

The Sligoian



December 1923

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THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. VIII

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., DECEMBER 1923

No. 3

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Be a Friend

Be a friend. You don't need money;
Just a disposition sunny;
Just the wish to help another
Get along some way or other;
Just a kindly hand extended
Out to one who's unbefriended;
Just the will to give or lend,
This will make you some one's friend.

Be a friend. You don't need glory.
Friendship is a simple story.
Pass by trifling errors blindly,
Gaze on honest effort kindly,
Cheer the youth who's bravely trying,
Pity him who's sadly sighing;
Just a little labor spend
On the duties of a friend.

Be a friend. The pay is bigger
(Though not written by a figure)
Than is earned by people clever
In what's merely self-endeavor.
You'll have friends instead of neighbors
For the profits of your labors;
You'll be richer in the end
Than a prince, if you're a friend.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

Tad Hearn's Christmas

JAMES E. LIPPART, '23

CHRISTMAS dawned cold, rainy, and wintry. Rain and sleet covered the sidewalks, making dark pools here and there. Travelers hurried on, at every gust drawing their overcoats and wraps more closely about them. In this cheerless atmosphere a little ragged newsboy called to an indifferent few: "Papers! Gazette, Herald, Dispatch, Inquirer! Morning papers!"

Rev. Boyington was hurrying on his way to church, his mind intent upon the morning service. The little newsboy walked up to him, turned his cold, pinched face upward, and in a pleasant, respectful tone pleaded: "Paper, mister? Please buy a paper."

Something in the tone of his voice, or the look in those blue-gray eyes, arrested his attention, and, slacking his pace, he doffed his glove and dropped a couple of coins in the outstretched palm and hurried on.

The lad looked at the pennies—his only sale of the morning. How bright and shining one was! It was heavier, too, than a penny, and instead of Lincoln's head there was a large eagle. What could it mean? It was not a new penny, for the date was 1900. He had often heard of gold pieces and wondered if it could be one. Where was the man who gave it to him?

All during the service the picture of a ragged newsboy reappeared to the minister. Again and again the words rang in his ears: "Paper, mister? Please buy a paper," and the recurrence of the look of pleased gratitude lingered. The congregation listened to his almost flawless presentation of the "Child of Bethlehem," while vagrant thoughts moved incoherently hither and yon: "How much

he looked like Paul—just about his age, size and everything." The sermon ended, greetings given and exchanged, he hurried down Main Street in quest of the newsboy.

There he was, still calling out his papers. Espying the minister, he ran eagerly up to him, shoved the shining coin into his hand, at the same time excitedly saying: "I believe you gave me this by mistake, mister. Take it—it's yours."

It was the same coin he had given to his boy a year ago, and ere the lad could spend it he was knocked from his bicycle, mortally injured and died without gaining consciousness.

Tenderly placing his hand upon the lad's head, the minister inquired:

"What's your name, son?"

"Theodore Hearn, sir; but the boys call me Tad."

"Where do you live, Tad?"

"On Elm Street with Mrs. Watson."

"Are your parents living?"

"N-o, s-i-r," he replied slowly. "There was Frank, but he was killed in France. Mamie (she's younger'n me) died of the flu, soon after Mother did"—and two big tears rolled down his cheeks and his frame shook. In a determined voice he continued: "Mother taught me to pray, and told me to be a good boy, to be kind, and not to lie, steal, swear, or smoke"—and in a choking voice—"but it's awfully hard, mister."

"Some day she wanted me to be a doctor—missionary," he continued, after a pause, "and go to China."

Something within stirred strong Ralph Boyington. Perhaps it was memories of a similar childhood with its fight against

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Yuletide in Many Lands

IN FRANCE

This season, which begins with St. Barbar's Day, the fourth of December, and usually lasts about twelve days, is among the least of French holidays. At one time, in the early history of this pleasure-loving people, it was a very gay season; but now it is scarcely recognized except in churches.

At this time of the year, however, the shops are elaborately decorated and display an elegant line of goods. Bright-colored toys, pretty pictures, beautiful wreaths, trimmed evergreen trees, sweetmeats and many other splendid gifts greet the eyes of the passerby. Early in December many booths or open-air stands are erected along the streets of the shopping district. These also arouse the interest and gain the admiration of the people, for they are lavishly bedecked with many colored lights, gorgeous colored trimmings, tinted wreaths, fruit, evergreen branches and Christmas gifts.

The poor are kindly remembered at this time, for many large boxes and baskets containing food and necessary wearing apparel are given them. They are also invited to enjoy good times in the churches and charitable institutions. Animals are also given special attention and care. Household pets and domestic animals get plenty to eat, while sheaves of wheat are hung to the eaves of the house for the birds. The children, who place their largest shoes before the hearth, get many pretty gifts besides an abundance of sweetmeats.

A veritable Yuletide season is more apt to be enjoyed in some small town where the inhabitants still cling to the most of the old customs, and where there

are not so many attractions as appear in the large cities.

The Yule-log is burned in France as in other European countries. This forms the basis of the Christmas fire. There are many superstitions connected with this event. It is believed that if an oak tree is cut down at midnight and part of it used as the basis of the fire it will be more efficacious. It is also believed that if some of the ashes of this log are retained and kept somewhere in the house no evil or harm will befall any of the members of that household. It is customary, upon lighting the Yuletide fire, first to have the youngest member of the family drink to the health and happiness of those present.

Several days before Christmas the children gather evergreen shrubs, from which they make a manger. This is to be a reminder of the birth of Christ and of His life of humility. It is placed in some corner of the main room of the house. Candles, small religious pictures and ornaments are then placed around it. Each evening until Epiphany the children gather about this manger, light the candles and sing carols. On the eve of Epiphany the members of the household gather in the main room to partake of a delicious supper. This ended, all sing a few songs and march out into the streets to meet the Magi and have a merry time. Thus ends the Christmas of France.—*Elmer Hanlein.*

IN NORWAY

Christmas in Norway is observed on the twenty-fourth of December. The people of Norway, however, begin making preparations for that time about two weeks before. The housewives and the older girls in the family have to clean

the house to have it nice for Christmas. They also have to bake cakes, bread and make ale. The fathers and the sons have to chop wood and bring it in, for they will use a good deal of wood during Christmas.

On the twenty-third of December the Norwegian people will put out sheaves of rye or barley on a pole as a feast for the birds. This pole is fastened to the roof of the barn or to a fence. All the finishing touches are given on this day in order to have everything ready for the twenty-fourth.

