

The SLIGONIAN

THE GATEWAY TO SERVICE



Vol. IV

FEBRUARY

No. 5

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THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. IV

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., FEBRUARY

No. 5

Lincoln—The Champion of America

RUTH WILCOX

THE month of February brings with it the birthday of a great man—Abraham Lincoln. To every American February 12 has a meaning. This day means to our country freedom from the curse which once rested upon it; it means emancipation from slavery.

The name of Abraham Lincoln suggests to the mind a man of conviction of right, of courage to do right, and of power to cause other men to do right. It suggests a man with a big heart, one who was willing to overlook the wrongs of his fellow men and see only their virtues.

When we hear the name, we think of the man who in his boyhood was not afraid of hard work, but by study and practice worked his way up from a wood-chopper and shopkeeper in Kentucky to one of the greatest statesmen the world has ever known.

We see the boy, awkward in appearance with little education, yet desirous of learning, spending hour after hour by the flickering light of a log in the fireplace to read a borrowed book. He thus obtained a fund of knowledge which enabled him to win in debate with one of the most eloquent speakers of the time, Stephen A. Douglas.

Lincoln's conviction, courage, perse-

verance, and sympathy for humanity appeal to us. As one has said:

*"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."*

As we admire the strong points in Lincoln's character, we admire these same qualities in men and women today. We admire them in our fellow students. Although this spirit may not be manifested in acting as the emancipator of slaves, its influence will be felt.

We respect the young men who are controlled by the same spirit of hard work which controlled Lincoln. It is a common observation that the boy who works the hardest, the one who has the most difficulties to meet, is the one who makes the greatest success of life. The young man who stands for truth and right, stands against skepticism, who has the courage to let his convictions be known, will be the one who will win in life's race.

The Abraham Lincoln of our school will have love, not toleration, for his fellow students. He will in every way try to help his neighbor. He will be too big to laugh at the mistakes or misfortunes of his classmates. He will be too loyal to his school to deface or destroy school property. His loyalty to himself and his parents will make

him courteous in public assemblies, in the classroom, and to all whom he meets. Loyalty to God will cause him to put "first things first" in his life, and will keep him from dishonoring his God by word or deed.

The spirit which actuated Abraham Lincoln will control the ideal young woman. Her attitude toward her fellow student will be one of helpfulness. She will frown upon all that is ignoble, low or degrading. She will endeavor to speak well of her teachers and schoolmates, or not at all. Her manner will be courteous, her voice and laughter soft and low, her dress quiet and modest.

She will observe all those little niceties of society which mark the true lady. She will not assume a superior air, but will show the same consideration to the academic freshman that she shows to her college senior classmates. She will be sincere and show to all her true self, but that inner self will be pure, sweet, and noble.

Although unrecognized by the world the student who possesses these traits of character will be truly great; and this greatness and nobility of character will be gained by completely depending on the Source of all strength.

The Value of Music

GWENDOLINE LACEY

*"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet
sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as
night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."*

THUS spoke that keen observer, and most accurate portrayer of human nature, William Shakespeare. He who wishes to develop all his powers,—physical, mental, and spiritual,—should by no means overlook the cultivation of this, the musical side of his being.

Music is one of God's wonderful gifts to men, and, like all other good things can, and has been greatly abused. But rightly used, it expresses, outside of the church, the highest principles of

religion and morality, as they influence the sentiments and actions of men." It "elevates us above the sensuous to the world of feeling, and makes us conscious of a participation in an ideal world."

Plato taught the value of music in the development of character. He believed that as it expressed the ideas of beauty which men had, and of goodness, so it would lead men to God. Aristotle too, held that the study of music ennoble the faculties of the mind, and is a "means of moral education." That great man of God, Martin Luther, held music in high esteem. In his characteristic way he says, "I have no pleasure in any man who, like the fanatics, despises music. It is no invention of ours. It is a gift

(Continued on page 8)

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

On Sliding Through

“COME in,” said Malcolm in answer to a loud knock on the door. “Oh, it is you, Herbert. You came to study history did you?”

“History nothing on a day like this! Why, haven’t you seen the sun shining and heard the birds singing? Just the kind of a day for a good old hike; three of us boys are going down by the old mill to do some exploring and I came to get you to join us.”

“I should like to do so very much were it not that my studies come first,” replied Malcolm. “You know we have fifty pages for history tomorrow, besides, it is only one month till commencement and it is up to us to do some hard work.”

“Studies don’t worry me. I came to school to have a good time and I don’t intend to let history or anything else interfere with my pleasure. I have gotten through three years with respectable grades and haven’t hurt myself by poring over a book yet, guess I’ll make it this year as well; it just takes a little skill in bluffing and I learned that long ago.”

“But, Herbert, do you realize that next year you will have to carry responsibility and perhaps teach, what about bluffing then?”

“Continue to do so, Malcolm. I

am not a dunce. I have quite a bit of general knowledge stored up and can easily keep ahead of my students, anyway that is a long way off. Oh, here is Edgar with the mail, and—a letter from my mother! Listen to what she says:

“‘Herbert, I am looking forward to commencement when my boy will receive his diploma and I should be so disappointed if you do not show yourself fully worthy of it. I have been pleased with your grades that I have received, but you know grades don’t make the man. Always remember, it is the conscientious hard-working man that makes a success. Look ahead to your future work.’”

“Oh, I wish my mother wouldn’t always preach to me, it gives a fellow a rather queer feeling to have his mother so anxious when he is planning on a good time. But, I am going this time and shall forget about this letter. Hope you learn all about Martin Luther.”

With these words Herbert bounded down the steps, two at a time and was off for his hike. Malcolm resumed his interrupted study and was soon deeply absorbed in his subject.

Commencement came. Herbert had received almost as good grades as Malcolm in all his subjects and each received his diploma.

The summer passed rapidly for both of the boys. Malcolm improved his time by helping his father in the wheat fields of Dakota, always studying and planning his work for the coming fall when he was to hold the position as history teacher in a small academy. Herbert spent a most delightful and care-free vacation on a plantation in the South, was only sorry when it was time to take up his work as head of the Science Department at the well-known "Brigsdale Academy."

He arrived in due time for the opening of school; expressed his disapproval of the laboratory equipment and immediately sent in a large order for apparatus. During the months that followed, Herbert, who was now Professor Hart, thought he was making a grand success. He wondered sometimes why his pupils were so dull, why they never took any interest in class, but he decided they were an unusual class of students.

