

SLIGONIAN

VOL. IX

OCTOBER, 1924

NO. 1



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HARVEY A. MORRISON, President

Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

THE SLIGONIAN

Is Edited and Issued Monthly During the School Year by the
STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF WASHINGTON MISSIONARY COLLEGE
TAKOMA PARK, D. C.

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Heap o' Studyin'

THEO. G. WEIS

APOLOGY TO EDGAR A. GUEST

It takes a heap o' studyin' in a place to make it school
A heap o' work an' ploddin' an' a-mindin' "form an' rule,"
An' fore you really 'preciate the fine old place ye've been,
Ye've got to pay good money; got to cash yer sunshine in.
It don't make any difference jus' how smart ye seem to be
How bright ye shine in calculus, how keen in harmony,
It ain't school to ye though yer petted, drilled an' trained with care
Until ye've built love's altar near an' left yer whole self there.

School aint a place that "profs" can make or set up in a minute.
Afore it's school there's got to be a heap o' studyin' in it;
Within those walls there's got t' be some failures made and then
Right there ye've got to learn yer faults, ye've got t' rise again,
An' gradjerly as time goes on there'll grow within yer heart
A feelin' of deep reverence fer the men who helped ye start.
Ye'll love the lads who've cheered ye on and hoped fer yer success,
You'll love the place that sheltered ye 'gainst Failure's hard caress.

Ye got to smile to make it school, ye've got t' shout and cheer,
Ye've got to keep yer school on top when others press in near.
Ye've got to show some team work too, an' "root" about yer flag
For every man must push or pull and not a soul must drag.
It's easy to be grumblin' at the lad that's lost the race,
But could ye smile an' still plod on if you were in his place?
There ain't no use in worryin' 'bout the scars that may remain,
Be glad ye've fought for what was right—be glad to fight again.

Ye've got to aim an' plan fer years, ye've got to stake new goals
An' learn to strike yer iron hard when barely off the coals.
Ye've got to keep yer weapons tuned to fight with any foe.
So work yer luck—jus' grit yer teeth an' stick to "sand-bag-row."
Yer school has trained yer rapier hand to flash the steel of fame
The way ye fight in life will be its honor and its name.
Then in the land o' fightin', men, be first to heed the rule—
It takes a heap o' studyin' an' all life is but a school.

THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. IX

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., NOVEMBER, 1924

No. 1

Why The Sligonian?

HARVEY A. MORRISON

A COLLEGE is not quite complete without a college paper. Therefore, THE SLIGONIAN. It is one of the factors of school life towards which every student may and should direct his attention and give some of his best energy. When properly managed, it serves as an opportunity for a practical training both in the literary and business fields for all who participate in its conduct. It should serve in uniting the student body as boosters for their college. It increases college spirit and school loyalty. Many a writer and many an editor has received his first impressions and first inspiration for his work while attempting to boost his college through the student paper. It tends to create the feeling of brotherhood between all that have ever been students of the college. It should be a means of holding together in one great family, all that have ever entered the college doors.

Though many of us have never met, if THE SLIGONIAN functions to its fullest extent, when we do meet, whether here on our own campus, or in lonely spots across the sea, we will have that common ground of interest and sympathy that can only come to those who have attended the same college and have entered fully into the purposes of the establishment of the same.

It may and should be a great factor in making known our college to other young people and inspiring them to seek the opportunities she offers.

THE SLIGONIAN can be of great assistance in making Washington Missionary College grow and achieve its purpose, becoming a real exponent of the best there is in College life. It is worthy the support and the best efforts of all who come within her walls.

The Sligonian and You

BUS WILLETT

DUTY pervades the air of the student as he launches forth upon his mission of mastery of school books. This is widened on every side as we see boys and girls, young men and young women, briskly walking from one end of the campus to the other, ever carrying an armful of books, big books and little books, new books and used books, going to or from study or recitations. But can we say that the duties that confront us are irksome? No, kind reader, I think that deep down in our hearts we enjoy our round of studies and scholastic activities.

Now we are just in the midst of knowing our surroundings, getting more used to our classes, becoming better acquainted with our fellow students and with this comes a better knowledge of how we can systematize our program so as to indulge in performing more bits of duty. Have you thought at any time that you owed a bit of your time to promoting our school paper? Yes, even here is duty and opportunity. All duty is not all work. Much of the time duty becomes play and the bit which you give toward the promotion of The Sligonian can be turned as such. Perhaps you are wondering what task you can perform. Then let's just think!

