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January

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# THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. VI

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., JANUARY, 1922

No. 4

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# Educational Opportunities

Offered by

## Washington Missionary College

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### Lecture Course

The following lectures will be given on request in the larger churches of the Columbia Union by members of the college faculty.

The traveling expenses will be met by the local church. The college makes no charge for the lecture.

All arrangements should be made with the President of the college, Professor M. E. Cady.

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(A Survey of the Apocalypse)
  4. The University of Adversity - - - E. G. Salisbury
  5. How We Got Our New Testament - - G. R. Lehman
  6. Musical Program. (Voice, Piano, Violin) J. W. Osborn
  7. Four Unbridged Chasms of Evolution - G. F. Wolfkill
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Those desiring further information should write to  
 President M. E. Cady,  
 Washington Missionary College,  
 Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

# THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. VI

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., JANUARY 1922

No. 4

## THE NEW YEAR

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

\* \* \* \*

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

\* \* \* \*

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—TENNYSON

## THE TALE THE GHOST TOLD

RUTH I. GORDON

IT was so mysterious — there in the blackest midnight, the ghost of Mr. Student-of-1921, recently deceased, hovered around where the blithesome young man, Mr. Student-of-1922, was waiting for the dawn, when he would make his appearance.

With slow treading steps the ghostly figure approached Mr. Student-of-1922. "By thy pale white gown and glittering eye, now wherefore stopp'st thou me?" cried the impetuous youth, vision of the "Ancient Mariner" looming before him.

In accents disconsolate the ghost spoke thus unto him: "By these, my son, be admonished: of making many resolutions there is no end, and trying to keep them is a weariness of the flesh."

"Sir, you take away the very foundation from under my feet. Where-withal shall I prosper, and wherewith shall I be guided, if not by the good resolutions I have made for my course of life? You do err greatly, sir, being ignorant of the power of firm purposes."

"Aye, my son, firm purposes are like the deep waters; they steady and bear up the Ship of Life."

"Wherefore your complaint then?"

"Alack, young sir, theory is beautiful, but practical experience is not at all deceiving."

"And what has your experience been?"

"Simply that the breaking of resolutions exceedeth in case the making of them."

And forthwith the wise old ghost told a tale that stands repetition.

Said he, "September found me a young enthusiast, bubbling over with good resolutions, oh, such good ones! and all intent upon carrying them out. Be it said to my credit, that so determined was I to accomplish my purpose, I went so far as to pin on my wall a list of 'don'ts' which would stare down upon me as I studied or slept, and with reproving power, act as a constant reminder. 'Don't ever miss worship;' 'Don't let your pleasures interfere with your college career;' 'Don't ever go deviating in forbidden paths.'

"And thus for two or three weeks, life went on sans joy, sans smiles, sans everything. But e'er long (I blush to confess it!) either the words on the list or my eyesight became dim, and 'twas little heed that I paid to those 'don'ts.'

"In fact, one would think, to observe my actions, that I was bent upon doing everything that the 'don'ts' prohibited.

"Need I relate the mournful tale that the grade card soon became more troublesome than plague? Suffice it to say that I discovered the inefficacy of trying to make myself over, and gave it up as a hopeless task.

"Discouragement set in, — as it had a way of doing those days, but in the midst of it all there flashed through my mind that verse, 'Without Me ye can do nothing.' Why, son, I had

*(Continued on page 12)*

## HELP FOR RUSSIA

RUSSELL M. ARNOLD

IT was a cold and stormy night. The moon was hiding her face behind the celestial clouds which were sending their snowy messengers to the earth below. The driving wind penetrated one's protecting clothing and chilled one to the very bones of his body.

This was New Year's Eve and as I sat in my room with all the comforts of a modern home, I could not help but think of the many people in the recently war-stricken countries, who perhaps were shivering in the cold, because of the lack of warm clothing with which to cover their body, and a shelter to protect them from the cruel winds and blinding snow.

As I sat musing in this manner, I fell asleep and was carried into the land of Russia by the wings of slumber. I dreamed that I was a missionary in that country where the effects of famine and pestilence could be seen only too well.

Little children were tottering around with their toes protruding from what was once a pair of shoes, but now could hardly be recognized as such. Their clothes were dirty and ragged, their faces gaunt and haggard-looking from the lack of food and the exposure to the unmerciful cold. Mothers came by the hundreds, appealing for clothes and food, not for themselves, but for the little ones whom they so fondly cherished. They were willing to sacrifice anything in order that their children might survive.

As I looked upon the sight, my heart was touched. I realized that this ter-

rible calamity which had come upon these poor, innocent people was not caused by their deeds, but was the result of selfish ambitions inspired in man's heart by Satan himself. My mind longed for the time when all such strife and calamity would be ended.

Then I resolved to do my best to relieve in some way these distressing circumstances. I thought of the Christian Help Band which had been so active when I was a student at W. M. C. I knew that if they were aware of the needs of these poor people, they would rally to the call and respond heartily. I wrote them a letter telling of the conditions and the help needed. Only a short time passed before a whole carload of supplies arrived, and I was told that this was only a small beginning of the help they were going to give these people.

When the day of distribution came, there was great rejoicing and thanksgiving on the part of the people. Tears of happiness streamed down their cheeks as the warm clothing was substituted for the rags and tatters which had for a long time served to shelter the body from the cold onslaughts of the blustering storms. The food was guarded as precious jewels and carefully divided among the many mouths eagerly waiting to receive it.

How grateful these people were to their brothers and sisters across the waters, who in time of distress had come to their assistance! How happy

*(Continued on page 16)*

## THE CAMPAIGN

MARGARET BRADY

WEDNESDAY morning, Nov. 30, as I entered Columbia Hall, my eyes fell upon the following announcement on the bulletin board, "Sligonian and Improvements Campaign, Dec. 2—Jan. 11." The same morning I was reminded of this important event in chapel, and was told to think it over.