In the spring when Professor Hart's name was mentioned in board meeting in regard to hiring him for another year, the president presented the following letter:

"To the Board of Brigsdale Academy:

In lieu of the fact that the work of the Science Department requires more time than I can put on it and considering the large number of pupils that I have, I hereby ask you to kindly consider giving me a combatant assistant who is a genius in this line of work.

Sincerely

H. E. Hart."

One of the board members expressed his opinion that a man who did not know the correct usage of French terms and large words and who had not learned to spell was hardly fit to be a teacher. Another member arose and said:

"I visited his classes several times last month and he seems to have no control of his students. They do anything but pay attention except when some one starts an argument with him to get him confused and in this they always succeed. He, however, apparently is not aware that his students laugh at his teaching and boast of the fact that they can slide through his classes because he doesn't know but what their answers are correct. I am in favor of getting a teacher who has a solid knowledge of his subjects."

To this they all agreed.

In the evening mail Professor Hart received a letter and a paper. The letter brought him the news that his assistance would not be needed in the school another year and wished him good success. He sank back in his chair with a heavy heart and slowly opened the paper wondering what news there might be. His eyes fell on the following item:

"Professor Malcolm Blake has been elected President of Grand Canon Academy for the coming year."

He let the paper drop with a sigh.

"Grand Canon Academy! One of the largest in the country! I guess, after all, that Malcolm was right—hard study and not bluffing brings success."

A. PLODDER

Theme Writing, by An Advancing Rhetorician

JAMES E. LIPPART,

ONE of the joys of college life is the writing of themes,—especially for those who are taking work in English. For such as do not know this, behold the pleasant mode and manner thereof at length set forth:

“Let’s see,—Wednesday tomorrow, and an eight-hundred-word theme due,—what to write on, still the question.” Ask friend roommate, and he replies “On paper, of course!” Greatly encouraged, one gets the paper and grips the pen. “What shall I write about?” you ask roommate number two, if you are lucky enough to have one. But he is having troubles of his own, and mumbles from the depths of a Greek book, “It takes me longer to find subjects than to write on them.” So one sits silent, head in hands, waiting. On a sudden the idea comes—right at his finger tips he has it,—the subject shall be hair. “I got it,” he exclaims and starts off:

“Of course, we all know what hair is. Some men have some hair, some have mohair, some have no hair. There are baldheaded men. Baldheaded men never have any hairbreadth escapes. There is red hair, black hair, brown hair, white hair, gray hair, and Belgian hare. Dogs have hair, so do mules. Sheep hair is wool, pig hair is more like bristles, and porcupine hair is quills,”—and so on. But it does not last. One reaches the end of his string, halts, and gazes about the room, scratching his head the while.

Ah, what an idea! There’s the mirror, let’s make it talk. Close your

eyes, and the mirror begins: “I am a mirror,”—so I noticed think you. But keep listening as it continues: “My chief occupation and delight is to have the boys and girls look pretty. I am sadly neglected by the boys, but am used quite extensively by the girls.” One wades along at this rate for a while, and then counts the words—only two hundred and forty-two—and wonders if he can stretch it to eight hundred. He stretches it, but it breaks when he gets it to six hundred nineteen. So follows some more head-scratching, the while one gazes out the window, and then, happy thought! Thanksgiving, that’s just it:

“’Tis the day before Thanksgiving . . . Savory odors of pumpkin pie, cake, baked beans, and roast with *sweet* incense of sauerkraut fill the air.” Um-m yum! One gets hungry in anticipation and away goes the manuscript into the waste basket. Once more the mind is adrift, like a ship on a troubled sea. Haply comes the recollection of one’s first girl, then a camp-meeting, a taxiride, a narrow escape, slang expressions, psychology, great stuff, isn’t it?—Georgie Lee Lamb, Lee Hung Quong, and many another. But finally, out of the troubled deep there comes to one in desperation, an idea so forcible that he jumps from his chair and cries, “Eureka! I have it now. Why not make it something romantic, thrilling, bold, and daring?” Well, there was Peter Stuyvesant with his peg-leg, and George and his cherry tree, and Walter Raleigh who got mud on his coat, but none of them will do. Then there is a yarn about some smugglers

during the Civil War—that might do, so one starts in: “’Twas a dark and stormy night. All around the camp fire sat brigands great and brigands small. The fire blazed cheerily on the beach. All was quiet as the grave when Alphonso turned to his trusty lieutenant and said, ‘Gaston, let’s have one of your favorite stories.’ Immediately the lieutenant began—” but in order to get any farther on this tack, one must have the subject for the story and there’s the rub. In vain one strokes his chin reflectively, scratches his head with first one hand, then the other, cleans his spectacles, bites the end of his pen— Hold on! Pieces of eight! Here’s a subject, a brand new title, “Our Trip to Luray Caves.”

“Having seen an advertisement of an excursion to these famous caverns, re-

puted as rivalling in interest the great Mammoth Caves, we got together a party of friends for the trip. The train leaves at eight-thirty the morning of an October Sunday. Saturday night is a restless one. As the first streak of dawn tints the sky, one of the party calls us, and all is hurry and bustle to get to the station. We arrive in good time and produce our money—but all the tickets have been sold! So our trip to the cave winds up at the zoo.” Pshaw! This will never make eight hundred words!

Thus one goes flitting from subject to subject like a bird from tree to tree. About the time he realizes it, the lights go out, and there is nothing for him to do but bury himself in the “hay” and try to dream that “life is beauty,” the theme still unwritten.

(Concluded from page 4)

from God to drive away the devil, and make us forget our anger and impurity, and pride, and evil tempers. I place music next to theology. I can see why David and all the saints put their divinest thoughts into song.” In fact, Luther was very dogmatic about the matter, for he also says, “I would allow no man to be a schoolmaster who cannot sing, nor would I let him preach either.”

Music is the universal language and can be understood everywhere. It makes its appeal to all hearts, no matter of what race. Where language ends, there music begins. Thoughts and feelings for which no adequate words can be found, find their fulfillment and

complete expression in music. It is the language of love.

Music is a symbol of life. If we were to stand very close to a large orchestra, and listen attentively to the instruments near us, the effect would be one of confusion, or discord. But if from a proper distance we should listen to the whole piece, then the composer’s plan would be made evident, how the seeming discords melt into the final harmonious conclusion. So it is with life. We, looking at the world from our viewpoint, see only chaos, and hear discord, but soon, all sin and sorrow will be done away with, and the great symphony of this world’s history will end in the key of love and faith in which it started.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

Getting Acquainted With the Field

J. C. POUND.

RECENTLY I read an account of how a farmer king of the Middle West had achieved marvelous success in transforming an almost worthless territory into a veritable eden of beauty and productiveness. He purchased several thousand acres of swamp land at a very low figure. Before beginning the actual work necessary to the development of the enterprise, he spent several months in studying the lay of the land, and the nature of the soil. He also studied the problems that confronted him, and outlined methods of procedure. In short, he became thoroughly acquainted with the land, its needs and possibilities, before entering upon his huge undertaking. And that was the secret of his success.

