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THE GATEWAY TO SERVICE



Vol. IV

APRIL

No. 7

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# THE SLIGONIAN

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# THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. IV

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., APRIL

No. 7

## Seven Facets of Character

W. H. SPICER 71

CHARACTER is often likened to a jewel. Now a jewel depends for its beauty on at least three things—the material of which it is composed, the cutting, and the setting. Human character may be thought of as having analogy to a jewel in these three respects, but unlike most jewels it is subject to changes in respect to all three. It is these changes that interest from the viewpoint of education. Everything depends upon the deepest characteristics, corresponding to the material, and though they are the hardest to change, they receive the greatest attention, as being the foundation. Again, the pleasure from a jewel depends on its setting, and in fitting the individual also to his proper vocation and environment the greatest pains are taken. But between material excellence and special fitness there is a category of qualities corresponding to the symmetrical cutting of a gem which every one could exhibit unless a flaw prevented.

Almost all agree that the objects of education and of life are one. But what that life is to be, and where, are the questions that bring division. Different answers must apply in different cases. One general concept of the aim of life for the race is succinctly expressed in Genesis. It is so brief that its breadth is hardly realized. We read

of the first pair, "God blessed them;" and then in the form of five commands follows the first expression of this blessing. The wide implication of these five commands as aims for life, and hence, for education, is worth considering.

"Be fruitful." In its widest sense this command includes all. But especially it includes the result of toil in satisfying good taste. It is procurement of the things that make life more livable. In such activity man engaged when cultivating the primeval garden, or when seeking bread in the sweat of his brow, outside. Man, to live at all, must in some fashion be fed, lodged, and clothed. But these are but meagre fruits, and the command is not limited; it is absolute. It means that men should ever engage in planning and realizing. Obedience here brings blessings not only in the outward results but in its reaction upon character. This then is necessary as a first aim of education—the development of the practical capacity which is the prime condition of human progress. With it goes an energetic and progressive character, capable of devising things worth while, and experienced in bringing them into reality.

"And multiply." Not upon the birth rate, alone, does increase depend, but

also upon how many really attain complete life, and on how long they retain it. Hence such a command includes the use of every means to promote healthful living, that life may be long and fruitful. In this lies the greatest possibility of improvement. The command also implies a view of life as being something good in itself. With this view goes sympathy for others, a pleasure in their well-being and existence, and in that of humanity as a whole. It makes anything that tends to promote racial advancement seem worth sacrifice. Hence also human characteristics, merriment, and tears, the feelings and motives of actual life are justified as subjects for appreciation and intelligent expression. The work of the teacher is a kind of obedience to this command for without it increase in the number of complete men would be impossible. Here then is implied a second object of education, the attainment of a humane character, tending to foster human existence and its enjoyment. It involves ability not only in practicing but in inculcating the laws of physical, emotional, and mental health, both individual and social.

"And replenish the earth." Frontiers may be disappearing, yet pioneering in the ordinary sense is still a possibility and its worthiness is often attested in the nobility of the characters which it attracts and develops. In one respect this world will always be too thinly settled. Christ said to his disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth." And the command is especially to them: "Go ye into all the world." They are needed everywhere, and most where they are rarest. "The meek," Christ also said, "shall inherit the earth." Here then a third object is found:

the capacity to act independently, yet without self-importance. Education should develop personalities that are sufficient for more than their own sustenance merely, and that are bravely disposed to find the place where they can be most effective—disposed to lead into new fields, rather than to huddle together as if for mutual warmth.

"And subdue it." Outside of a small area, man had the task set before him of bringing the wilds of earth into order for habitation. The glory of martial conquest has attracted men and inspired the historian, even bedraggled as it is with crime. But the true object of man's conquest offers more glory, and such as any may gladly share: it is the surveying of the whole domain of nature, and subduing as much as possible to human use. All will not have the success of a Columbus or an Edison in the enterprise, but all can live, as it were, on the borders of their own ignorance, expecting to advance, and aiming if possible to take part in some front-line action where the lines of the community or of the race ought to move forward.

This fourth aim of life may be expressed as the maintenance and increase of the sum of enduring achievement. All the previous objects contribute to it, yet it demands the development of a special phase of character. To a degree this is the virtue of the ideal warrior that is demanded, decision of purpose, and once a worthy purpose is in view, a willingness to bend everything to its accomplishment. In this, fairness and method must be combined with zeal in order not to sacrifice blindly the greater for the less, or fail in using every resource to advantage. Most characteristic and useful is esteem for others,—with ability of finding

proper helpers, capable of being attracted by similar aims, and then of uniting forces to best advantage.

"And have dominion." The object of dominion pointed out includes every living creature, man himself possibly excepted. Between men, the normal relation is one of co-operation, although it seems natural and right that those who excel in advancing the general aims should be given some kind of predominance. Human attention is here directed to beings lower in the scale of existence. It may be that this dominion is as much a result of obeying the former commands, as a new command in itself. Yet a ruler must know the principles that define his authority, and relate them to the nature of his subjects. This widens the scope of interest in nature beyond the strict bounds of material utility. From the broad, yet insufficient view that "the proper study of mankind is man," this aim conducts to the study of the principles that underlie everything. Man is called to where he may "think God's thoughts after him," thence gaining power to rule.

Then, as nearly as five words can express these ideals, education should aim to bring the facets of *productiveness, humaneness, independence, devotion, and understanding*, to a high degree of polish in every individual. One or another of these aims is commonly neglected, or one is given prominence at the expense of the rest, but their even development is necessary to the full enjoyment of life.

Yet something still seems lacking with these five; we miss a familiar trait. Ah yes, it is a statement of man's position in regard to eternity. These ideals seem too earth-bound. Just two hints on this are given in the

connection: one is that, unlike the lower animals, God created man in his own image; the other, that he composed him from the dust. The first suggests a hope of eternal life, and the second suggests how dependent the realizing of that hope must be upon God the Creator. The results of philosophy very generally confirm these suggestions, showing that man is little fitted by himself either to apprehend, or to secure, or to justify, any relation that he may have to the eternities. Hence a sixth aspect of perfect character might be called "unpretentiousness."

Preparation for a life to come may well be less in denial of this present life than in the use of it in accord with these commands. It is easy, and Adventists are especially liable, to regard the future life as so important or so imminent as to justify neglecting the present. Certain aspects of the present may well be neglected, truly, but this life is our charge, and not that. The Lord, in the parable, "commanded the porter to watch," and yet the general duty prescribed to all was, "Occupy till I come." Not the seductions and anxieties of the world should fill attention. They are *present* it is true, yet they are peculiar to that present world, the love of which excludes the love of the Father. But our duty to pursue the ideal of life, is of that world for which the Son is giving his life, and for which he offers us in love the privilege of giving ours.