It seems the students must have been thinking about it, for on Friday morning, at our Students' Association meeting, there seemed to be a wave of enthusiasm running high among them, especially when the beginning of the campaign was announced. The student body was divided into eight teams, representing the states from which they came. When this plan is used you may be sure to find each team working to the limit to do its best.

This was the result this time anyhow, for when Mr. Sevrens asked which team would win, there came an unintelligible mingling of voices, several speaking the name of their own team. Clear and distinct above all others came the word P-e-n-n-s-y-l-v-a-n-i-a. But who knows?

We were then ready for work and this is what we are to do:

First we are going to raise a thousand or more dollars for the improvement of the school. But, improvement is a wide term and to be specific we want:

(1) New library chairs to match our tables, and ones which we can sit in with comfort.

(2) Chairs for the parlors in the dormitories and also for the rostrum in chapel to replace the camp-chairs now being used.

(3) A college bell to replace the small hand bell which sometimes announces classtime in quivery, cracked tones because of its age and long use.

(4) A mimeograph which will not aid the commercial department alone but the whole school, and during the summer months will be used in the issuing of the news letter.

(5) Pictures of famous men etc. to adorn the walls of our class rooms.

(6) An upright piano which will be placed in the studio. This will release the one now in the studio for the gymnasium.

(7) Plants and shrubbery to make our campus more beautiful and,

(8) Last but not least reference books of all kinds to add to our library.

These are the greatest needs and still other things could be added which would mean much to our school.

Do not get an idea from this list of improvements needed that our college is unequipped or bare, for it is one of the most beautiful in our denomination. Yet we all know there is always room for improvement.

Second, we have come to our annual SLIGONIAN campaign. We want to have! we must have! five hundred SLIGONIAN subscriptions on our list.

The chief way by which we hope to accomplish this is through correspondence. To this end we have had special stationery printed, which enumerates on one side a list of the needed improvements and the important suggestion, "Take THE SLIGONIAN." This is quickly being used up and let me give you one example of what we are doing.

*(Continued on page 26)*

## "EVOLUTION VS. THE BIBLE"\*

CLAUDE BUSS

THERE are four classes of antagonists which Christians today must win over to the cause of their Saviour," declared Honorable William Jennings Bryan in a lecture delivered November 21 in Columbia Hall to an audience of approximately one thousand persons.

"These classes," the noted orator continued, "are the atheists, the agnostics, the higher critics, and the evolutionists. We need have no fear concerning the atheist, because he is so absurd. If we just point out to him the fact that the trees, the flowers, the birds, and the beasts are works of a superhuman personality, he cannot be unfair and deny the existence of a Divine Being."

Mr. Bryan then went on to explain that the agnostics, most famous of whom are Robert Ingersoll and Romanes, can find nothing upon which to base their claims. Their benefits cannot satisfy them when they have to meet any crisis, and their poor excuse, "I don't know," is insufficient when they stand face to face with death. The Lord expected us to know what we are believing, and though we cannot penetrate the mysteries of the Creator, we can by faith lay hold of the explanations given us in His Word.

There are two groups of higher critics, who make up the third class. There are those who are honest in their convictions, and cannot understand religion because of the emphasis they take from the heart, and place on the mind. They try to substitute the rational for the emotional.

But even with this fault, they are to be more respected than those who claim the Bible is not true. These latter persons, no matter how much they analyze and criticize, never have and never will offer anything that can supplant the Holy Scriptures, and because of this lack of constructiveness they should be shunned.

The greatest enemy of Christian colleges and schools today is evolution. It is doing more to destroy the faith of the young than any other one thing. Some people might revel in their knowledge of the million-year creation theory, and might even exult in the suppositions of Darwin, but Mr. Bryan said that as for him, he preferred to cling to the teaching and doctrines of the One who died to save him.

In conclusion Mr. Bryan encouraged his audience to stay by the Bible and its teachings, in spite of all the "guesses" and "hypotheses" of men.

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\*Owing to lack of space in the previous issue, the account of this lecture was postponed till this number.

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As this number of THE SLIGONIAN goes to press the sad word comes to us of the death of Dr. S. S. Curry, of the Boston School of Expression.

His recent lectures at the college were indeed a delight to us, and we were greatly edified by his instruction.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved relatives.

## FOR THE FAMINE RELIEF

EVERETT STONE

MRS. Ruth Dedrick and Mr. Thurber Madison, both of New York, were presented by the Society of Music and Oratory on Saturday evening, November 26, in a most interesting recital the proceeds of which went for the benefit of Russian famine sufferers.

Mrs. Dedrick possesses a charming soprano voice which she uses with rare skill and intelligence. Her part of the program comprised, "I Will Extol Thee, O Lord," from Costa's "Eli"; "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," from Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah"; a group, "Where My Caravan Has Rested,"—Lohr, "A Spirit Flower,"—Campbell-Tipton, and "A Parting,"—Rogers; and two encores.

The first two numbers Mrs. Dedrick sang with the understanding and artistry of which they were worthy. The last group of three songs, every one of them appealingly beautiful pieces, was sung with charm and feeling.

Mr. Madison's talent and ability are well known to us by this time. The better we know him, the more we appreciate him. His clear, sensitive tones grip one's very being as he listens with untiring delight. Mr. Madison's selections included a "Ballad et Polonaise" by Vieuxtemps; a Wieniawski "Romance," and "Gypsy Dance," by Nachez; "Playera," Sarasate, and Kreisler's "Caprice Viennois"; and a group of songs arranged for violin, the "Rosary," Nevin, "The Sweetest Story," White; and "Just a Wearyin' For You," by Carrie Jacobs-Bond. He played also two encores.

The "Ballad et Polonaise" was played with mastery and composure.

Mr. Madison's playing is characterized by fire and brilliancy where called for and by deep feeling where appropriate, as in the last group.