As students of W. M. C. there lies before us a field, and a task so immeasurably great that no illustration proves adequate when used in comparison. "The field is the world," the task,—to scatter the seed of "The everlasting gospel to every nation, and kindred, and tongue and people." The responsibility is ours, and we shall be untrue to God and to our fellowmen if our energies are devoted to another calling. The field presents one great need, but the methods and means that we must employ in applying that which is needed, are as varied

as the conditions that exist in it.

If our eyes and ears are open we become acquainted with the near part of the field through personal contact and experience. By far the greater number are satisfied with this limited knowledge. But the field vastly exceeds the boundaries of our present experience and beyond, there is ample room, nay more, great expanses of fertile valley and sunny plain lie untilled and neglected.

More than one hundred and fifty loyal students from this college have pushed out into distant parts of the field, and the seed sown by them is producing a bountiful harvest. But foreign laborers are too few. As on every hand they see vast expanses of fertile land upon which the seed of truth has never been sown, they turn toward us with the plaintive plea, "Come over and help us."

Under a sense of duty and obligation toward these uncultivated places we have organized Mission Study Bands in order that we might enlarge our vision and increase our knowledge of the field. India, China, Japan, Africa and South America are being studied by their respective bands and some day when we shall have completed our preparatory training and become acquainted with the field—what then?

The Students' City Mission

ANNABEL ORR

MUCH the same as some other city missions, only different because it's ours! If you come to visit us some Sunday night, do not be disappointed if you find the hall is small.

It really isn't a hall at all, it's a basement room, and not very big at that.

But look at the paint, it's clean and white; the paper, it's quiet and fresh; the piano over there truly might have some more tone, but listen to the singing—it has tone and life.

Note our good light overhead, and also outside the door, when you come down the wooden stairs to find us. All these things came with us, generously supplied by the District Conference, and the Washington Sanitarium Mission Hospital kindly took us in and gave us a roof over our heads free of charge.

Our audience—it might be larger some nights, but we are content with small beginnings. Small beginnings more often amount to something worth while.

And we have "regulars." That little, thin-faced woman in the second row with the young girl, they come every Sunday night, rain or shine.

She says, "I enjoy coming."

She shows a co-operative spirit. Last Sunday night was a windy night. Some damage was done to the outside light. She offered her husband's assistance. He was an electrician, he would be glad to come and fix it for us.

Those two elderly women have a friend they are going to bring: "She doesn't go to any church, but we think

she'll come here some night with us."

Note the man in the back row, and we'll tell you something about him.

The students distribute literature on Sunday afternoon. They go to the homes in the surrounding neighborhood and personally invite the people to the evening meeting.

One volunteer, passing a house with a diminutive yard in front, saw a blackboard on a stand placed in the middle of the lawn.

Written on it were two texts from the Bible, chapter and verse written at the bottom. A knock at the door was answered by the man in our meeting tonight.

"Yes, that's my blackboard. I change the texts often. I love the Lord and I like to spread his word. Folks won't read his word, but they read what's on my blackboard as they go by."

This maynot be our way of spreading the gospel, but this man with his present light is a target right on his home street for his faith. Are we, with our advanced light, as far out on the firing line as he?

The children? Yes! we have six or seven here tonight, and one night on the 24th of December at five o'clock, we had a meeting just for children. I wish the students who had made that meeting possible by their generosity, could have been there. Nineteen hungry-eyed, eager, expectant children made happy and given a real party with everything that father and mother would like to have gotten for them, if the grim struggle with the high cost of living hadn't forbidden.

The nineteenth child was a little

sick girl, carried down in the nurse's arms from the hospital upstairs, and by the universal wish of the others, she was given her presents first.

Practical? Oh! we would not become too practical! A real Christmas tree. Candles, red and green, garlands of popcorn, stockings bulging with mysterious things, oranges yellow, apples red, books gray, books brown, books green! We remembered how its magic looked to our child eyes, and we saw the magic in their eyes.

What a responsive audience to which to tell the never-aging story of Jesus and His love!

What hearty singing! then home with gifts in their hands, and we hope, with something in their hearts to remember and to keep them when the gray days come by-and-by.

We hope we have the kind of Christianity that draws the children, and we hope also we have the kind of Christianity that draws the grown-ups.

We sometimes congratulate ourselves on being on somewhat higher ground than the average Christian, in that we are willing to spend our time, energy, and money to work for the Lord, either at home or on the furthest outpost of a foreign field, but we do not always confront ourselves with the question, "Is your kind of Christianity worth sending to the non-Christian world?" Nor "Is Christianity worth sending?" There is no question as to that. But what about your kind—my kind—the kind we showed today, yesterday, last week, last month? Is that the kind the non-Christian world is waiting for, that is needed to revolutionize lives?

There was a lad once who loved the Lord and he could not keep that love to himself. When he left school, he was

given work in a city mission, in a large and degraded district.

The only place available for a meeting was a hay loft under which a cow-feeder kept a large number of cows and which was reached by an outside rickety wooden stairway. After one year's work, he had only 6 to 7 people who came regularly.

Because of such small results the directors of the city mission proposed to move him to another district as in their estimation, the people here were unassailable by ordinary means. He pleaded for six months' longer trial, having an invincible faith that the good seed sown would soon bear fruit.

His request was granted. At his next meeting he informed his tiny audience that if more could not be induced to attend the services, he would be removed to another part of the city. Each one there and then agreed to bring a nother. At the next meeting the attendance was doubled. Another effort was made and it was doubled again.

Henceforth meetings and the several Bible classes he started became too large for any hay loft or any house. One Christian man who had been watching his efforts and noting the circumstances donated a sum of money for a mission hall. A site was secured and a hall was built.

He held a Bible class at 7 o'clock every Sunday morning and it was attended by from 70 to 100 of the poorest young men and women of the district.

He started out at 6 o'clock every Sunday morning running from street to street for an hour, knocking at the doors, and rousing the careless, and thus getting together and keeping together his Bible class. That Green Street Mission grew until from 5 to 6

hundred people were in usual weekly attendance.