The pursuit of every one of these aims is a matter of capacity and opportunity, and should, for best success, be accompanied by recognition of the need and presence of Divine aid. This pursuit itself is a matter of faith—a faith in the goodness and practicability

(Continued on page 17)

# LITERARY DEPARTMENT

## Study Period

JAMES E. LIPPART

*During a study hour dreary, while I pondered weak and weary  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
‘Tis some student,’ then I muttered, ‘tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this, and nothing more.’ (With apologies to E. A. P.)*

PSYCHOLOGISTS, physicists, and other learned "ists" have well prescribed certain laws for studying. Their theories are "O. K." as theories, but the application is another matter when the average student's study period runs something like this:

In a happy frame of mind the student mounts the stairs, having just enjoyed a delicious treat from some one's box from home and a good lecture at evening worship for dessert. The latter requires an ample draught at the drinking fountain in passing to wash it down. Entering his room, he closes the door with a bang and drops leisurely into a chair. Tilting dangerously back, he stares at his chart synopsis of a Greek verb hung on the wall with a scowl of mingled disgust and desperation. The scowl fades to a smile as his mother's picture atop the dresser catches his eye. "Wish she were here, or I were there. Wonder what she's doing? But I must get to work. I didn't get a letter today—wonder why? Never mind, tomorrow maybe." So he meditates, then aloud

to his partner, "What was that assignment in our rhetoric?" Likely enough he gets the wrong answer, but at any rate he clears his deck, that is, the study table, for action. After disposing of the congeries of dishes, magazines, rairant, papers, etc. that confront him, he falls to on his theme, and his troubles begin. A topic—where? To no avail he racks his brain. But on the table lies a pamphlet entitled, "What we know about the League of Nations," which brings hope as he seizes it. Alas, it contains only four blank pages; it is just an advertising device. It reminds him of another blank space, and finger on forehead, he whispers "M. T." as he pencils the words, "Theme Writing" instead of "League of Nations" on the cover and picks up his Greek text.

To do this justice, he stretches himself on the bed with the book on his chest, props his head on the pillows and goes to work. Soon, "z-zzz-s-s-z-zzz" and so on, and the hearer might judge that studying Greek was like

sawing wood. If he could be quiet, he might rest in peace, but pretty soon the "saw" seems to strike a knot. His roommate hollers, "Put some oil on it," and the spell is broken. He rises, indignant at an insinuation that he might go to sleep if he should study on the bed, and directs his attention to that famous psychology. In the next room a "feed" is in progress, but in spite of that, he is just getting interested in "Sensation" when everything goes black. As he gropes his way to the bed, a general chorus of, "On with the glims" reassures him that this sensation is objective and not caused by overstudy. It is only a fuse blown out in the light circuit, and a quick repair allows but short respite before he is at his text again, reluctantly. "The ear consists of three parts"—tap, tap, tap, sounds at the door, and the prospect for study period departs when in walks a geometry student for a consultation with friend roommate. There is nothing for it but patience as study seems out of the question while they bisect, intersect, insect, and vivisect angles and wrangle about all the degrees from B.A. to thirty-third, exclusive. What a relief when it's over!

Then, as likely as not, another student enters to inquire about an assignment, or the translation of a certain sentence, or maybe just to visit and kill a little time. Next some one wants to borrow an envelope or what not, or a group enters bent on gaiety. At the psychological moment, naturally, the preceptor appears. When this falls, just when everything is at its height, the scene would furnish a good subject for one of those "Thrill-that-comes-once-in-a-lifetime" sketches.

It is not long before the lights give

their warning blink, and the one hope left is to go down to the parlor and study. Thither the unhappy student betakes himself, and there some time later he is found, his mind all too literally on his lesson, as he dozes with his brow resting in the open book. He is gotten off to bed, murmuring the decrepit and timeworn excuse, "My eyes hurt me," and the vain resolution to get up early and study. The hours slip by. At five o'clock, true to habit, the alarm goes off, and true to habit also he reaches over, shuts it off, and continues his slumber in peace until 7.15, which gives him ample time to make his 7.30 class.

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"If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."—*Emerson*.

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"By these things examine thyself: By whose rules am I acting? In whose name? In whose strength? For whose glory? What faith, humility, self-denial and love of God and to man have there been in all my actions?"—*Mason*.

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"But what things were gain to me those I counted loss for Christ: yea, doubtless and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things and do count them but dung that I may win Christ."—*St. Paul*.

# Horace Mann

E. J. WALDEN

**I**N the year 1796, in the little village of Franklin, Massachusetts, the one who did more to build up American schools than any other man was born. His case is peculiar as he did not train directly for the task that made him famous; it lay outside his chosen profession. Horace Mann saw the need of reform in the existing school system, and accepted a call to a position in which he could best work out this needed reform.

It is interesting to note the incentive that started him on his wonderful career. When the town of Franklin was organized, Benjamin Franklin was the most eminent man of the time, so the town was named after him. The citizens of the town asked Franklin to give them a bell. Franklin replied wisely that "sense was preferable to sound," and gave the town a library of five hundred volumes. This library furnished the only books Horace Mann had in his boyhood. Here he acquired his taste for scholarship. If the town had not been named after Dr. Franklin he would have had no occasion to make such a beneficent gift and America would be without one of its greatest educators.

The story of Mann's youth reminds one of the story of the youth of that other great American, Abraham Lincoln; only Mann did not have the affectionate mother that Lincoln had. His childhood was not a happy one. His father died when he was thirteen. He said that he never had a play day before he was twenty years of age, and that he could not remember the time when he did not work. Through-

out the seasons his work began very early in the day and lasted until time to go to bed. In winter when Horace could not farm, he helped his mother braid straw. But he was an exemplary boy and had none of the common vices as lying, stealing, and swearing.

The school that he attended was conducted only a few weeks in the summer and a few weeks in the winter. He was needed to help on the farm in the summer; hence, until he was fifteen years old, he did not go to school more than ten weeks in the year. There were none of the interesting studies such as nature study, agriculture, drawing, and music that today make school life a happy one.

The first good school that he attended was a private school in his home town, which was taught by Samuel Barrett. Barrett was an itinerating teacher who rarely stayed in one place over six months. Although an eccentric fellow, he was one of the best teachers of classics known in New England. Before Mann attended this school, he had never seen a Greek or a Latin book.

Only a few days after the boy had commenced work in Barrett's school, the schoolmaster recognized the talents that might be developed in him, and told him he must go to college. Smiling, the boy replied that it was useless as he knew no Greek or Latin. Barrett insisted that he must go, and agreed to prepare him. So the teacher and the boy of twenty worked together enthusiastically, and within six months young Mann passed the examinations for Brown University and entered the

sophomore class. In that six months he mastered the Latin and Greek grammars and read Æsop's fables, the Æneid, Cicero's Select Orations, the four Gospels and most of the Epistles of the New Testament, in Greek, parts of the Georgics and Bucolico, and parts of Græca Majorica and Minora.