A novel feature of this recital was the dimming of lights and projecting of colored light upon the stage with the idea of giving a more poetic atmosphere for certain pieces.

This was one of the best and most enjoyable concerts ever heard in Columbia Hall and it is hoped that many more of equal worth and interest may follow.

## THE SEWING AND DRESS-MAKING DEPARTMENTS

IN order that the girls of South Hall might have a large parlor, the sewing room had to be moved. But where could a place be found in our crowded college? A happy plan was devised when it was decided to convert the rear part of the gymnasium into a sewing room. Now the sewing department has its home in two large, airy rooms—a much better home than the cramped one of former years.

In one of these rooms are many large desks where the girls do their sewing. The second room is fitted out as a dress-making room. A long cutting table, dressing room, hemstitching and plain machines form part of the splendid equipment. Ladies from the village come here to have their dress-making done, for there has been organized a dress-making department. Miss Benson, experienced in this work, has been secured to supervise. This arrangement not only provides excellent experience for the students but the patronesses of the department find it very convenient to have their work done here.

## CONGRESSMAN NELSON LECTURES

WELLS E. BEMENT

THE world is sadly in need of reform. Governments fail to function for the peace and happiness of their people. Society is bankrupt morally. In our universities and colleges, evolution and higher criticism are breaking down the religion of the Bible, making atheists, agnostics, and evolutionists of the younger generation.

The Washington Conference was called to meet a great crisis; but although some good things will be accomplished, the primary object will fail because man cannot change the jealous and greedy minds of nations. The only hope for a reform of the world is in the coming of the Lord Jesus who will make a thorough reform.

These were some of the thoughts presented to a body of interested listeners in Columbia Hall Saturday evening, December 10, by Congressman Nelson of Wisconsin. His topic was, "The Reformation of the World." More explicitly it was, "The Reformation of the World Impossible without God."

Mr. Nelson told of his experience in his effort to find Truth. He took a course in philosophy, studying idealism, materialism, pantheism, and ethics, only to find after three years that he had been feeding on husks. When he became tired of the foolishness of men he went to the Bible and there found Truth.

"The Bible is the Word of Truth, every page from the first page to the last," Mr. Nelson stated.

Concerning the disarmament conference, the speaker said that it was called at the request of Christian communities who wanted the United States to lead in some kind of a reform movement of the nations. Although some things will be done, very little can be accomplished to bring about permanent peace. The minds of the nations want wealth, and the Conference cannot change these minds. Even Uncle Sam, he said, needed reform from a back-sliding condition.

Congressman Nelson sees in this peace movement far greater significance than simply a conference making history.

"When they shall say, peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape." Every student of prophecy knows what this means. It refers to the time when the Lord shall come to receive His own. In the fullness of time Christ came the first time and surely, when the clock strikes the hour, He will come again. Then shall we have the reformation we have longed for, and then shall peace and happiness reign supreme."

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"In every position in life there is a demand for ability and common sense."

---

"Be superior to censure or praise."

---

"Don't look for all your blessings in the skies, or you might stumble over those already at your feet."

### THE FISK SINGERS

THE true spirit of the American Negro as portrayed in the "Spiritual," or "Negro Folk Song," was felt to the very depths of one's heart as the Fisk University Jubilee Singers gave their program in Columbia Hall. This concert, given December 21, was the second number of the Lecture and Concert Course to be presented thus far.

The program follows :

#### PART I

1. Steal Away - - - *Negro Folk Song*
2. Good News - - - *Negro Folk Song*
3. Kentucky Home - - - *Arranged*
4. Shout All Over God's Heaven  
- - - *Negro Folk Song*

#### THE FISK SINGERS

5. Two Grenadiers - - - *Schumann*  
MR. COLLINS
6. Hear de Lambs A-crying  
- - - *Negro Folk Song*

#### THE FISK SINGERS

#### PART II

7. Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray  
- - - *Negro Folk Song*
8. O Lord I've Done What You Told Me  
to Do - - - *Negro Folk Song*
9. Negro Lullaby - - - *Deacey*
10. I Want to Be Ready *Negro Folk Song*

#### THE FISK SINGERS

11. Reading - *Paul Lawrence Dunbar*  
MR. MYERS
12. Swing Low - - - *Negro Folk Song*

#### THE FISK SINGERS

Indeed, the student or friend who went away that evening without being deeply moved, or without his understanding and appreciation of Negro melody quickened, surely was callous.

Credit is due without reservation to Mr. J. A. Myers, first tenor; Mr. Carl J. Barbour, second tenor; Mr. A. T. Clark, baritone; Mr. L. D. Collins, bass; and Mrs. J. A. Myers, contralto and accompanist, for the faithful and

true interpretation of the emotional and religious sentiments of their own people.

The audience which filled Columbia Hall to capacity, responded enthusiastically, calling for several encores.

Mr. Myers read "In the Morning" by Paul Lawrence Dunbar with impeccable impersonation. A beautiful solo was rendered by Mr. Collins.

### Co-operative Lecture and Concert Course

#### Coming Numbers

Columbia Hall, 8 o'clock P. M.

- No. 3. Russell H. Conwell—Mon., Jan. 16.
- No. 4. The Nordica Club—Mon. Feb. 6.
- No. 5. Strickland Gillilan—Thurs. Feb. 23.
- No. 6. Criterion Male Quartet—Sat. Mar. 18.
- No. 7. Katharine Ridgeway—Mon. Apr. 17.

### THE TALE THE GHOST TOLD

(Concluded from page 6)

neglected to take my Best Friend into partnership, and of course I failed. Won't you remember to let Him have His way with you, instead of struggling on alone? Resolutions won't save you; but He will."

"The men who do things and not the men who merely talk about things are those who bless the world."

"It is not the engine with the loudest exhaust that is hauling the longest train."

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS FULFILLED

WELLS E. BEMENT

IT is the evening of December 31. A young artist stands in his studio. Before him on easels are two scenes. One is a finished product, the other only a background.

