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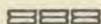
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# EDITORIAL



## THE HEN

CONSIDER the hen. She contributes approximately \$1,000,000,000 annually, to our national wealth. Whether this figure is a truth or a (?) I wouldn't say. But if you can imagine the size of this large army of industrious hens why I will assume that this one billion dollar job is no impossibility.

Figuring from contributions to the National Treasury, hens make good citizens. The hen is as patriotic as a good many people. No hen that I have ever met belongs to some socialistic or "who knows what" organization. This barnyard organization gets along without I. W. W.'s. Hens form no secret laying organization. Here's room for thought.

The hen is a faithful little worker with grit and pluck enough to stick to her job though the rest of the world would stop work.

She doesn't forever complain against her neighbor, at least not in modern language.

She doesn't follow the latest fad in style.

She doesn't go wild over the latest, "No Bananas" jazz but rather mumbles the same old *waltz* (?) she mumbled when she marched into Noah's ark.

She doesn't complain about the weather but takes things as they come either with a cackle or an "I won't say."

No hen ever steps up to another hen and says, "I'm not going to lay another egg the rest of my days." She certainly won't say "I can't" when she knows she *can* and *knows* that the rest of her companion hens know she can. So many people tell me "I can't" when I know they *can* and

they themselves know they can if they would only try. ('Taint good hen sense, aint it?)

The hen like most people raises a fuss. But when she fusses it is over what she produces and not over what she wants.

Some people fuss over what their neighbors ought to do, hens don't.

Here is room for thought lads; some things about hens are worth considering.  
T.G.W.

## YE OLD TYRE

WE have read the story of the ancients worshiping their deities in groves; of the Redmen worshiping in the forest primeval, bowing to the kingly pine whose topmost branch was crowned with the billowy clouds, and whose stately dignity was also crowned with the reverent admiration of the silent Redmen. Those trees, those groves, those forests, all are being consumed by the advance of modern needs until today their scarcity makes them precious. But their history makes them noble. Nature, we can not sanction the ecclesiastical practice in the groves, but we can not withhold our highest admiration for those mighty monarchs, innocent of their crowns. Yet in our very door yard a descendant of the royal line is bowing under insult. In the virgin cleft of Sligo there is growing a prince of that old line, and on his tender brow some wag has hung the Modern's crown. Man has made a span from bank to bank, higher even than that young tree, and so the wag has stood and dropped his rubber loop into the highest branch. A rubber loop, and by

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# Our Brightest Outlook

PRESIDENT H. A. MORRISON

IT has now been a little more than four weeks since the opening of the school year, and there are many things that have existed in connection with our opening here that indicates that we are to have a most splendid year. We have registered a large number of earnest young men and women who are anxious to obtain a Christian education. It has been remarked by a number that there is a great increase in the spirit of earnestness that exists in and about the institution.

It is a great pleasure as we come in contact with these young men and women to see them put forth every effort to obtain all that is possible to obtain. The general tone and spirit that exists in and about the school is splendid. A spirit of cooperation and good fellowship seems to exist in every corner.

We are especially impressed with the strong religious experience that seems to express itself in most of the young people that have come to us this year. Our Praise services, our Sabbath school, and all of our religious services are backed up with a strong spirit of fellowship; and it is evident that these young people know some thing more than just the theories of a religious life. I can not emphasize how much this means to every individual that has the privilege of being in College.

We have a splendid enrollment. It is now 265, which is the total enrollment for last year. Others are registering from day to day. Any young people that may chance to read this article, and there is any possible chance for you to come at all, don't wait longer, but come and enjoy this earnest band that have set themselves to have a splendid preparation for the work of God. We would be delighted if all of our young people in our territory could come in contact with the true spirit of Washington Missionary College.

# Ten Years From Today—

LEE R. MARSH

**I**F time should last ten years more and you should live, what do you expect to be doing in life? This surely is a question worthy of your consideration and one which you should be able to answer, at least in part. Every young person should seriously consider the future. And if you do think about the future, surely you will need to consider today's activities and determine whether they will be good stepping stones to a successful tomorrow. Have you determined your career? Are you holding to your course? Have you located the mile posts along the way to determine your progress? Will you arrive on time?

One of the greatest tragedies of life is to be a young person who has no aim, no definite purpose, no true motive for living. Many young people simply drift along through life and never really accomplish any worthy work. They do not know where they are going and are like driftwood upon the great ocean of life. They may succeed in earning a living but they really add nothing to make this a better world in which to live. They fall victims to adverse circumstances which by divine right they should conquer, master, and utilize as stepping stones to a successful career and a life of service. Awake! God calls you to a life of service in a sin-sick world. "In the distance set your goal and fight for it with all your soul."

Then with a worthy purpose in view you must consider today's activities and decide whether they will be a good foundation upon which to build your future. For to a large extent, your success in meeting the issues of life will be proportionate to your previous preparation. You will never shoot higher than you aim, it is said, but you will never shoot at all if your gun

isn't loaded. You must make previous preparation if you wish to fight a winning battle against opposition. When we are sick we call in a man who has been previously trained in medicine; no novice will do when our physical life is in danger. At that time we want the best help available. Today the world is spiritually ill and as Adventist young people we want to minister to its needs. But the world does not want a novice in spiritual things. Too much is at stake. Are you a trained man who can render the help that is needed? Have you made the previous preparation so that you may succeed in ministering to a sin-sick world? Are you prepared to wage a successful battle against sin?

If you are unprepared the door of W. M. C. stands open, that you may enter and gain a Christian education that you may be able to help humanity. Our school has been established with the very purpose in mind of preparing our youth to minister to a spiritually sick world. How can anyone be satisfied to sit idly by while millions are perishing in a world that is on fire with sin? The need is the call. And the need is so great that the call must be ringing in your ears in trumpet tones. That stiring call should determine your life purpose. If you are unprepared to answer that call, come, get the needed preparation in W. M. C., that you may be able to efficiently minister to these dying souls.

"God give us men! A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands: men who possess opinions and a will; tall men, sun-crowned men, men who live above the fog in public duty and in private thinking. Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps. God give us men!"

# The Campaign

THE annual drive for Sligonian subscriptions is on. In fact the editor tells me that this is the campaign number, and he ought to know. As far as the campaign itself is concerned every student is well aware of it, so this paragraph is simply an explanatory note to our friends afield.

Thursday morning, Oct. 11, in chapel the student body was divided into two armies, the Reds and the Blues. Colonels had been chosen to lead, and they in turn had appointed ten captains each, so they were ready to organize the volunteers by noon of that day. Colonel J. W. Hayes is leader of the Reds, and Colonel Roy Williams is leader of the Blues. Both leaders seem to believe in the old maxim, "The pen is mightier than the sword," for hundreds of letters have already gone out from the pens of the two armies in the business of securing new subscriptions for the "Sligonian."