\* Mann's college career was signally brilliant. Although part of the time that he was pursuing his college studies, he had to teach school, he was graduated in three years with the highest honors. Winship says: "His mature age, earnest purpose, and lack of funds helped materially to aid his naturally virtuous and noble traits in college days." Mann was one of the most brilliant classical students in the history of the university. He was also a master of English, having been aided by the literature he read in the Franklin library. His valedictory theme, "The Progressive Character of the Human Race," is one of the great efforts of New England college graduations.

† After being graduated from college,

Mann studied law and became a brilliant lawyer. When later elected to the state legislature and to Congress, he did not use his office for political advantage, but sought to bring in much needed reforms for the benefit of the children, idiots, insane, deaf, and blind. When elected president of the state senate, Mann pushed through the educational reform bill, establishing a state board of education. He relinquished a political career to accept the secretaryship of the board.

Here Mann effected the reforms that made his place secure in connection with American education. He visited Europe in the interest of schools; he brought the citizens of his state to feel the need of public instruction; founded the first normal schools for the training of teachers; issued annually for his tenure of twelve years a report of the work of the state board.

In 1859 Horace Mann died. The keynote of his life was given in his last public utterance, "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

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## Opportunity—Responsibility

H. A. WEAVER

THE political world is ever changing. Never before have changes come about that have been of such importance, and in such a short time, as in the last few years. The attitude of the nations toward each other can not be measured today by their correspondence of yesterday; neither do they themselves know what the morrow will bring forth.

The scientific world is forging ahead as never before, especially along aerial lines. Their leaders say that since religion has failed to bring about a successful means of communication with our neighbor planets, it is necessary for science to perform this task. Strange sounds are now heard by wireless, and it is believed by some that the inhabitants of other worlds are talking to

us, and all we need to do is to learn their code. We are also told that it will be only a matter of a short time until we can visit Mars, in the aeroplane, for say they, "Distance disappears when we have enough speed."

Such prospects, as well as many others of equal importance, present to the young men of the world a wide field for development. They are willing to undergo severe hardships in order to succeed. They have thrown their whole lives into such work. No matter how many obstacles stand in the way or how unsurmountable they appear.

What a challenge this should be to Christian young people, especially to the young men and women in our institutions. God's message to this rushing, perishing world is overdue. It should have been finished years ago if we had all done our part. God is long-suffering, and still probationary time lingers. However, we have come to a time when we must work as never before.

The condition all over the world calls for well-trained men and women—men and women who have learned in the school of experience to put their trust in God, and lead others to do so. Burden bearers must be produced by our schools, who can take up the work which the pioneers of this message are forced to lay down.

We must not neglect our education along the lines of responsibility. There are many ways in which we can get such a training, while in school. We have the Church and Sabbath school, organizations which afford an excellent opportunity for the development of talent. If in the future we are expected to lead out in this message from the

pulpit, the press, or in house-to-house work, we must gain some experience now that will at least, start us aright.

If we expect to become efficient teachers, we not only must study books, and in that way get the required scientific knowledge, but it is necessary that we learn by doing. The Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society, The Students' Association, and other similar organizations are excellent avenues through which we can learn to bear responsibilities. However small and unimportant the position may be that we are called upon to fill, it should call forth the best that there is in us, and we should use it as a stepping-stone to greater efficiency. What if we do make mistakes? If we are climbing upwards we will not fall very hard for the earth is not far distant. Only when we look backwards are we liable to fall down the hill.

We need an all-around education. On page 220 of that good book "Education" we read: "An education derived chiefly from books leads to superficial thinking. Practical work encourages close observation and independent thought. Rightly performed, it tends to develop that practical wisdom which we call common sense."

All who make a real success in life mix enough practical work with their scientific principles to show those with whom and for whom they are laboring in the interest of this message, that common sense, which will lead men to investigate the source of their power. Thus weary sin-burdened souls will find rest and peace in Christ. As students let us pledge to do our best, and leave the rest with God.

# An Exciting Episode in Mid-Ocean

AGNES SORENSON

**T**ERESA had crossed the ocean several times since the war had begun and had not been afraid of any danger, but this time the crew were taking more precaution than usual, and she was beginning to get alarmed. What if this should be her last trip? What if they were sunk by the submarines?

Questions of this kind came to her mind several times that evening as she paced up and down the deck, but at last her friends persuaded her to come in and play checkers.

She was glad to find something to do to get her mind off these troubling questions. All the ship was dark with the exception of the few lights in the cabins where groups were gathered playing, or amusing themselves in different ways. Teresa went to one of these cabins with her friend, Mrs. Lindsay, where a group of people of different ages were playing checkers. She became so interested in the game that she thought no more of what might happen.

At a late hour the company parted to retire, and as usual, Mrs. Lindsay said, "I will call you, Teresa, if there is any disturbance, but as this is the fifth night out and we are only three days from home, I think that we may sleep with perfect ease. Good-night, dear."

Teresa said good-night in her cheery way and got ready for bed without any serious thought, but she slept for only a few minutes, it seemed, when she heard an excited voice. Could it be Mrs. Lindsay? Yes, it was!

"Teresa, child, wake up! The boat

has been ordered to stop, and no one knows what is the trouble! Grab your life belt! I have mine!" she excitedly exclaimed as she waved in the air a tooth-brush and a pair of tennis slippers.

Teresa was really frightened; she quickly threw something around her, and rushed on deck to find Mrs. Lindsay. A breathless group awaited word from the captain. They were unable to find him, and all the information they had was that the ship had been ordered to stop by another ship. They were not sure what was wanted.

Soon the large boat was motionless, and every one waited. It seemed hours before they could see anything, but in reality it was only a few minutes until they saw a hulk outlined against the horizon.

All were busy with their own thoughts as they waited for action. Many were saying what they believed to be their last prayer, and others were pacing up and down the deck. Some had become hysterical. Mrs. Lindsay clung desperately to her tooth-brush and tennis slippers while Teresa was thinking of her mother who had begged her not to go this last time; but it was too late now.

Soon they could see a small boat darting out of the darkness. Eight figures were in the boat and went in under the deck. What did this mean? Why couldn't they find Captain Goodman and find out what was the trouble?

Their questions were not answered, but they would find out all too soon. A dark figure with cap in hand was coming on deck; then another, and

another. It was impossible to escape them.

These dark figures went to different groups and to their utter amazement asked for money to aid the poor children of France. To be sure each cap of the

ruddy sailors was filled to the brim and every one was thankful that he had the privilege of helping the French children instead of being taken prisoner by the Germans.

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## Education and Practical Life

JULIAN GANT

**A**S STUDENTS we are forging ahead and going deeper and deeper into knowledge, especially the knowledge as found in books. At this period we are focusing our attention upon the volumes which have been written of history, facts, theories, and ideas. No one can deny the supreme necessity of the most intense study of these things, for scholarly attainment is essential for the making of a complete man. However, there are dangers that we face during college life. There is the possibility of our losing connection with reality, and getting out of touch with humanity.

