

THE SLIGONIAN



JANUARY 1924

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TAKOMA PARK, D. C.

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No. 4

Ambition

W. G. LOVELESS

AMBITION is the power of the Soul, the greatest tool for fighting against failure. The man who does things must be able to project himself with a mighty force, to fling the whole weight of his being into his work—ever gathering momentum against the obstacles which confront him. Every issue must be met unhesitatingly. We must not only believe we can succeed, but we must believe it with all our hearts. Many people make a very poor showing in life because there is no vim, no vigor in their efforts and no grit in their ambition. There is everything in assuming the part that you wish to play and playing it royally. If you are ambitious to do big things, you must make a large program for yourself and assume the part it demands. Believe in yourself with all your might.

The greatest ambition of every youth today should be the heaven appointed purpose of giving this gospel to the world in this generation.

It is difficult to tell just what the term ambition comprises, still we know—rather we feel a few basic things behind it and in it. Somewhere near the source of it is consciousness of personal power. One thing is sure, ambition is something alive, something dynamic, something that without effort wins the other fellow mentally or spiritually, often in both respects.

Ambition is to some degree the noblest benefit nature has given us. It is also a product of victorious strife with self and circumstances. It is often found in men

of mental stamina and moral substance—men who by means of work, study and reflection have steadily advanced their lives in a useful and profitable service. Ambition, in other words, is an effect of an inward condition,—what that condition shall be mentally and temperamentally depends upon you. Work your brain and do not stifle your heart, and success will unconsciously be thrust upon you.

Can we be so little and unappreciative as to criticize the man who has the ambition to undertake the things we are afraid of. Ambition is the motor of the soul, the eager desire for accomplishment, or rather the power behind the eager desire for accomplishment. But this power must be rightly directed. It has caused the downfall of nations and the death of men; it has built empires and saved souls.

Believing and knowing that ambition is an inward power ever calling for the noblest and most ardent aspiration for the uplift of humanity, we should ever be on the alert for self-improvement. Selfish ambition is the trap that has caught and wrecked many souls. Ambition is like the rushing torrent of the mighty river. If properly directed it can be used for the blessings of many. But left to run at random it is the greatest force for destroying and degrading all that is beautiful and noble. Unruly ambition has a controlling power that seeks for supremacy. "Our only safety is in entire conformity to the

(Concluded on page 8)

"Iwillers" vs. "Iwon'ters"

LEE R. MARSH

If you want to live in the kind of school
Like the kind of school you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You will only find what you've left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new.
It's a knock at yourself when you knock at
your school—
It isn't the school *it's you.*

Real schools are made by men unafraid.
Lest somebody else gets ahead,
When everybody works and nobody shirks
You can raise a school from the dead,
And if you'll do some personal work
Your companions will work some, too,
Your school will be what you want to see—
It isn't the school, *it's you.*

—Selected.

THESE seem to be two classes of students today. Some schools have only one class but many have the two. They may very properly be called the "Iwillers" and the "Iwon'ters." The "Iwillers" are a very progressive type of individuals who are constantly promoting the interests of the school and of the student body. They keep the school spirit alive. I believe they are in the majority in almost every school. They derive their name from their willingness to foster the school's interests. The "Iwon'ters" are a small class of individuals who refuse to shoulder any of the responsibilities and actually block the wheels of progress. If they do indulge in any activity it is generally along the line of criticism. There is a branch of the "Iwon'ters" who are not so radical, but rather indifferent. They are known as the "Ican'ters." The "Ican'ters" are generally beyond question in scholarship, but their great indifference to any interests outside of their own weakens the school spirit just as water will weaken rich milk.

When the offices held by students are filled by the "Iwon'ters" there seems to

be a damper upon the school and all school spirit dies out. They refuse to become active themselves and will not be moved by all the pressure the student body can bring to bear upon them. The principle of "make good or make room" causes no worry in their minds. Student activities come to a stand-still and the whole school seems to have a cold chill. During their term of office the attendance at meetings drops off, the new students losing their interest and the older ones take to fault-finding. It is bad enough to have these "Iwon'ters" in the school but far worse to have them holding office. When the "Iwillers" take the offices upon election, the low-burning embers soon begin to glow brightly. The school takes on new life, and even many of the "Ican'ters" discover that they "can" and join in to boost the school and student activities. The new students soon discover there is a new life in affairs, the old students begin to smile, attendance at meetings increases, boosting takes the place of criticism, and the school and its work flourishes.

Let us hope that 1924 will be a banner year for the "Iwillers" in W. M. C.

"Christ is not valued at all unless He is valued above all."—Augustine.

"None but Christ."—Lambert.

"The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like what one has to do."

"Thinking of your past mistakes will not help you to win, unless the experience has taught you how to avoid making others."

Under the Big Tent

W. O. BERRY

WHEN the leader of the Young Men's Seminar informed me that I was to write an article for the SLIGONIAN on the Big Tent, I began to think, "now just what tent does he mean? I know very little about the tents of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Mohammed, etc., and much less about the tents of Redpath, Robinson, Barnum and Bailey. But after interrogating the "burden distributor" he finally told me that he wanted me to relate my experience with the gospel tent work. I consented on the grounds that I might dispense with the adjective "big," and that I might have the freedom to digress from the given topic, "Under the Big Tent" and include the second adjective "around," which would make the title read, "Under and Around the Tent"—leaving off the "big." I prefer the latter topic for one reason which I will here relate briefly.

Sitting under the shadow of my tent one bright and sultry day, preparing a sermon for the night, I noticed the tent flapping a little, but I paid little attention to its oscillations. I continued my study for a few more minutes, looking up between sentences as all good weather prophets do to see where the wind was coming from, but seeing no clouds, continued studying. However, in less than five minutes the ridgepoles of the tent were squeaking like an old southern cane mill, and the tent was reeling to and fro like a drunkard. Evidently it was time for me to do something, and something I began to do.