God sent that lad eventually to the New Hebrides and there he became a blazing torch for souls to find their way to Jesus. He had the right "kind of Christianity".

Thanks to John G. Paton for the lesson! We'll never think half-past nine for Sabbath School is an early hour again. If we are ever tempted to

give ourselves a satisfied pat on the back because after a good dinner some cold or rainy Sunday afternoon we have trudged from door to door with our papers and our invitation—we'll think of you and your 6 o'clock round-up and we'll reserve that pat until we have reached your level.

And long before we reach that level, if ever, may it be, dear Lord, that we have forgotten there is a self to pat.

At the Loom

WILL SPICER

Our life's a web, with warp of fate,
And woof of tho'ts, both good and ill.
We spin the thread, or buy, or have by
 gift,
For not to self alone is our life lived
Nor lived from self alone.

That which we weave, mayhap another
 spun,
And of our diligence, when day is done
Another shall partake,
His warp we make,
And store of thread pass on.

For spirit's solace, leave we fair ideals
And truth well uttered that may light
 the soul;
For body's comfort, fruit of industry,
To sense's pleasure, art and harmony,
In pleasing thought begun.

The fabric that we weave may never
 shine
All finished bright ere evening shadows
 fall
Yet patterns torn replace,

And threads detached relax
With kindness twined through all.

To the heart's memory leave love's
 willing deeds,
The friendship that makes man a better
 friend.

Let men the truer be, that we were true;
Their task the smoother find, where we
 worked too,—
More precious in the end.

And when the end is reached, there may
 we find
Some beauty that in vain we strove to
 make
Mid temple hangings, cords our fingers
 twined
Or flowers woven that our hand first
 traced.

Nor whose the honor e'er shall vex our
 heart
Nor rank of names inscribed beneath
 that dome
Which love has built. There each who
 had a part
Shall welcome be, and call it all his home.

COLLEGE FORUM

EXAMINATIONS

MARK HAGMAN.

“WHAT meaneth these long-drawn sighs?” This quotation undoubtedly came to the minds of visitors to the college during the week of January 18th to 22d. The students certainly seemed a sober-minded lot. There was no time for skating or any other diversion then. The lights were not turned out at ten as usual, and the only reason we did not burn midnight oil was that we consider electricity an improvement. It seemed that every student was solely intent upon absorbing as much knowledge in as short a time as possible. Students could be seen at the tables with their books, and even standing in line before the serving room with a tray in one hand and a textbook for Modern Europe or Greek in the other.

The situation may have seemed puzzling to some, but it may all be explained by one simple word, that which heads this article. Examinations! Alas, how fraught with meaning is the word! The Freshman thinks of the word and quakes with fear. He knows not what to expect in any subject from any teacher. It is new to him. He forgets all else and studies, studies, studies.

How changed is the Freshman during the eighteenth week of school from the gay, thoughtless, fun-loving lad or lassie of the previous seventeen weeks. It almost causes the good professors to wish exams were weekly events instead of semi-annual.

Even the calm, confident Senior lays aside his air of profound, serene indifference for a few days and actually—studies.

The Sophomore after his Freshman year resembling a “Comedy of Errors,” has started his second year in much the spirit of “As You Like It.” At first it seemed like a “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” but now he is suddenly aroused in the midst of the “Tempest.” After the exams are all in the past, he agrees with the sentiment of the Seniors that “All’s Well That Ends Well,” and after all it was simply “Much Ado About Nothing.”

Now as examinations are about over, and we are waiting for the grades to be given out, the sentiment may well be expressed (after changing just a few words) by Henley’s immortal poem “Invictus.”

CONVICT-US

*Out of the quizz that puzzles me,
Dense as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever fates may be
For my unconquerable soul. **

*In fell grip of all this cramming,
I have not bluffed nor cried aloud.
Beneath the bludgeoning of quizzing,
My head is aching, but unbowed.*

*Beyond this place of 'xams and fear,
Looms but the horror of the grade,
And yet the completion of the year
Shall find me unafraid.*

*It matters not how stiff the 'xam,
Nor e'en how charged with C's the
grade.
I am the master of my fate;
I still can use a pick and spade.*

A BALANCED LIFE

AVOID extremes, for there is nothing that hinders one's progress more than that of being easily swerved from a straightforward course. The old Greek proverb, "Nothing to excess," is a good motto to remember. It is a rare treasure to see a balanced life with a balanced judgment. Humanity is given to extremes and excesses due to narrow views of the realities of life. If we could only get a true vision of life we would avoid such pitfalls; but we see the weaknesses and mistakes

of others and are swung to the other extreme. Consider with me a few propositions.

Freedom is not laxity, neither is discipline slavery. Conviction is not stubbornness, neither is enthusiasm speculation. To have discrimination and discretion at all times is a rare gift to be sought after, but it does not mean we are to carry them to the fine point of straining at a gnat. To be a live wire does not mean we are to burn a hole in every thing that comes along, but it does mean we are to conserve energy for the proper moment then make things blaze. Overenthusiasm has spoiled many a progressive movement while fanaticism has soured the world on many good principles and opened up truth to unjust criticism. It is the natural tendency of human nature to be too slack or too strict or in other words to swing from one extreme to the other. The old slang expression "Strike a happy medium," is a good law of life. The world is crying out for the man who has life enough to make things go but at the same time has sense enough to know when he has overstepped the bounds of good judgment.

Make a straightforward course. Take advice and weigh it in the balance of common sense. Don't be swung by popular opinion. Don't let pre-
judice keep you from advancement. Don't let discouragement daunt you. Don't let success unbalance you but cultivate an even temperament and thoughtful action.

KENNETH GANT.



Slacker or Overworked

WHY Martha, what is the matter this time of the night?"

"Oh, Margaret! I'm distracted."

"Why, what has happened?"

"I couldn't sleep. I just had to come up and tell you that Miss Star has resigned."

"Resigned what?"

"Why, her position of chairman on the program committee for the entertainment of the boys."

"The very idea! That is to be given next Sunday night."

"And here it is Monday night. Not even one cracker have they bought for the refreshments. The idea of her failing us at this time. I call her a slacker."

"But you remember the evening the girls elected her as chairman she said she didn't have the time to take it. I think you ought not be so harsh. She is leader of the Christian Help Band and secretary of the Sabbath school."

"Yes, she is on the program committee for the Young people's society and new Editor of the SLIGONIAN."

"Really, the poor girl is swamped with work. She doesn't have the time. It's an imposition to expect her to do it."