Realizing these dangers shall we not occasionally look up from our books and, as it were, see which way we are headed? It is well to take our bearings to see what part the things with which we are saturating our minds will play in the reality of life. May we not rightfully ask ourselves a few questions? Do we have a vision of the present world need? Is our training developing that in us which will make us the men and the women for the hour? Are we the ones to meet the need?

We must know where humanity is going. We must know where we are going. If in measuring ourselves, we

find that we do not know these things, it is evident that the world does not need us in a time like this, when the mass of humanity are as sheep without a shepherd. Many men and bodies of men realize that something must be done, but they know not what to do. They busy themselves about nonessentials. They are working in a circle. Others know something about what should be done but are at a loss to know how to accomplish it. Few there are that can stand firmly as safe guides for those who are looking to find the way. Are we among those who can stand as leaders in this confused and bewildered world?

The Christian students of today are standing on the threshold of the greatest opportunity which any student generation has ever confronted. Shall we not arise to our responsibility and privilege—the privilege of leadership, that leadership which finds its most complete expression in self-sacrificing service? God is speaking to this generation. He wants men that will carry his message, men of conviction and firm beliefs. The man for the hour is the one who knows where he is going, the one who knows what he believes and is willing to back his beliefs with his life.

# MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

## Study—Prayer—Work

OTTO SCHUBERTH

**T**HE Christian student is ordained to grow. He is not to remain a babe; but he must become "a perfect man unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." As our bodily growth is governed by certain laws, our spiritual advancement is also dependent upon obedience to well-defined principles.

### Study

The first important means of growth is the study of God's word. "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." God speaks to us through his word. He instructs us, and we gain knowledge. But this is not sufficient. The conversation is only one-sided. We must also speak with God. This we do by

### Prayer

Study of the Bible and prayer go together. If we study only, we become mental Christians. Prayer alone, on the other hand, develops fanaticism. If we pray only and do not listen to the word of God, we are not advancing to perfection. "He that turneth away his ear from *hearing* the law (the word of God), even his prayer shall be abomination." As students we must understand that study and prayer are not to be separated.

### Work

But in order to obtain complete success, we need to work. In fact, the first two essentials to growth are only the preparation for the third. If we consider the study of God's word and prayer our spiritual food, we may become subject to spiritual indigestion unless the energy gained is used in ministering to others.

We are here to work. A lost world is to hear the story of salvation. How much value has all our study, or what good do our prayers accomplish if we remain comfortably sitting at the fire-side, dreaming about mission fields, heathen, and a soon-coming Judge? Are we touched by the stories of missionary pioneers and heroes in distant lands, and yet watch peacefully, without the slightest emotions, hundreds of precious souls going to eternal ruin in front of our very doors?

Certainly study and prayer will not do alone. In order to grow successfully, work, hard Christian work, must follow. May we turn from our idleness to energetic activity!

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Better not read at all than read merely to confirm one's prejudice. A book that does not change our opinions a little is as well not read.

### THE STUDENT-MISSIONARY AT WORK

WHEN the time came for volunteers to go down to the city mission on Sunday afternoon to give out our papers and invitations for the Sunday evening meeting, no one could go. I decided that I would not go either, but I kept thinking of those who were expecting their papers. I then decided that there were so many lessons to get, and I made that an excuse, for not going; but the thought of a little sick lady who always was so glad to get her paper caused me to change my mind again.

After deciding to go, I felt much happier; and when it came time, I was glad to go even if the other girls could not be with me. Soon I was at the mission and immediately started out with the papers. Every one was glad to get his paper with a few exceptions, and on reaching the door of the sick lady, she said:

"I am so glad you came. Here is a donation for home missions."

Thanking her, I asked how soon she would be able to come to the meetings.

"I hope when spring comes, I will be better and can go out; but I am glad you remember me with the paper even if I cannot come to the meeting. I enjoy reading it so much and look forward to it each week," she replied.

As I left the door, I was thankful that I had come and that this paper could bring sunshine into the home of this lady. Then knocking at the next door, I saw a little thin, drawn face of a very small old lady. I asked her if she were coming to meeting, but she said that she had not been able to

*(Continued on page 17)*

### AS I GO ON MY WAY

My life shall touch a dozen lives before  
this day is done,

Leave countless marks for good or ill  
ere sets this evening sun.

Shall fair or foul its imprint prove on  
those my life shall hail?

Shall benison my impress be, or shall a  
blight prevail?

When to the last great reckoning the  
lives I meet must go,

Shall this wee fleeting touch of mine  
have added joy or woe?

Shall He who looks their records o'er—  
of name and time and place—

Say "here a b'essed influence came, or  
here is evil's trace"?

From out each point of contact of my  
life with other lives,

Flows ever that which helps the one who  
for the summit strives;

The troubled souls encountered does it  
sweeten with its touch?

Or does it more embitter those em-  
bittered over much?

Does love through every handclasp  
flow in sympathy's cares?

Do those whom I have greeted know a  
newborn helpfulness?

Are tolerance and charity the keynote of  
my song

As I go plodding onward with earth's  
eager, anxious throng?

My life must touch a million lives in  
some way ere I go

From this dear world of struggle to the  
land I do not know;

So this the wish I always wish, the  
prayer I ever pray,

Let my life help the other lives it touches  
by the way.

—*Strickland Gillilan.*

# COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

## Brief Talks by the Near Greats

“I KNOW that I do not know,” is one of the many philosophical paradoxes, the truth of which I failed to comprehend when I began my college course. One of my professors used to say that a college graduate has just begun in the broad field of knowledge. At first little did I realize the truth of his statement, but I am glad to say that here in my junior year I have come to a realization of the vast fields of knowledge of which I am totally ignorant. Fellow students, do not consider your school education finished until you have that inner conviction of your lack of knowledge, and an inward desire to pursue the same without some one having to incite you to it.

GABRIEL KUPJIAN.

I AM thankful for Christian parents who have sent me to Washington Missionary College; I am thankful for the Christian influence of this college and what it has done for me. As I look forward to next year my only ambition is to do my bit in making this college true to its name.

AGNES L. SORENSON.

SOMETIMES when there is an especially long assignment in psychology or an exceptionally hard theme for English, I wonder why I ever left

fomentations and cold mitten frictions for a long course at Washington Missionary College. But I am very glad for the privilege of being here; and even if I go back to the fomentations and footbaths to the end of the road, I hope I can be a better nurse for having been a Washington Missionary College student.

MAUDE SPENCER.

PERHAPS the thing for which I am most grateful to Washington Missionary College is the high ideals it has set before me. I am thankful for the high Christian standard set before us by our teachers; for ideals of service exemplified in the lives of returned missionaries who have been with us; for association with students who are trying to live up to their high ideals; and for the calls for Christian young men and women given by the ministers who have visited us. I am thankful that I can spend another year in this school, and my desire is to live up to the ideals set before me here.

RUTH WILCOX.

“Be good, get good, and do good. Do all the good you can; to all the people you can; in all the ways you can; as often as you can; and as long as you can.”—*Spurgeon*.