Snatching my sledge hammer, I ran to the leeward side of the tent and began driving the stakes into firmer ground. But as I said above, this was a rainless storm, and my tightening the stakes did but little good, for the ropes were slipping off at the top of the stakes instead of uprooting them.

As fast as I could shove one rope over the stake another would fly off. I said, "My, what shall I do?" I prayed but seemed to get no answer. Then the water treatment idea came to me. I took a gallon jug of water and began to apply the remedy to the ropes and stakes, and soon everything seemed as secure as the rock Gibraltar. Thus, my hasty steps in, out and around the tent were ended. So, tentmasters, if you are ever bothered with slick-topped stakes remember this treatment.

Being with Elder Marietta, a man of ripe knowledge, and seasoned with the years of evangelistic work, I longed for the heat of battle. Our effort was held in Lockland, Ohio, a suburb of Cincinnati. Our first sermon was on Daniel 2. For the first two weeks the elder let me take night about with him in preaching. It fell to my lot to preach on "Capital and Labor" on the eve of July Fourth. I had an American flag under my desk and one on either side of the desk. Outside the tent the squibs, torpedoes, sky-rockets and all sorts of fireworks literally made the earth shake. Knowing that I had to get up enough steam to cope with the outside noise, I got my sermon pretty well in mind. Standing before my audience at 8:00 P. M. with Old Glory waving by my side, and hearing the roar of the fireworks without, I felt like a Patrick Henry, a Lincoln, or a Webster. I delivered my sermon, then went to the elder for his approving or disapproving words. He said, "Everybody seemed to enjoy your talk excepting two men, and they enjoyed it as long as you were hitting the capitalists, but when you began to speak on Socialism, Bolshevism and unions, they left the tent. So you see young man, you must be careful how you deal with such subjects." I thanked him for his advice and we parted for the night.

My most awkward move was along the line of advertising. Our subject for one of our meetings was, "Hell! Where Is It? What Is It?" I was supposed to post each subject on a billboard which we had standing near the street. I posted the above-named subject with the polite invitation at the bottom of the board, "Everybody Welcome." A few days later we closed our meetings to attend the annual campmeeting at Mount Vernon, Ohio. While at campmeeting, Mr. Seymour, of the Cincinatti church called to me and said, "Mr. Berry, come here. I have found something concerning your effort in the *Columbus Dispatch*." There in the funny column were these words, "Found in Lockland, Ohio, in connection with an evangelistic effort at that place: 'Subject for tonight: Hell! Where is it? What is it? Everybody Welcome.'"

Another warning, tentmasters, don't leave any deficiencies in your advertising, for if you do these "nose for news" reporters will get you.

(Concluded from page 5)

Will of God. Submission is necessary on our part."

A complete surrender of our ambition to Christ is our only hope of salvation. Then it will be possible for us to see the wonderful power of the great artist, whose ambition for man far exceeds any that man has ever been privileged to think upon.

SMILES

Smile once in a while,
 'Twill make your heart seem lighter;
 Smile once in a while,
 'Twill make your pathway brighter;
 Life's a mirror. If we smile,
 Smiles come back to greet us;
 If we're frowning all the while,
 Frowns forever meet us.

—Nixon Waterman.

THE RACE

As I read the sweet old stories
 In the Bible God gave man,
 How when Christ dwell't here among
 us,
 He said that He'd come again;

As I read His wondrous promise
 My heart fills with heaven's joy,
 Just to think that I may share them
 If my time I well employ.

I must never be found idle,
 Never shirking toil and care,
 For in life here as a Christian,
 I must others' burdens share.

There are kind words I may utter,
 Sweet smiles I may freely give,
 And 'twill pay to be sweet tempered
 When God judges the life we've lived.

And, so, if by trying and winning,
 A Christlike life we attain,
 'Tis we who will get the profit
 And, truly, the world will gain.

And to him that overcometh
 Has been promised endless life,
 God, your helper, will be with you,—
 Take new courage, win the strife!

So then let us run with patience,
 Win the race that's set before,
 For there's no room for the slothful
 On that heavenly shore.

—Roy B. Parsons.

"Time shall unfold what painted cunning hides;
 Who cover faults, at last shame them derides."

—Shakespeare in *King Lear*.

What God Wants

LEE R. MARSH

GOD wants trained men. The time has passed when a man can go out into the field as a minister and accomplish very much without a thorough preparation. These are days of trained thought, and if we wish to herald this Message with great power we will have to prepare ourselves so God can use us in a large way. An unprepared minister will be essentially weak, for, to a large extent, the victories gained in this life are proportional to the previous preparation. God wants trained men in His army that must meet the enemy of men's souls. God wants no handicapped men.

The raw material of success is trained thought. Some people think it is fluency of speech; but to really fill your job you must fill your mind. Let not the mental loafer think he can get out and bluff the people. The only man he can fool will be himself. It is true the foundation doesn't show off much, but it is tremendously important, and the people will know whether or not it is there. The process of training is like charging a storage battery, and an education will charge your battery with enough power to create a light in the world, while without it you will probably be able only to ring a door buzzer. God wants men of trained thought.

"The Lord is in no wise pleased with those who have opportunity to obtain knowledge but who excuse themselves in neglecting to improve all the privileges He has placed within their reach that they may become intelligent, well-qualified workers, of whom He will not be ashamed."—*Christ. Ed.*, p. 143. Let no young man go through his schooling in an indolent manner thinking that God will somehow endow him with ability and power in the emergencies he will meet in the field. There are no favorites

with God, and He helps them that help themselves. "The Lord God of Heaven will *not* supply the deficiencies that arise from mental and spiritual indolence."—*Special Test. on Ed.*, pp. 215. These are golden days of opportunity, and we should cherish each moment as a precious pearl. God wants men who have used every opportunity to prepare for His service.