"You know as well as I, that the busiest man accomplishes the most. I am sick and tired of this excuse of 'not having time.' A boy sits at my table that comes late, rushes through his meals, stacks up his dishes and asks to be excused. Later, I find him sitting out on the banister, reading the comic section, laughing at Mutt and Jeff. If you were to ask him to do something extra his reply would be, 'I haven't time'. It's always that kind

of people who think they have to study in chapel. They too are the ones who cause the most commotion in the library during study period."

"Yes, I know there are many of that class of students who can't concentrate, but then you know Miss Star isn't that way. Her time is filled, and filled with big things, too. You don't see her wasting any time 'keeping up with the Joneses.' She came here to study."

"A person can't study all the time. I never could tolerate those people who go around all the time with their eyes glued on a psychology or history book. I believe one should develop one's social side while in school and not be mere walking encyclopaedias."

"Surely the social side is lacking. Half the students wouldn't know the use of a table napkin. But this doesn't apply to Miss Star. She's been six years in attendance at our schools. She is not here for that training. She expects to teach English next year and thus feels the necessity of doing thorough work."

"That's all the more reason why we need her experience in this entertainment."

"Her experience! She didn't come here to devise 'Social Plans.'"

"Hush, don't talk so loud. I thought I heard the preceptress coming."

"Don't be alarmed. That's only the radiator thumping. Here put this quilt around you. I'll venture it's 20 degrees below zero in this room."

"Well, I do think that greater emphasis should be placed on more thorough work in colleges. What is a college for any how?"

"That is just what Professor Salisbury

told us in chapel the other morning. College is a place to learn how to think and to gain a fund of practical, useful knowledge. He said that the social, aesthetic and physical, were secondary aims and should not be permitted to crowd out essentials."

"Yes, that was a fine speech he made. It was short too."

"I agree. If there is anything I detest, it is long, rambling, drawn-out exhortations."

"To resume the subject, Margaret, I say that four years of one's preparation for his life work is all too short to be wasted, by spending the best part of our time attending parties, skating and such like. When we get through we will wish we had put more time on the solid work."

"I quite agree with you. Already I have begun to feel my inefficiency for entering upon my life work. Too many outside duties are placed upon the already crowded program of a college student. They are always being asked to do one thing more, besides all of their studies."

"I believe it all comes from people not having the courage to say 'no.' I read the other day, the reason Michael Angelo died of melancholy was that he was overcrowded with work. Before he had begun one piece of work he allowed his patrons to force other commissions upon him. And as a result he passed his life in agony of spirit over promises unfulfilled—work begun and half done. I wish more people had the courage to say 'No' to the secondary things in their education."

"In science class the other day I learned that Newton, upon being asked how he came to discover the law of gravitation replied, 'By constant think-

ing.' Yes, and Newton might have served on a hundred committees, invented a patent churn, safety razor or fly trap during the time he was constantly thinking about the one thing, gravitation. But you see, he held himself to the one thing, saying 'no' to the thousand tempting diversions. These secondary things are brightly colored, are tempting at first sight in comparison to the grind of constant application to one's preparation for his life's work."

"Have you ever noticed the fact that children in learning to talk say 'no' long before they learn to say 'yes'? Yet men find it too easy to say 'yes' and almost impossible to say 'no.'"

"Listen! Who's talking?"

"I think that girl across the hall must be dreaming of skating on the basin and just now has reached the place where she fell."

"Going back to the subject, there are some people in school who need to broaden out along the social and physical lines. I know there are girls right here in this home who have talents that to us are hidden. The girl in the next room recites beautifully, but she has never been asked. I think she would be just as capable as Miss Star if she had the chance."

"Then why not put her on as chairman and relieve Miss Star? Let's go and speak to her about it right now."

"My! It must be 12 o'clock. We'll go to sleep on it, and make it a point to have an interview with her in the morning, before cramming for that Secondary Education test. Now, you have to go down stairs and you may hear all sorts of sounds but don't be alarmed for it's only the girls mumbling in their sleep, quotations they have to learn for Professor Lacey's class."

M. C. & M. S.

Effective Speaking

FRANK R. WOOD

YOU are going to make a chapel talk to a group of students. They are naturally very critical, so it is necessary that you be precise in every word and action.

Let your first appearance be made with both arms well filled with books. Look anxiously at the one that presents you to the audience and express the attitude that you are annoyed. Then, just before the time for you to speak, begin to gather up your books; and when the one who is speaking has finished, advance to stand. It is important that you make your first words impressive; be fresh and original. By far the best thing to say is, "It gives me pleasure to be here"; this is something entirely new and timely. Above all do not fail at this point to establish yourself in the good graces of your hearers by setting forth many reasons why you are not prepared to say anything of much value. Mention others that could treat your subject much better than yourself, state that you have not had sufficient time to prepare the speech, and that it is not in your line of work. Then take a book and *read* your introduction. This is especially a good form to begin a speech. Some have made the mistake of grasping the attention of the audience by a vivid, striking statement or remark that states the issue at the outset. This is bad form, especially before an intelligent group of students.

Read extensively from each book, and enlarge on the context in your own words. Never raise your head to the audience while reading.

Always determine some peculiarity that you will manifest frequently throughout the address. Walk from one side of the stand to the other and clear your throat at intervals. This will assure the audience that you are master of the occasion. A frequent stroking of the hand over your face is a very desirable and taking peculiarity, or perhaps the incessant rubbing of the hands would be better. If the pages of the book from which you are reading stick together and you are not able to turn them as rapidly as you wish, it is because you have neglected the universally approved custom of licking your finger. Failure to lick your finger in such an emergency is unpardonable.

Do not have any set time to your speech. Drag it out to shreds, and give your hearers no credit for ability to think from inferences. Keep on talking and reading though you note that many in the audience have gone to sleep. It cannot be your fault if you have adhered to the instructions set forth in the above. Finally, when your voice has become fatigued, it could hardly be considered an offense to the audience to stop and thank them for their kind attention.



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“Watchful Waiting”

NOW that semester examinations and class elections have become matters of history, surely the jaded spirits of the over zealous along with the faithful plodding student will find opportunity to revive. It is even rumored that some are holding out for themselves the hope of snatching six to eight hours out of the twenty-four for sleep.

We have reached the time when regular application can be used to wonderfully good advantage around these places where they traffick in knowledge.