# THE SLIGONIAN

Edited and Published Monthly by the  
STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF WASHINGTON MISSIONARY COLLEGE  
TAKOMA PARK, D. C.

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TERMS: One dollar a year (9 numbers) in the United States and Canada; one dollar and fifty cents to foreign countries. Make all remittances to THE SLIGONIAN, Takoma Park, D. C. Instructions for RENEWAL, DISCONTINUANCE, or CHANGE OF ADDRESS should be sent *two weeks* before the date they are to go into effect. *Both old and new addresses* must always be given.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

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Entered as second-class mail matter December 20, 1916, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1897.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Congress of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1918.

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## EDITORIAL

TIME has come and gone for another whole school year, and the chances are that much of it has not been utilized as we would have had it done had we been able to direct its utilization by some one else for the benefit of ourselves. Nevertheless, fortunately for the student, the close of the last semester of each school year and the opening of the first of the following term offers him the opportunity of beginning again. This is true of course, in all cases except that of a senior, for him with the close of school the die is cast. His record must show the coveted prize won or he must find a philosophy that will be a

balm to soothe the sting of disappointment and an ointment that shall revive his drooping spirits to the extent that his future existence in the "Slough of Despond" will be of a tolerable degree.

After reading from the Psalm of Life the lines:

"Life is real, life is earnest etc.,"

the next thing to crowd his weary brain is:

"I *must* soar to the heights that suit my wings

And all that I can I'll do,

And waste no time on a quest for things

My soul is unequal to."

The time for resolutions is past. He must now look to the application of his feeble portion of the spiritual inheritance of the race. Heretofore, his success depended in a large measure upon the extent of the coaching and encouragement received from his teachers. Now he must be shoved away from the shore of all that is known to him and battle with the waves of adversity for the safety of his little bark with the light of all that is known to him to his back, and look for assur-

ance in landing only to the fact that other men have made the same voyage that he is beginning with no larger craft, and in many instances less seaworthy than his own.

For the junior and undergraduate the case is different to the extent that the opportunity is to be repeated for him to learn the reading of the card. The good old days are never good until they are "old", hence it is folly for any except the senior to indulge in retrospect with any hope of gain.

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## SEVEN FACETS OF CHARACTER

*(Continued from page 5)*

of life is natural, and essential to success. In such a world as this, faith is dimmed by the sight of sin and death; capacity and opportunity seem meagre and easily lost. It is here that revealed religion, the science of Jesus Christ, finds its place as a resource for renewing and redirecting the life, through acquaintance with the love of God, and participation of his Spirit. This then is really a seventh aim: the apprehension and effective use and extension of the principles of piety.

If faith, hope, love, purity, sincerity, temperance, and all the fruits of the Spirit are what constitutes the groundwork of character, it is in such secondary qualities as productivity, humaneness, independence, devotion, understanding, unpretentiousness, and piety that those primary virtues find manifestation.

These are fitted to appear in the surroundings furnished by any and every talent and vocation, and may be brought out at every stage in education. They will not be perfected without effort any more than a gem is polished

without art. It is largely in proportion as teacher and student are consciously working toward the aim of developing them that they will find opportunities to do so. When they are realized as concepts they can be expressed and strengthened by application in many connections.

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## THE STUDENT-MISSIONARY AT WORK

*(Continued from page 14)*

walk more than a few steps for several months; but she also expressed her appreciation of the papers.

Truly, I was glad that I had left the musty books for a few hours and had gone out into God's sunshine to carry the news of salvation. Although all of these people will not come to the meetings, they may get help from reading the papers which we take to them each week.

AGNES L. SORENSON.

## Her Decision

BEATRICE LEWIS

"DO you know, I have decided to attend the home university next year and not come back to college?" suddenly announced Margaret Gates to her chum one evening as they were enjoying their usual chat.

"Why Margaret! Only last week we were planning on rooming together and having a good time," was the startled answer of Thelma.

"That's just it, Thelma. It seems to me good times are about all I think about. If that's what I want, I can get it at home just as well. I am so disappointed. You know the president of our conference said last fall just before I left that I couldn't get any nearer heaven on this earth than here at school. I can't say I think it any nearer heaven than my home high school."

"Well, Margaret, I don't understand how you can talk that way. They say you get out of life what you put into it, and I guess that applies to school. So if you are not getting what you want, it must be your own fault," answered Thelma reprovingly. "I don't like to hear you compare our college with a worldly high school."

"How can I help it? That's just the way I feel about it. Maybe I did expect too much. I guess I looked for saints and found human beings. If it wasn't sad, I should think it funny. Mother told me not to bring any but very plain clothes. Then when I got here, I found I looked like a nun among a lot of society ladies. I am disappointed, not only with the dress, but with the conversation as well.

"At home students weren't continually bragging about bluffing through

their classes or continually criticizing their teachers. Only yesterday Miss Gray, who is thought to be a very good girl, said so proudly that she hadn't studied her Bible lesson once this year. I longed to ask her what she came here for."

"Margaret, did you ever stop to think that others may feel the same way you do?" questioned Thelma.

"If they did, such things wouldn't be," returned Margaret.

"Why not? You are disappointed and dislike some things that are done, and yet you do them yourself, now don't you?"

"Well, of course, I don't care to be conspicuous and be called peculiar; so to avoid that, I confess I have done things I don't approve of."

"Then, honey, don't you think perhaps that's the secret of all the trouble. I think that this school needs students who can do what they think right whether anybody else does or not."

"I suppose there is truth in that, but I didn't expect to have to stand alone here," replied Margaret musingly. "Of course, I expected to do so at high school, but here I counted on following the crowd."

"I suppose this school is made up of students just like you who have come with the same ideas; and if that is true, if everybody looks to some one else, don't you see what happens?"

"Yes, I think I see a little better than before. And I do feel much better. I guess no matter where you are you have to paddle your own canoe. I must go and study now. Good-bye," and Margaret went down the hall humming a happy little song.

# NEWS ITEMS

## SENIOR CONSECRATION SERVICE

THE senior class took its place on the rostrum at the chapel hour Wednesday morning, March 24, as an outward sign of the consecration each had inwardly made.

That their only excuse for living is "that ye should show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light" (1 Peter 2:9), was the central thought in the sermon delivered by Elder H. H. Votaw. He reminded them that God had said that it is better not to make a vow than to make one and fail; hence, there is a need to look at our vows of consecration in sincerity and seriousness.

### Temptations of Seniors

"The first temptation," so he said in part, "that usually comes to seniors is one of money. Many times they are led to think that if they earn money and give of their means, their money will be worth more than their service. Jesus can't show his gospel through gold. It requires lives. The days of miracles are not yet past. When God can take a man and change his ambition to gain wealth and worldly fame into a desire to give his life to serve others, this is a miracle.

"Another temptation is that a senior is liable to be proud of his learning. In Proverbs 6:16 the Lord mentions seven things that are an abomination to him, and pride heads the list."