As he looks at the former he shakes his head. It is the scene of his past year's record; and oh, how unsatisfactory! Running through the picture is the road he has traveled. In it are deep ruts showing that he has followed the same old path of former years. The sign at the cross-roads reveals that he has followed the path of least resistance.

His eye follows along the road of his experiences to where a foe was made by a few hasty words, when a friend could have been gained had he spoken kindly. A little farther on is the little cottage of the poor, helpless widow who looked so pleadingly at him as he passed by unmoved. There is the inn where he stopped to find joy, but—he shrugs his shoulders.

He looks again. The whole scene is marred with misdeeds, or good deeds omitted. Where is the little home he left a year ago? Yes, it is here—down in a corner, and not very attractively painted either. On the porch is old "Shep" who used to love him so, and whom he kicked so severely in a fit of uncontrolled temper upon leaving home. There are father and mother, old and gray, with tearful eyes, telling of the neglect of their son. Why does he not write to comfort their hearts? Will they ever see his face again?

With tear-filled eyes the young artist starts toward the canvas with brush in hand. But no! he cannot

destroy the scene. It is the product of three hundred and sixty-five days' toil and must stand for what it is worth. He hesitates.

"Isn't it good for anything?" he muses. "Indeed it is," he exclaims as a new thought flashes through his mind.

"I am going to paint another picture next year which I want to be a master-piece; and I shall put this old scene right beside me so I shall not make the same mistakes again.

"On this background of Hope I am going to paint another road, straight and narrow, which I shall call the 'Pathway of Duty.' On its borders I shall plant trees of Usefulness, from whose boughs I shall hang the fruit of Opportunity. Along the road I shall place friends that will be made by my kind and courteous words, beggars who will be gladdened by my timely help, cripples and down-casts who will be comforted by my words of cheer, and widows and orphans who will profit by my thoughtfulness. Everybody shall be glad for my presence.

"Gayety and revelry will not even be suggested, but will be replaced with nobler joys. The house of my childhood I shall paint in the most attractive colors. Father and mother will be made happy by my many letters, and even old 'Shep' shall leap with joy at the home-coming of his young master.

"I shall work on this scene every day of the next year, and when completed, I shall name it: '*New Year's Resolutions Fulfilled.*'"

## A PEEP INTO THE CAPITOL

GEORGE W. OBERG

REPRESENTATIVES came in, then Senators marching in a body from the Senate Chamber where they had been in session, next the Cabinet members took their places to the left of the President's rostrum, and shortly the great foreign diplomats in a group entered and took reserved seats. Although not much publicity was given to the event there was a jam of reporters, spectators, and friends of the officials in the galleries.

At exactly 12:30 P. M. the President of the United States took his place amid the officials, and the large crowd arose enthusiastically to greet him. Thus opened the present session of Congress as seen by W. M. C. students who were on the spot as usual to profit by every opportunity offered through the splendid location of the college.

President Harding, with very little pomp or ceremony, launched right into his official address to the Senate and House. Thus we had a splendid opportunity to watch the movements, observe the personality and learn the oratorical habits of the man who today stands at the head of the world's greatest nation.

This session of Congress, recently opened, has a strong relation to the Disarmament Conference, which has been in full swing, because much depends upon the decisions of Congress concerning important matters in the Conference.

The statesmen of Europe and Asia, leading ones of whom were present, together with the Senate and House,

the United States delegates and our President constitute probably the greatest array of national representatives, and some of the most powerful diplomats that have met together in recent times to consider a common cause.

Because of the ardent hopes all nations have in the outcome of the Conference all eyes are turned to Washington. Everyone is eager to see a favorable outcome. Millions of the world's best educated and leading men would prize the privilege of coming to one of the greatest of all Capitols to see these men whom we have seen, hear those men whom we have heard, and stay with us near by to catch every whisper relative to the problems that so vitally concern their very existence.

What a privilege we enjoy! Think of the thousands of teachers, doctors, lawyers, and ministers who are born, live and die under our flag without so much as seeing the Capitol of our nation, much less seeing the world's mightiest diplomats and representatives, our Representatives and Senators and our President!

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The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.  
—*Gibbons.*

The desire to appear wise, often prevents our becoming so.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

# MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

## A CALL FROM CHINA

MAY COLE KUHN

IT is early winter. After years in a foreign field we have come home to get a breath of fresh air and some orthodox proteins before going out again into the land of need—a dark land, where people are groping about looking for help. They know of no help, but hope that sometime from somewhere, something will come to relieve their despair.

The Chinese are a happy people; if we were as wretched as they are, we would not smile so much nor bear our trials so bravely.

This sounds like one of Chesterton's paradoxes.

The other day I sat in a little stone chapel up among the mountains of Central China. We were a group of women, some of whom had been in China for twenty, thirty, and even forty years. We were telling our experiences; women do, you know.

One of our friends stood at the desk and talked of her life. She is English and has spent years in helping her Chinese sisters. "I wish you could see my class of Chinese women," she said. "Mei An is a poor little unhappy soul. She has tried to drown herself twice, but has been rescued. Now she is learning of Jesus and He is helping her to bear her trials. Other girls

are coming in. But the one for whom my heart aches is Li Si Mu.

"This woman had such a beautiful little boy, five years old, and a baby girl. The boy was the pride of his grandfather's heart, and the joy of the household. But he sickened and died. One day the mother sat in her doorway with the baby in her arms. The grandfather came up the street, and as he passed by the baby crowed and laughed. The old man turned around. 'You! Well! He didn't live and you shall not either,' he said, snatching the baby from his daughter-in-law's arms. He took the child to a neighboring field and hacked it to pieces."

As I write I see the students coming in from their third field day in the Harvest Ingathering campaign. "How brave they are," I think. If our workers in China knew that these students had given three days of their time to help us in our work over there, what an encouragement it would be to them! And I mean that they shall know.