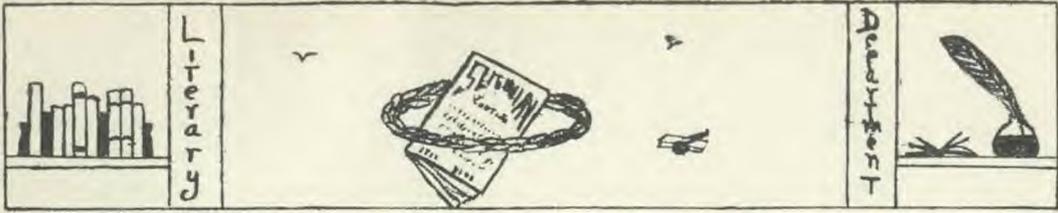
First, our paper needs your support by having you become a personal subscriber. Don't you like to read over the bits of interest which make our school life wholesome? By your personal interest the staff knows that you are backing them with hearty support. Have you ever noticed, and we know you have if you have been here in previous years, how tense and anxious the students are when a new number of our paper is about to be distributed? It is because they want to see what they themselves actually produced. It is an automatic pulse indicator of how much school spirit W. M. C. maintains. And one identity of your spirit and goodwill is for you to subscribe and support.

Second, don't forget the folks at home. They are interested in you and in W. M. C. The Sligonian will give them a knowledge of our school life in general. It will keep them posted on our special incidents of fun and mirth; it gives them an idea of how we are progressing in our preparation for service; and it indicates, by the material which we prepare, that we are making our college the best in the field. Then do not forget that Dad and Mother will enjoy reading The Sligonian, as much as we do. They are interested and will offer their support. Write home now and get their subscription.

Third, we wish to give to our many readers the best we can offer. This means duty in the way of offering to our paper the best we can in the way of interesting articles. It means we must give the best we have. And we wish our band of readers to increase. We will want our circulation much larger than in former years, and this means we must solicit their cooperation by asking for their subscription to our student organ. The friend you have at home, or the chum gone to other fields will want to know of your activities. This depends on you! They will appreciate a letter from you, so take time today to write to them, give them a few lines of personal experience and then solicit their help to W. M. C. by a Sligonian sub. Tell them our paper will be a letter to them from you. It lets them know we are trying and succeeding.

Let's do our duty now and snap into making this Sligonian year the best ever. It depends on you and we know you have the "stuff." Inspiration, perspiration and cooperation, spell success for The Sligonian and W. M. C.

Next month the first of a series of four articles by Dr. B. G. Wilkinson will appear under the heading, "Present World Entanglements and Their Meaning."



The Teacher's Dream

MIRIAM GILBERT

THE weary teacher sat alone, her tired head resting on the worn desk. The day had been a long trying one, and she was glad for the rest which had come at last.

She was in a little school house, located far back from the road, nearly surrounded by the great pines and maples, which are abundant in the woods of Maine.

Jack Frost had wrought havoc with the maple leaves, leaving some aglow with red and others dyed a deep rich brown. This quiet afternoon all nature seemed to rejoice in its colorful life and activity, yet little Miss Burton failed to appreciate it.

Marian Burton was young, just out of school herself and she had eagerly come to the little town where she was to teach her first school. Her own school! Here all her ideals and ideas were to be worked out. Her enthusiasm and courage knew no bounds.

But this evening as she sat alone her courage and ambition seemed far away. That day had been one which had seemed hours and hours long. Marian had thought it never would end. Each boy had seemed to delight in continual whispering and general disorder, whereas the girls had whispered and giggled nearly all day.

As she sat in the gathering twilight she thought, "Is it worth it? Why should I waste my time and strength, when it is so little appreciated?"

Thoughts of her luxurious home came to her. She would see her father and mother sitting by the fire, while her little sister prepared the evening meal. If she were only

there, too! Unbidden tears coursed down her cheeks and she did not stop them.

In a few minutes she had fallen asleep. Lo, her school room had taken vast proportions and a senator with humming tongue thrilled his listeners till the applause knew no bounds. "Why," thought she, "I know that voice. Yes, his name is in my record book."

The hall then changed into a church. There men, women and children sat in reverence as the minister of God stirred their hearts to conviction and repentance. He was a middle aged, sober, thoughtful man. The teacher said, "I surely know that man. Why it seems but half an hour ago I whipped him."