### Meaning of Consecration

He then explained how consecration means, filling their hand (see Ex. 28:41, margin). Thus we must have something to give, we must carry something. "The Holy Spirit is not given to us to help us get wealth or fame, but solely for the purpose of heralding the tidings of the coming King." In closing his sermon, he cited an incident of a Brahman priest who

had made this observation of Christians: "You are not as good as your Book." "The Bible and the gospel," Elder Votaw continued, "is what we need to exemplify in our lives. It is our personality that counts in all fields."

### Senior Response

Mr. George Owens led out in the response of the twenty-three seniors present by saying consecration was an individual matter with him. All followed with a sentence testimony after which they sang, "Just as I am"

### Program

March.....	Miss Viola Severs
Invocation.....	Prof. C. M. Sorenson
Vocal Solo.....	Mrs. Lela H. Beuchel
"This Is My Task"	
Address.....	Elder H. H. Votaw
Response.....	George E. Owens
Consecration Song.....	Class
"Just as I am"	
Prayer.....	Prof. B. F. Machlan

### Hurrah for the Boys!

FULL of pleasant surprises and interesting incidents, the boys' reception for the South Hall and Sligo girls on Wednesday evening, March 31, was an event of the year. The first part of the evening an interesting program was arranged for in the "gym", which, besides being entertaining, showed talent. An Irish character sketch was interesting while a torch-light Indian club drill was enthusiastically encored. Musical talent was not lacking and the male quartette sang several selections. A popular feature of the program was the search for the second end of a string. Each girl was given one end of a string, and her search for the other end held by her partner, often lead over chairs, under tables, and around

posts. The second part of the program, equally as interesting as the first if not more so, was the refreshments served in the dining-room. Nearly two hundred covers were laid for a two-course lunch. Appetizing sandwiches, salad, and punch were followed by delicious ice-cream, cake and home-made fudge.

The evening ended only too early for many, and it is the private opinion of the girls that the boys' reception should be given oftener than once a year.

#### Proper Sabbath Observance

"PROPER Sabbath Observance" was the topic discussed by the Missionary Volunteers at a recent meeting. Miss Hansen traced the history of Sabbath keeping from creation, dwelling especially on our Saviour's example. Mr. Newmeyer read and commented upon passages from the Testimonies, showing that the first and last minutes are as important as any other part of the Sabbath. Miss Brill gave a reading entitled "We won't give up the Sabbath." Time was given for a few testimonies, and a desire to live out the principles presented was expressed.

#### Near East Band Happenings

AN unusually large attendance has been one of the marked characteristics of the Near East study group for the past number of weeks. A few weeks ago Mr. John Carnig, himself born and reared an Armenian, gave us some first-hand information regarding the manners, customs, and language of the Armenians. Again, but recently, Elder W. A. Spicer occupied the mission study hour in the presentation of the interesting experiences of our workers in the Near East. As Elder Spicer was fresh from his recent visit to Europe, his talk was very much appreciated.

#### Be a Foreign Missionary

To find out what the emigrant meets on Ellis Island, Brother V. O. Panches, secretary

of the foreign work in America, told us he had been through government inspection. He pointed to the island as the second "gateway to service", W. M. C. being the first, of course. He showed us what we could do with our foreign papers, showed us the kinds of papers printed by his department, and told some of the results obtained. It is not necessary to cross the seas to become a foreign missionary. In fact, the best way to see if the halo of missions is real or imaginary is to work in the settlements.

#### Professor Spalding Lectures

A LARGE audience assembled in Columbia Hall on the evening of March 22 to hear Prof. A. W. Spalding, editor of the *Watchman Magazine*, deliver a lecture on the history and progress of the work of Seventh Day Adventists in the Southland.

The fascinating pictures that were thrown upon the screen enabled us better to understand the various conditions and difficulties that are encountered by those who labor in that field. In mountainous regions, such as are found in east Kentucky and Tennessee, many families live in one-room log cabins, which are built of unhewn saplings and clay mud. Hundreds of these people have never seen a railway train. But in other sections of the same states the landscape, entrancing in beauty, is dotted here and there with stately mansions, whose roofs shelter a refined and cultured aristocracy that is nowhere surpassed. The many thousands of colored people also serve to make the southern field one of peculiar interest, and quite unlike any other part of the United States.

#### "Tales of an Explorer"

DR. FREDERICK MUNSON gave one of his usual interesting lectures on the evening of March 23. He spoke on Mexico. Among other interesting things he told of a visit to a Mexican general who is a personal friend of his. Upon going to the palace Dr. Munson was at first refused admittance by a guard. But on the second visit the same day the guard was not

there. During the visit the general suggested a walk through the garden. In one corner lay a man. "Do you know that man?" he asked Dr. Munson. "That is the guard who refused you admittance." The general was writing a letter when a report came to him of the action of the guard. He arose, went out, and himself shot the guard, then returned to his room, and continued his letter writing. After relating this little incident to Dr. Munson, the general continued his conversation about the beauties of the garden. What Mexico needs is education.

#### Senior Doin's, No. 2

Ah! the joys and sorrows of being a senior! Sunday, March 28, the class went to Burnt Mills for a picnic. It seems that prospects are poor for the reign of *ennui* in the Class of '20 from now till close of school. Thanks to Miss Ethel André and Mr. Albert Chaney, all were given an auto ride, being delayed but a few minutes by "Junior pests."

Climbing hills, jumping rocks, taking and "being took" made all do justice to the delicious lunch prepared by the girls. The camp-fire, over which the cocoa boiled, cast its spell upon the encircling group. After three initiation ceremonies, the company dispersed. It was the end of a perfect day.

#### The Ladies' Chorus

FORTY girls, dressed in white, marched upon the platform covered with green leaves. It was on March 25 that the ladies' chorus presented the long anticipated cantata, "The Life of a Leaf." The Students' Association, feeling the lack of musical programs had voted Mrs. Kenneth Gant the task of directing this chorus. The flowers and baton presented to her that night expressed the appreciation of the students.

The life of a leaf from the time it lay asleep in the bud until it dropped helplessly from the tree to fall in the valley and live again in other leaves, was artistically pictured in the music and song of the cantata. The soloists in the chorus were, Mrs. Bowen, Mrs. Beuchel, Mrs. Cochran, and Miss Cassell.

In the first part of the program the ladies quartette, Mrs. Gant, Mrs. Beuchel, and Misses Cassell and Botsford, sang several much appreciated selections. The vocal solo by Mrs. Gant, and the violin solo by Mr. Edwards were enjoyed.

#### April Briefs

MR. FRED HERBST and sister, Della, spent the week-end at their home in Patterson, N. J.

MRS. JESSIE COCHRAN has just recovered from an attack of tonsilitis.

FRIENDS of Miss Evalina Eidson will be interested to learn of her having undergone an operation at the Sanitarium.