No more boning for some months to

come. Let the lights go out promptly on time. We are preparing to settle down to a steady jog for the probable uninterrupted space that lies between us and the finish. School Spirit shouting has subsided sufficiently to listen to the reports of the shouters. Maybe the “conditions” are such that in some cases the reports were better left unread, at any rate there is an abundance of time left in which to change these if we begin where we left off and do not wait till the other end of the school year is reached, hoping at that time to roll up some experience in the way of accumulating facts for handy reference in the finals.

NEWS ITEMS

"Sligonian" Banquet

THE long waited for banquet of the SLIGONIAN came at last, Sunday evening, February 1, after a hard-fought battle between the "Winners" and the "Moguls." At the beginning of the campaign it was agreed that the losers should "feed" the winners while the latter should provide the program for the evening. The "gym" was decorated in the college colors blue and white—all was ready. The young men covered with a sheet were led in and auctioneered off for so many beans, the girl bidding the highest claiming the man. A clever program of music and recitations was given. Mr. Kamoda, dressed in the Japanese costume carrying a Japanese baby doll, danced and chanted some of the native lullabies. Not even a judge could have kept his face straight when Mr. Lippart "pulled off" a joke on some one present. Mr. Wood, president of the Association, presented the prizes to those securing the most subscriptions; Miss Alice Miller receiving a W. M. C. felt cushion top, Misses Julia Leland and Martha Bloom, each a pennant.

Ah! the most important feature of the evening was yet to come—the feed. Nothing dainty about it—real eats—sandwiches and cocoa, all you wanted, and ice cream on apple pie, and lemonade. It was a real banquet, but not without the clever toasts given by each side. Of course, we expected to hear from our president, Mr. Wood, who dressed as a Southern dandy, playing the part of Rastus, with his mandolin, truly pictured his trials in buying clothes—supporting his wife and almost numberless children. To repeat some of the comments of appreciation—"It was one of the best things of the whole evening." As an onlooker one is compelled to say, that the "Winners" can certainly "feed" and the "Moguls" entertain.

Skating Over Land

SKATING on the campus!—an unheard of pleasure at W. M. C., but a treat enjoyed to its fullest extent, the last few days of January. Both sidewalks and lawn were covered by a thick layer of ice, and our large campus made such a fine skating rink that students and nurses alike were enticed to desert their duties and join in the fun. Some who had never tried the art before, were tempted by the nearness of this smooth expanse to demonstrate their gracefulness on skates; while to the most experienced the speed gained on the downward slope gave all the thrill they wished. The uphill pull was a hard one, and half-way, some vowed "never again," but having reached the top it was always the "just one more" that conquered.

There was even room enough for hockey, the "chain gang" and "crack-the-whip". Many incidentally found that ice over grass is just as hard when hit as ice over water, and many an application of bandage or liniment was needed.

Windows were kept full of those who preferred to enjoy the fun from within. Although the postman and those who had to be out on the streets may hope never again to see sleet like that, we students would be glad for such a storm real often.

THE leader of the ministerial band reports that meetings are being held every Sunday night at a hall in Laurel, Maryland. Mr. Schultz has been doing the speaking, assisted by Mr. Hagman who has charge of the music and advertising. The weather has been very unfavorable so that the attendance has been rather small, but a number have become very

interested. As soon as the weather moderates it is intended to have meetings on Wednesday nights also.

ONE OF THE FIRST PIONEER HOUSES on the Nashville side of the mountains has been replaced by the dining hall of the Madison School, Professor Brallier told the students in chapel one day in January. The school has made all of its operating expenses from its own farm. The one hundred thirty-five students are able to support themselves and go to school twelve months a year.

ELDER C. S. LONGACRE spoke in chapel the last three mornings of January. His theme was the promises of God, some conditional and some fixed, but always sure. Christianity and Christian principles will ultimately triumph. His addresses brought courage.

DURING chapel period, February 6, Professor Machlan commented on the chapter in Education on Business Principles. "The soul of the sluggard desireth and hath nothing." How do you spend your study hour? Regular habits in student life are as important as in business life.

THE Saturday night before "exams", All be present at "vespers" was sounded throughout the dormitories. We waited in suspense only to hear, "Study period tonight."

MR. ALFRED COOPER enjoyed a visit from his father who lives in Mexico City.

ONE part of the bulletin board in Columbia Hall is being used by the Foreign Mission Band in displaying views every week arousing one's interest in the Mission Band study. Also a glass case showing relics of the mission fields brought back by returned missionaries has proved a source of knowledge on heathen customs. W. M. C.—a place where missionary zeal is foremost!

TRUE entertainment from first to last was the keynote of the interesting program provided for the Students' Association by the Entertainment Committee on Saturday evening, February 7. Readings, musical selections, games, and contests of laughable nature filled the larger part of the evening. The program closed with two marches, the music for which was furnished by the school orchestra.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS readily saw the reason for the many pictures lining the walls of Columbia Hall, Friday evening, January 23. The Near East study group were to provide the program for the evening meeting.

One of the songs sung at the convention in Des Moines was rendered by a double quartette. An interesting feature was the Mohammedan call to prayer given by Mr. Carnig, a native Armenian. Dressed in the costume of the Mohammedan woman, Miss Della Herbet made an appeal for the despised women of the Near East. Our only missionaries to the Moslems are Mr. and Mrs. Oster in Persia and Mr. Colthurst in Algiers. A little of their sufferings was pictured by Miss Verna Botsford.

Mr. Carnig, whose people have suffered torture, starvation and death at the hands of Moslem Turks, expressed his desire to tell these pagan people of the love of God. A quick preparation is the call of the Near East.

MORE Christian courtesy and more of the living gospel was the message Dr. Bryan brought to the Ministerial Band on Friday evening, January 30. For twenty years he had been connected with the Baptist denomination serving in the early part of his ministry as a local rector and later as moderator of a large California district where he was located when he received the message. The Band profited much from the message Dr. Bryan brought to them.

A WINDMILL was used to start the S. D. A. truth in Africa, so the African Mission Study Band told us at the Y. P. M. V. Society meeting, February 6. The Wesley family living in South Africa were debating whether it was right to

run the windmill on Sunday, when one member of the family spoke, "If you are going to be as particular as all that you better keep the Bible day." This started investigations with the result that they accepted the Sabbath truth.

The native African is ignorant and superstitious. Islam is conquering him from the north, with the Koran in one hand and sword in the other. Christianity is coming in from the south, but is followed by rum. The natives prefer Islam, for as a native put it, "The Arab comes, he wears a loose robe, his religion is loose. The Christian comes, his clothes are tight, his religion is tight."

There are 183,000,000 of these people in Africa; 50,000 are converted to Islam while only one is converted to Christianity. There are four ways of reaching these people: by evangelism, medical work, industrial training and educating the native for service.