Just because a man has entered the ministry is no reason to believe that he can break the laws of success. In fact, you cannot break the laws of success—they break you, if you violate them. One of these laws is previous preparation. "Without education they [the young people] will be crippled and inefficient in any position."—*Christ. Ed.*, p. 210. But with an education you will be strong where you might have been weak. An education will develop and strengthen our weaknesses. It will develop our mental and moral powers. It will teach us to concentrate upon the problem at hand. It will help us to take an intelligent position in regard to the problems of life. It will help us to think clearly, analyze correctly, and construct properly. It will teach us to be accurate instead of careless. It will teach us to take a sympathetic attitude toward our fellowmen. It will teach us self-control. An education will give a man a vision of what is big in life and what is little. A true education will fully develop a man mentally, physically, spiritually, so he can truly minister to others no matter what their need may be. God wants and is looking for just such men.

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil."—*Milton*.

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WHY STUDY DANIEL AND THE REVELATION?

O. J. BELL

THE books of Daniel and the Revelation are counterparts of each other. They stand side by side and should be studied together. Any attempt made to explain these books and make an application of their prophecies has been looked upon as a futile and fanatical task, and is often met with open hostility.

Certain unbelieving writers have opposed the stand taken by Christians on the ground that prophecy and miracles are an impossibility. Their denial of the possibility of prophecies and miracles, denies to our Creator powers which we possess ourselves—of regulating our own work, or communicating to others beforehand our own designs.

It is the prophetic portions of the Word of God which especially constitute it "a lamp to our feet and a light to our path." God himself, Who sees the end from the beginning, has given through His inspired prophets a description of coming events for the benefit of those whose lot it would be to meet them. We are living in the time spoken of by the angel when he said to Daniel, "Shut up the words, and seal the book even to the time of the end; many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." In the language of the figure, the seal has been removed and knowledge has been marvelously increased in every department of science, yet it is evident that this prophecy especially contemplates an increase of knowledge concerning those prophecies that are designed to give us light in reference to the age in which we live, the close of the dispensation, and the soon-coming transfer of all earthly governments to the great King of Righteousness, Who shall destroy His enemies,

and crown with an infinite reward every one of His friends.

The fulfillment of the prophecy in the increase of knowledge is one of the pleasing signs of the present time. For more than half a century light upon the prophetic word has been increasing and shining with ever-growing luster to our own day.

In no portion of the Word of God is this more apparent than in the books of Daniel and the Revelation. No other books contain so many chains of prophecy reaching down to the end. No other books embrace so completely, as it were, in one grand sweep, all the truths that concern the last generation of the inhabitants of the earth, and set forth so comprehensively, all the aspects of the times, physical, moral and political, in which the triumphs of earthly woe and wickedness shall end, and the eternal reign of righteousness begin.

If these things are so, is it not worth while to devote time in their study? Can these prophecies be understood? "Seek," says our Savior, "and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." It is the conviction of the writer that it is worth while.

FRIDAY EVENING SERVICES

W. B. VOTAW

THERE are times when God comes especially near to the students and faculty of W. M. C., such as the autumn and spring Weeks of Prayer. But there are more frequently recurring times—the Friday evening praise services—which more nearly indicate the real spiritual tone of the entire school. It is to these meetings that the students come just to tell of the blessings which they have received during the past week, and the experiences they have had in meeting in conflict with the enemy of all mankind.

And what messages of hope, courage, of faith, of determination to press on to the end are expressed by those present! There is nothing sensational. The students gather there to give praise to the Lord "for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." In giving praise to God, those who take part are gaining another blessing which can never be estimated until all things are made known. When one praises God he is holding up before himself and before all who are within the sound of his voice, something of the character of Jehovah, and no one can behold the beautiful character of Him without being inspired to a better life. It may be that that inspiration will soon die out, but it is there, nevertheless, and can be kept alive.

We need only to look to the beautiful life of faith, courage, happiness, joy and peace that David lived, to see what may be the result of continually praising God. David praised Him not only in words, but in all that he did; and that is the way it should be with us. But before we praise Him with our works, we must first learn to praise Him with our lips. And we cannot praise Him with our lips until we know Him through forgiveness of sins.

OUR DIET

MARIE ROGERS

IN ORDER to know what is best for each person's diet it is necessary to study God's original plan for each man's diet. It is said that there are more people who are sick from the effects of overeating than from any inability to obtain the food which is necessary for them, and because of this habit of overeating we have many physical inefficiencies. It is the food which is digested rather than eaten which does us any good and only serves to overwork the digestive organs.

Rapid eating is another of the dietetic errors so common to us all. When we are in a hurry we rush through the meal hardly chewing, which puts extra burdens on the digestive system, while it already has enough to do.

In "Ministry of Healing," Mrs. White tells us we should have regularity in eating and have a special time set for each meal. When a mealtime comes, very often one does not feel hungry because of having eaten between meals. This irregularity in eating if kept up is reported to have led to many surgical operations. The stomach ordinarily empties in from four to four and one-half hours after eating, but in an experiment a short time ago, eating between the meals caused it not to be digested after nine (9) hours. This eating between meals is said to be the worst thing that can be done.

There are a great many "harmful foods," but some are of a more harmful type than others. On the use of baking powder Doctor Wiley says, "It would be better, evidently, if all people used more yeast breads and less baking powder rolls." Again he says, "My advice to housekeepers is to use as little baking powder as possible." Meat is very hard to digest and is not a necessary food for it is "second-hand" food. The use of vinegar is not to be recommended either, for it is an acid derived from fermentation; while lemon is the natural acid and can be used with safety.

Another thing which will retard digestion is the wrong combination of foods at the same meal. The combination of fruits and vegetables is said not to be "an ideal one," neither is the eating of milk and sugar ideal. Foods that often disagree with each other, if more thoroughly masticated will be easier of digestion because any starch food is changed by the saliva into a form of sugar.

WHY STUDY CHURCH HISTORY?

HOLLIS K. RUSSELL

HISTORY from the standpoint of this world includes a setting forth of all that is known of the origin and development of human nature in all its aspects and circumstances. Church history, looking at it from the same viewpoint, would be a narration of all that is known concerning the establishment and later developments of the Christian religion. It includes in its scope not only the influence of Christianity on religious life, but also its influence on social, political, economic and legal thought and life throughout the world's history.