The church scene vanished and the teacher was carried to an author's room, and there sat her idlest boy plying a pen. Vast articles and books he had written completely filled the room and ere she had realized who this great author was a vision of a cottage came to her.

A beautiful mother sat rocking her tiny baby. The mother's face seemed to illumine and sanctify the whole home. "A miracle surely! For was not this the wildest child in school so little time ago?"

The scene was changed once more and the rude school house resumed its own familiar appearance. With a start the teacher realized she had been dreaming.

All thought of discouragement and gloom had disappeared. She quickly locked up her school room door—

"And walking home her heart was full
Of peace and trust and praise;
And singing slow and soft and low
Said, 'After many days.'"

Prize Articles

To foster a spirit of friendly rivalry, and to encourage any young budding literarian, the Sligonian Staff have decided to devote one page to Prize Articles. The topic will be given from month to month for the succeeding month. The articles are to be not less than 175 words nor more than 250 words. They must be in pen and ink, and if possible typed. These articles are to be in the Sligonian Office by the 15th of each month, and the articles designated by the judges as first and second winners will appear in the issue the first of the following month. The Sligonian Staff will act as judges. For first prize the winner will receive a year's subscription to THE SLIGONIAN, including the Annual. For second prize recognition and publication is given.

The topic for next month is, "A Thank-giving Story." The topic for and winners of the Prize Articles this month were:—

HOW TO GET "SUBS"

First Prize

J. NATHANIEL KRUM

Eureka! (I have found it!) The plan is as follows:

Divide the students and faculty into two even groups. Let each group be given a name, for instance, the Purples and the Golds. Choose two enthusiastic leaders, one for each side. Provide sufficient subscription blanks so that each student can have as many as they can use. Let each side try to obtain the greater number of subscriptions. Next, let the Sligonian Staff provide prizes, consisting of first, second, and third prizes to be awarded the ones securing the three largest numbers of subscriptions. The results derived from offering worthwhile prizes will far outweigh the small expense encountered in obtaining them. Make it a rule that the total number of subscriptions gotten by each side are to be posted daily in the bulletin board by a secretary appointed for the purpose. Also, let it be understood that the losing side is to furnish a program in honor of the winning side after the close of the contest.

I believe that these incentives will bring results. Each member will be prompted to write to all of his friends and relatives for their subscriptions, and besides he will give his own. Thus we will secure the largest subscription list that has ever graced the Sligonian files.

Second Prize

RUTH MICHAELIS

Did you ever read the story by Edward Everett Hale called "My Double, and How He Undid Me?" I'm going to tell you something about "my double" and how she *did* me.

The other night I had a strange dream. It seemed as though I had a double, and I was that double. It was just 9:40 by the clock and all the students were assembled in the chapel. A meeting of the Students' Association was in order. The president was exerting all his energy in trying to talk a little school spirit into the sleepy, listless, audience before him. Few showed any interest in anything he said. They did not even seem to care whether the spirit lived or died.

It seemed that I, my double, was sitting on the rostrum looking over the student body. As I looked them over my attention was called to the girl's side of the chapel. There in the middle row, I was startled to see myself complacently sitting like a bump on a log; as unconcerned, as any of the rest about me, whether our school paper progressed or died a natural death of a dead spirit.

But here I was awakened by our faithful rising bell and I was glad to know it was only a dream. One thing my double in that dream did for me was to show me my own condition. For I'm afraid that dream was more than true, not only of myself, but of a great many others, also.

What we all need is to be wakened out of this let-the-other-fellow-do-it condition. Get a little school spirit and boost THE SLIGONIAN. It takes the cooperation of the whole school. Just a few can not make our paper what it should be. We have to get it into a wide circulation to let folks know that W. M. C. is doing things. (*Cont'd on P. 13*)

The Fighting Failure

W. C. LOVELESS

"He has come the way of the fighting men.
And fought by the rules of the game.
And out of life he has gathered what?
A living and little fame.
Ever and ever the goal looms near
Seeming each time worth while.
But it ever proves a mirage fair.
Ever the grim gods smile
And so, with lips hard set and white
He burns the hope that is gone.
His fight is lost and he knows it is lost
And yet he is fighting on."

WERE you ever whipped? Have you ever felt that your blood was thin like water? Have your veins ever run dry, seared with the fever of defeat? and you felt it was useless to try?

And right out in the smoke of the battle line were you willing to see men win their way, and cheer with all who cheered success, but were you willing to enter the fray?