The students of the African Study Band taking part in the society program were: Misses Arkebauer and Bennet; Mrs. Pound, and Messrs. Miller, White and Conger.

THE first month of 1920 cast its spell upon W. M. C. in the form of an epidemic of "flu." Many of the students and teachers have suffered from the disease but there have been no serious cases. The warning—take care of your health—was carefully heeded when every absence from class means one per cent from your final grade.

MRS. ROSE MAX BRADEN returned to her home in New York after four weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. Caroline Harter and friends.

W. M. C. welcomes students from Michigan! Miss Margaret Morse from Battle Creek has taken up work the second Semester.

MISS JULIA CALLIER has enjoyed a two weeks' visit from her mother.

As a word of appreciation, Mrs. George Owens wishes to thank the Students' Association for the flowers sent to her during her illness.

MRS. WELLS E. BEMENT has been visiting her relatives in Dover, N. J.

A LADIES' CHORUS has been organized under the supervision of Mrs. K. L. Gant. There are about forty members and great things are expected of them. A cantata, "The Life of a Leaf," is being prepared and will be given some time in February. Watch for the announcement and come!

FRIENDS of Miss Mabel Cassell will be glad to know that her mother has successfully undergone an operation for appendicitis at the Sanitarium. Mr. Cassell accompanied her here, remaining for a few days.

It was either a case of hiring the laundry done or going back to the old-fashioned method of our grandmothers—the washboard—when the school washing machine was broken for nearly two months.

RECENTLY some much needed improvements were made in the rooms occupied by the Normal Training School. The room used by the intermediate grades was enlarged and furnished with new desks. Both this room and the one used by the primary grades were repainted. A globe and a library of fifty volumes have been added to the equipment of this department.

DR. JOHN R. RANSON from St. Louis, Mo., visited Miss Lenoa Huguley en route to Europe. Dr. Ranson is the first from America going under the auspices of the Red Cross to investigate the medical situation throughout the Balkan States.

THE Friday evening service on January 30 was of twofold interest. Mr. Barritt conducted an illustrated song service half an hour before the opening of the meeting. The pictures were as impressive as were the solos sung. The picture of Christ alone in Gethsemane was shown while Mr. Barritt sang softly, "Christ Died Alone." Absolute silence reigned and each

heart was touched. Professor Longacre followed with a stirring talk on Christ as a personal Saviour. He presented in a forceful way the deep love of Jesus for his people, citing many incidents of a parent's love for his child—yet how much greater was the love of Christ who even gave up his life for us? A whole-hearted consecration by the students followed, and Dr. Bryan from the Park church sealed this manifest working of the Spirit with a closing prayer.

DURING examination week the class in Secondary Education was privileged to have a visit from Professor Howell. He spoke upon the opportunities which await those who are preparing to go into the educational work. He advised especially that, if possible, experience should be gained in elementary education before teaching in our academies. His reasons for this, from personal experience and general observation, were much appreciated.

MESSRS. Nicholas Lessner and D. J. Manton, former students, have taken up second Semester work.

By invitation of the General Conference to study our denominational school system, preparatory to establishing a school near Paris, Mr. Maurice Tiche, a graduate of the Paris University, is now visiting W. M. C. He has been a teacher in the Latin Union School, formerly of Gland, Switzerland, now established at Nimes, France. Dr. Field met him while studying in Geneva.

PROFESSOR MACHLAN made a business trip for the school to Boston, South Lancaster and New England Sanitarium the first week of February.

"THE MESSAGE" was the timely topic chosen by Elder W. A. Spicer on which to speak to us Sabbath, February 7. It is important that

we have a special message for this day and generation. The lines of fulfilling prophecy can be traced from the beginning down to our day. The experiences of Israel, their captivity and deliverance, are but ensamples for us. Did not all people wonder about the deliverance—if really after four hundred years Israel would be brought out of Egypt? God's hand was in that movement. He raised up a prophet, Moses, who brought them out and started them on their journey. Another movement was prophesied to begin in 1844 and it was fulfilled, just as in Israel's time, with Sister White as a leader in the exodus. On the isle of Patmos, John saw a movement rise, progressing until Christ's coming in the clouds of Heaven. The last scene was the company of commandment-keeping people standing on the sea of glass in the City of God. If the rise of the Advent Movement did not fulfill John's vision, then it is seventy-six years too late for any to start. Students! do not let the dust of the schoolroom dull your ardor in spreading the message!

Review and Herald

Two surprises at once! Miss Gregg, former overseer of the Periodical Department, who is to take up work in the New Canadian Publishing House, expected the surprise to be on Mr. and Mrs. Peters while they expected it to be on Miss Gregg. Upon arriving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Graham, January 27, both parties were innocent. Miss Gregg was presented with a leather traveling bag containing a "powder puff." Mr. and Mrs. Peters, just recently married, were given a clothes-basket full of housekeeping utensils ranging from a broom to a rolling pin.

THE new building is still progressing. The absence of dust from cutting through the wall is much appreciated by all the employees.

THE hearts of all employees were made glad Sunday morning, January 25, when Mr. Richmond in his chapel announcements said that

the *Review and Herald* would hold their annual banquet for the constituency, February 11. The minds of all reverted back to such an occasion last year.

MR. GRAHAM, secretary of the *Review and Herald*, holds the record for short chapel periods—February 1, holding the employees only eleven minutes. This was due to the extreme cold in the church.

Sanitarium News

THE Sanitarium is now a full-fledged registered institution. Dr. Miller will give a short report of the accomplishment of this in the next issue.

JANE LAKIE, one of the junior nurses taking her turn at the Dispensary, has been very seriously ill with pneumonia but is now improving. Her sister Bernice, one of the 1919 class, who has been following her profession in Canada this fall and winter, has been taking care of her.

MISS JENSEN, our superintendent of nurses, was called home on account of the illness of her father. She is expected to return soon to her post of duty.

WEDNESDAY, the patients enjoyed an evening in the parlor when a program was rendered consisting of readings and musical selections.

The Sanitarium has recently received word from Mr. Fred Greiner, an alumnus and his wife, now missionaries in China. They gave encouraging reports of their work and also announced the arrival of a son.

Now, for the Senior class doin's! The Class was organized Feb. 19, with the following officers: W. W. Tinsley, President; Merle Silloway, Vice-President; Alice Miller, Secretary; Howard Shull, Treasurer.

We are sorry to lose Mr. Harry Morse, Business Manager of the Students' Association, who was suddenly called home on account of the serious illness of his mother.