One of the primary reasons for studying Church history is its tendency to broaden one's idea of the other man's religion. It develops tolerance. It makes us charitable towards those in error for we learn of men of the highest type of religious life yet holding to most erroneous views of doctrine. The study of Church history enables us to point out how the slightest deviation from the principles of Christ as laid down in the New Testament has led to evil. We learn that the most corrupt forms of Christianity have had their origin in small departures from the truth. Even the hierarchial church in its great apostacies and usurpations began with only slight deviations from the truth.

The history of this world can best be understood when Christ is considered as the Central Figure for Whose advent into the world, antiquity, with its systems of religion, philosophy, and government were in an important sense a preparation, and when Christ's church is recognized as the most vital and aggressive force in modern history.

Without a thorough knowledge of Church history in all its relations and various de-

velopments it is impossible to understand the present condition in which we find the Christian religion, with its many sects, forms and doctrinal systems. Considering these things seriously we would conclude that Church history is an essential part of every man's education.

A STUPENDOUS HISTORY

A. M. V.

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST young people who have not familiarized themselves with the unparalleled history of the growth and rapid spread of the movement of which they are themselves a part, have failed to grasp one of the most vital arguments which can be found in its favor.

Advancing steadily but surely from its humble beginning seventy years ago at the close of what is known as the 1844 Movement, it has constantly fought its way ahead with ever-increasing momentum until it is now being published in every country of the world — this is the simple story of the Second Advent Movement, crowned by the Third Angel's Message.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," is a Bible term which has become an axiom in the testing of new doctrines and peoples. And there can be no doubt but that it presents the most remarkable proofs of divine guidance and function of any movement in the world since the time of the Christ.

To read the papers of its history, to study its scriptural background, to understand its significance as the greatest movement which the world has ever seen; to realize that it has the greatest task to perform that has ever been committed by Almighty God to mortal man; and at last to realize that the strength or weakness of its cause the ultimate success or failures of our end of the work depends on how we

as young people relate ourselves to the plan which God has set before us; will intensify the faith of every young person. It will inspire him to still greater effort in preparing himself to do his part in bringing about the ultimate triumph of the Cross in this generation.

It will stimulate him with an undying desire to tell others.

Would you insure your belief in God's great final culminating world event? Study the history of your own faith!

WHY A MEDICAL EVANGELIST?

ROY B. PARSONS

TO ME the medical evangelistic work holds a great attraction. It is as a gold mine waiting to be worked. There are many golden opportunities offered along this line if one is only willing to dig for them. In the mission fields this branch of the work is among the first to be established, and many times it is the means of gaining entrance to places which would be closed under other circumstances. Also, it gives an opportunity for being a self-supporting missionary. We all know that at present we are so pressed for funds that anyone who offers to go as a self-supporting missionary is gladly accepted. For these reasons this branch of the work appeals to me more than any other.

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Samuel Taylor Coleridge

M. V. CAMPBELL

ON OCTOBER 21, 1772, in the little town of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, a baby boy was born who was destined to have a greater influence upon the thinkers and writers of his time than any other single man. This baby was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He was not welcomed into the world with the enthusiasm and joy accorded to many men of lesser capabilities, for he was his father's thirteenth child; moreover, his mother was not of an affectionate disposition.

As Coleridge grew to boyhood, even a casual observer might easily notice that he had a wonderfully fertile imagination. Before he was five years old he had read the "Arabian Nights," and his greatest delight was to impersonate its characters. He spent hours at a time amusing himself in this way, instead of playing with other children of his own age.

His first education was received in the local grammar school, of which his father was head master. At nine years of age, also the death of his father, he had to leave his beautiful home in Devonshire for London, where he was admitted to Christ's Hospital, a charity school. Here he was a fellow student with Charles Lamb, with whom he later became a close friend.

From Christ's Hospital, Coleridge went to Cambridge, where he remained three years, except for a break of a few months spent in the army. During his last year in Cambridge, he went to Oxford for a holi-

day, and there met Robert Southey. They quickly became fast friends, and their friendship was cemented by their falling in love with sisters. Both Coleridge and Southey were at this time socialistic in sympathies, and together they formulated a scheme which they called "Pantisocracy." The scheme was to gather about them as many friends of a like persuasion as themselves as possible, sail to America, and there plant a colony on the banks of the Susquehanna, where they were to live by agriculture, working only two hours each day, and holding all goods in common. It was also decided that each member of the party should be married.

Coleridge became so excited over Pantisocracy that he left Cambridge to devote all his time in preparing for the great expedition. He decided the first thing necessary was for him to get married, so he wrote to Miss Sarah Fricker, his fiancée, telling her he would be there immediately for the wedding. To get to her home in Bristol it was necessary to pass through London. While there he went to a little pothouse for a drink, and there met his old friend Charles Lamb. They spent the remainder of the night together in conversation, and continued to meet there night after night for weeks. Coleridge seemed to have forgotten the fact that he was on his way to his wedding, nor was he reminded of it until Southey, who had been searching London

(Continued on page 26)



"A Common Road to Fame"
and a spot of beauty that cannot
be forgotten—the Sligo Bridge
in the summer time

The Old Miler Cabin at Rock
Creek Park of which Mr. Bowen
speaks in his article on the
opposite page



A picturesque scene in Rock
Creek Park near the Old Miller
Cabin

The Old Miller Cabin and Its Builder

W. T. BOWEN

SNUGLY nestled among the trees by the side of a beautiful stream in one of Washington's most scenic parks is a little log cabin of historic merit, and the story of its origin might be interesting to any who may have the privilege of visiting it.

We find that this little cabin was built by an American poet, Joaquin Miller, who made Washington his abode for some three years; and the beautiful surroundings of the cabin formed the theme for several of his nature sketches.