The losing side is to serve the winners at the annual "Sligonian" banquet, and in addition must march down to the Sligo bridge and under directions from the winners remove the famous old tire from the tree top.

With such honor awaiting the winners, and such servitude awaiting the losers it is easy to believe that each army is putting forth its greatest efforts to win. And, strange as it may sound, both armies may win. That is if you remember what they are working for. One side must lose the contest, but win or lose, each individual effort is a winning stroke for W. M. C., and we are all sons of old W. M. C. So again, friends afield, if you have not yet responded to the effort made in your behalf, to place your name on the "Sligonian" list, do it now. The present contest closes Nov. 1. A. STUDENT.

## A Missionary Volunteer Society

F. R. YOST, JR.

WE want our children to act a part in well organized plans for helping other youth." Special Testimony, December 9, 1892.

In these few words Sister White has expressed the great purpose of the Missionary Volunteer Movement among this people, and in this as in every other line of Christian activity, the keynote, the governing thought, is Service.

"To act a part in well-organized plans" is thus held out for us as young people, not merely as a goal, but as a positive duty, making ourselves working cogs in a machine operated in the interests of this world's closing Message.

One of the attendants at a tent meeting with which I was connected gave expression to a negative testimony on the young people's work which I shall, never forget. Realizing the many ways in which personal work may be done in connection with an evangelistic campaign, and her lack in performing such service, this sister in the faith, who dated her experience as a Christian from the time of her girlhood, said, "If only when I was younger, I had taken part in church work and personal work as I had opportunity, I would have received a training that would have enabled me to take an active part now." *If only—IF ONLY.*

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# Memoirs of Miss Gladys Robinson

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

I WAS born in Africa, so naturally I would be interested in the land of my birth," said Miss Robinson as we sat out on the campus at W. M. C. only a few weeks before she was to leave for her home in the New England states for a visit to her parents before sailing to The Dark Continent. "My father and mother were missionaries there and remained there until I was four years old when they moved to Australia and then to New Zealand. Finally they came back to the states where I have received my education. One of my brothers is in Africa now and that is another drawing power. Several years ago I had thought it would be great to work there, but it did not seem the best thing then, and really if I had gone at that time I would have missed such wonderful years of study—the years that have meant so much to me." And her usual smile came as she said, "but when the call came last spring I knew at last my aim was to be realized—I would go to Africa to work for the Lord.

Of course we all knew that Miss Robinson and Mr. Stearns were to be married and work in the school at Spion Kop. At the time their plans were not all settled as to the details of their work there, but they were to teach in the Junior College at Spion Kop, which is about one-thousand miles from the coast. The great plan for the school is to raise it to a sixteen-grade school, where the teachers can be trained. The school is located at the foot of a very famous old mountain, Spion Cops—famous because of the battle fought there during the Boer War. The whole country round is a plateau region and the river which bounds the 22,000 acre farm furnishes the water for the Colony.

"The summers there are not so beautiful as here I am sure," she said, as she let her eyes wander over the emerald carpet of the campus to the wonderfully beautiful trees, for there are no trees there, only shrubs and grass in that upland region, over three thousand feet above the sea. The climate there is not so bad—about like North California in the summer and in the winter the cold register is sometimes five degrees above freezing. Then the humor which makes Miss Robinson an individual unto herself, came to the front as she said with a jolly laugh, "I'm going to have two summers this year, but when I tell how old I am I'll measure it in winters."

"And when will you be sailing?" I asked, since she had just said, "You will have to draw me out"—and I took her at her word.

"We will leave New York either the middle or the last of October, taking six or eight weeks on the trip." Going to London first they expect to reach Paris by air line and then by boat go on to Cape Town, South Africa.

"Of course I'm going and I want to go—but there are things I hate to leave," she said and a twinkle came into her eyes. "Now there's the Man in the Moon, and it will seem strange not to see that familiar face, but the two children at the old time well sweep will have to take his place. And I'll miss all the stars—(not movie stars, not Mary, not Charley, but real lasting, eternal stars,—Venus, Mars, Orion and others. There will be a whole new set to study. Xmas in the summertime will be new won't it? and I doubt if the sun will shine just the same, but there is the

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# Paul Hayward in College

JAMES E. LIPPART

PAUL Hayward was sent to Prospect college by his parents, who hoped under a Christian influence their son would become a Christian. This had been the only thing that prompted them to sell the farm, move to town and send Paul off to college

At college Paul was genial, sociable, and popular, but his life remained unchanged. For a room-mate he had a quiet, serious-faced young man—Robert, more often called "Bob," Stevens. During the course of the year the two boys became fast friends, but whenever Bob asked Paul about religion and of his purpose in life, the reply was invariably, "Well, I'm as good as most of the students here." In heart Robert had to admit the force of his argument and there the subject dropped.

Things drifted on toward the close of the school. In the last students' Friday evening prayer meetings, Professor Newton had presented a strong message on the two ways as found in Matt. 7: 13, 14, "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." After the talk the beautiful song on the Two Ways was sung:

"There are two ways for travelers, Only two ways;

One's a hill pathway of battle and praise;

The other leads downward; tho' flowery unseen,

Its joy a phantom, its love is a dream  
Its love is dream, 'tis only a dream."

No one knew the battle that raged in Paul Hayward's soul. The Christian side always seems theoretical, but now he was brought face to face with the great question: Which way shall I choose? The two sides were carefully weighed. Should he choose the popular side, the broad way, with its gayety, mirth, pleasure, wealth, honor and fame? Or should he choose the unpopular side and travel the straight and narrow, strewn with trials, hardships, and sacrifice. His choice was made. He would take the latter choice.

Another battle ensued when opportunity was given for testimony, but he tremblingly arose and simply said, "Pray for me."

After the service as Bob met him at the door, he grasped his hand and said: "God bless you, Paul." There were tears in Paul's eyes as he said: "Thank you, Bob, thank you."

When they reached their room, Paul turned to Bob and said:

"Bob, I have a confession to make. Do you remember when you asked me to become a Christian, and I answered you by saying, I was as good as the rest of the students?"

"Yes, Paul, I remember, but—"

"Well," continued Paul, "I also proceeded to point out the supposed leaders of the school, Fred Handel, president of the 'Knights of Valor'; Harold Barker, choirster for Sabbath school; and Harry Classer, leader of the Colporteur's Band. How I did rake them over the coals, I said they were never at the Friday evening prayer meeting, rarely ever go to church, never testify about their experiences, and

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## JUST ME

Just because I'm small and thin  
 People look at me and grin—  
 Wonder why I am so small—  
 Hardly hear my footsteps fall;  
 Doesn't matter much to me,  
 Yet I'd awfully hate to be  
 Smaller yet—don't mention that—  
 'Fraid I' resemble a baseball bat.