The most valuable and important thing that can come into the life of a man is that incident, that experience, that emergency, that accident, or that something, which touches the red blood that runs in his veins and causes the hidden nature to fling open the door of the great within.

Sometimes the bumps seem unindurable, and that natural part of you cries out for liberty. You have fallen in the fight. And there is no inclination to try. Perhaps you have "fought by the rules of the game," and "came the way of the fighting men." But you are down and you know you are down but you are fighting on.

Can you drink the last dregs from the bitter cup of disappointment then face the issue square, and with a grim determination and clear cut vision enter the ranks of the fighting men?

The men that have burned their name into the very hearts and affections of the American people have had their humbler days, when the fight seemed to be lost, and their goal grew dim, when, "The fight was lost and they knew it was lost but they were fighting on."

History happened to record some facts that startle the lovers and admirers of Abraham Lincoln.

"When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the legislature in Illinois, and was badly swamped. He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner. He was in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged—then she died. Later he married a woman who was a constant burden to him. Entering politics again, he ran for Congress and again was badly defeated. He became a candidate for the United States Senate and was badly defeated. He then tried to get an appointment to the United States Land Office, but failed. In 1856 he became a candidate for the Vice-Presidency and was once more defeated. In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas." In the face of all this he eventually became one of the greatest men of America, whose memory is loved throughout the world. When you contemplate the effects of a series of failures like this, doesn't it make you feel rather small to become discouraged?

Can you with a little more courage and pluck stoop down and gather up the burden that in the heat of the battle you were forced to lay down? If you can, the world is only waiting to crown you with its richest effulgence.

"Out of the smoke of the battle line
Watching men win their way
And cheering with those who cheer success,
He enters again the fray.
Licking the blood and dust from his lips
Wiping the sweat from his eyes
He does the work he is set to do
And there in honor lies.
Brave they were, those who cheered.
Their's is the winner's thrills.
His fight is lost, and he knows it is lost
And yet he is fighting still."

THE SLIGONIAN is issued of the students,
by the students, for the students and you.

The Faculty Surveyed

CHARLES L. BOYD

WE have a distinctive faculty at W. M. C. This is quite obvious, as such a school demands a faculty of this stamp in order to cope with the problems it must meet. A brief summary might better acquaint you with it.

We appreciate Prof. Morrison's pointed chapel talks, his decisive executive ability and his brief summary dismissal, "Books". And when he is away on visits the more verbose dismissal of Dr. Salisbury, "Prepare for dismissal, is responded to with equal alacrity.

A new member of the faculty in the person of Dr. Wilkinson has immediately found a favored position in the heart of all the students. His exhaustive supply of historical facts, both past and present, places him on a distinctive pedestal among the students.

With Prof. Anderson as honorary leader, so to speak, of the mission bands we have no doubt but that they will be the most successful that we have known since the old Seminary days.

And Prof. Werline? Well, he finds considerable difficulty in keeping certain students from wandering into the by-paths of history instead of treading the beaten highway. However, students say they get more all 'round knowledge in his classes than in any others.

Many of us will remember the science demonstration given by Prof. Kimble in chapel last year, when he threw out on the student body a glass full of liquid air. Since no harm was done we would like it repeated.

Many prospective home-keepers find in Miss Stanley a friendly and efficient guide in their preparation for things to come.

Prof. Grant, although he is instructor in economics is in no sense economical in the assignment of lessons and the asking of examination questions.

Teachers and students agree in attributing to Prof. Helligso an almost prodigious memory. He has never been known to forget about an uncompleted laboratory assignment.

We find in Miss Evans a veritable embodiment of optimism and enthusiasm. Her spirit is contagious, her assignments are heart-rending.

Prof. Marsh is filled with the college spirit and always manifests it in the right manner and at the right time and place. The old students have not and will not forget the eloquent and impassioned attack upon the theaters and movies given in chapel last year by Prof. Marsh.

To the charm of musical attainment Prof. Osborne adds that of a most pleasing personality. We feel assured of his capability to properly lead in any social function.

It has been well observed that Mrs. Morrison never fails to command the respect of her students. The three-fold obvious reasons for this are ample physical, intellectual and administrative support.