By way of a brief review of his life, we find that he was born November 10, 1841, in the Wabash district of Indiana, where he spent his childhood. In 1850 he was taken by his parents to Oregon and later he became a gold miner in California. From 1855 until 1860, he lived among the Indians on the Pacific Coast, where he grew fond of nature and out-of-door life. In 1863 he took up the study of law. He spent a short time in visiting the Eastern States, then made a voyage to England, where in 1871 he wrote his famous, "Songs of the Sierras," and "Songs of the Sunlands," also "Songs of Italy," on a tour through southern Europe. Returning to New York, he soon after made his initial visit to Washington (1882) and being so well impressed with the place, he decided to make it his home for a time. It was in the fall of 1882 that the cabin which is now in Rock Creek Park was built, however, not in its present location, as it was originally built on a beautiful hill overlooking the city of Washington, afterward being moved to its present site, May 19, 1912.

A short narrative of how Mr. Miller chose the spot whereon he built his rustic

home might be of interest. It was a beautiful day in the fall of 1882 when "The Poet of the Sierras" climbed the steep ascent which is now Sixteenth Street. He stopped at the crest of the hill, thickly settled with pines and oaks, and said to his companion, "I have never seen Washington as it is;" then facing the city he added, "I have seen Rome and Florence. You may burn Rome,—I shall call this my great red city." He then made a tour of the hill and fell in love with the grove of splendid oaks that crowned it. Arrangements were made to purchase the property, and soon the building of the log cabin was under way. Mr. Miller spared no pains in trying to make his abode both pleasing and comfortable. When the cabin was completed, the ceremonies which accompanied its dedication were elaborate, with children participating largely in the services, as Mr. Miller was fond of the young.

As can be readily seen from the picture on the opposite page, the Miller cabin was well built for those early days, and its design was pleasing compared with the other cabins of that period. There were thousands of visitors who came to see the cabin and get acquainted with the poet during the three years he spent there.

As soon as the cabin was finished, it was at once occupied and furnished the same as a genuine frontier cabin, which contained the strings of corn, dried pumpkins, onions, and other things common in the early huts of America, such as coon skins, buck horns, fox and bear skins, also other trophies of the chase. Some rough sketches of hunting scenes were pinned up over the kitchen table, used as a writing desk.

Mr. Miller was an untiring worker and

writer. At one time he is known to have sat at his table in the cabin for eleven hours without interruption in the composition of one of his works.

The cabin today bears few marked signs of decay, and it has stood as a monument to the memory of its builder for nearly four decades.

Joaquin Miller bids us to:

Come to my sunland! Come with me
To the land I love; where the sun and sea
Are wed forever; where the palm and pine
Are filled with singers; where tree and vine
Are voiced with prophets! O come, and you
Shall sing a song with the seas that swirl
And kiss their hands to that cold white girl,
To the maiden moon in her mantle of blue.

"This life is one; and in its warp and
woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters
fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows
most sweet
Where there are sombre colors."

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THE EDITORS' PAGE

Theo. G. Weis, Editor-in-chief

James Leland, Associate Editor

WHY A THEOLOGICAL NUMBER?

ABOUT three or more days ago, a two-hundred-pounder (more or less) landed on me with all force that gravitation can exert upon such a falling body, and very forcefully (very unwillingly on my part) impressed me with the idea that there was no need of a Theological Number.

After gathering together the remaining little parts of myself, though I felt slightly disarranged, I politely tilted my hat down upon my glasses, took a brisk step forward and, with all the force of Napoleon, Hamlet, Disraeli, Wilson, and Magnus Johnson, informed him that it WAS NECESSARY.

After a most profound rehearsal of Webster's essay on the English language (my dictionary, if you please) I convinced him that after all it was not such a very foolish thing for an editor plus his associate to permit this special number.

In every Seventh-Day Adventist college, theology is the most important subject. No school of this kind purposes to follow a program that does not include Theology. Theology is the very foundation, but theology is not the only department. There is the department of literature, journalism, science, accounting, music, expression and many others. Of course, students of these different departments contend that their department is *the* department of the college and that it should have the right to boost for itself by publishing a special number of the school paper. They may be right. Each department should be given the opportunity to put out a special issue. But

you're all agreed that the Department of Theology, with its inspiring leader, Professor Andreason, is the largest department, hence a Theological Number.

The editor wishes to express his appreciation for the interest every member of the Seminar took in the preparation of this issue. We are sorry some of the articles could not be published, space did not permit. Special thanks are due to Mr. Loveless, leader of the Seminar.

—T. G. W.

SPEAKING OF TIPS

It fell upon a certain day that John Kuntz and Israel Worthstein were walking down the street when they came to a certain shop whose commercial business was the shining of shoes. Now, their journey had led them through mud and mire and many swamps. Their lower extremities gave full evidence of this. With one accord the two pilgrims entered the shop and each took a seat. Then it was a youth of the dark continent took a knife and a brush and a rag and some "dope," and he applied them with much "elbow grease" and perspiration until Israel's boots no longer seemed to be a clot of mud, but a glittering mirror of leather reflecting Israel's face. The youth then applied the same process to the other man's shoes until they did shine like the beaming face of the raven-hued African native. The journeymen arose with one accord and paid the youth—John placing in the inverted palm a shining quarter, but Israel covering it with

only a thin dime. When the men with due celerity were again pursuing their course, John turned to Israel and severely reprimanded him for his lack of appreciation, and forcefully charged him that he should have given the lad more than the required price, since their shoes were previously so soiled. But Israel saw not through the eyes of John, and was not convinced, but he was wroth and turned upon his friend, saying unto him,

"Doth not his sign most accurately read: 'Shine, 10 cents'?"

"But," objected his friend, "did not he put extra effort on our boots, and do they not now resemble new ones?"

His friend then grew crimson around his neck and continued, "Did not he hang the sign there himself? And did not that very act as well as say that he was willing to do the work for the expressed 10 cents? And should not a man at all times do his utmost best? If a man hath an article which you buy, do you pay him more than he asketh? If the lad doth do a better job on my shoes than on yours, should I give him more than he asketh or should he not rather give you a rebate for not giving you as perfect a shine as he had given me?" Then John saw that the philosophy of his friend Israel was good and from that day forth he gave no man any tip.