The twenty-fourth is Great Christmas Eve, or Store Juleaften, as they call it in Norway. In the early afternoon the people take food and clothing to the church, which is given out to the poor for Christmas. The Norwegian thinks every one must be made happy on that special day of the year. Everybody is busy hurrying back and forth. The people can feel that the Christmas spirit is in the air, especially when they see the mountains covered with snow. The church bells toll for one hour, from five to six o'clock in the evening, ringing in Christmas. In every home the mother is busy dressing the Christmas tree; she also has the door to the parlor locked, for she doesn't want anybody to see what she is doing. When she has finished everything she puts the presents beneath the tree.

About six o'clock the family put on their best clothes, and the door to the parlor is opened wide. The children look at the tree with amazed eyes. The tree is beautifully decorated; there are also small candles in different colors burning. When the family is gathered in the parlor they all form a ring around the tree, they march and sing songs. After that the father has the pleasure of giving out

the presents, and that is an exciting moment for the whole family, especially for the little children; there is joy everywhere.

When all the presents are given out the family sits down to a good supper. The first they serve is nice pudding with milk, then fish and potatoes, then meat, bread, butter and jam. The dessert consists of cakes, nuts, fruits and ale.

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IN GERMANY

Christmas is the one religious festival observed by all children of the Fatherland, irrespective of age, creed or sex. Germany being the home of the Christmas tree, it is only natural that this country should excel other lands in many other features of holiday observance as well.

Members of his Church attribute the first use of the fir tree at Yuletide to Martin Luther; but be that as it may, it is certain that it came into general favor among the people contemporaneously with this remarkable personage. Weeks before time trainloads of Christmas trees are brought into the larger towns and cities, where they are placed on sale in stores, markets and street corners, until the city itself resembles a miniature forest.

Gaily decorated shop windows also tell of happy days to come, and are fairly jammed with books, dolls, soldiers, and toys of all descriptions, as well as a bountiful supply of candy and other appetizing confections.

No one is neglected in this joyous period of preparation; even the very humblest cottages in the village must have their own tree, as well as the tinsel

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IN RUSSIA

In this enormous country which covers one-sixth of the land surface of the globe, a country where snow and frosts reign through half the year, where darkness and superstition oppress the people, Christmas is the brightest and happiest time of the year.

There are certain features of the Yuletide observance that are typical of the country. One is the singing of their ancient Kolyada songs, composed centuries ago by writers who are still unknown. They may have been sacrificial songs in heathen days, but are now sung with fervor and devotion at Christmas time.

In some places a maiden, dressed in white and drawn on a sled from house to house, represents the goddess of the sun, while her retinue of maidens sing the Kolyada or carols. Here appears the ancient custom of gift-making, for the maidens who attend the goddess expect to receive gifts in appreciation of their songs.

The word Kolyada is of doubtful origin; there is no telling how, when or where it originated; but the singing of these songs has been a custom of the people from time immemorial, and after the introduction of Christianity it became a part of the Christmas festivities.

On Christmas eve it is customary to fast until after the first service in the church. They pray before their respective icons, or sacred pictures, recite psalms and then all start for the church, where the service is in most respects the same as that in the Roman Catholic cathedrals.

The familiar greeting of "Merry Christmas" is not heard in Russia except among foreigners, the usual salu-

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IN HOLLAND

In Holland you would be very much surprised to see seemingly very early preparations for Christmas, which, it soon would develop, was celebrated on the sixth of December—or as the Hollanders call it—St. Nicholas Day. They say that Christmas originated in Holland, but no one believes them. The idea of St. Nicholas is an old benevolent-looking man dressed in purple, furs and other things from the far North, riding in a great sleigh pulled by a white horse. A black serving man is supposed to accompany St. Nicholas to help him unload his presents, which are in a large bag in the sleigh.

On the night before St. Nicholas Day all the family—mother, father, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles, cousins, grandmother, grandfather, and baby—gather in the large living-room. Here they talk, or sit in silent suspense, until a knock is heard at the door. The maid quickly opens the door and ushers in St. Nicholas and the black serving man. St. Nicholas asks the father and mother if the children have been good and if the parents answer in the affirmative, the black serving man gives each a simple present. If, however, the parents answer in the negative, the penalty, a strong switch, is presented. After throwing fruits and candies all around the room, St. Nicholas quickly takes his departure. The children hunt up all the fruit and candies and enjoy the feast until the nurse takes them up to bed. In this country we always hang our stockings on the fireplace, but not so in Holland. There the children put their large wooden shoes near the stove. In the morning when they come downstairs they must seek their presents; they spend the morn-

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Forcing One's Way

JOSEPH H. STEARNS '23

NO BOAST

The following article is no selfish boast. It was written with the sole object of encouraging those who are not yet in school, who are staying out of school just because funds are low.

This article was written by a former student of W.M.C. He has worked his way through school and is now on his way to the mission field.

What others have done you can do. If your bank account isn't worth a cent, if you possess a willingness to work, you have an account to your credit that no one can rob you of.

It is true it would be easier to go to school and have some one pay your way, but if you are made of real stuff, if you have a desire to get an education, you will plan now for the coming school year.

The man who succeeds anywhere succeeds in the present task as well as the task in the future.

Do your share. W.M.C. will do its share in helping you.

READ THIS ARTICLE AND GET A NEW INSPIRATION.

—EDITOR.

THE world gets out of the way for the man who knows where he is going. There is no truer application of this saying than is found in the life of the young person who is working his way through college. The young man or woman who is so unfortunate as to have his way paid is losing half—yes two-thirds of the valuable lessons that the college is instituted to teach. Book knowledge is essential, but without the practical support which comes through experience, meeting tangible problems, it is a weak foundation for one's life work. The young man that works his way through college has the advantage of both the theoretical and practical training and is hence far ahead when it comes to making a success of the thing he attempts.

The man who knows how and can go ahead is the man that is in demand. There are thousands of walking encyclopedias—but for what good are they? "Wisdom is the principal thing." It is truly said that, "Wisdom is the ability

to use knowledge aright." So in order to be able to capitalize on your knowledge you must not be theorizing and philosophizing. Can't you see the advantage that is gained by the young man or woman that works his way through college? These are the practical and economic values.