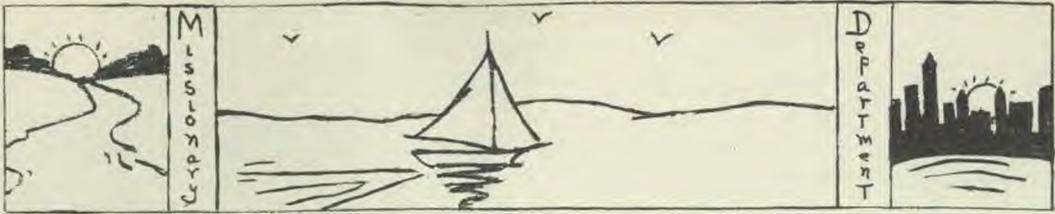
Columbia Hall stands a lasting monument to the skill of Prof. Wood, into whose labors Prof. Gage has entered as superintendent of the carpentry shop. Prof. Gage seems always to be in good humor with the whole world.

As long as the beautiful ocean scene hangs on the wall of the front hall, no one will presume to question the artistic skill of Miss Spicer. Her faithfulness in home and school is worthy of emulation.

Miss Mallet has troubles all her own yet shared by every teacher and student in the college. She is to be congratulated upon the rapidly developing efficiency of the class in Library Science.

When Mrs. Gage's normal students assume school management in their own interests, it is believed that those juniors who are so fortunate as to fall under their supervision will have good reason for rejoicing.

We feel a staunch support in the Public Speaking Department, in the person of Prof. Bickett from Berrien Springs. His readings have convinced us of his ability to head this department. *(Continued on Page 23)*



The Land of Idols

MRS. J. N. ANDERSON

A LONG list of things indulged by an ancient people but unacceptable to the Most High whose religion they professed is recorded in the 50th Psalm. Some of these were open acts, whose only thoughts entertained, "When thou sawest a thief thou consentedst with him." Worse, "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether as thyself."

This thinking of God as ministering to carnal and human desires is the essential characteristic of all non-Christian religions. The Christian prays as taught by his Master, "Thy will be done." The non-Christian prays, "My will be done." By means of incense, incantation, ritual, sacrifice, and self-affliction he seeks to attract his god and secure the aid of superhuman power for the fulfilling of his own desires.

These facts are forcibly illustrated in the lives of many non-Christian people. In China the beggar has a god, the gambler is a faithful idol worshipper. The necromancer and the witch hold as a cherished possession rituals which when recited with proper ceremony have power to excite the gods to activity in behalf of their worshippers. The thief secretes in his bosom an image, the symbol of cunning wisdom and discernment. These are all good gods, *i. e.*, helpful gods. Other gods may be malicious, but the beggar, the gambler, the necromancer and the thief counts on his god as a friend, a powerful ally to give success in the game.

My memories carry me back to a trip we once took in China. Traveling up the Yangtze by steamer we were awakened one night by a commotion among the lower deck pas-

sengers. Cries of alarm and angry threats were followed by the scuffle of many feet mingled with the clamor of voices and presently with "crack, crack!", as if a beating with a rod. Then all was forgotten in the sleep of those last hours before dawn.

At the breakfast table the officers of the boat began discussing the incident. The captain drew from his pocket and set on the table an ugly, little figure remarking, "This fellow is to blame for all the rumpus." Then he explained that a professional thief had been taken aboard at a certain port. He was well dressed and came on with respectable looking boxes and the customary roll of bedding. He presented a second class ticket and was sent below.

After some hours an alarming, "Thief! Thief!" rang out from the first class cabins. A watch passing at the moment caught the offender in the act of disappearing through the cabin window headed for the lower deck. Accusation, trial, punishment—beating with the captain's walking stick—and imprisonment followed in short order. Then quiet, except for moans of pain and wails of self-reproach from the lonely cell.

By breakfast time the prisoner had been landed at his destination, but minus the impish god that had been his undoing. In his last interview with the officer he explained that he had not come aboard with intent to steal. He was going home for the New Year time and had taken second class passage as to be out of the way of temptation to steal. However, his god gave him no peace. Continually he was wakened with the call to go

to a certain spot in a particular cabin on upper deck where he would find a good sum of money. "I refused," said the thief. "Again and again I refused the god and went to sleep, but he gave me no peace till at last I obeyed."

"Did you find the money?" inquired the Captain. "Yes, in the exact spot," replied the thief.

"Does your god never mistake?"

"Sometimes he tricks me when I do not feast him as he likes, or have not communed with him to his full satisfaction."

The thief begged pitiously to have his god returned to him, telling how long and tedious a process it is to take a newly made idol and train it into a serviceable god.

In another instance a young man came daily to worship before a wooden idol in a shabby little shrine near our home. From his careless attire and untidy hair I judged him an opium smoker, perhaps a cheap gambler. In answer to friendly inquiries the man related how the god in this shabby shrine often appeared to him at night and directed him where to go for successful gambling ventures.