Folks just crowd me all aroun'  
 Especially when I'm in town.  
 I can't fuss at them you see  
 'Cause they all look big to me,  
 'Course my body's made to bend,  
 But some people apprehend  
 I'm an elbow rest and such—  
 But I'll tell 'em—"No! not much."

I'm too big to join a show—  
 Just too small to earn much dough—  
 Big enough for folks to see,  
 How I wish they'd let me be  
 Small enough to have no trouble,  
 And with nonsense I o'er bubble—  
 My! but I am out of place—  
 'Tell that by my homely face.  
 People see me from afar,  
 Say, "I wonder what it are"  
 They don't wonder more'n I  
 For I often wonder why  
 Folks are allowed to be so tall  
 Just to gaze at folks who're small,  
 Hope some day the table'll turn  
 Won't their envy towards me burn.

I'll just have to gaze at them  
 Clear my throat and say "Ahem"  
 Call attention to other folks  
 Make my speeches 'n little jokes,  
 Look at them and wink my eye  
 Smile in mirth while passing by  
 Tower my head above them all—  
 "Just look at folks so short and small."

But if a fellow big and tall  
 Slipped in something and had a fall  
 Bet he'd land with quite a thud—  
 Feel about the size of a spud,  
 Lookin' up to the folks so small  
 To see if they had seen him fall.  
 Guess I'm better near the ground—  
 One thing sure, I'm safe and sound.

—*Perlie de F. Henderson.*

A MODERN LETTER BY AN  
ANCIENT

LOVAINE GAUTERAU

If Gnaeus Pompeius were to walk the earth again and then write his experiences this is what he'd say to Cæsar:

MOST EXCELLENT IMPERATOR,

Let us lay aside our differences of long ago, O Cæsar, thus allowing me to tell thee of a few of my experiences while visiting a city, on my recent return to earth, called Washington, D. C., which is like unto Rome in our day.

Upon finding myself in this place I was moved with trembling, even though thou knowest I fear nothing, on account of many noisy monsters headed toward me seemingly, from various directions, with two hideous, glaring eyes. Anon, I learned from one of the men that seemed to know all about these creature that they were called "Tin Lizzies" whatever that means.

The people are dressed very queer. The men wear clumsy pieces of leather around their feet, a dark short tuna on their shoulders together with a troublesome cloth around each leg. And, O Consulor, they wear hats! Abominable hats! Some thing that only the Plebians ever wore! And the women? well there is little change in their dress from that of the Egyptians.

I marveled at the height of the buildings! How any body lived that high I

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## MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

# Ireland During the Civil War

MAYNARD V. CAMPBELL

[NOTE:—This account of Mr. Campbell's experiences in Ireland will be continued in the Missionary Department of the November Sligonian.—EDITOR.]

IT may interest the readers of the Sligonian to hear of the conditions in Ireland during the recent civil war, how they affected our work there and of some of the experiences which our people passed through. It was my privilege to be in Ireland during the two years of 1920 and 1921—the years which were the bloodiest of the whole struggle.

I went to Ireland in the spring of 1920 in answer to a call from the British Union Conference for volunteers to canvass in that unhappy island. Seven other young men also answered this call. I will not give an account at this time of our many and varied experiences except to say that we had an exceedingly exciting time. The country was overrun with small bands of Sinn Feiners, whose guerrilla leaders prosecuted almost continuous warfare against the British, and made raids upon all the towns and armed farming communities which were Loyalist in sympathy. It is not hard to understand why we, as canvassers, were soon suspected of being either Sinn Fein spies, or else British detectives and only those who had been in Ireland for a time know how summarily persons suspected of being spies are punished. So exciting indeed did things become, that by the middle of the summer of 1921 only two of the eight volunteers remained in Ireland. These were my canvassing com-

panion and myself. By keeping friendly with whichever party happened to be the stronger at the various places we went, we fared better than the others, and except for being arrested several times and shot at occasionally, we got on fairly well.

In 1921, the Sinn Fein struggle for Irish Independence degenerated into mere outlawry and anarchy. Instead of continuing their attention to fighting the British they spent most of their time in robbing banks, holding up and robbing honest citizens, destroying buildings, railroad and telegraph communication, and meteing out terrible and cruel punishment upon those who opposed them. Daily in the cities, and in the country, the most blood-thirsty crimes were being committed. In the city of Belfast there was almost constant warfare between the Sinn Feiners and the police, both sides using machine guns. In these battles more civilians were killed and wounded than combatants.

During the early part of the year 1921 one of our evangelists, Pastor Barras, held a large evangelistic effort in Belfast, in the Ulster Hall, the largest hall in Ireland. As a result of this effort many people took their stand for the truth, among whom were quite a few young people, who wished to attend the College in England. The feeling aroused in Belfast as a result of the incessant struggle, was really favorable to our work. It produced intense hatred against the Catholics, who were believed to be behind the Sinn Fein movement, and

as soon as it was proved that Sunday is a Catholic Holy Day, many people were willing to give it up.

Nearly all of the young men and women who accepted the truth at this time lost their positions because of the Sabbath, and were consequently out of work. Most of them started selling "The Present Truth," one of our English fortnightly papers which sells at four cents. They were able to earn a living by this means, but it offered no prospect of their getting to college; so the leaders of our work their invited me to leave my canvassing work in the Irish Northern Counties, and train these young people to sell our larger books.

After one of the Sunday night meetings, I asked to see all the young people who wished to canvass, and fifteen came forward, eight of whom were young women. I told them of the difficulties and dangers they would meet, but did not succeed in frightening any one from the determination to canvass. After one week's training they started out.

Two of the young ladies went to the territory from which two husky young men had recently beat a hasty retreat after receiving notice from the Sinn Fein organization that if they remained they would be shot. When I took the young ladies to the town which was to be their headquarters, we found a large part of it in absolute ruins. Private residences were burned to the ground, and stores demolished. In this particular town the majority of the people were Orangemen and Loyalists. The houses which were burned were those of Roman Catholics and Sinn Feiners. The inside of the priest's residence was entirely burnt out, and on the outside wall was written in large letters, "To Hell With the Pope." Far from being frightened by the external appearance of things, these young ladies went to work with a will. They found that about all

they needed to do to obtain an order was to give the impression that the book was Anti-Catholic, and they had wonderful success.

As I was taking one of the young men through Belfast to start him in canvassing in one of the suburbs, our street-car stopped at one of the busy city crossing where two policemen were standing talking. While we were there, within a few feet of them, two men from the crowd came up behind them, and pulling out the policemen's own pistols, shot them. This is only one of the many tragedies I witnessed while in that unhappy city. Some nights it was impossible to sleep because of the rifle fire, and the awful death cries of the wounded and dying. Often in travelling through the city in a street car, I, with all the other passengers, had to lay flat on the floor, because rifle bullets were coming through the window.