I hope that this is not the only gift, valuable as it is, that you are going to lay on the altar. This kind of service is worth much. We could not live without what you are giving us. But I am hoping that from those whom I have seen here, sitting in the chapel at Columbia Hall, workers will go out into our land across the sea.

## THE WEEK OF PRAYER

MABEL ROBBINS

**M**ARVELOUS have been the results of the week of prayer. It has brought a marked spirit of unity and consecration to the student body, an earnest response to the readings and a desire on the part of the whole school to make each week a week of prayer.

The first meetings of the week were held by Elder Quinn. He told of his experiences in the Holy Land, taking us step by step through those old Biblical cities. He pictured the seaport Joppa, reminding us of the time when Jonah crossed the same waters when fleeing from the Lord. The rock Etam where Samson hid from the Philistines and later slew a thousand of them, the cave of Adullam where David came so near to Saul, loomed up almost as real as if we had been there.

Finally we were taken around Jerusalem, up Calvary and the Mount of Olives, passing many scenes of the crucifixion, resurrection and ascension. From a distance Golgotha looks to be the shape of a skull. Somehow the old truths of the Bible that we had often heard before took on a new reality that we had never known. Then as the meetings progressed and the invitations and appeals from the word of God were given, we grasped the meaning and made a new consecration. The Holy Spirit directed the school.

Before each meeting from 8:30-9:00 A. M. the prayer bands met, asking God to bless in a definite way the school and students. As those for

whom prayer was offered arose and gave themselves to the Lord, we could not but know that God was listening. The leaders of the bands met together from 8:00-8:30 A. M. for special prayer. They planned for the interests of the school every day.

Thursday morning a testimony meeting was held. Nearly all of the school arose as they were impressed by the Holy Spirit. It was an unusual meeting. The testimonies rang with a genuineness that cast no doubt of sincerity.

Friday morning Elder Daniells told us how to hold fast what we had gained. He seemed very glad to hear of our victories and gave some helpful instructions.

Sabbath he again spoke to the Sligo church, giving the last reading of the week, he himself having written it. Opportunity was given to all who were burdened for those out of the truth to make mention of them for special prayer.

As we leave this week it is not without a feeling of sacredness, a feeling that God has truly been with us to bestow a special blessing.

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### HELP FOR RUSSIA

*(Concluded from page 7)*

the senders were when they learned of the good accomplished!

Just at this juncture, I felt something cold on my face and woke up to find my cousin washing my face with snow, and I realized that I was not in famine-stricken Russia, but in the land of plenty and comfort.

## A PRAYER OF FAITH

## ONE LEG FOR HIS DAUGHTERS' EDUCATION

PAUL HENNIG

THE conversion of an old African chief who has lived in sin all his life is one of the greatest of modern miracles." Elder E. E. Andross showed the truth of his statement in an instructive stereoptican lecture in Columbia Hall, December 3. From Cape Town and Table Mountain north to the Zambezi river and the Victoria Falls and to the coast, Elder Andross described the progress of the gospel and Christian education.

He related the following story:

One native boy in Africa decided to go to camp-meeting five hundred miles away. He had given his heart to God, and he sought to meet with other Christians. He persuaded two of his companions who were not Christians to start with him. The forests in Africa are infested with wild beasts and three traveling together are a better protection to each other than one alone. But after going some distance the two boys decided to turn back. The fearless Christian lad would not return and so continued his journey alone.

He hardly had gone a short distance before he came to an open space in the woods. There two lions faced him. He immediately lifted his heart to God and asked for protection. The lions without hesitation turned and fled into the bush. The lad thanked God for answered prayer and went on.

The God of David, Daniel, and men of like faith, is still working in behalf of His children, whether in America or in the jungles of Africa.

IN pursuing my work in Brazil during vacation as propagandist for education, I once entered the humble home of a poor harness-maker. He had the burden of supporting a large family. Some of the older girls were forced to pass their happiest days of childhood in the saddler's workshop.

Scarcely had I begun to canvass the family on education, when they all in one chorus exclaimed: "But, brother, we are so poor, we cannot afford it." True enough. The girls suffered some with their eyes, the mother looked rather anemic, and the father had to hobble along with one wooden leg. I continued talking to them, deaf and blind to surroundings, and showed them many pictures and photographs in the interest of education.

When I had finished my talk, the father accompanied me to the gate in the yard, where he stated that he could arrange half the money needed for the school year. I left him, telling him that his daughter could probably earn the other half in school.

Not many days afterwards I met the same man with two of his daughters at camp-meeting. There much emphasis was placed upon educational work. At that time I heard in astonishment the good news, that our poor harness-maker would send both girls to school, paying the full expenses for one and part for the other girl.

The father felt that he should give me an explanation, and took me aside one night. He confided me the following touching secret: "You may

*(Continued on page 26)*

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### A DREAM

ESTHER HICKS

HOW tired I was! I hadn't realized it until I reclined in a large chair among several cushions. The room was so cozy and warm, with only the light from the open fire to illuminate it. Thus I sat on a chill December evening after a hard day at school and several hours of study.

Surely Father Time had tricked me. Could it be that commencement had come at last? How happy we were to think of returning home for a joyous vacation. But alas! when our report blanks were handed out some of us felt just the opposite. After I had given mine a quick glance I shoved it into a book and sought my room immediately.

There, I pondered over it awhile. Could it be so? Surely I hadn't failed! How could I? It was true that I had not worked so very hard, in fact I had somewhat drifted along carelessly. But I had received fairly good grades and I had never thought of being conditioned in a subject. What could be done? Something had to be done and that quickly, for on the next day I was leaving for home.

Suppose I took my examinations over? Even if I could do this I would have to make a far better grade than I knew possible to bring up my daily record. It was hopeless! Nothing

could be done and it was all on account of my carelessness and willingness to get through just "some way." I would have to pay the penalty.