"He has promised to make me very rich," he said, "and so I worship him every day."

"But he has not brought you the promised riches," I said, "you are poorly clad and look as poorly fed."

"He will make me rich," he insisted, "some day he will make me very rich." And he turned away his ear from the story of true riches, waiting to be told to pour an offering of tea to the god and to set up a few sticks of burning incense, because he thought God was such a one as he himself.

THE PREPARATION

R. L. KIMBLE

DID you ever stop to realize that each year spent in college preparing for a place in life involves one heavily in debt? It places a responsibility that is not easily shifted. It makes one conspicuous, and in the words of Paul, "a spectacle unto the world". A man

or woman in college or out from college is on vantage ground from the public viewpoint. He is prepared and ready to do things.

Accepting the above as true, let us turn to Paul again, he says, "I am a debtor". Now a debtor is one who owes something. To Paul it was a debt of spiritual and moral value to the people all about him. If as Paul we take into consideration that we have received something that is worth while and valuable, and with such a possession we owe much. To all, with whom we come in contact we are indebted. And too, it involves upon us a duty, that we make the circle of our influence broader and broader as opportunity affords.

With such convictions, that we are getting a useful preparation, and that this preparation places us upon the debit side of the record, can we take the next step with Paul and say, "I am ready". Yes, ready to pay the debt. On many sides there are those who need attention. In college life we find it so. Now as we face a few months respite from study, we will meet many a needy one. How will it be with these? Will we hurry by, or as with the Saviour, will we take time to listen and help as we pass?

Paul takes us a bit further, and let us just note the closing phrase of his three-fold purpose. It is this, "I am not ashamed." I presume that the great missionary was often criticized and ridiculed. Many a time was he severely scourged. He was shipwrecked and thrown in prison, but none of these turned him. Nothing could hold him back, he was fired with a passion for souls and with every opportunity he talked about his Saviour. When the end came he was able to say, "I have fought a good fight."

There is much for us to learn from Paul. If we are willing to recognize the debt we owe, our decision will lead us on a successful way. Such positive convictions lead to active Christian service and determine the experiences we are to have from day to day. Let us face them squarely and permit them to control our lives.

MISSIONARY SPIRIT AND W. M. C.

W. O. BERRY

THE most imperative call for and command to the students of W. M. C., and to all the other loyal S. D. A. people is, "Son, go, work today in my vineyard." I would call your attention at present to the two little words in this commission, "go, work." The stagnant pool would become a living stream if it had an outlet. But such a pool remains from year to year a detriment to animals and men—an incubator for mosquitoes. The selfish Christian (if there is such) is like the stagnant pool—he needs to give to others the precious blessings that heaven permits to come to him. After a man has tasted of the fountain of life himself, he should endeavor to quench the thirst of some other struggling soul. In other words, the first thing the Christian should do is to make an outlet from his storehouse of good things to the world, and should never allow that outlet to be clogged with tadpoles and lobsters of selfishness.

The next word of the commission is "today." Put the three words together and we have what Christ would have us do and when we should do it. "Go work." When? When we shall have finished our college course? No. When we are sent to China? No. "Go work today" is the instruction given by the Great Commissioner of the mission field. Note the adverbial phrase "today." Not four years from now; not two years from now; not next week; not tomorrow, but "today." Tomorrow never comes. Either it is today or never. "Evangelize or fossilize." "Better to wear out than rust out." The Christian armor in Eph. 6:10-17 has no provisions for retreating. There is no such thing as marking time on heaven's highway; no such thing as stagnation in the Christian life. We are either on our way to the mission field or the graveyard.

Put the whole text together and paraphrase it a little and we have, "Son or daughter, go work today in my vineyard." The adverbial phrase of place, "in my vineyard" gives us our

field. Now some one will ask where is this field or vineyard? Matt. 13:38 says, "The field is the world." "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground," Ex. 3:5. Dr. Fosdick says that this piece of real estate on which we stand is the most neglected of all lands. Oh that we could get our minds off China, India, Japan, etc. (till our time comes for those lands) and get busy now "today" here at home. Toiling for the salvation of Americans today will prepare us for fields more remote.