There is, however, another aspect that is well worth consideration. It is the physical side of life. Man must have exercise. It is imperative that he do some muscular work if he is to maintain a healthy body. The young person who works his way through college also has the advantage here. By keeping fit physically he will be able to do more efficient work in the class room, and when he leaves school for his field of labor he is not all run down and in need of a rest to recuperate.

Everything is in the favor of the one who works his way through college. He is independent and imposes no burden on others. He is developing a practical experience in management and industry that will demand the respect and admiration of the college. He is getting just the experience that will best prepare him for the duties of life when he has completed his education in college. He will have demonstrated his usefulness and hence there will be no lack of positions for him when his preparatory course is finished. He has a big advantage when it comes to having a good reserve of vitality when he graduates. Everything is in his favor, there is no doubt about it. He will be able to carry as much school work as the one who uses all of his time for study, for he will be able to do more with less

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Is Burbank's Work in Vain

DE FOREST STONE

YES, Luther Burbank, who has spent sixty years with plants, and has produced more improved varieties of fruits, flowers, vegetables, nuts, grains and trees than the world has been able to absorb, now realizes that if someone doesn't take up his work, it will be lost to the world. He is now producing more new and improved varieties in a day than he used to produce in twenty years, and "most of these improved varieties are going to waste!" What can he do with them? The only way they can be introduced to the public is through seedsmen and nurserymen, but they assert that it disorganizes their business to take more than just a very few.

Three of his sixteen acres at Sebastopol, California, were sold a few months ago to a cemetery association and every plant on it is being pulled up and burned so that the tract may be plotted for graves. Among the thousands of new and improved varieties on this little three-acre tract were more than forty new selected thornless blackberries that would have been worth \$30,000 if they had been introduced to the world.

"I am seventy-four years old," says this veteran of the soil. "My strength is good for my age, but it is not what it used to be. I sold part of the Sebastopol experimental farm because I could no longer operate it. The remainder will have to be sold for the same reason."

He has a walnut tree that, for many years, has produced each year \$1,000 worth of walnuts. This tree is so superior to anything else in existence that he was once requested to supply 10,000,000 young trees like it to be delivered a million a year for ten years. Of course, that was too big an order to

be filled from one tree. He could have supplied 65,000 trees a year if he had been able to superintend the work in addition to everything else he had to do. But he supplied only a few thousand.

The finest plum tree, perhaps, that ever grew broke down from the weight of its fruit and died. The abundant fruit from this tree was as sweet as honey. It was accidentally developed when an employee did not thin out the plums as he was told. They are burning fruit trees off that place for firewood because dealers will not handle them. This philanthropic gentleman says that sometimes he has thought of advertising that the place would be open to the public and everybody permitted to take what he wants and go away, "but people never think much of things that are given to them." A man now wants to buy three acres for a chicken ranch.

The Sebastopol place was once offered for sale for \$100,000, but Mr. Burbank says he would take a good deal less than that and be glad to if it were going into proper hands. That farm surely should be in the possession of some school or someone who would carry on the same work. It seems a pity to convert it into a graveyard or a chicken ranch!

DEPARTMENT OF EXPRESSION

FLORA JUNE PFLUGRADT

The department of expression is a new department in the college. Judging from sizes of audiences it is the most popular department. Its results speak for it. We need not say more.—EDITOR.

THE Department of Public Speaking and Expression finds within its realm some of the greatest possibilities for the highest kind of successful achievement in any line of endeavor. It is a most desirable training for the profes-

sional or commercial man. It gives training to address a public meeting, to appeal to the hearts of sinners, to move men to splendid activity. Through development of the voice, one many attain great conversational powers. It teaches one to be careful in the selection of his words, their pronunciation and exact meaning; it extends his vocal energy and makes him grow in self-confidence and personal power.

BENEFITS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

MARY ABBEY

The following article is written by an academic student who is a member of Miss Pflugradt's class in physical culture.

History teaches us that the power of a great nation depends largely upon the physical fitness and vigor of its individual citizens. The conquering races have always been those that have given much attention to physical training. In the days when the Greeks were the leading nations of the world much time was devoted to Athletic exercise, thus—they have given to the world models of strength, grace and beauty. The conquest of the Greeks brought them great riches, and this led to luxury and intemperance. In the meantime the Romans, by strict discipline and physical training had been preparing themselves for conquest. They overcame the Greeks and in their turn controlled the world.

The Lord make no mistake when he told Adam to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. It is becoming exceedingly popular to get our bread in any way but by working, nevertheless, the person who wishes to maintain the brilliancy of the eyes, the clearness of the skin, and that vigor which is a characteristic of youth, must take an abundance of out-door exercise every day, not as a task, but

thanking God for the infinite privilege of so doing.

Exercise, when properly used, is a remedial agent of great potency. In order that this exercise be of a great benefit it must be enjoyed. When one's daily work does not involve the necessary amount of exercise, and it can not be taken out of doors, it may easily be taken in one's room, if desired. Exercise regularly, if possible, at the same time each day. The best times to exercise are, early in the morning, in the forenoon between ten and twelve o'clock and in the afternoon between four and six o'clock.

The heart is developed and made strong by exercise, just as is every other muscle. The size of the heart is as a rule, proportioned to the amount of work it has had to perform. One who has a well-developed and strong heart has more vigor, more endurance and more courage than he otherwise would have. Enough daily, vigorous exercise should be taken to keep the heart strong, so it will not be effected by moderate exercise. Out-door games of swimming, rowing, walking and especially mountain climbing, are excellent forms of exercise for strengthening the heart.

A good set of muscles is one of the best qualifications a young person can possess, and strong muscles are obtained by vigorous exercise. There is no position in life which they will not enable him to fill the better for having them.

During vigorous exercise the breathing movement is greatly increased and the chest is expanded to its fullest capacity.

The spine needs exercise in order to keep it flexible, because it will become rigid and the trunk can not be bent freely.

Exercise has a marked effect in steadying the nerves, giving one self-command and mental poise and readiness.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by Alice M. Bunston

Have I Been Called of God?

E. L. M.

ARE you preparing for God's work? It is sometimes thought that only preachers and prophets have a definite calling, and if we do not have some indication that God needs us, we perhaps think that we ought not try to enter His work.

Let us note God's *method* of dealing with some of the prophets of old: Noah, Abraham, Moses, Elijah, Elisha, and some of the New Testament callings, Paul, Peter, James, and John. Note that God tells them what they should do, how they should do it, and the result of their labors.