On July 11 at noon the truce arranged by Lloyd George and De Vallera went into effect. The morning of the eleventh I was taking a young man from Belfast to the country to canvass. We noticed that the city was very smoky, and on being told that a good part of it was on fire, we climbed to the tower of one of the highest buildings over looking Belfast, and to our surprise we could see buildings on fire all over the city. As a matter of fact the people were enjoying the last few hours before the truce was to go into effect by burning down one another's homes. As a result of that morning's fire over one thousand people were rendered homeless.

During the summer nearly all of the new Irish canvassers did remarkably well, and a number won scholarships and attended college, though it was late in the year when they began canvassing. Only one met with any harm. On the street where he was

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# HOME ECONOMICS DEPT.

Conducted by the Class in Economics

## The Pattern's Lament

ALETHEA MORRISON

I WILL certainly be glad," said Miss Pattern to Miss Hat-frame as they lay on a shelf, "when I get into that new building, and have this nice group of girls. Really I felt hurt last year, when the girls slighted me so, and wouldn't use me any more, except once in a while for foundation work. These new girls will appreciate my value for without me they can't do much. Last year the girls cut out their dresses etc., without even glancing at me, and went on talking of the other divisions of the department. I do wish that I could be a kettle in their kitchen. I know it would be such fun, for the girls would use me all the time. They make the best things to eat, and enjoy it so. They learn so much about the effect of certain foods on the body, the amount of food required etc. They will make wonderful cooks some day, and that day is not so far off either."

"I have a great deal of time to think and listen to the girls, so I improve the opportunity, and "listen in" at the class session. The teacher's class is very interesting because of the discussion as to the most effective and interesting methods of teaching children. The Food Study class discusses the amount, kind, and value of food needed by the consumer. Many surprises greet the members of this class, as they study the laws of nature. Sewing is the nicest class, because of the neat, pretty garments that are made, and I suppose it is because I belong to that depart-

ment. Most of the students learn fast, and Miss Stanley's professional touch is called for, less and less."

"I was so sorry that we could not see the exhibit last spring, especially after working so hard to help the girls get it ready. I think it was shameful to be tucked away out of sight. It must have turned out well for the girls spoke happily of it."

"The girls are so excited about the new courses taught this year. Dietetics, designing, Economics, Teacher's Course, Home Nursing, Invalid Cookery, Decorating and Furnishing the home, Home Management, Constructing of clothing, and Millinery, besides what they had last year. My, but those girls are going to know a great deal along practical lines, and Miss Stanley is going to be busy, very busy."

"I do hope that I can go to their new building with the rest of the material, but I am afraid they will forget me, though some of them need me badly. The cooking department and Home Management House are the new features I most wish to see. Just think of having a real home to live in and to keep in order for six weeks, dining room, living room, bedroom, and kitchen, all complete. Little kitchenettes are provided so that each pair of girls may have a kitchen, besides they have the large kitchen for the general cooking. A large sunny room gives place for over a

*(Continued on page 23)*

## THE GIFT

SOMETIMES I shut the door on all the world  
 And go alone to that most secret place  
 Where there is only God  
 Just God and I! Then  
 Together we go over subtle acts,  
 Mistakes and small hypocrisies of mine.  
 I strip myself from shams and shackles free  
 And stand aghast at my duplicity.

We look, just God and I, into my heart  
 And tho I shrink, we gaze there to the  
 depths

And tho I tremble, cowed by what we find,  
 I suffer, too, a kind of poignant joy  
 That I can doff that heavy coat, Pretense,  
 As one relieved who slips from outer shell  
 That burdens tho it wraps becoming well.

And while I find it often hard to bear  
 The burying of God's knowing eyes on me,  
 I feel me stronger grow just from their  
 gaze;

And my nakedness it seems to me, is  
 clothed  
 In raiment new that is most wondrous fair.

*When next I venture forth, Sincerity  
 Is the gift that God in secret gave to me.*

*(Concluded from page 11)*

canvassing there was an open battle in progress, and to escape from the tumult and the bullets he quickly ran into a jeweler's shop which was near by. On entering he noticed several other people there, and what is more he noticed they were looting the shop. Of a sudden they all pushed their way out, those who couldn't get out of the door smashed the plate glass window and made their exit from it. It took a few seconds for our friend to collect his wits enough to run out with them, and before he knew what had happened he heard the short command,

"Hands Up!" He found he was looking down the barrel of a dangerous looking pistol, and saw in front of him an equally dangerous looking policeman. He was marched to the police station and charged with being one of the looters. He was caught red-handed in the shop, and when his trial came, it was impossible to convince the judge of his innocence so he spent one year at hard labor in an Irish prison.

*(Concluded from page 10)*

did not know until a man, seeing that I was a stranger, offered to show me this city. And so I went.

We came to a square stone pillar that reached up to heaven a great way. My guide bade me step into a small dark cage inside of the hollow pillar and, Great Dictator, we began to move upward. Slowly I felt my brains descending to my feet. I was impressed almost to search for a way of escape, but seeing none I remained strangely silent. A heavy thud came to my ears! I was told to step out and upon seeing daylight through a window I was much relieved until when looking out, O Cæsar, the world was many cubits below! I was in the sky. Like a silver thread a river seemed to be. Like insects were the people. And like models were the villas.

O'er my head were apparently large birds that made a great noise. Later I learned that these, also the "chariots" that I thought were monsters, were a means of transportation!

At last we descended and I took leave of the earth. It was a beautiful city but, I am proud to say, can never compare with our Rome.

Hoping that you may have the same experiences, I remain

POMPEIUS.

# ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

## REMINISCENCES OF W. M. C.

"GONE are the days"—Yes, it seems an age too, since I sat pouring over English books, history books, notebooks and enjoying the privileges of school life. As an alumnae, or "back number," I always keep my thoughts turned in the direction of my Alma Mater. What happens there always engages my immediate attention.

I wonder how hard every one is working, and whether they enjoy doing outside reading for hours as much as I didn't: whether the library is as quiet after dinner as it was back in the days of '22. By the way, the little "fence" that is in the library now, had not made its appearance in the good old days. One could help themselves to reference books, and feel quite at ease; but now I am informed that would not be the correct thing.

"Now, all you good people"—brings memory of sitting in class, in Room 52. The Roll Call, when one could answer, "yes" that the work for the day had been completed, gave a thrill that had a charm peculiarly its own. Another happy feeling was handing in to Prof. Werline, the outside reading card, filled out with the necessary number of hours.