The sentiments of this article are the overmastering ambitions of many of the loyal students at W. M. C. Many of our young men and women are permeated with the missionary spirit, and they are working "today." Our Ministerial Seminar plans on a soul stirring campaign in neighboring towns this school year. The mission bands are lining up to study plans as how to best labor for the lost. The Young People's Society are planning on scattering *Present Truth* papers for the Master. And in all kinds of weather we'll all work together and see what can be done. We solicit the prayers of God's people that W. M. C. here at headquarters may become one hundred per cent action for the Master. "But His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." Jer. 20:9.

How to Get "Subs"

(Continued from Page 8)

But getting subscriptions is the question. The best way is to write home to all your friends. Write to your aunts and uncles, cousins and step-cousins. Tell them about our college and its activities. Make it plain that they need to subscribe to THE SLIGONIAN. But first of all get enthusiasm, if you have to get it through a dream. Then if our whole student body gets inoculated with a live school spirit, and each does his part, we'll make our SLIGONIAN a grand success!

A Trip Through Central America

WILLIAM RICHARDSON

PERHAPS the needs of Central America have been brought to your attention many times and in various phases and by different means, but in this article I wish to present the need as seen by me on an extensive trip through the Republic of Central America about five years ago. I am sure the need is just as urgent now as then.

It may be of interest to add that at that time I was not a Christian, therefore the observations would not be exactly along the same lines as a foreign missionary's, which is trained to observe certain things, but it only goes to further emphasize the great need of the Spanish-speaking countries which lie at our very doors and challenge missionary activities and efforts.

To get to my story. I am going to tell you of a few of the points of interest on a trip by rail into the interior of the Republic of Nicaragua. Like trips were made in several of the other countries, but this one will be most interesting and provide just about the same information as the others. There is a great similarity in the customs and habits of all the people of Central America.

Early in the morning of the 3rd of July, 1919, the detachment that was going to take the trip to the capital city of the Republic left the ship and boarded an official government train, which was provided for our benefit. On this train we were to go through some of the most fertile farming country to be found on the continent. The cool air of the early morning chilled us, but we knew that the sun would soon be up and that it would be a typical July day before long. It will be remembered that Nicaragua lies in the Tropics, and hot weather is the usual thing there, the temperature often running considerably over 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade.

The train was of the narrow gauge variety drawn by an oil-burning engine. The max-

imum speed was about twelve miles per hour, and the minimum was ever so slow. Perhaps you can get a better idea of the speed when I tell you that it took seven and one half hours for us to cover about 75 miles.

We left the ship at the port of Corinto, which is a beautiful little city of 10,000 inhabitants. This is Nicaragua, the largest West Coast port and is probably the largest port from California to the Canal Zone. Our first stop on leaving Corinto was a town called Chinandega. A very beautiful little town, and of special interest to the American tourist.

As we drew into the station, we saw a number of bullet riddled houses standing near the railroad. A little farther away we saw two Catholic churches which also bore the signs of battle. Upon inquiry we learned that this was the town where the American Marines met with the opposition in 1912. The native snipers had sought a hiding place in the towers of these churches and were firing on the Marines. Of course the Marines returned the fire with their machine guns and soon routed them. Despite the trouble then, there is a good feeling toward Americans now.

Most of the people of Chinandega, as well as the whole country in general, are of Spanish descent mixed with Indian. Quite a large number of Indians who had been more or less inoculated with the customs of the Spanish have also moved into the cities. A few of pure negro stock were to be found, also. Of course, with the meager civilization there is great immorality and ignorance.

Soon after we had left the city of Chinandega, we were among the very lowest kind of heathenism and ignorance. Countless numbers of naked children from the age of six to twelve were plainly visible from the train, and when they saw us they did not make any effort to hide themselves. Think of it! Just like cattle! I had heard that one could

find such conditions in dark Africa, but never dreamed they could be found right at our very door! Surely we have a message for those people. I am glad that there is power in the Gospel of Christ to lift a man up to a high plane of living, aren't you?

Well, we were soon speeding through the valley, which was the most wonderful pasture land that I had ever seen. The cattle were grazing in grass that was nearly tall enough to conceal them from view. I was told by the conductor that they raised some of the finest beef cattle there that are produced anywhere.

In just a few moments we found ourselves in a town called Chicigalapa. We were then told that we were five miles from the place we started from, and we had been riding about an hour to get that far! However, on account of the rough country we had been traveling all that time to get around a few mountains. On leaving this place we began our upward climb. Gradually we rose higher and higher up the mountain country until we could see the Pacific Ocean again. With the aid of a telescope, we were able to see the ship anchored in the harbor. We were in sight of the ocean until we got into the country about thirty miles. Then the high ranges cut off our view.