Now bearing these three steps in mind,—to do, how to do, and the result—let me consider my calling. I am in a Christian institution, perhaps working my way. I will not do the things I used to do, go the places I used to go, and meet the friends I used to meet. Why I ask, do I not desire to do the things I used to do?—It is a call from God,—to do a definite work.

The call of the early prophets does not necessitate my hearing a voice from Heaven. He does not speak to every man alike. He does not call every man as definitely as he does others.

But, note that the call is from God and not from man. For there is no outward appearance that would assure success in any line of God's work. There is no formality that will change the life of an individual from doing the things he once desired, to what he now does. It is only

as God leads that I can work successfully.

In the case of the ministry, actual preaching is but a small part of the gospel ministry. To be able to grasp, and to push on the things as we find them; to be able to plan and to get results from our plans; to be able to do things with individuals, are the qualities more essential to the preacher than public, platform, theorizing, preaching oratory. The men who have gone the farthest have possessed these fundamentals.

Solomon noticed the one important human feature of the call of God when he said, (Prov. 18:16) "A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men." Note that it is the *gift* of a man who finds a place for him, and not the man who finds a place for his gifts.

In talking to Timothy, Paul exhorts him, (1 Tim. 4: 14) "Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy by the laying on of the hands of the presbytery . . . for in doing this thou shalt save both thyself and those that hear thee."

I can't say that I will be a preacher regardless of how easy or how hard work it will be for me. I will not ignore the gifts given me. If God has given me one thing to do, and I do it, then he may give me more to do. But, by not doing it I may lose what he has already given me.

Again, Paul says to Timothy (2 Tim. 1:6) "Therefore I will put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God which is *in thee* by the putting on of my hands." Timothy had the gift of preaching. Maybe I may not have that gift, or a calling to that particular work. Then shall I say that I am not wanted in God's work? Do I not remember what it says in Joshua 9:27 that there are some who are made hewers of wood and drawers of water?

Again in 1 Cor. 12:4-11 we find there is a difference in the ability, or calling of different individuals. Men and women who can figure, built houses, farm, and do the other necessities of life are as much called of God as those who have the gift of prophecy or of preaching.

We are dealing with problems, facts,— a lost world. It doesn't matter how *I* feel about it and what *I* want to do. If I am governed by impressions, regardless of my ability, the counsel of older people, and prayer, I will not get very far in God's work. God wants leaders and He leads them intelligently.

If I want to be a soul winner for God, and am willing to enter into His work, with its sacrifices and privations, I have the true aim. If I'm capable of doing one thing then I'll do it. For I am called of God to do that, and there will be no question as to the authority, or certainty, of any such call when it is made a subject of earnest prayer.

If then, I possess the ability to do some thing well, have a desire to save souls, am willing to enter into God's work and feel certain God needs me there, I have a definite call from God to do His work.

Success does not consist in never making blunders, but in not making the same ones the second time.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by Myrtle A. Brown

Where the Caravan Has Rested

IT was one of those rosy sunrises that are always an omen of evil, when the sky is transformed into a great shell lined with mother-of-pearl that is all a warmth of color. As the sun rose majestically over the eastern horizon a caravan slowly wound its way across the golden sands of the desert toward the orb of day.

Riding in a canopied seat at the head of his train was Benoni, the great merchant, whose fame was known afar, and whose caravans ever crossed and re-crossed the desert. In his youth he had been a handsome man, and even now there was beauty still in his narrow features, his keen eye, and alert manner. From his ears hung costly pearls, his garments and turban were of finest silk, and on his fingers glittered precious gems. In fact, his every aspect spoke of wealth and prosperity—of a life of success and achievement—and on his countenance he bore that expression that often comes in the latter part of a life of accomplishment.

By his side sat a youth whose lithe figure and keen-cut features showed him plainly to be the son of Benoni. In his eyes sparkled adventure, on his brow rested courage, and over his whole countenance shone a glow of happy enthusiasm. For many years he had dreamed of traveling East, of the time when he should be old enough to assume his share of the father's great responsibility. His whole ambition was to fill

to the utmost of his ability the place that life had made for him.

As he had seen caravan after caravan leave his home city, waiting became most exasperating and might have been unbearable but for the soothing words of his lovely young mother, as she urged him to be patient and to spend the time in preparation. She assured him that each day of waiting, if used to advantage, would make him better fitted to meet the world and his work.

At last, one day his father told him that they would set out together with the next caravan, and as his heart leaped with joy he once more determined to make his father proud of the son of his age, and to show himself fitted to take part of the load from the shoulders that had already begun to stoop with years.

It is no wonder, then, that on this beautiful morning his heart glowed afresh as he looked into the East; then, looking back on the trail over which they had come, he thought of the one left behind whose faith was fixed on him, and silently bowed his head in devotion to his purpose.

His reverie was soon broken by a hand being laid on his shoulder and a familiar voice saying, "Esdras, my son, see yon oasis? It is the half-way mark of our journey; before many weeks we shall be nearing the 'Great Empire,' where you will see things more wonderful than you have pictured in even your dreams. But come, at this oasis lives Ahmed Omaid,

the maker of dyes and gilts. Let us prepare to dismount." Then he added, "My son, beware; for an evil spell is cast about the place, and some say a foul spirit inhabits its springs." As the camels knelt a slave came running, parted the draperies, and assisted the old man, then his son, to alight. Another brought dates and wine, and still another escorted them to the tent of his master.

It was the most gorgeous place Esdras had ever seen, and as he entered he thrilled with delight and then wonder at the uneasiness of his father. The walls of the room were hung with draperies of gold and scarlet, on the floor was laid thick rugs of vivid hues, the divans were covered with brilliant tapestries, and the very air was heavy with the scent of flowers and sweet herbs.

As they entered the dye-maker, clad in gaudy robes, stepped forward to greet them, and while he began to converse with Benoni he motioned Esdras to a seat upon the divan. How long he reclined there he never knew, but he slept and dreamed of his own beautiful home far away, and then he awoke and gazed about him. As he gazed his vision of home grew more and more sombre in contrast to all this dazzle.

He was not left long to analyze his thoughts, for soon Ahmed Omair offered to show his dyestuffs and the wonders of the oasis. If the tent had been grand it was only a shadow of the tawdry hues that he now looked upon. First he saw the deepest and most transparent blues, then dazzling shades of yellow and orange; next came gaudy greens, brilliant reds, and last of all shining silver and burnished gold.