J. L.

NOT FOOL PROOF

Just before Lloyd George said farewell to this country, he made the following statement to an audience in New York city:

"When I was driving out of Washington I noticed warnings to motorists on the roadside. Evidently motorists gave some trouble in that city (laughter), if in no other. The road was a winding road; it could not go absolutely

straight from point to point. What road can? It had to dodge hills and difficulties; it had to cross ravines and rivers, and it was a road that was adapted, like every other road, to the configuration of the country. And motorists, evidently some, drove recklessly, drove wildly, drove injudiciously, and there was this notice on the roadside: 'THIS ROAD IS NOT FOOL PROOF.' I'd put that on the front page of every treaty and statute."

Of course, Lloyd George is a statesman and he would naturally conclude that way. But a person can use this sign, the Welshman referred to, in a good many ways. Financiers tell us their road isn't fool proof, lawyers tell us law is not fool proof, engineers tell us railroads are not fool proof, farmers tell us crops are not fool proof, even study period is not fool proof, so our teachers tell us. You must conclude with me that there are few paths in life that are fool proof. A thing may be perfect and complete, but it isn't fool proof. No matter how good a thing is, someone will always want to fool with it one way or another. Even wise old Solomon didn't do anything so perfect but someone had to fool with it afterwards.

Yes, sir, people will keep right on fooling. Some people fool all the way along life's road. Some even fool with death and get stung. Some of us fooled with examinations and got bit.

I'd say roads were made to drive on, not for people to wreck each other on. Time was made to be used, not wasted. Each thing has a definite place to fill, a single duty to perform; let it alone—don't fool. Life ought to be definite each moment of the day. Life ought to be a stern (!) and not a fading (?). QUIT FOOLING.

T. G. W.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Edited by Ethel Longacre, A. B.

Dear Alumni:

The Christmas vacation is over and you should see the students getting down to work again—really it sort of reminds me of how we used to do. Now they are looking forward to the future of this year, for the semester examinations are the next "big" things on the program.

But I started out to ask you a question. "Can you imagine the thrill which comes to a former student of a school when the realization comes that the Alma Mater is to be visited for a time?" As the train sped homeward from the hills of West Virginia there was more than one thrill which accompanied me for I was not only returning to my Alma Mater but also to my home; and there was abundant time to wonder "Who's Who in W. M. C." as well as "What's What" in the same place. There were many interesting thoughts of school days to occupy my time while the train sped eastward.

After an indefinite length of time, the train pulled into the Union Station of Washington, D. C. In spite of the fact that I was all "excitement" and caused several to "look after me" on account of the speed I was making (for, as usual, there was a mile, more or less, to walk before reaching even the gate). I reached the street car platform without accident, and soon boarded a car which took me all too slowly up Pennsylvania Avenue, out Fourteenth Street to the Decatur car barns, where, much to my surprise and astonishment, a Takoma car was the first one to come! I quickly boarded it, but, oh, the

speed it made! Most of the time it crawled! Finally, after the required length of time, Takoma Park was reached and there was the old dinky, not changed a bit, waiting for passengers, and as I was soon to learn, just as jerky as ever! In spite of the bumps Sligo Bridge was safely reached, and I wasted no time going up the hill—home! How good it seemed!

The following morning it would have been quite a task to have kept me from chapel. Now the thrill mentioned above had in no wise left me, but was growing stronger and stronger and I was very anxious to enter the chapel once more. While there were many there I did not know, there were still a number of my old friends around and things seemed quite natural.

Soon the chapel program was over, and as I was wondering if there had been any change in the "pass word" a familiar sound reached my ears, "Books!"—in fact, the word was so natural and familiar that my hand went toward the seat in front of me, only to find that there were no books and bring back the realization that I was only visiting; and with this realization came the determination to be true to my Alma Mater.

Although we are not studying books and attending our Alma Mater, may the principles learned there guide us in this New Year as we go on in the school of life.

—*Ruth Miller, '23.*

—
"Strong souls have wills, feeble ones have only wishes."

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HAPPENINGS IN BRIEF

Edited by Myrtle A. Brown

David L. Wood, Reporter

Dorothy V. Plummer, Reporter

The Famous Fifty

The North Hall boys are full of pep
And all are willing workers
For they have organized a club
Among are found no shirkers.

They pondered long and found a name
Which they considered nifty.
It fits the boys of all North Hall:
It's called the *Famous Fifty*.

It is a club that stands the test
Of fellowship and Vim;
It gives each one a chance to speak
Of determination GRIM.

It has an aim that means a lot
To men I know will suit.
If lived by all and practised well
No Webster would dispute.

Let us not think of self alone;
Nor boast and say I can:
But of the *Golden Rule Remember*
And always *Be a Man*.

Now that's our *Aim* and we'll stick to it
Among this group no breakng.
Though it may discipline ourselves,
We know it is our making.

To our Preceptor we owe so much
He works for our best good.
It is to him we'll all be true;
For we men know we should.

As we go forth from W. M. C.,
Look on the world with pity;
Then fight all sin and sorrow there,
As one of the *Famous Fifty*.
—G. M. Manry.

* * *

Dec. 11 W. M. C.'s latest enrolled is Clyde B. Newmyer Jr. Many congratulations to the most fortunate parents.

Dec. 12 A number of girls were down to Mabel's for supper tonight (Mabel Robbins of the class of '22). "The best time and the most eats" is what we hear about the occasion.

Dec. 13 Friday as usual was uneventful, the only excitement being the weekly "hoeing out" and the grand scramble for worship at 4:30 p. m. Of course Missionary Bands and Prayer Meeting in the evening as per schedule.

Dec. 14 The girls' double quartet sang unaccompanied tonight in Prayer Meeting.

Dec. 15 The usual Sabbath Day's program but "Saturday Night" was most extraordinary; Study period in the dormitory to prepare for the first number of the lecture course.