Suddenly I heard a bell ring. What was it? Was it the bell for all of the students to assemble in Columbia Hall for farewells? I didn't see how I could possibly face my teachers who had done so much to help me.

It rang again. No, it sounded very much like the door bell. Yes, that was it. I tried to raise myself from the chair but how hard it was! With no small effort I stood upon my feet and in some manner reached the front door.

As I opened it a girl dressed in heavy winter clothes rushed in. She grabbed me by the arm and commenced rushing around, explaining in one breath that she had just come over to tell me of her New Year's resolutions.

I led her into the room of my late dream and endeavored to tell her about it. I could hardly believe that it was a dream, so vividly had the scene been pictured to me.

How happy I was to know that a new year was before me in which to forget my mistakes and struggles of the previous year and begin all over. I was sure that it would be the best year of my life.

## KATHARINE'S RESOLVE

MILDRED WARNER

THE short winter day was drawing to a close as the girl seated before the fireplace slowly closed the book she had been scanning—her diary for 1921. "What a year!" she mused, "What a year!"

"Yes, wasn't it," agreed a voice close by her shoulder—a strange voice which caused Katharine Morrison to turn around in surprise. To her astonishment it was her English book which seemed strangely animated to-night.

Mr. English Book chuckled at her amazement. "Don't be surprised," he said, "the Book family is on the whole badly treated, but on New Year's Eve we have the privilege of coming out and speaking our minds if the opportunity presents itself. When we heard you philosophizing about the past year we just had to come forth and say a few words."

The Mathematics books, Mr. Algebra and Mr. Geometry, betrayed great impatience while this speech was being delivered.

"Mr. English Book is always too rhetorical and smooth-tongued," Algebra broke in. "Now I like to come down to facts. One fact is that you sadly neglected me last year, and are seemingly continuing your course with Geometry." Katharine blushed.

"Well, I know it," she said ashamedly, "but it's so hard for me to understand either you or your brother, and it's so much more fun to skate than to work hateful old problems."

"But how about me?" exclaimed

Mr. History Book. "I don't contain 'hateful old problems.' All you have to do is to read and digest me and go to class with a clear conscience."

"That I never do," said Katharine sadly.

"No, and why not?" demanded History. Just because you would rather go over to Sadie's and make candy than stay at home once in a while and study about the Antonines." He gave an indignant sniff.

Katharine turned to Mr. Latin book and said in desperation, "Well anyway you can't say it's easy to study all your wild tales about Caesar and the Helvetii, and spend a couple of hours a day trying to translate a single sentence."

"No," said Latin sarcastically, "and I can't say I ever saw you do it either. If you would spend a few hours a day trying to translate Caesar you *might* be able to recite once in a while."

"Why don't you study, Katharine?" asked Mr. English curiously. "I have often wanted to know. I know you don't enjoy getting poor grades because you were so discouraged with the record of your diary.

"I'll tell you why it is," he went on. "It's because you spend so much of your time doing things which will amuse you, such as going skating when it's icy, going sleigh-riding when it's snowy, having parties when there is nothing else to enjoy. All these are good for you and things you want to enjoy while you are young. But all

(Continued on page 26)

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## JUST WONDERING

AT this end of the line we have been wondering and thinking over a few things. Improvements for our college have been among these, also an increased circulation for THE SLIGONIAN. They are now turning into realities.

This gives us confidence in an extension of our wondering. This time we have been pondering over whether you cannot just as well as not contribute some of your ability toward a better paper. You have good ideas, you have suggestions, but to speak frankly,

they are many times worthless unless expressed.

The editors desire an expression from you, readers and friends.

*To the Alumni:* We want to hear of your successes and your various experiences. We want to know your joys in the service of God. In this way we want to share your labors that we might know you better.

*To our Patrons:* We want to learn of your interest in us and your hopes and desires for us. We want your

viewpoint that we might more efficiently please you.

*To our Fellow Students:* We solicit your help, your valuable suggestions and your loyal support for the paper that is yours.

We are sorry to announce that many articles that you would thoroughly enjoy cannot appear in these pages, because they were never turned over to the editors.

January, you know, is a month when resolutions are made by nearly everyone. It is a good thing, too, to have these resolutions carried out. They help us to be above the mediocre.

Now we are resolved to do our best toward giving you a pleasing paper. Cannot you make a resolution to do your part in this mutual work?

H. B. H.

### OUR GOAL REACHED

ON October 18, the students of W. M. C. started on a campaign of Harvest Ingathering for missions. With enthusiasm they entered into this work, and set their goal at \$2500. Faithfully they worked, going out again and again. In chapel, December 22, just before separating for the holidays, it was found that this goal was very nearly reached. It was also discovered that many students had money that they had not as yet reported. This money and a few pledges completed the \$2500 mark.

May these students always be as faithful in accomplishing that which they set out to do.

### WHEN IT FREEZES

ORVILLE BRADY

WHO remembers how two years ago Mother Nature provided a near-at-hand skating place for us busy college students? I can picture that lively improvised skating place — the campus, as it was then brimming over with southern experimenters, heavily re-enforced, and northern experts.

I seem to hear that shout of applause from the "crack-the-whip" group. No one seems to be winning in that lively hockey game in progress to one side. Oh! how everyone enjoyed the sport!

Then there were no five mile walks or two hour street car rides to think about. You just slipped on your skates in the dormitory and were out on the ice. If you became tired, home was near. If you wanted to study after a skate you didn't lose much time. Yes! it sounds good, but you can't always impose on good Mother Nature. This opportunity for close-at-hand skating came but once in the history of the school. What are we going to do for skating possibilities this year?

Well! if you have been down the Sligo of late you have noticed a wooden form stretching across just where the old pumping station dam stood. That form contains the concrete dam which is to hold the water back for our new skating place.

Mr. Cassidy, the Sanitarium mechanic, who is engineering the project says, "It's not only for skating but swimming." The work is well under way, and Mother Nature says she will favor us with plenty of cold weather.