More and more as he peered into one vat after another he longed to know the secrets of this art, and at last, when the

dyeer proposed that he remain at the oasis for a while, he urged his father to let him stay until the caravan should return, and then he would resume his journey to the "Great Empire" a wiser and more proficient son. So the old man reluctantly gave his consent, and once more set out with his caravan disappointed but hopeful, for after all he believed that perhaps his son would prove the wisdom of his choice.

Twelve months later the same caravan crept over the desert, and the same Benoni rode his camel at the head of his train, but this time there was an anxious look on his face and as the oasis appeared on the horizon he sat more erect and rocked backward and forward as though he would urge his camel on.

Upon reaching the realm of the dyeer he found Esdras unwilling to leave. Instead of being prepared and ready to resume his journey he was unfitted to proceed, for the secret had cost him dear. His worn and emaciated body was covered with the garb of a slave; the glow of youth had faded from his cheeks; the eyes, once lustrous, were so dimmed by the colors that his world had become a narrow circle, and when he walked about at noonday he must grope his way as at midnight; his hands were stained with the brilliant dyes, and his heart was filled with humiliation and shame at his failure.

But the father, who had so dearly loved him in his strength, loved him even more in his weakness, for compassion and sympathy were added to affection. "Come with me," he said; "already your star of hope sends forth its crystal rays. In an Eastern city whither we journey dwells a Great Prophet, and when we have found him thou shalt be whole; once more life shall unfold before thee its choicest flower—Service.

M. A. B.

HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

Conducted by the Class in Economics

A Buffet Luncheon

MINNIE HICKS

OH! ELLA! do hurry up and let me tell you all about the luncheon Miss Kilden is going to give from two to six on the afternoon before New Year's.

The invitations read as follows:

"Resolved that I, Katherine Kilden, will begin the New Year right by making peace with my friends. Come and lunch with me and help me turn over a new leaf."

The rooms are to be decorated with clean white leaves of paper and there will be many of them tacked around the mantel and bookcase, on the tables and on the mantel where there will be bowls of artificial green leaves.

She has a blank book and on the first page will be a resolution,—utterly foolish such as "I resolve to sing, hop and skip." This will be given to one of the girls to read herself and proceed to carry out, after which she will turn over a new leaf and write a resolution.

To determine partners for lunch, an equal number of old and new calendar leaves will be given out for us to match. You know just our crowd is invited, eight girls.

Then we will be invited into the dining room where the color scheme of green and red will be carried out. I know the table is going to look pretty with a flat bowl of red rose buds in the center. Everything except the dessert will be placed on the table. Her two sisters will serve; the younger one sitting at the foot

where the pot of hot cocoa, cups and saucers will be and to her right the napkins, silver and plates will be placed. The older girl will preside at the head and serve the Waldorf salad and she says in serving a salad it is proper to use a fork and spoon,—I didn't know that before, did you? To her right there will be a long plate of two kinds of sandwiches, brown bread and pimento. The chairs will be placed in different parts of the room where we'll be seated after we have been served. You know a buffet luncheon is not so much trouble for the hostess and it's much more informal. Katherine is fine at entertaining, we can't help but have a lovely time. She will take the lead. Sometimes it's a little embarrassing for the guest. You hardly know what to do next. You just have to be at ease around here. After we have finished the first course they will take our dishes and serve Charlotte Russe, garnished with candied rose leaves with dainty tea cakes iced and decorated with melted chocolate to simulate the face of a clock. With the dessert she will give an attractive souvenir. A red cardboard bell having a stick of candy for a tapper filled with small sweets and nuts.

This is a menu that Katherine gave me for a buffet lunch. It is slightly different from the one she is using.

Dream Salad	Wafers
Cottage Cheese	Sandwiches
Angel Food Cake	
Peach Sherbert	Cereal (Coffee)

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Edited by Ethel Longacre, A. B.

DEAR ALUMNI:

Another Thanksgiving day has come, and in thinking over the many things I have to be thankful for, the first that popped into my mind was "friends." W.M.C. has been the means of adding a great many to my list, and I thought how nice it would be to have a little chat with the members of my class, the brilliant stars of '23, and also the other constellations of years gone by.

Isn't it true, Most August Assembly, that the things we remember the longest after leaving school are the pranks we played and the good times enjoyed? And don't the friends who shared in these occasions hold the warmest spot in our hearts? Lessons are forgotten, but is the midnight feed? Never! It clings to our memories in spite of our attempts to shake it, and we spend many a jolly hour perusing pictures of college days and re-telling incidents which were anything but funny at the time of the narrow escape.

So far I've been busy exploding the false and ungrounded theory that the first year out of school one is eaten up with a desire to return and resume his studies once more. Perhaps one reason for this non-appearance of agony is the fact that I've been rather busy with Contracts, Common Law Actions and Torts at G.W.U., and also engaged in the club work of the D.D.'s activities, besides sundry other vocations and avocations.

Yes, life is certainly interesting for the graduate beginning to "Commence."

Right now I want to travel worse than any other thing I can think of. Wouldn't it be nice if we could all do everything we wanted to? I'd summon all the class of '23 together and we'd have a glorious "feed." Since that can't be done, and the dinner bell is ringing I'll run along and enjoy my dinner minus you-all, but I wish you-all the nicest Thanksgiving dinner with all the "fixings."
JUST "JUDY, '23.

DEAR ALUMNI:

Memory has a queer trick of playing upon the harp strings of the past and creating an insatiable longing to hear once more the melodies of school days. When these spells come over me I find keen pleasure and endless enjoyment in looking over my bound volumes of the SLIGONIAN, year 1919-23 inclusive.

Time reverently spreads a cloak over the past and its very antiquity gives it added luster. This is not so of old shoes, old garments nor of old fogies, but *is* true of old friends, snapshots, college days, and the classroom. Ordinarily immune to homesickness yet as I read the history of the past, written by my friends and classmates, and pensively gaze into their faces, I long to live those four years over again.

Those four years now seem as a passing dream. We arose at—in time for worship and the events of the day moved rapidly—breakfast, recitations, dinner, work, supper, evening vespers, study period, then slumbering forgetfulness. Day in, day out "from morn till night";

week in, week out; month in, month out; year in, year out; not monotonous, but interspersed with profitable entertainment and wholesome enjoyment. Truly this is the fountain of youth and with the poet I am constrained to say

"Backward, O backward, turn time in your flight!"