Dec. 16 Judge Ben Lindsay of Juvenile Court of Denver, lectured this evening on "Why Kids Lie."

If remarks mean anything "this was the best yet" and we "hope that the rest are as good."

Dec. 17 A stirring time in Students' Association meeting this morning. The revision to their Constitution was presented by a committee and rejected; another committee was appointed to present more favorable results. Mr. Pohle was appointed as chairman of this committee.

Dec. 18 Mrs. Damsguard introduced the spirit of Xmas this evening. Candles, holly, red and green decorations made the dining room cheery. On each table was a little Xmas tree all bedecked in popcorn, tinsel, and balls for the occasion. After an especially appetizing supper was eaten Santa Claus appeared with a treat for each table all wrapped in white and tied in red. It proved to be nothing else but brick ice cream and cake. Last but not least we roasted chestnuts in the fireplace, then bells which rang a half hour late, called us to worship.

Dec. 18 Again. We couldn't pass this news up! Prof. Osborne and Miss Roth were married this evening, and started for Bermuda. They think we don't know, but it's no secret.

Dec. 19 Christmas parties seem to be coming in showers. At South Hall Miss Gibbs had the best surprise for us! The assembly room was transformed into a cozy living room with a bright fire and many lamps to cheer. While we sat about on the floor Miss Pflugradt read, and between times we sang old familiar songs and toasted marshmallows.

The boys had a very similar time at their house—only they had their fire out of doors between North Hall and Central Hall.

Dec. 20 Vacation begins, and even though certain folks did have exams in science today it is over now. Some folks are home, others have stuffed suit cases and run, and the others,—well they have kept very busy so as not to get homesick. We all took in the Xmas Pageant at the Congregational Church this evening—a treat indeed!

Dec. 21 This place seems quiet today.

Dec. 22 This evening the boys and girls played games in South Hall parlor. It really was quite homelike.

Mr. M. V. Campbell entertained the Seniors this evening, and he did it right—a regular old fashioned good time! One laugh that lasted the evening long so the Seniors say.

Dec. 23 We made pop corn balls and played games over in the kitchen this evening, and of all the fun! You should have seen Miss Ketter-

man get a shampoo, and Mr. Loveless—he powders his nose with flour.

Dec. 24 " 'Twas the night before Xmas and all through the house—"

but we weren't home. We were sight seeing in the College truck. First we viewed the municipal Xmas tree down by the monument, then we went to the Monastery and heard Midnight Mass. (Got home early.)

Dec. 25 "O, yes, Merry Xmas." Xmas dinner was served as six, and Santa arrived down at South Hall about eight. We had a pretty tree and a warm fire waiting for him too, 'cause he'd sent word ahead he was coming with something for everybody. We had another guest too; Mr. Walter Place of the Class of '21, who spent the holidays at W. M. C., and on this occasion concluded the evening by reading for us as of old.

Dec. 26 A hike this evening!

Dec. 27 "Kinda rested up like."

Dec. 28 Just found out why the Boy's Reception (Nov. 24) wasn't mentioned in the last SLIGONIAN: the editor says the linotypes lost the copy. *It's a shame!* But everybody had a good time just the same.

Dec. 29 Sabbath—? O, yes, it was this afternoon that we had that good Y. P. M. V. meeting.

Dec. 30 Prof. and Mrs. Morrison entertained the outside and inside students in Central Hall this evening. The program was a series of contests between the "Pinks" and the "Greens" (designated by the paper hats they wore—the making of which was the first contest). Strange as it may seem the "Greens" beat.

Dec. 31 Prof. Werline helped us play games in the gym, till ten thirty, then we all watched the old year out in South Hall parlor.

Jan. 1. 1924 Happy New Year!

Jan. 2 Most everybody is back—school began today. Just to think, it's time to study already.

Jan. 3 The faculty gave a reception in honor of Prof. and Mrs. Osborne this evening.

Jan. 4 Most every one started the new year right by going to Prayer Meeting tonight.

Jan. 5 The second number of the lecture course, a voice and violine recital, by Mrs. Ruby Potter, soloist of the First Congregational Church, and Mr. Herman Hoffman, soloist for the U. S. Marine Orchestra. Weather cold and windy.

Jan. 6 Colder.

Jan. 7 Skating this afternoon on Mirror Lake.

Jan. 8 SKATING!!—No school after chapel. Some folks went to Mirror Lake and others to Northwest Branch. Everybody had a slippery time!

Jan. 9 Everybody walking around lame, wishing that ice wasn't so hard on inactive muscles!

Jan. 10 Prof. Spalding spoke to the girls in worship tonight. Dr. Yeuell gave another lecture

—Wonders of Italy, the pictures were beautiful and the literary illusions made it most interesting, —especially for those taking literature this year!

Jan. 11 Friday. Everybody busy preparing for tomorrow.

Jan. 12 A beautiful day out! Prof. Andreasen spoke in church. In the evening Dr. Yeuell lectured on the Passion Play.

Jan. 13 Sunday. Doctor Salisbury moved upstairs to the old Registrar's Office today, Prof. Werline moved to room 40, and room 41 is turned into a "faculty room." (Plenty of room on the "green carpet now!?)

Jan. 14 During study period one last treat by Dr. Yeuell—a lecture on the Beauties of America—Such study periods would be nice all the time!

Jan. 15 Students' Association Board meeting—.

Jan. 16 Now is when we have the midnight oil. Talk about perfect vacuums and human societies! Whew-ie! But the boys have lights all night; they ought to know everything by tomorrow.

Jan. 17 One day of exams over—not so worse after all (but that's bad enough). Mrs. McKensy, from Chicago, sang for the girls' worship.

Jan. 18 Just four more exams, two theses to write, and 150 pages outside reading to do, then we're done—till next semester. Miss Treffs gave two readings in chapel this morning. Prof. Morrison spoke in Students' Meeting tonight; and Mrs. McKensy sang for us again.