W. M. C. "New Jerseyites" met with Elder Moffatt and Brother J. W. Chrisman in the Dining Hall Feb. 12th, and spent a profitable noon hour together. Toasts calling forth loyalty to the work in New Jersey during the summer vacation and at all times met with hearty applause.

The constituency meetings brought us many men from the field full of interesting accounts of the progress of the work.

W. R. Elliott, president of the Mississippi Conference, spoke of the phenomenal growth of the canvassing work in that state. Some of the colporteurs labor under difficulties as great as any encountered in the foreign field and experience miraculous deliverances from the power of the enemy.

Thirty students responded to an invitation by Brother H. F. Kirk, Columbia Union field secretary, and organized a colporteur's band. Mr. Clyde Newmyer was chosen as leader and Miss Ruth Miller as secretary.

OLD BOOKS

Persons having books of travel, reference books, histories, standard authors, etc., which are worn and out of date but still serviceable, who may be willing to donate them to help stock libraries in some of the struggling academies in this constituency, will confer a great favor in promptly sending a list of what they have to offer to the SLIGONIAN office, mentioning this notice. Back numbers of certain magazines would also be welcome, for instance, Geographical and Popular Scientific magazines.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

NEWS FROM THE FIRING LINE

Mr. C. M. Meleen writing from India says:

"DEAR STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION:

Just today we received the October number of the SLIGONIAN. As I read it, I was glad to notice that your former enthusiasm for aggressive missionary work has not died out, but is becoming even more fervent than in the past.

Just now the opportunities offered to missionaries are wonderful. We are told they are so in other fields and we know they are so in India. Here at our South India office we are continually receiving calls for some one to teach the Truth.

Conditions in other parts of India are similar. Here is a portion of one of the many letters we have received asking for help, 'I have read the "Signs of the Times" and other of your books. I know you have the truth. I was a Catholic before I was converted. Then I spent my salary on drink. Now I am a changed man. My friends say they do not understand it. I try to teach them and many say I tell truth. I cannot teach them well. You must send us a pastor at once.'

This is from an educated man in Ceylon, but such calls come from all classes of people; and we have no men to send, not even native workers, unless we take them from their native work. Scores of missionaries should be opening up stations in favorable places

right now. Our forces in India are too weak. W. M. C. has its representatives in India. Can we not have many more? Will you not prepare for work in India?

Sincerely,

C. M. Meleen."

FROM TAKOMA PARK CHURCH SCHOOL

It is said that distance lends enchantment, so maybe I will feel more like writing for the SLIGONIAN when I get West next year. Now, I am just near enough to hear quite a little school news and yet, because I am an alumna, I am too far away to be in any of the school activities. To see the buildings every day and yet to have no active part there makes one have a "lost" feeling that is not exactly pleasant. Nevertheless I love my work and have never been happier than I am now with my twenty-two little primary children; and, of course, I think they are extraordinarily bright and sweet. I hope all of '19 are enjoying their work as much as I.

MABEL H. ANDRE.

ALUMNI GOSSIP

Miss Ruth Everett was a recent caller on the W. M. C. campus. Miss Everett is doing stenographic work in the city.

Mr. William Wilkinson has gone to Loveland, Colo., where he will be preceptor and instructor in English at Campion Academy.

Alumni friends and acquaintances extend their sincere sympathy to Mr. Windon Welch (Class 1916) whose father died recently. Since his graduation Mr. Welch has remained in Washington because of his father's ill health, for the same reason being unable to serve in the army. For nearly two years he has been working for the government, most of the time at original work involving matters of law and the weighing of evidence.

We learn with much interest of the marriage of Mr. Joseph Chesnutt to Miss Edythe Milby, on January 29, at Houston, Texas. Mr. Chesnutt and his bride have gone to Loveland, Colo.,

where he is to have charge of the mathematics department. The alumni and particularly the "Class of 1919" extend the best of wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Chesnutt.

Mr. Emil Leffler, of New York City, visited friends in Takoma Park recently. He is studying at Columbia this year.

Miss Alma Anderson has charge of the intermediate department of the Knoxville (Tenn.) church school. Her enthusiastic pupils took unusual interest in the Harvest Ingathering, collecting nearly \$700 for missions. A fourteen-year-old girl holds the record, having collected \$188. Miss Anderson seems to be enjoying her work.

Dr. Victor Barrows is studying medicine at Jefferson this year. This is his junior year.

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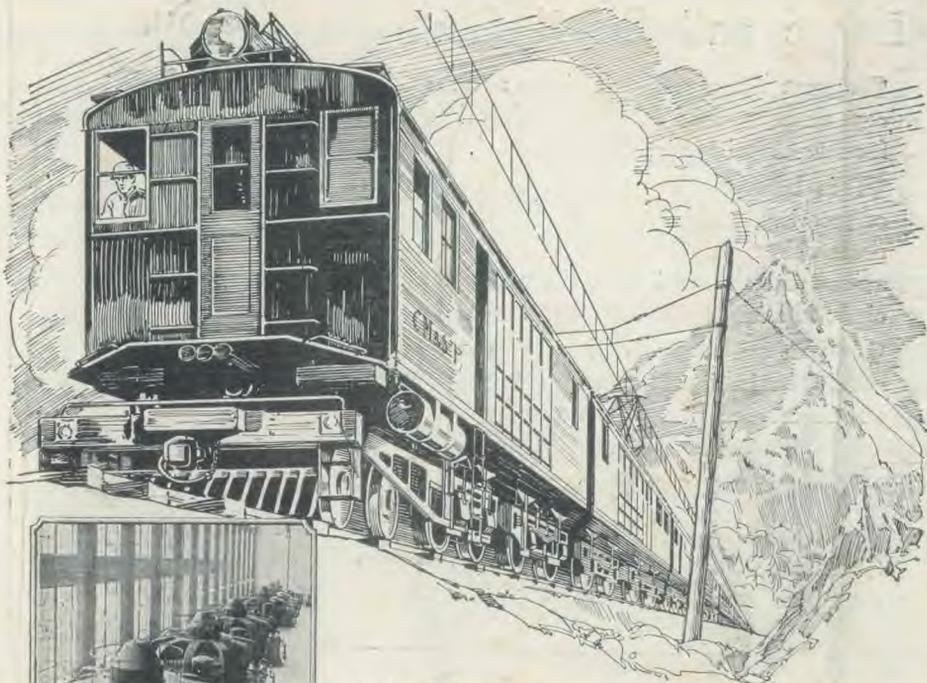
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