Ah, those happy school days, how little we valued them then; our ambition was to quickly finish our schooling, and with a diploma safely tucked under our arm go forth conquering and to conquer. Alas! those youthful illusions soon go crashing to earth for "Life is real, life is earnest."

After graduation we long to get back to the grind and grill of the class rooms. But no we have begun a large course. The hours may or may not be as exacting, the course not a prescribed number of years—our course is to finish the work in this generation; our diploma, a crown of life, that fadeth not away, given by the Master Teacher. For is not this the objective of a college course at W.M.C.?

An afterthought apropos of my work. June 3, found me at Clarksburg ready to engage in evangelistic work for the summer. After our meetings closed camp-meeting followed. Here the conference committee assigned me to the pastorship of the Charleston church. But before taking up work here, I felt that two heads were better than one, etc., so after a delightful honeymoon "we" arrived here the second week in September. "Mrs. Jimmy" was at once pressed into our church school, and has eight youthful minds trying to penetrate the mysteries of "readin' 'ritin' 'n 'rithmatic."

Charleston is the capital of our great state, a modern, prosperous, up-to-date city, and has a population of 40,000. Our church membership is forty-eight. We

went over the top in our Harvest In-gathering work. We like the people here, our city, and the outlook is indeed encouraging. The climate agrees with me unusually well. To date, in two months I have gained fourteen pounds and am combating a double chin. Hearty greetings to my friends and classmates and wishing a prosperous year for you, dear Alma Mater, I am faithfully a loyal son.

JAS. E. LIPPART.

N. Li. Cause

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TAD HEARN'S CHRISTMAS

(Concluded from page 6)

adversity and poverty, and his subsequent life of deferred hopes. He had meant for Paul to know nothing of the rougher side of life, and to see fulfilled in him his own boyish ambitions. But death had robbed him of that cherished plan.

"You may keep the coin, Tad, and spend it for what you wish," was his conclusion.

The bond between them quickened, and further conversation involved plans for adoption, a home, school privileges, and a medical college. A new partnership was entered into, paternal ambitions, and boyish longings of the past, rekindled, covered the scars of the past with a cloak of comradeship, as the minister and son, arm in arm, wended their way home that eventful Christmas day.

IN HOLLAND

(Concluded from page 9)

ing in hunting all over the house to find them. For their dinner they have every kind of dish in Holland, as well as little molded cakes. The molds are easily dated back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as they are handed down from generation to generation. They also have their ginger-bread menu, which are favorites among the Hollanders, especially the children.

In some small towns where all the people are poor the hotel keeper will hire a St. Nicholas to come and give out presents to the children. An announcement is made that St. Nicholas will come, say, by boat at seven o'clock. At six o'clock all the town people, men and women as well as children, collect on the pier. They wait for two hours—St. Nicholas does not come. A storm comes up, and the rain drenches the waiting crowd, but they do not notice this, so eager are they to greet St. Nicholas. At last he comes, and all, with childish eagerness and joy pitiful to see, escort him to the inn. Then St. Nicholas distributes what to them seem so wonderful, presents, and they hasten home with happy hearts. So wherever it be, in cold, bleak Russia, spring-like Italy, Holland, or our own dear homeland, Christmas is eagerly welcomed by all, old and young.

Alethea Morrison.

It is a grand safeguard when a man can say I have no time for nonsense.

Praise no man too liberally before his face, nor censure any man too severely behind his back.

Taste of exactness is a precious fruit of mathematics.

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IN NORWAY

(Concluded from page 8)

Christmas in Norway lasts to the sixth of January. Then the children dress up in their costumes like they do in America for Hallowe'en, and visit the houses and beg for fruit, cake or whatever the people will give them. The children have a very good time. They also have with them a broom, which they use to sweep Christmas out at every doorstep they enter. In this manner Christmas is ended for that time.

IN GERMANY

(Concluded from page 8)

and toys which make it such a well-known emblem of Christmas in our own country. If some are too poor to provide themselves with a tree, they have no reason to be discouraged, for there are many societies formed among the more fortunate of their countrymen for just such a dilemma as this. They collect the names of those who are too poor to purchase a tree, and secure one for each of them. They also furnish decorations, fruits, candies, and the national delicacy—"pepper cakes."

Two days before Christmas the mother and girls of the household busy themselves baking cakes and good things of all varieties. The house is scoured from cellar to garret, and fairly shines with cleanliness. The next afternoon, just before Christmas eve, mother trims the Christmas tree, allowing no one to see it until six o'clock, when the whole family march in and with one accord rush to the tables, where all their gifts have been placed. These are varied and interesting, and oftentimes are articles of real practical value, such as scarfs, gloves, lace and some articles of food. Always there appear the inevitable "pepper cakes" as well as "Christmas cake."

December 24, 25 and 26 are called "Boxing Days," for during this time boxes of food and clothing are sent to poor and needy families. The rich landlords invite to dine with them those of their tenants who are unable to celebrate the day for themselves, while a stranger is always welcome in any home he may chance to enter.

There is a tradition in the Tyrolese Alps that at midnight Christmas eve the oxen and cattle receive the gift of speech for a short season, but as all are usually at mass during this time, and since it is a grievous sin to listen to their speech, this report has never been verified.

Harold Schultz.

IN RUSSIA

(Concluded from page 9)

tation on this day being "Greetings for the Lord's birth," to which the one addressed replies, "God be with you."

Another custom generally observed is the blessing of the house and household by the priest. He visits each home in his district, accompanied by boys bearing a vessel of holy water, and sprinkles every room with it, all persons present kissing the cross he carries and receiving his benediction as he goes from room to room. Thus each home is sanctified for the ensuing year.—*Harold Dower.*

Do the work that's nearest,
 Though it's dull at whiles,
 Helping, when we meet them,
 Lame dogs over stiles;
 See in every hedgerow
 Marks of angels' feet,
 Epics in every pebble
 Underneath our feet.

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.—*Disraeli.*

FORCING ONE'S WAY

(Concluded from page 10)

exertion for the better health and vitality that he will have, and at the same time will have made his expenses, and demonstrated his ability.