It seemed like old times to have Elder Carlyle Haynes from New York speak to the Bible students one day during the Spring Council.

MISS MILDRED STUART spent the first week-end of April at her home in Virginia.

It was a real treat to have Elder D. A. Robinson, during the week of the Spring Council, speak to a number of students about his personal experiences with Sister White.

RECENTLY Misses Antoinette and Katherine Tippet enjoyed a visit from their mother, of Baltimore.

MR. JOE SHULTZ spent several days at his home in Philadelphia the last of March.

REFRESHING and strengthening were the talks given to us in chapel by those attending the Spring Council which was held in the gymnasium the last week in March.

THE Commercial Department is improving its equipment. A new Burroughs Adding Machine has been secured.

MR. CLARENCE FROST spent a few days at his home in Balston, Va., recovering from an operation.

It was a real pleasure to see Miss Madge Miller from Montreal at W. M. C. again. She said she was at Toronto and thought she'd take a little run down home.

OUR latest student is Mr. Bergere from New York who is taking up the ministerial course.

Rain did not entirely break up the plans of the students on Easter Sunday. Several went to the services at the monastery in Brooklyn.

MUMPS is the rage now. Miss Virginia Dix suffered from an attack of them.

ELDER GILBERT addressed us recently on the definiteness and truthfulness of the Biblical account of creation. He affirmed that those who enter the kingdom finally will be those who "worship him that made heaven and earth."

How time does fly, and with it what changes! Mr. Ray Corder, '19, and wife (formerly Miss Emma Silber, M. V. A., '19), have been with us, she having had an operation at the Sanitarium. Mr. Corder is assistant home missionary secretary of the Columbia Union Conference. W. M. C. is proud of her sons!

STUDENTS of '15 will be glad to know of Miss Ethel Hibbard, who is now Mrs. Phelps of Virginia. She was a recent visitor of Mrs. Williams in South Hall.

DR. FIELD in worship the past year has given the boys many thoughts, helpful, scholarly, and inspiring. He has led us to see others as real friends and to see our part in God's great plan for the universe. We are glad to have him, and future years will not efface memories of him or the results of his kind and wise admonition.

THE preceptor's room is the scene of many discussions by the boys after "lights out" on history, ethics, canvassing, knowledge, and even cutting the college curriculum.

MR. KUPJIAN converts night into day. You

may find him in Professor Field's room many times till after midnight, studying.

MR. WALTER PLACE enjoyed the mumps for a few days. He rejoiced more at getting over them, however.

WE were glad to welcome Mr. Frost back to school. He is rooming in North Hall now.

MR. JOY WALDON's return to school work is welcomed by those who know him.

"EVERYTHING under the sun is monotonous."  
—Professor Lacey.

PROF. B. F. MACHLAN made a trip to Mt. Vernon the first of April.

LEAH GANT has gone home to Colorado. The girls of South Hall, to show their regret of her departure, presented her with a beautiful silk kimono and cap. The songs and speeches only partially expressed the friendships Leah had gained during her seven months at W. M. C.

#### Park News

"HAPPY birthday!" "Surprise!" "Many happy returns of the day!" and "Hello Herbert!" were some of the greetings given Mr. Herbert Lacey, on his birthday, March 15, as all the academic Juniors arrived unannounced at his home. The evening was spent in playing games, and eating. It was a surprise all around, for we were surprised that he was surprised, for it is not surprising if plans for surprise parties leak out!

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" the cry came loud and shrill,

As borne upon the midnight air so still—

It roused the citizens to life again,

Who, after toil, sought needed rest to gain—"

And this is more truth than poetry; being especially emphasized here in Takoma Park recently. At midnight, March 3, the citizens were aroused by the cry "Fire!" and going in the direction of the flames, found it was the Chinese laundry! This was a very unique fire as the damages were almost equally shared by those who lost clothes in the blaze!

FIRE aga'n! In less than one week history repeated itself when the drug store burned down! Not only this, but the dry-goods store in the same building, and the twenty-two persons living in the building were literally "burned out" of their homes. Among them were Mrs. H. M. Fields, and her son Walter who's a student in our college.

MISS ALICE PALMER, '18 academic, is now at the Sanitarium, where she is recovering from a slight operation.

MISS KATHLEEN SISCO, of Baltimore, who is known to many W. M. C. students, visited her cousin Marguerite Bordeau, during the Easter holidays.

THE saying that all who are born in April are fools was absolutely wrong when it comes to the case of two of our W. M. C. students. Miss Mabel Cassell and Mr. James Lippart were the celebrated ones in this case. Cake, ice-cream, games, and music were some of the things which gave enjoyment to the evening of March 30, at E'der Harter's home, where a group of W. M. C. students had gathered to celebrate the birthdays of these two of their number.

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#### Review and Herald News

WHILE working on a folder machine in the bindery, Miss Beulah Botsford's left hand was crushed between the rollers, March 17. The injury was not serious as no bones were broken.

MR. E. L. RICHMOND, superintendent of the *Review and Herald*, was suddenly called to Battle Creek, April 4, to attend the funeral of his sister.

"WHEN you have new thoughts do you sing them?" Mr. Hall asked in chapel, April 4, as a ladies' quartette finished singing a song about our paper, *Present Truth*. The song was an original one from Mr. Reavis, and was greatly appreciated by all who listened to it.

MR. GEORGE HUSE, *Review and Herald* employee, was called to his home in St. Louis to attend the funeral of his mother. His wife had preceded him a week previous.

THE *Review and Herald* is glad to welcome to its editorial staff the able assistance of Mr. Kenneth Gant.

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#### Sanitarium News

THE next class of the training school begins June 1. The Juniors are anxiously awaiting its arrival.

MISS COURRIER was called home this month because of severe illness in her family.

OUR hospital and Sanitarium are filled to their utmost capacity. The nurses are very busy, but happy.

THE alumni meeting of April 5 was held at the home of Thomas Brown. A good attendance is reported. The president presented to the alumni the needs of the mission field.

MISS FANNIE HIDAY is visiting friends at the Sanitarium.

A NEW alumni baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Duffy, March 29. David Phelix is his name.

We have with us as surgical patients from the college Dr. Field, Mr. Van Voorhis, and Miss Helen Cully. Dr. Field and Miss Cully are both making rapid recoveries and will soon be able to return to their posts of duty. Mr. Van Voorhis has just undergone a major operation for ulcers of the stomach.

# ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

## News of "1919"

WE were delighted with news from Florida this week—a long letter from Miss Carrie Sims, who is Missionary Volunteer and educational secretary for the Florida conference. Part of her letter follows:

"I can hardly realize that another year has nearly slipped by. I dare say the class of 1920 is thinking of happy days soon to come when they too shall have been graduated. Once out of school we as Seventh-day Adventists find that there is a wide field in which to labor . . . .