Oh yes, the Student's Association meeting! The super-animated discussions that often took place! I wonder if some one still finds it necessary to call for the "Orders for the Day."

But of all things missed, friends seem the greatest loss. After leaving school, one's friends become as pearls; the more one has the wealthier he is.

It is all like a dream now! And the worst of it is that it was then, part of the time. How I wish that something had wakened me up to the opportunities and possibilities that can belong to every student.

So as I, along with W. M. C.'s other children, watch her grow, it is with the hope that many, many more can look back and say, "Our Alma Mater dear."

MABEL ROBBINS.

## A LETTER

DEAR CLASSMATES:

It seems so long since we stood together on that historic night in May, 1915. Then five of us received our diplomas and the Juniors, who had been so successful in floating their mud-colored banner to the breeze despite our strenuous endeavors, looked on wistfully. That was their day, but this one was our day. Those were strenuous and busy days, yet how care-free compared with those that have followed. Nearly all of us have been filling some place in the work of God. Our feet have trod many lands, and our ships have sailed many seas. How interesting after the years have rolled on to return to the old school home and see those buildings where we lived during our school days. The expression that leaps irrepressibly to our lips is, "How things have changed!"

It was my privilege to spend three weeks recently in the Sanitarium (with the result that I am now appendix-less). Of our

*(Continued on page 25)*

# SLIGONIAN CIRCULAR

Prompt at 12.30 P. M. on November 1  
Campaign in its history. Never before did W. M.  
eagerly watching for the last minute report on the  
campaign that at first seemed a failure the students  
when the final report was posted. Hurrah! Ye C

The final postings that pronounced the re

Blues 278

Col. Roy Williams, leader of the blues

## PRIZES AWARDED

1st Prize, Mr. Edward Hanson  
51 subscriptions, White wool  
sweater and monogram W. M. C.

2nd Prize, Miss Frieda Sch-  
neider 32 subscriptions, A  
beautifully designed pillow top

## LISTEN!!

You can still become a sub-  
scriber or you can help your  
friend to become one.

*Cut this out and mail it to us* 

*MR. SUBSCRIBER, we thank you heartily for your subs*

Fill Out Blank

DO

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find  
order ( ) check ( ) for  
SLIGONIAN (9 issues)

Name.....

Address.....

# ON NEARS 1000 MARK

Students' Assn. closed the second best Subscription  
see a more enthusiastic group of campaigners so  
letin board. Overwhelmed with the success of a  
de the corridors of Columbia Hall ring with cheers  
aigners.

victorious read --

Reds 308

Col. J. W. Hayes, leader of the reds

nd Mail Today  
**NOW**  
00 in stamps ( ) money  
year's subscription to the

---

---

---

## THE RESULTS

|                       |     |
|-----------------------|-----|
| Reds . . . . .        | 308 |
| Blues . . . . .       | 278 |
| Old Subscriptions .   | 350 |
| Grand total . . . . . | 936 |

## THE BANQUET

Given by the blues in  
honor of the reds.

When do we eat? -- in a week

ion. Give us suggestions on the paper. We appreciate them.

## EAVES DROPPINGS

THEY say it's a woman's privilege to change her mind and apparently Miss Esther Hicks took advantage of this, when she first came here to school and later accepted a teaching position in Kilmarnock, Virginia.

Miss Helen Edwards plans to attend W. M. C. the second semester of this year. Although Miss Edwards could not return the first semester, she sent on girl in her place, Miss Helen Coolidge.

Of all things! Mary Sandofrd's teaching school! And she is not the only one. There is Esther Read, Martha Hottes and Nell Ketterman. Can ye beat it?

Miss Mildred Keyler is now employed in New York but intends to attend W. M. C. next year.

The Misses Verie Slade, Edna Brill, Eunice Allen and Fern Hottel have entered the September Class of Nurses at the Sanitarium.

Jimmy's Married. Incidentally Ruth is too. Elder Longacre united James A. Lippert and Ruth Johnson in the holy bonds of matrimony in the presence of a few intimate friends. Immediately following the ceremony, the couple left for West Virginia where the groom is pastor of a church. Their address is 1216 Charleston St., Charleston, West Virginia, and they both say for everybody to write to them.

Miss Marie Rogers has moved into South Hall where she will make her home until her parents return from their tour of the western states.

Miss Julia Leland of the Class of '23 is taking a course in Law at the George Washington University of this city. All who are contemplating the future need of legal advice and counsel, kindly see Miss Leland. This is not an advertisement.

Miss Grace Wilcox is Dr. Miller's secretary at the Sanitarium.

EXTRA! Huge Ingathering Campaign launched in Chapel. Oct 15 marked a new chapter in the history of this school year when with enthusiastic speakers and loyal student support the school purposed by a majority vote to conduct the most successful campaign ever opened by this body. A goal of \$1,000 per day was set and here's hoping we make it, and more too.

Miss Inez Smith is night supervisor at the Sanitarium.

Miss Emma Mallet, of Class of '23 is assisting in the English department and is also our Librarian this year.

Welcome back to W. M. C. and health,

Prof. Llorens! Your students and friends have missed you the days you were gone, and we are glad that your illness proved nothing serious.

The first feed of the year took place Oct. 7 in Dining Hall during supper. It was a birthday surprise on Miss Schneider, Prof. Morrison's stenographer. The table was beautifully decorated in yellow, and a delicious appearing cake was the source of an unsatisfied appetite to all onlookers.

Southwestern breezes tell us that Harold Hannum of the Class of '23 makes a very successful musical director at Keene Academy in Texas.

Who said corn? We did! The girls had a good time that shall ever be recalled when turning over the pages of memories album, for it is indelibly written there and underscored with red ink. The College truck left South Hall at seven thirty laden down with many happy girls prepared to get the most from an evening's recreation. On reaching the Sanitarium farm anticipation loomed into realization, for there was a snapping fire, great heaps of corn ready to do its best to satisfy ravenous appetites, corn shocks, and log benches lent a cozy atmosphere, and old Scare Crow extended a long stiff arm in welcome. Did we eat??? Corn, potatoes, marshmallows??? Indeed we did! All too soon our capacity found a limit, but still we lingered to tune our voices to the harmonious tones of the ukelele till time demanded that we turn our faces toward home.

Splash! Splash! went the North Hall boys in the Y. M. C. A. swimming pool Saturday evening Oct. 12. They thought they were in the "old swimmin' hole" of boyhood days.

Surprise! New Jersey students gathered in the "new" parlor at South Hall Saturday evening Oct. 12, to surprise Miss Florence Laurell who was fortunate enough to have a birthday. It was a typical old fashioned birthday party, we hear—with lots to eat and pranks galore. And S-h-h-h I'll tell you a secret, our Advertising Manager had to sit on the mantle piece for fifteen minutes while our Assisnat Treasurer stood on his head in the corner.