Look out for the man that has worked his way through college. He knows what he wants and is willing to pay the price. There is a potential behind him that makes it dangerous for one to interfere with him. He is going through and he knows where he is going. You can't stop him—he has the "stuff" in him that wins. "Obstacles" are his daily bread and he thrives on them. The bigger the bump the higher he bounces—and he comes out on top. He is full of the force that make the strong admire him, and the lazy envy him. His very presence and personality energizes you as you stand in his presence—even as he passes you feel that there was a real man.

Take a strong hold on the situation and say with a stiff upper lip that you *will* get to college and work your way through and by the time you have finished you will have already made a success in life.

NOTICE!!

If there are any of our subscribers who have not yet received either the October-November, Thanksgiving, or December

number of the SLIGONIAN kindly inform us.

In times past errors have crept into our mailing list, addresses have been sent in to us that were not correct. We are anxious to have our list faultless and complete.

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HAPPENINGS IN BRIEF

Edited by Myrtle A. Brown

David L. Wood, Reporter

Dorothy V. Plummer, Reporter

On the evening of November 17, many of the students from W. M. C. enjoyed an unusual musical treat in the Russian Cathedral Singers. We feel we are very fortunate in being so near the first city of the land, where so many opportunities in music and lectures are offered, and especially do we appreciate the "lecture course" at the First Congregational Church, where we heard the noted sextette. The numbers rendered were both in Russian and English, and in the second half of the program the entertainers appeared in native colonial costume.

The first epidemic of exams made its appearance November 19 to 22. Everyone succumbed, but we are glad to add that fatalities were very rare, and on a whole the students recovered quite speedily.

South Hall girls have organized a Glee Club under the direction of Prof. Osborn, and with Miss Mildred McPherson as president. We hope we may soon have the privilege of being entertained.

In accordance with the national program for Educational Week, several of our faculty presented unusual chapel talks. Prof. Andreason spoke on the Value of Ideas, Prof. Werline on Patriotism, and Dr. Salisbury on education.

November 21 at 8 p. m., Elder Christian, the president of the European Division of the General Conference, gave a stirring lecture on political, social and economic conditions throughout Europe. We who are so fortunate to live in the new world little realize the suffering and sorrow, the tragedy of empires, that exists across the sea. Time is short and distress must surely come to all the world. Let us make use of our peace and prosperity to spread the gospel. Let us work while we may.

Recent hospital inmates have been Lovey Henderson, Alice Bunston and Marion Wilcox. We are all glad to see them about again and wish them good health in the future.

Misses Esther Hicks, Ester Read and Mary Sanford have been recent visitors to the College.

We have had several new students enter our halls of learning within the last few weeks. We bid them welcome.

So far, Miss Helen Howe has not been able to evade the lamentable practice of having birthdays. This was still more efficiently demonstrated by the fact that recently a group of her friends gave her a surprise party and a good time. May she have many more.

SENIORS' PICNIC

The Class of '24 believe in doing things the right way. Accordingly, on Sunday, November 25, they started out bright and early in the morning for a day's picnic at Great Falls.

The company comprised the senior class, a few guests, Miss Mallet and Miss Pflugradt as chaperones. They arrived at their destination about 8 o'clock, with a whole day before them in which to explore the wonders of nature. Some found enjoyment in climbing the sharp and jagged rocks, from the top of which one could get an excellent view of the falls; others sought crevices in the rocks big enough for two or more, where they would be sheltered from the wind. Still others made their way down over the giant rocks to a sandy beach far below, down near the water's edge, there to skip stones over the water or build houses in the white sand.

At 11 o'clock a delicious dinner was served, both boys and girls taking part in cooking the food over a huge log fire. Again at 4 o'clock the same fire served the same purpose and a hot lunch was served just before starting on the return trip to the college.

Everyone agreed as they returned to the college that it had been a full day and one that would not be soon forgotten. The next morning it was seen that whenever a senior ascended the stairs to the library that he took the liberty of securing considerable assistance from the railing.

VACATION

Vacation time came at last, after all those ten long weeks of anticipation. Many of the students went home to spend the holiday with their parents, and many more stayed right here at W. M. C. and enjoyed the play spell at their Alma Mater. Wednesday evening we spent in marching under the direction of our newly found leader, Mr. Gilbert.

Thursday morning, much to our joy, we all had a chance to sleep, as there was no rising bell. At nine-thirty the old and new boys entered into friendly competition in the line of an indoor baseball game. The new boys proved to be the best players, beating by a large margin. In the course of the game "J. W." was "knocked out" and carried off the field, but we are glad to add that he revived by dinner time and was able to play his saxophone with the College Orchestra between courses.

Shortly after the dinner, the atmosphere having grown tearful (rain, as usual), many of the students and guests gathered in the gymnasium, where Prof. Andreason supervised our favorite sport, marching.

A marshmallow toast and lawn games on the campus had been planned for the evening, but seeing that the

weather was disagreeable, Mrs. Damsguard opened the dining hall and invited us inside. A crackling bright fire in the fireplace suggested that we toast marshmallows. Chairs in circles spoke of parlor games, and the piano reminded us of old familiar songs. In all we spent a very enjoyable evening playing together.

A SPECIAL DINNER

Everybody seemed excited when the dinner bell rang about 12:30 on November 29. I wonder why? Of course, it was Thanksgiving Day, and each one could see in his mind's eye all kinds of good things to eat. Soon the doors were opened and we heard a noise that sounded like an Indian tom-tom. Sure enough, we didn't have to look so very far before our eyes met those of a big Indian chief, Roy Parsons, pounding away on his tom-tom. We marched along, one by one, gazing with great ecstasy at the small place cards, which were beautifully designed canoes, the paddles having our names written upon them. Soon the thud of the tom-tom stopped and after Dr. Salisbury had thanked our Lord for the many blessings we were enjoying and the food we were about to partake of, we sat down.

Sixteen boys and sixteen girls were chosen to play the part of Indians; dressed in costume and all bedecked with feathers and paint, they served the five-course dinner.

Mr. Yost made a splendid toastmaster, and the meal had hardly begun before he called upon Prof. Morrison for a toast. Miss Myrtle Brown proposed a toast to the faculty, and Prof. Andreason returned the compliment by toasting the students. Big Chief Parsons expressed the sentiments of all in a speech of appreciation to Mrs. Damsguard; then Prof. Damsguard made a speech to and concerning Prof. Wood, who so ably made the improvements of the buildings about the campus during the past year—our Dining Hall included—for this was the first time we had been so fortunate as to occupy the new dining-room. At such times as this we ever think of the home folks, those to whom we owe our privilege of school life, our joy and happiness. Mr. Campbell proposed a toast in honor of the home folks, and for a few minutes our food was not so easy to devour for thinking of those we love at home. But these spirits were soon driven away by the beautiful music that was then rendered by the College Orchestra. The dinner would not have been complete if the orchestra had failed to play for us at different intervals.