## THE SCHOOLS WE NEED

There are some schools we need while here on Earth,  
To fit us for the Higher School above;  
To help us learn true greatness and true worth,  
And prize the knowledge of God's wondrous love.  
Our Maker wills His children here to be  
In these good schools, to gain a high degree.

Affliction's School is one Earth's children need.  
And many in this School are glad they came,  
For in this School of Sorrow hearts that bleed  
Learn to rejoice in our dear Saviour's Name.  
The schools where crosses and temptations blend,  
Are schools that sinners need, till sin shall end.

These schools of varied trials are the way  
To gain the standard God would have us gain;  
And Christ, our loving Teacher, every day  
Will help each student, and make duty plain.  
Some learning now will reach a high degree,  
In that old well-known school—Adversity.

Each trial is a school, where we may learn  
The lessons that prepare us to enjoy  
The higher grades of God's great love, and spurn  
All hate and envy, that so much annoy.  
And in God's school of love is perfect bliss;  
There is no higher school nor joy than this.

*Which* schools I need, and *when*—I do not know;  
I will need varied trials if I reach  
The heights of knowledge where I long to go,  
And I would pray, "Thy will be done" in each.  
My Father knows what schools I need, and in  
*His strength* I'll reach *His Standard*:—

FREE FROM SIN!

—LILLA WARREN VANEVRY.

## SCHOOL DAYS

Thanksgiving evening Miss Jessie Ruth Evans entertained a group of friends at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Andross. An informal program of music and games was greatly enjoyed by all present. Among the guests were Professor Wm. Osborn, Mr. Thurber Madison, Misses Emma Mallat, Gwendoline Lacey, and Vesta Jorgenson — all from the music department of the College, — who contributed liberally toward the evening's pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rieman will soon occupy their new seven-room residence which is under construction at 118 Carroll Avenue.

Miss Ruth Wilcox spent the Thanksgiving holiday with her parents. Thanksgiving night her college friends gave a party in her honor. Games and music made the evening pass all too quickly. Miss Wilcox returned to Baltimore November 27 where she is teaching a church school.

Early in the morning of December 2, several of the boys were aroused from their sleep by "night watchman" Brady, to aid in extinguishing a fire on Flower Ave. Messrs. Jester, Blake, and Prof. U. T. Cady quickly rushed to the scene of the blaze with a fire extinguisher and held the fire in check until the arrival of the fire department.

The North Hall boys visited the South Hall girls Sabbath evening, December 2, during worship period. This was their first visit this year and the girls were proud to show their beautiful assembly room to them. Prof. M. E. Cady spoke, and his talk proved helpful for the opening of the week of prayer.

Our hearts rejoice in the return of Marion Roth from her Thanksgiving vacation. We were afraid she had left us, but she maintains that after all there's no place for her like W. M. C.

Mrs. Wolfkill is glad that her sister, Mrs. Pickard, is living near, and two evenings during worship the South Hall girls enjoyed interesting and helpful talks from Mrs. Pickard.

Miss Chambers has left the happy South Hall circle because of ill health. The evening before her departure she entertained the girls with an interesting reading. They appreciated Miss Chambers' elocutionary ability and will miss her from their midst.

Did you ever wonder how the Japanese thrived and managed to get enough to eat with only chopsticks for forks and spoons? The thought often troubled the South Hall girls and so the night of December 3 a Japanese program was given and every girl was allowed the privilege of eating a real Japanese dish with chopsticks. Needless to say the experience was not only interesting but amusing, although they found it wasn't as hard as they had anticipated. Credit is given to Mr. and Miss Kamoda for this insight into Japanese customs.

Mr. Thomas Zirkle underwent a successful operation at the Sanitarium, Dec. 7.

The joyful countenance of Miss Jeanne Sawers is again with us. Recently she underwent an operation.

Surprise! Yes, it surely was! When a group of friends gathered at the home of Ruth Miller for a birthday party, Wednesday evening, December 14, she was really surprised. A very enjoyable birthday supper and a delightful time followed.

Mrs. B. B. Smith and Mr. J. Cross are seriously ill at the Sanitarium. Our prayers ascend for their speedy recovery.

That which is rare is more appreciated than the common and so it was that Saturday night, December 17, a joyful group of students

gathered in the college gymnasium for a silent march, or a march without orders, but rather a game of follow the leader. Every one enjoyed it and hoped for another one in the near future.

Saturday night, December 17, was a gala night for the students of the Normal Department. They exhibited for sale their many attractive pieces of handwork, which the children had been working tirelessly on for days, sweetmeats in the most attractive manner, together with popcorn and crispets. The crowds who thronged the exhibit rooms spent their money liberally for the wares, so that soon many of the articles were all sold. Orders were then taken to be filled the following week. From the receipts of this sale the Normal Department was able to clear over \$25.00 for missions. All returns have not yet been received.

The Foreign Mission Band is at work. Interesting meetings are held every two weeks on Friday evening.

Mr. Dillie Sun played his Chinese harp and told of the strange customs of China, in the Far Eastern Band. He said that the people in China who are really happy are the Christian people.

The Near East Band was favored with a talk from Elder Hancock, who is well acquainted with Moslem fields. He spoke of the great task in reaching the Mohammedans with the gospel.

Professor B. F. Machlan was a welcome visitor here December 18. On those fortunate ones who had the pleasure of shaking his hand he smiled his well known "million-dollar smile." He is looking well and assures us that there is more snow in South Lancaster than in Takoma. "Skating?" he was asked. "Oh, yes, we all go skating," he replied. When asked if he could not stay over and talk to us in chapel Monday he said, "No, I have to be leaving either tonight or early tomorrow morning, but will try to get down about the middle of January." We hope he will succeed in doing this.