Congratulations to Mr. Joseph Stearns, most fortunate young gentleman who won the hand of our well beloved Normal Director, Miss Gladys Robinson. We wish them every success as they sail to assume duties in the Dark Continent.

Unique things never cease. Word comes to us that George Rapp of the Class of '23 has been holding a very successful tent effort in a graveyard this summer.

The boys and girls of W. M. C. greatly appreciate Miss Pflugradt's kindness in entertaining us so often with her interesting readings. We are glad she can be with us to take charge of our Public Speaking Department, and wish that more of us could avail ourselves of the opportunity to study under her.

Remember W. M. C.'s slogan "*Only our best is good enough.*"

Many thanks to Mr. Wilson! We enjoyed the march on Saturday evening, Oct. 6 in the Sanitarium, and hope we shall enjoy many more such pleasant evenings this year.

No, W. M. C. is not a managerie, don't be mistaken! We won't admit that, but we do like pets. Mrs. Pussy Cat still presides at Dining Hall, although it has been necessary for her to divide her attentions with Peter Rabbit who is the center of attraction before and after meals out front. Down at South Hall two stray kittens have been adopted and regularly receive their allotted bread and milk. A tan and white Puppy is the latest enrolled in the Music Dept. at Sunshine Cottage. And Goldfish? They are too numerous to mention, but too important to leave out, never the less. There is just one thing we lack—our poor alligator, but we would not recall him from his "Happy Swimming Hole."

Eddie Hanson's father sent him word the other day that a friend has donated a dog to the family. He describes it as being "a dog and a half long and a half a dog high." *Says which?*

On Thursday afternoon, Oct. 4, a caravan of eight automobiles wound its way over field and through glen to Great Falls carrying W. M. C.'s faculty to their annual picnic.

It was a beautiful day and nature put forth every effort to aid in making a good time for all. Only man's inventions would interrupt the program. A tire on Prof. Morrison's car decided it had carried its burden far enough and exploded, like some people do when they think they have a right, and like some other folks, Prof. Gage's Ford would only go up hill backwards.

The only other unhappy experience was the aw-"full" feeling everyone experienced when the baked beans, potato salad, deviled eggs, olives, sandwiches, pie and cake had all been devoured.

After the feast all gathered about the campfire, sang old familiar songs, and listened to a reading by Miss Pflugradt. Time had carried the dignified educators of W. M. C. (for a night) back to the days of boys and girls, and like them they played with nature in all its splendor and enjoyed her rarest gifts.

On Sept. 2, the first Saturday evening of school, old and new students gathered in the auditorium of Columbia Hall to meet the faculty as well as to become acquainted with each other. Torrents of rain poured outside, but the spirits of those within were cheery and gay. First, there was the usual hand shaking, then, speeches and music, "Washington, My Washington," and last but not least, a pleasant "good-night" to all.

Students and community enjoyed a stereoptican lecture on "Latin America" by Elder E. E. Andross, Saturday evening, Sept. 29. Elder Andross, who is President of the Inter-American Conference has been in Washington after a recent trip about his field.

The girls of South Hall feel they have been very fortunate for already they have been favored with four splendid worship talks. Prof. Andreassen spoke to us on "The Girl I Like," Dr. Wilkinson gave a most inspiring talk, Elder Russel considered with us the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, pointing out among other things the Japanese Earthquake as a fulfillment of prophecy, and last of all, Miss Acton delivered to us a very timely message on "Forgetting."

"Murder will out" they say. Anyway, a rumor tells us that Prof. Morrison caught two young college women stealing apples down in his orchard one Sunday morning. We are sure it must have been unintentional on the ladies' part, but we suggest that next time they are hungry they visit Dining Hall. However Prof. Morrison is a generous host under such circumstances.

Come and join us in our games every fine evening after supper and before worship. We guarantee cheery countenances, rosy cheeks, plenty of red blood corpuscles, and better standings when the grade cards come in. Come!

The student body greatly appreciated Elder Spicer's sermon in which he related things seen and heard during his recent visit to Europe. We feel sincere sympathy for our unfortunate brothers and sisters across the sea, as well as deep gratitude for our own blessings and prosperity, and it is our heartfelt desire that such sorrows may be spared our own, United States.

Great surprise awaited us in College Hall Our Printing Plant has taken over the entire basement floor, and among the new equipment we find a linotype machine. The first floor is still devoted to the Normal Department, and the second floor is now entirely used for science class rooms and laboratories. The Commercial Department is temporarily situated in the gymnasium in Columbia Hall.

Teacher—What are the three forms of expression by the verb?

Student—Indicative, interrogative, imperative.

"Give an example of each."

"Tom is sick." "Is Tom sick?" longer pause—"Sick 'em Tom!"—*Journal of A. M. A.*

Young Hugheson at college, found himself rather short of money.

After deep thought, he wrote his father the following letter:

"Dear Pater: I am writing for a check rather sooner than I expected, but you see, several bills have come in at once—books, laboratory fees, games, sub, etc. Please send it as soon as possible. Your affectionate son."

The father replied:

"My Dear Son: I received your letter today and am sending you the check you asked for. I was at college myself once, you know. With love, Dad.

"P. S.—Is she good looking?"

"Robert," said the stern young woman teacher, "if you cannot behave yourself, I shall have to take your name."

Later Bobby confided to his sister, "My teacher threatened to marry me if I don't look out."—*S. B. Journal.*

Teacher—"Johnny, what is the capital of North Carolina?"

Johnny—"North Carolina has two capitals."

Teacher—"What?"

Johnny—"Yes, ma'm, North Carolina has two capitals—N and C."

Wolverton was a nervous, figety young man, and he looked with considerable apprehension at the woman next him, who held a baby, its face covered with a thick veil. The baby gave now and then a sharp cry, which the woman evidently tried to suppress. At last, after many anxious glances, the young man spoke. "Has—has that baby any—anything contagious?"

The woman looked at him with a mixture of scorn and pity.

"It wouldn't be for most people," she said in a clear, carrying tone, "but maybe it would be for you. He's teething."—*Ladies Home Journal.*

Teacher—Newton discovered the law of gravity by an apple falling from a tree upon his head.

Johnny (a reluctant pupil)—Yes'm; if he'd been in school he'd never have discovered anything at all.—*Transcript.*

Lost: My two soles, during a game of three deep on the campus. Finder kindly return to the business office.—*J. W. Hayes.*

One of our terrible tempered Academic boys in a fit of anger the other day, broke the back of Cæsar, tore the appendix out of Cicero and pulled the Tale of Two Cities.

Morrison—See here young lady, what are you doing up that tree?