After everyone had finished their dinner we were soon listening to the thud, thud, thud of the tom-tom again; then a sound like the rustle of the wind through the leafy branches of a tree was heard, and, in turning around, we saw sixteen Indian waiters coming into the room, followed by the sixteen beautifully dressed Indian waitresses. They took their places around the campfire which had been so artistically arranged in the middle of the dining-room floor, with other decorations of nature that immediately would start one's imagination working, and one could almost believe he was in a dense forest. After the reading given by Lavain Gaterau, "Hiawatha's Wedding," we sang "Hail, Washington!" and marched out of the dining-room by the same musical tom-tom that we had marched in by.

Have you ever heard of the O. S. S.? Well, neither had a lot of us until the evening of November 28, when many of the outside students met at the home of Miss Dorothy Plummer for an evening of games, music and so forth. Most of the folks enjoyed the games, more the music, and still more the so forth. The O. S. S. has plans for the future and if you are a college outside student, we are sure you will be interested.

The Review and Herald Orchestra gave a concert in Columbia Hall Auditorium on the evening of December 1.

Wedding bells again! This time it's no surprise, however, for the couple in question are two ex-students of W. M. C. Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock Miss Emily George became Mrs. Henry Walker in the presence of about a hundred guests. The little home lent itself well to the decorations of palms and ferns, chrysanthemums and roses. A short musical preceded the ceremony, in which Mrs. Frances Pearce-Stratton was the soloist, aided by Mr. Robert Edwards as violinist and Miss Blanch Hunter at the piano. With the opening strains of the wedding march, the bride entered on her father's arm. Her gown was charming in its simplicity, being designed in white satin crepe and following straight lines. Her veil was held by a dainty cluster of orange blossoms. Miss Naomi Weaver was the bridesmaid and the only attendant. Her gown was of pink georgette crepe and her flowers were pink roses. The brides flowers were white roses and lily of the valley.

Elder F. H. Robbins of the Columbia Union Conference read the ceremony, after which a reception was held. The couple left shortly after for a wedding trip, upon the return of which they will make their home on Flower Ave. May they live happy ever after!

Our talented young cook, Mr. G. M. Manry, has been the recipient of two family visits lately. Both his father, Elder Manry, and his sister, Miss Phoebe Manry, have called at W. M. C. Miss Manry is teaching school.

Prof. Andreason was administrator during Prof. Morrison's recent absence from the college. We realize more and more what a capable man our Bible teacher is.

Prof. Damsguard recently favored us by a chapel talk. His text he took from the school catalogue, his examples from the student body as registered in the Registrar's Office. Among the things we remember was the definition of a college student: one with an infinite capacity to resist knowledge.

The student body greatly enjoy the music mornings in chapel conducted by Prof. Osborn from time to time. Especially was this true of the lecture on "The Appreciation of Music" which he gave on Dec. 7th. The four phases of all music rhythm, dynamics, tempo, and color were amply discussed and illustrated. By the prolonged applause it seems evident that more lectures of this nature would be welcome.

"If we girls are going to live there, we want to do the naming." Girl helpers of the Sanitarium live in what used to be Cross Cottage. A new name was suggested, but they didn't like it. Using this as a pretext, a family-home social gathering was called. As they were about to separate, after a good evening, they decided they had met to choose a name, so each one wrote a name on a ballot. After these were read, a vote was taken and the name Miss Cornor suggested, "Avalon," proved most popular. Thereupon the girls abandoned their previous atmosphere and began living in the poetic surroundings of Avalon.

Christmas holidays will soon be here,

So wear a smile from ear to ear.

All the snow, wind, ice, and heaps of fun!

Home parties, 'n socials,—one by one!

A linotype, saw-trimmer and other additions to the equipment have accompanied the growth of business at the College Press. The work has nearly doubled with the addition of a first-class, bi-monthly magazine, having a large circulation. The managing office was just moved to the first floor to allow room to store a carload of paper for the new magazine.

Our President, Professor H. A. Morrison, has just returned from an extended trip to the Middle West. President Morrison visited Union College and Mt. Vernon Academy en route, and brought home many personal greetings for the students here.

The student body of Union College by rising vote delegated President Morrison to carry their greetings to the students here at Washington.

An adolescent representative of the genus canine is the latest addition to South Hall's most interesting family. In other words a "beautiful" little "bull" pup is now owned and petted by Miss Maxine Ross. Let us hope he does not meet the same end as the late asphyxiated kittens, formerly of South Hall, who gave their lives for the advancement of science, having been dissected under the observant eye of the Zoology class.

Tables have been assigned. Our new dining room has received its final touches so that all parts of it may be occupied. This permits the proper placing of tables, so that order may be observed. Each student now has a definitely assigned place.

The Sanitarium management has kindly consented to permit the college students two afternoon a week to play tennis on the Sanitarium court.

An exceptionally fine program was given by the students of the expression department last Saturday evening at Columbia Hall. The excellent quality of the program showed what a wealth of talent we have in the school, and we hope to see more programs given by this department.

The "Gateway" to the Mission fields is in some sense the "gateway" from them, for we are continually meeting missionaries on furlough. Q. F. Blue of India and O. A. Hall of China, both Union Mission Superintendents have talked to us in chapel lately. Elder L. H. Christian, Vice-President of Europe, and I. H. Evans, Vice-President of Eastern Asia, recently visited us, and told of the many needs of their fields, and the work that has been done and the work yet to do.

Miss Esther Zimmer was suddenly called to her home in Philadelphia, to attend the funeral of her father, who died the roth of Dec.

The new addition to the main building of the Sanitarium is nearing completion. The furniture was moved into the sun parlor Thursday, Dec. 6. The patients may now enjoy the sunny days and beautiful views which the sun parlor and roof garden afford. The other parts of the addition will soon be finished and the much needed space will make the convalescing members more comfortable.

Auction sale of the Sanitarium Farm land with equipment and cattle was held Tuesday, Dec. 11, at the Sanitarium Farm.

Coming events cast their shadows before.

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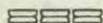
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