The boys in North Hall and the other homes were invited to an entertainment held during the "Girls' Hour" at South Hall the evening

of Monday, the 19th. The room was beautifully decorated with holly wreathes, and a beautiful Christmas tree loaded with presents and other good things stood at one side of the fireplace. Refreshments were served and several recitations and songs were given. Santa Claus then distributed the stockings and we had much pleasure in opening them and looking at the presents. Everybody enjoyed the evening, and the boys appreciated the girls' hospitality very much.

Miss Edna Quantock was a welcome visitor at the college and Park during Christmas week. She comes from Union College and is on her way to Boston where she will take a special course in music this winter.

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag" was characteristic of scenes at W. M. C. on December 22, when many of the students were packing up preparatory to a jolly Xmas vacation. Now if it only snows and freezes!

Saturday evening, December 24, all the home students were invited to the Shorey home in the city. A very pleasant evening was spent in playing games, so that the students almost forgot to be homesick. Delicious refreshments were served.

Sunday evening, December 25, a regular home party was held in the dining hall. Nut-cracking and bag-throwing contests were enthusiastically entered into, and to cap the climax of a happy evening, a taffy pull was held.

The North Hall boys know how to entertain. This was ably demonstrated when they gave a delightful program and marshmallow roast for the dormitory girls Monday evening, December 26 in the North Hall parlor.

A variety of good games? Yes, indeed. The group of friends who were entertained at the home of Miss Lacey, Monday evening, December 26, all testify that it was the best yet. The games, refreshments, music, and good fellowship made the time pass quickly.

**Lately Arrived:** Edson Carroll Bowen, to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bowen. Date, December 28.

# ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

## THE FUTURE—1922

JESSIE RUTH EVANS

CAN new be created from old? Can the past and future be interwoven? Can 1921 be a foundation for 1922?

Thus we question as a new year lies before us. The old year, 1921, is over. As we reflect, the year seems almost wasted, so large loom our short-comings. As we review its three hundred and sixty-five days, we see misspent hours, selfish plans and lost opportunities.

But the failures of a past year may be guide posts in the future. Why not? It is through life and experience that we learn. Our knowledge—hard earned though it may be—should prove a wise counselor. Apparent and real failures may be utilized in progress toward success. Whether you are helped by them depends on you. The one who will not attempt a large task because of lack of success in a small one is not ready to begin a new year. Each year brings its toll of problems, duties and sacrifices. Strength for these should be gained from the past. Neither time nor life stands still. Both grow and increase.

You are young and 1922 is at your command. It is a blank canvas on which you and I are to paint the picture. The perfection of our work depends partly on previous experience, yet this year's painting may be better

than any which has yet been created. Technical perfection comes with training and practice, but no masterpiece is ever conceived without a *vision*.

Then for your picture for this new year get a vision. Choose your subject matter with thought and prayer. Look outside of yourself for it. Whether it be sad or joyous is largely for you to determine. Models, colors, —material of every kind is at your disposal. It is for you to make the selection.

Time is yours in 1922. Get your vision of what can be accomplished in three hundred and sixty-five days. Self-centered living or a year of service for another is yours. Choose! You are painting the picture. Opportunity is yours. Seize it! The realization of ambition is yours. Sanctify it! Life is yours. Consecrate it!

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Whenever you argue with another wiser than yourself, in order that others may admire your wisdom, they will discover your ignorance.—*Sadi*.

Most arts require long study and application; but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only the desire.—*Chesterfield*.

## REVIEW &amp; HERALD

Mr. L. J. Sanders, who has been ill at the Washington Sanitarium for several weeks, is once more able to be about, and reports that he is steadily gaining strength.

Mr. Roy E. Slate, one of our linotype operators has just returned from a ten-day vacation spent at his home in Gastonia, North Carolina. It seems good to see his smiling face in our midst again.

Mr. and Mrs. U. V. Wilcox entertained a few friends in honor of Miss Ruth Gilbert Saturday evening, November 26, at their home, 116 Park Avenue. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Cobban, Ethel Benson, Allen Stevens, Blanche Palmer, Jessie R. Evans, Ella Clark and Bula Botsford.

## Clayton-Boyd

Mr. Elmer Clayton and Miss Eva Boyd, both well-known graduates of W. M. C., were united in holy matrimony at eight o'clock Wednesday evening, December 28 in the Seventh-day Adventist Park church. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton left immediately for South Lancaster where they will attend the convention and will then take up their residence at Concord, N. H. Bon Voyage!

## THE CAMPAIGN

*(Concluded from page 8)*

Not four days after the launching of the campaign one student remarked to me that she had finished her thirtieth letter, having sat up until late at night to do so.

Third, we want one thousand books to enlarge our library. We ask you, patrons of the school, to look over your libraries and see if you have books we could use.

We are working. Will you support us? Give us your financial assistance, any books you won't need that would be of service here, and also your SLIGONIAN subscription.

## ONE LEG FOR HIS DAUGHTERS' EDUCATION

*(Concluded from page 17)*

think, my brother, that I am a liar. In truth, we are poor, but I have some money in the bank which I wanted to spend for an artificial leg. I had saved it for that purpose. However, I can go on a little longer with my wooden leg, and will invest my savings in the education of my children."

It moved and stirred my heart when I saw this man hobbling along with that clumsy, heavy wooden leg. The two girls came to school, traveling five days by train, and after the school year they went into the gospel colporteur work, determined to return again to school.

## KATHARINE'S RESOLVE

*(Concluded from page 19)*

life is not play, and that is what you seem to think it is. Why not give us poor books at least a fair chance to do something for you this coming year."

"I'll do it," said Katharine, "and if I had known you felt that way about it I would have done it before," she ended with a little laugh.

"Katharine, Katharine, will you never wake up and come to supper," said her mother laughingly. "This is no time for dreaming. To-morrow is New Year's, and you haven't made your annual resolution yet."

"I have already made it, mother," Katharine said joyfully. As she passed the book stand she waved a gay hand to her school books and added beneath her breath, "and I'll not forget it either, my new-found friends."

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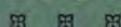
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