Young Co-ed—One you your apples fell down and I'm trying to put it back.

## ROLL CALL

### California

Alice Woodruff

### Canada

Alice Bunston

Theo. G. Weis

### Colorado

Jes. Degering

George Gustalson

### Connecticut

Clinton Brogon

W. A. Richardson

### Delaware

Edna Doyle

Emma Drew

Ruth Heller

Ralph Heller

Grace Mallick

### District of Columbia

Homer Anders

Eugene Anderson

Oscar Bell

Harry Beddoe

Willis Barton

Isaac Cramer

Esther Cramer

Charles Conner

John Carey

Edward Carey

Harold Dover

May Fonda

Nova Gillespie

Washington Graves

A. T. Gaylord

Helen Hull

Rose Hoogensen

Doris Holt

Helen Howe

Doris Jenkins

Raymond Johnson

Promise Kloss

Helen Langston

bernice Washer

Eugene Phillips

Norman Phillips

Paul Phillips

Helen Perkins

Donald Plummer

Mildred Straub

Clyde Sunderland

Walter Stilson

Ethel Sheirich

Charles Slade

Mrs. Grace Swen

Raychel Wright

Ben Wilkinson Jr.

Katherin Zinn

William Wood

### Florida

J. W. Hayes

### Georgia

Maude Brook

Mary Virginia Wooley  
James Trimble

*Maryland*

Stanley Altman  
Hazel Arkebauer  
Stanley Brown  
Charles Boyd  
Geneva Baker  
Ruth Burns  
William Bricker  
Dorothy Bartlett  
Raymond Broderson  
Harold Broderson  
Donald Chaney  
Walter Coyl  
Paul Cross  
Laura Campbell  
M. V. Campbell  
Virgil Chapin  
Blanche Detwiler  
Mildred Dennison  
Thelma Dennison  
Anita Eastman  
Mildred Elliot  
Robert Edwards  
William Edwards  
Reo Lovaine Gauterau  
Martha Greutman  
Eunice Graham  
Bertha Hanger  
Harold Hoxie  
Ethel Hamilton  
Russell James  
Geneva Kern  
Wilhemina Knight  
Dorothy Konigmacher  
Fred Kirk  
James Leland  
Ethel Longacre  
Cleo Morrison  
Alethea Morrison  
J. W. Mundy  
Maude Miller  
Fred Mitchell  
Elizabeth Neall  
Edith Nutter  
Lois Nutter  
Floyd Neff  
Mildred Overacker  
Margaret Overacker  
Bertha Orange  
Earnest Pohle  
Lawrence Pohle  
Calvin Pyle  
Mable Robbins  
Arthur Rogers  
Marie Rogers  
Le Clare Reed  
Pearl Roggencamp  
Oswald Roggencamp  
Hollis Russell  
Ruby Richmond  
Horace Shaw  
Elizabeth Staughton  
Rose Salisbury  
De Forest Stone

Franklin Saunders  
Irene Salchow  
Bessie Shaw  
Betty Shorey  
Melville Shorey  
Merwin Sutter  
Charles Shock  
Katherine Tippet  
Constance Taylor  
Mary Taltamus  
Naomi Taltamus  
Wayland Tolers  
Sarah Van Geuder  
Bryan Votaw  
J. A. Walters  
Paul Westbrook  
Fenton Wilcox  
Chester Wilkins  
Lee Wilkins  
Wilton Wood

*Massachusetts*

Verna Botsford  
Beula Botsford  
Maude Mason

*Maine*

Howard Munsen

*North Carolina*

Minnie Hicks

*New Hampshire*

Clay Malick  
Theodore Kimble

*New Jersey*

C. Newell Atkinson  
Henry Adams  
Wilburn Bernstein  
Victor H. Campbell  
Alfred E. Gilbert  
Elmer Havlin  
W. W. Jennings  
Elizabeth Jeager  
Alexander Koltforber  
Florence Laurell  
Leonard Laurell  
Lavinea Miller  
Edna Minehardt  
Ralph Minehardt  
Roy Parsons  
Milton St John Jr.  
Mildred Worster  
E. Farrand Willet  
Bernarr Whitcomb  
Marion Whitcomb  
Roseline Whitcomb

*New Mexico*

W. C. Lovelace

*New York*

Myrtle Brown  
R. S. Finch  
Pauline Hart  
Maxine Ross

*Ohio*

Paul Arnold  
Russel Arnold

Bessie Acton  
 Juanita Hoffman  
 Lawrence Kinker  
 Carmen Kinker  
 Pearl Kattleman  
 Mildred McPherson  
 Edith McPherson  
 Ruth Michaelis  
 Clyde Newmyer  
 Florence Numbers  
 Twila Nixon  
 Robert Price  
 Sidney Tobias  
 Paul Hubert Talmadge

*Pennsylvania*

Mary Abbey  
 W. O. Berry  
 Joseph Cash  
 Helen Coolidge  
 Arthur Cramp  
 Francis Dingee  
 Sarah Detwiler  
 Paul Eckenroth  
 Etta Mae Groff  
 J. S. Glunt  
 Emmanuel Goodman  
 Edward Hanson  
 Irwin Harrison  
 Lovey Henderson  
 Robert Jones  
 Grace Lease  
 Harold Lease  
 Beryl Loop  
 Regina Swingle  
 Hazel Spangenberg  
 Frieda Schneider  
 Frank Skelly  
 Hester Shelley  
 Harold Shultz  
 Lawrence Stone  
 Arnold Stevens  
 Roy Williams  
 Burt Williams  
 David Wood  
 Violet Whitman  
 Frank Yost Jr.  
 Esther Zimmer

*Tennessee*

Sammie Walker

*Texas*

Winona Casey  
 Dottie Franklin  
 Marion Wilcox

*Virginia*

Hazel Brent  
 Virginia Dix  
 Marcus Duff  
 Mary Lee  
 G. M. Manry  
 Howard Morse  
 Marwin Smith  
 Lennie Tucker  
 Anna White

*Washington*

Londona Corbett

*West Virginia*

Maude Crews  
 Okareda Ketterman  
 Josie Ketterman  
 Isa Lang  
 Mable Vaughn

*Denmark*

Anna Simonson

(Concluded from page 13)

dozen girls to learn to do practical sewing needed in a home. I wish that I could see it, and perhaps I can, and be a part of it, too."

"Good-night, Miss Hat-frame, I'm tired." sleepily yawned Miss Pattern, as she settled back on the shelf.

—  
 BEFORE honor is humility.

—  
 A WILD goose never lays a tame egg.—  
*Spurgeon.*

—  
 MEN owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.

—  
 No man can be true to principle without exciting opposition.