"As I go from place to place to visit, I see the need of a Christian education. In churches where our young people grow up and have not the opportunity to go to our own schools, they do not love this message as they should. They do not realize that this faith is so important. They do not seem really to understand that the time is so short and that soon they must bear this message of a soon-coming Saviour to the world or else drop out of our ranks and be forever lost.

"We have about thirty-six churches in this conference. Now we are conducting eighteen schools besides our conference academy. I dare say but fifty per cent of our young people are in our own schools.

"Our teachers have had to be mis-

sionaries, many of them having to face just such problems as we read about in the reports from foreign fields. It takes young people who are consecrated and who trust in God to go where they have to do their own house-keeping, washing, and ironing, teach in a corner of a church,—and wait for their pay. Not all our schools are like this, of course. Imagine getting along without a fire in the winter, having no maps, and but a painted board 4 x 10 for a whole group of youngsters to use.

"Already this year we have had some school-houses built, and this year we are trying for almost the first time to have manual training. I wish you could see the nice school garden Helen Spicer's pupils have, and the wonderful things made in her children's wood-work class. She said she wished she had saved for the fair the things the children made; for she thought theirs as nice as those she saw in the Educational Hall at the fair.

"Helen Shull has done what I never dreamed she would do—she has developed into a wonderful cook. She has gained about twelve pounds eating her own cooking. This speaks well for one's cooking, I think. . . . I rather think they feel proud of their record for they haven't had hash more than three or four times since they have

been down here. They certainly are specialists when it comes to salads.

"Miss Daniels knows how to manage the girls very well; she remembers how she watched around the corner for the preceptress to be gone the other way. . . . Helen Spicer has her hands full. She is busy all the day long. Thirty-six children think she is a wonderful little teacher, that 'she knows, for she is my teacher.'

"Half of my time is spent away from the office visiting schools or young people's societies. The first visit I made was in Jacksonville, in the summer time. I hadn't yet assumed my place here as a conference worker. Imagine

how I felt, when, on going to church to visit the young people's society, the leader got up and said, 'We are so glad that Miss Sims is here. We will give the remainder of the time to her.' I felt rather shaky in the knees, but with a prayer for help I got up to talk. I hardly knew what I would say, but that morning I had noticed that the subject in the *Gazette* was on 'The Need of a Christian Education.' I talked from experience, so it was not a hard task after all. . . .

"At our workers' meeting I saw Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Earl Thompson, Miss Brooke, Mr. Strickland, Mr. Little, Miss Williams and others."

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## When a Feller Needs a Friend

[SKATING on the Basin is fairly exciting—sometimes, but did you ever go tobogganing? We take the liberty of quoting the following from a letter from Mr. Harold Richards.—ED.]

"EAST of Ottawa on the high cliffs that fringe the Ottawa River, a real, sure enough Canadian toboggan slide has been built, about a quarter of a mile long. It starts on top of the bluffs and ends about halfway over the river, on the ice. There are two slides, built parallel, of solid ice, the whole course illuminated with electric lights and cared for by city employees.

"Well anything with that kind of thrill must not be allowed to pass into 'innocuous desuetude' by an *alumnus* of W. M. C. It had the reputation of being the most hair-raising slide about town, so I thought it alone worthy of a bald man's misery.

"I got aboard a street car and started for the slide and found that as I drew nearer and nearer the awful moment of actually starting down, my courage was cooling off. But there were three others along as green as myself, so to see them turn gray, was enough to keep me going. At last we got there and stood around watching others go and losing courage till the starter called us—and, well we got on, four on one toboggan and, horror of horrors, he put me in front. I wasn't afraid for myself of course, but you see my responsibility for the others! Please don't think I was nervous at all (?).

"Then he pulled the lock that held us back. We clung to each other and to the toboggan like grim death, and gasped—and hoped. And when we thought we had reached the acme of speed and nervous tension, the earth

seemed literally to drop from under us and we shot down the big drop of about 200 feet at an angle of about forty-six degrees. It was horrible—I shall never forget that moment. Nobody ever screams on that drop. They can't. That comes afterward when the heart and lungs start work again. I have stood near the slide and watched the faces of people going over this terrific plunge, and even the most experienced

have faces set and drawn indicative of the nervous tension experienced.

"The one classic description of this slide was by a Chinese laundryman of Ottawa who was enticed to risk his celestial cranium on this king of winter thrillers. He said it was 'S-s-s-swish—and walkee back milee!' And I say there is nothing like winter with 'Our Lady of the Snows.' Saw one man jump more than 75 feet on skis."

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God sets beauty and love together and they live. The devil puts lust for love, and beauty dies; or pride for beauty, and then love dies, but while they last together the illusion is a snare to men.

"It may not be ours to utter convincing arguments but it may be ours to live holy lives. It may not be ours to be subtle and learned and logical, but it may be ours to be noble and sweet and pure."—*Canon Farrar.*

"Between a gratitude which sings hymns and a gratitude which does something to lift up a fellow man there can be no question which is the better."—*H. C. Porter*



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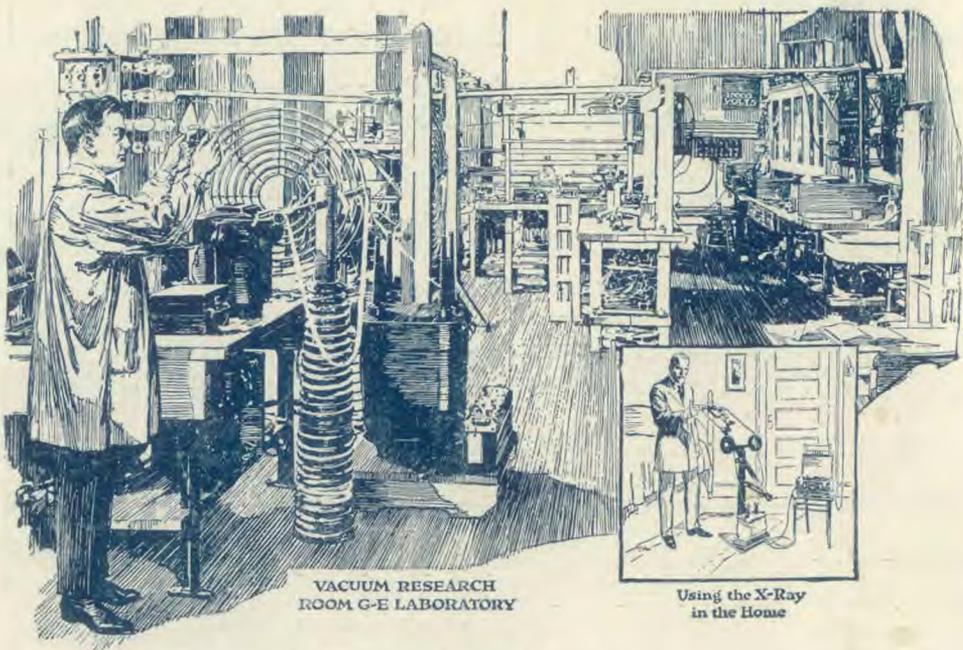
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