Jan. 19 Elder Daniels spoke in church. Sabbath school and Young Peoples' Meeting as usual, of course. Music and Oratory Department gave a benefit recital in the evening—fine.

Jan. 20 At last, exams are over! (One of the boys in an exam looked at the board, then said, "Yes, yes, a very good exams—the questions are very familiar—only—I can't seem to remember the answers.") It's getting cold again—maybe some more skating!?)

Jan. 21 Prof. Andreasen talked to the boys in worship on "Evidences of Christianity." Mr. Shock has gone home—perhaps to recuperate from the exams.

Jan. 22 Everybody looking like a wilted dishrag after exams, until news of skating at Northwest Branch, and Mirror Lake, suddenly lent them enthusiasm and pep.

Teacher—"Give sentence showing frequent use of 'yes.'"

Student—"Yes, we hav no bananas.'"

Prof. Damsgard—(Writing on blackboard) "No Examination in Trigonometry"—Joy among students—more writing on blackboard—(in this room) Go to Room 51" Followed by listless moan among students.

MY PRAYER

I do not ask, my God, for mystic power
To heal the sick and lame, the deaf and
blind;

I ask thee for the gracious power
Just to be kind.

I do not pray to see the shining beauty
Of highest knowledge most divinely
true;

I pray that knowing well my simple duty,
This I may do.

I do not ask that men with flattering
finger

Should point me out within the crowded
mart;

But only that the thought of me may
linger

In one glad heart.

I would not rise upon the men below me,
By pulling at the robes of men above;

I would that friends, a few dear friends,
may know me;—

And, knowing, love.

I do not pray for palaces of splendor,
Or far amid the world's delights to
roam;

I pray that I may know the meaning
tender,

Of home, sweet home.

I do not ask that of heaven's golden
treasure

Upon my little, blundering life be
spent;

But, O, I ask thee for the perfect pleasure
Of calm content!

—Amos R. Wells.

“Teach me the art of forgetting; for I
often remember what I would not, and can-
not forget what I would.—*Themistocles.*”

A Word of Appreciation

You have often heard the words, “Say it with flowers” and “If you have a friend and love him tell him, now, for he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.” Now that we as a staff have come to the end of the “cobblestone road” and our term of office is a thing of the past, we wish to leave this word of cheer.

Our paper is a success, it is on a better basis financially than before. Let's keep on publishing it.

To all who have contributed we express our appreciation for their loyalty and faithfulness.

We thank the faculty for their kind advice and true guidance.

Some of our plans are still plans. We have not accomplished all we had set our minds to do. But we hope that these “bubbles” will be taken hold of by the new staff and made a brick and cement reality. Under the circumstances, we did our best. It was our aim to hold out in our paper the more serious and noble side of life instead of the light and trashy. We aimed to hold our college high as a true Christian institution. *We did our duty.*

To the new staff we will all the bricks, stones, sarcasms, criticisms, disappointments and sorrows that make “lives of editors sublime” and editing an interesting job.

We all hope the same kindness, enthusiasm, co-operation and loyalty will be shown to them as was shown to us.

With the interests of the Sligonian at heart, we are,

The Old Staff.

“Let not your sail be larger than your boat.”

(Concluded from page 15)

for him, found him, and bore him back to Bristol with him, where he was married. Southey followed his example a few weeks later and married Miss Sarah Fricker's sister. The two young men then found to their surprise that it cost so much to support a wife that they had to give up all their pantisocratic plans.

Coleridge took his bride to the beautiful Somerset village of Nether Stowey. While living there, Wordsworth moved to the same village, and became his next-door neighbor. They spent much of their time together walking on the wild, heather-covered moors overlooking the sea. During these walks they exchanged views on poetry and decided to publish a volume of poetry which they called "The Lyrical Ballads," to which both contributed. Coleridge's contribution to this work was: "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," "The Dark Laddie," and the first part of a "Christobal."

Coleridge went to Germany with Wordsworth, and there came under the influence of the philosophy of Kant, which he gave to the English people, and by it profoundly changed all succeeding English philosophy.

In 1803, he went to the Lake District and rented Grets Hall, a few miles from where Wordsworth lived. He was here joined by Southey. The following spring, while on a tour with Wordsworth in Scotland, Coleridge had a severe attack of rheumatism, and to cure it he took some patent medicine, which proved to be opium. From this time until nearly the end of his life he was a slave to the opium habit. It was the turning point in his life. He was a man of great promise. He was already without a rival in poetry, he was a good husband and father, he had many friends, but after being overcome by this dreadful habit he left his wife and children, became estranged

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from his friends, and lost much of his talent. He lived in abject poverty the remainder of his life save for a few years before death spent in the home of Doctor Gillman in Highgate, where every want was provided for, and he again had a wide circle of friends. He died July 25, 1834.

Coleridge was essentially a poet of imagination. Nearly all of his poems have a mediaeval background, and all have an irresistible charm which holds the imagination of the reader.

Not only did Coleridge influence the world by his poetry and philosophy, but also by his style of criticism. He was the father of constructive criticism. In his criticism of Shakespeare's works, he shows a deep knowledge of the works themselves and also a keen understanding of the characters.

When we consider the height to which Coleridge rose in the first few years of his work, it makes us wonder what he would have accomplished had he not been conquered by the opium habit. Southey gives his estimate of him in these words, "All other men whom I have ever known are mere children to him, and yet all is palsied by a total want of moral strength."

"Failure, after long perseverance, is much grander than never having made an effort to succeed in business."

A DESIRE

Oh, to have dwelt in Bethlehem,
When the stars of the Lord shone
bright!
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night:
To have kissed the tender, way-worn feet
of the Mother undefiled,
And with reverent wonder and deep de-
light
To have tended the holy Child!

Hush! such glory was not for thee,
But that care may still be thine;
For are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the Child divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now,
To thy heart and thy home to take?
Are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Mary's sake?
—*Adelaide Proctor.*

"Give every man thy ear, but few thy
voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve
thy judgment."—*Hamlet.*

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

—*Pope.*

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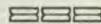
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