—  
 A LAUGH is worth a hundred groans in any market.—*Lamb.*

—  
 GENIUS is the transcendent capacity of taking trouble first of all.—*Carlyle.*

—  
 OH many a shaft at random sent,  
 Has hit a spot the archer little thought,  
 Many a word at random spoken  
 May smoothe or wound a heart that's  
 broken.

*(Concluded from Editorial page)*

now, a rotten rubber loop, a wel worn tire. For shame, that the shoe of vehicles which rolls in city streets and lies in gutters should crown the monarch of our glen, and all honor to the hand, Blue or Red, that removes that impious circle. Forsooth the young tree must be tired!

C.

### DISLIKES

To speak of dislikes is often to subject oneself to unnecessary embarrassment as well as those who may be near at hand. For example if one should object (and rightfully too) to the obnoxious habit of chewing gum in places for public use there would like as not be some one in the near proximity who had a portion of that unrequired substance stowed away in the recesses of his mouth for further mastication. Or perchance, the question of shirking ones responsibility to our own College journal, if too freely discussed might bring discomfort to some chance passer-by who would be likely to feel that he was being unduly censored considering the amount of time he required to complete obligatory assignments.

But speaking of things one likes is so much a better practice that it would profit all to employ it, and incidentally it might be fitting to add that our acquaintances by using the method of deduction could calculate our dislikes in a way more pleasing to themselves.

When one considers to what a large extent his thoughts become a part of himself he most surely will endeavor to center his mental activities on those things he likes. Else soon his dislikes may become his likes, and his very ideals become changed for the worse.

It is a splendid habit to cultivate watching for the things we approve in others.

This practice is equally as short as its antithesis, and tends to create a more pleasant atmosphere in which to live. Human nature objects to open criticism, rebels at its very shadow, but how ready it is to conform to the likes of friends! How it responds to the approval of those it loves! How much more cheerful our campus would be if each would converse on those things he likes in others.

M. A. B.

*(Concluded from page 7)*

The Missionary Volunteer Department wishes to help us take the "if only's" out of our vocabularies and substitute "I can."

Year after year there are put into the harness of organized work for Christ, young people whose sole opportunity to learn to tell the story of the Cross, to give Bible studies, to speak in public, to direct Harvest Ingathering campaigns, has been found in connection with Missionary Volunteer activities in our schools, and in the home churches.

Our College Missionary Society wants to give us such opportunities this year. Its purpose is to interest us in a spiritual way, to instruct us and open ways whereby Christ can use us.

So the Society is inviting your interest and your co-operation; it will be satisfied with nothing less than 100 per cent program, 100 per cent attendance; 100 per cent activity of its members, for ——"The love of Christ Constraineth Us."

*(Concluded from page 8)*

southern cross and of course we both (Joe and I) plan to see the Equator."

But all joking and fun pushed gently aside the serious aspect told the deeper feeling beneath the real current of her thoughts as she said "During my two

years stay here I have learned to love all the young people who have come under my care and I want them to know that no matter where they are that I have the most devoted interest in them and their work and will love them with that strange love that only a teacher can feel for the students whom she has learned to love. through the every day contact.

Her work has been a success for the Normal Department has grown from forty to seventy and from a class with out graduates to the perfect seven. Her interests will ever be intertwined with those with whom she has worked.

"O yes! and before I forget it," she said, "I intend to subscribe for the Sligonian till the old tire wears off the tree neath the bridge." And I knew then that in the heart of the old dark continent there would be two faithful friends of W. M. C.

*(Concluded from page 9)*

do many questionable things I would not do. And then I wound up by saying if I would become a Christian I would not be a hypocrite, and if they were Christians, I did not want anything to do with it."

"I see things different now. I see I am a terrible sinner. But the point I wish to get at is this: I watched all the supposed Christians and I saw nothing. I watched you particularly close. I saw day after day in my association with you that you had something in your life that was not in mine. I tried to find out. Now I believe I know."

"What is it?" eagerly asked Bob.

"It is that you live what you profess to be—you are a Christian."

Both boys were silent. At length Paul began again, "When I made up my mind to become a Christian tonight your life was one of the strongest reasons why I should become a Christian. Then too, I

thought of dear old mother and father, of their prayers and entreaties for me. Won't they be glad to know I have become a Christian?"

"Paul," huskily said Bob, "You have paid me the greatest compliment of my life by telling me my life was a factor in helping you make your decision. At best, I know I made many mistakes, and with this compliment which I do not deserve, I renew again my consecration to live a higher, nobler, and purer life." So saying the boys warmly clasped hands.

*(Concluded from page 19)*

old faculty the only ones I saw were Professor Lewis and Miss Spicer. Our teachers, too, have scattered to the four winds. There stands the old college building, now the normal department. Memories swept over me as I saw once more those windows and steps I cleaned so often in bygone days. North Hall and South Hall look much as they did from the front view, but in the rear I saw, commodious additions. Then there was Columbia Hall, that new, beautiful building. How inviting it looked to one who left Washington before its construction.

Across the campus is the sister institution, the Sanitarium. The original building has been enlarged, and a number of new buildings have been constructed. One would hardly recognize it as the same place.

The institutions we knew and loved have changed, and yet they are the same. They stand for the same principles. They are teaching and preaching the same truths. Youth men and women are passing through their halls and class rooms filled with the same missionary spirit.

RICHARD F. FARLEY.

*Vineland, N. J.*

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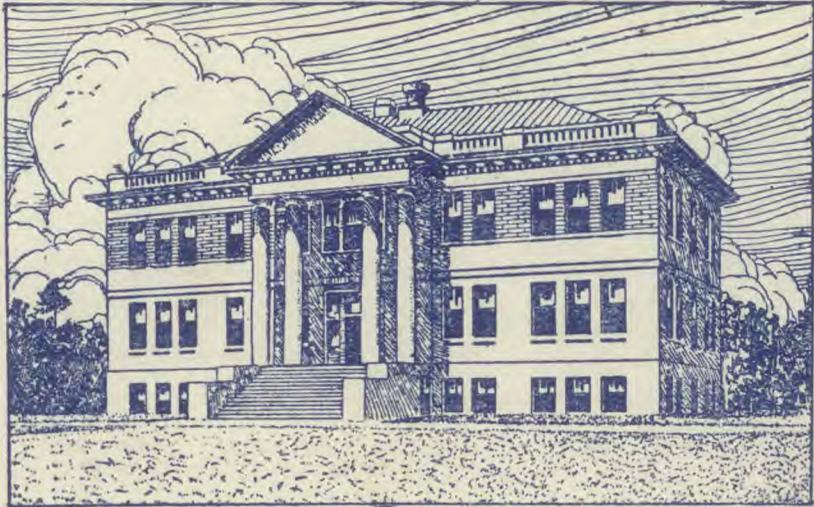
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