake  
Will price *your* worth in life.  
It's give and take, no cheat or fake,  
A "square deal" for a "lift,"  
Your school will give, take, grow and live,  
And you'll grow with your gift.

Make White and Blue your colors too;  
Let men know what you are.  
On Canada's grand fair maple land  
The Union Jack floats free;  
On American graves Old Glory waves  
Its "freedom," "stripe" and "star;"  
O'er hill and crag man flies his flag,  
So fly the Blue for me.

Turn if you care, turn if you dare,  
Your back upon your school.  
Some future day in shame you may  
Confess you were a fool.  
Though you turn back, retrace your track  
And find your former place,  
On failures' shelf you'll find yourself  
A "quitter" all your days.

Be loyal and true though comrades few  
Drop back with every blow.  
Your school may fail, its life grow stale,  
But loyalty you must show.  
You'll have no shield should future wield  
Grim failure as its tool,  
If you still lack the whalebone back  
To boost your flag and SCHOOL.

—*Theo. G. Weis.*

## ABOUT GEORGE WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 8)

most beneficial to his country. Upon this principle, greatly to his credit, he early gave up planting tobacco, and went altogether into the farming business.

The colonies were fortunate to be able to find such a man as George Washington to free them from tyranny and establish them in peace.

## ABOUT THOUGHT

(Continued from Page 11)

time of the influx of that noble idea, and it was not until you let your eyes rest upon the same object, that your mind released again the previous idea. Did you ever have that experience?

Some minds work faster than others. But even in this, there is the redeeming feature in human nature, that the body works in proportion to the speed of cerebrum activity. Did you ever see a mule wiggle his ears like a cat does his? No, of course not; you would be afraid they would fall off if you saw him doing so. On the other hand, did you ever see a chimpanzee scratch his head, with the deliberate action of a human being in serious meditation?

If you want to prove for yourself whether or not you fall under the mentally indolent class, just notice your conversation. If someone tells you something, do you wait until he has finished several sentences of perfectly good conversation, then draw out, "W-h-a-t did you s-a-y?—" or do you prick your brain until you have regained that lost thread in his conversation? In other words, are you willing to do the thinking, or do you expect your friend to go through all the mental agony of repeating what he has said?

This question of inert brain cells is not a trifling problem. It is not amusing, even to the most jest-minded persons. We scorn and have pity on a slothful, lazy friend; yet welcome into our midst those humans whose unexercised mental machinery is unfortunately passing into that deplorable ossified state of mental inactivity, and who "speak without thinking." When you come right down to it, there is very little danger

of over-working your brain cells. Their purpose is to grind out respectable cogitations; and semi-occasional action will not result in burned out bearings in the brain. Don't be leery of warping or bursting a brain cell. It would at least be better to have good cause for a brain funeral, than to let it lie dormant, dying in putrefying stages, until it shrivels up into nothingness. If you intend to be your own boss, don't let the habit of having someone do your thinking so overtake you that your own brain will merely act as an excelsior stuffing in your head. J. L.

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it is the infirmity of will.—*Emerson.*

THE reward of a thing well done is to  
have done it.—*Emerson.*

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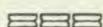
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