There were countless numbers of small towns along the way and we often jumped off the train and ran on ahead to do a little sight-seeing, catching the train as it came by. In some of the homes we found but one large room. It was crudely divided into sections. One section was occupied by the family pig and chickens. Another was used to cook in and contained a crude stove made of stone. The remaining portion seemed to be used for parlor, bedroom, and bath. It was evident that the whole family slept in the same room.

About eleven o'clock we began to approach the largest volcanoes in that section. They were many miles from our course, but seemed to be very near. Their lava poured out and settled down over the waters of the beautiful Lake Managua, for we were then ap-

proaching that most wonderful body of water.

After traveling for an hour or so, at this height we began to gradually wind our way down into the city of Managua, which was our destination. It looked about an hour of slow, thrilling travel for us to get down to level, and it was the first real thrill we had had that morning. The sharp curves and steep grade made it very hazardous. As soon as we reached the station we hastened to the fort which, since the trouble in 1912 had been occupied by a troop of American Marines.

That evening, we began to go around to see the city. Our conspicuous white uniforms attracted attention every place we went, and we had quite an enjoyable time while there. It was a very pretty little town of 10,000 people, and we were quite surprised to find that two of Henry Ford's machines had strayed down that way. They were owned by a company of American oil men who had gone there in the interest of oil. Many of the homes were furnished with solid mahogany furniture and were very attractive. This was found only in the upper class of homes, as most of the people don't take so much interest in their homes. Mahogany grows in abundance there so the people obtain the best of furniture at a very low cost.

Space will not permit me to tell you of all that I saw the four days I was there—how I voted, and of my visit to the leper colony and the Federal Penitentiary. But the thing that stands out most in my mind now is the condition among those poor people. They are held in bondage by the Catholic church and do not have the freedom of thought that you and I enjoy. They are practically without a Saviour. It is our bounden duty to take the gospel to such people, and I am sure there are many honest people there that would rejoice in Jesus as much as you if they had the opportunity of knowing anything about Him. Is it not time that we should arouse from our ways and surrender our wills to the Lord to such a degree that when the call comes, we will be able to answer as Isaiah of old, "Here am I, Lord, send me"?

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You cannot be with your friends all the time. Partings take place in all phases of life—especially in college life. Maybe Dad would like a picture, or probably Mother, brother or sister. Now that the holiday season is at hand, why not plan to send them the most intimate gift you possibly could present—your picture.

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The Campaign

WE have devoted this first issue of THE SLIGONIAN for 1924-25 to the Campaign. We want to start to boost your paper from the start. We want to put your paper in your homes, and in your friends' homes. Your home folks and friends want to keep in touch with your school life—let them do it through your paper, THE SLIGONIAN. Of course, you subscribe to your paper, but do your friends? If not—O, misfortune—see that they do! See that they have it in their reading racks so they may glean from its pages the gems with which we aim to overflow its columns.

There may be some in your community that anticipate attending W. M. C. in the future. Give them an opportunity to become acquainted with it by reading THE SLIGONIAN. Interest them in it and you'll win another student for W. M. C.

Boost the school; boost the paper; and you'll incidentally boost your own welfare. Boosting the school makes it larger; boosting the paper makes it stronger. A larger school and a stronger paper make for a better college career. Boost, students, Boost! J. L.

WHAT WILL THE SLIGONIAN DO?

SO many side glances of disapprobation have come my way in my daily round of affairs since school started that I turned upon myself with a puzzling countenance and inquired the cause of these scornful looks. At the same time I was deeply puzzled about THE SLIGONIAN—What could I do to make it an enviable periodical? Like a flash it darted through my cerebrum—the cause of my isolation was THE SLIGONIAN. Hastily my mind made a hurried retrospective review of some

of the past issues, and I sort of marveled then that the people even spared me my life. Why should this be? Is the interest of the students wholly taken up with other school work, so they do not care for a paper? Is a paper really essential? Or is the trouble with the Editor? All these questions took their turn in slowly revolving in my mind.

I decided the interest of the students would be with the paper if there was something in the paper in which to be interested. And quite surely the paper was essential to school life. It presents an opportunity to place before the public the activities of school life. It is a source of refreshment to those unable to return to school this year. It offers to the whole student body the privilege of joining in a work in which all may participate. And above all it offers to the prospective editor a chance to improve his talents, and acquire a little practical laboratory experience.

This year we aim to develop our paper to a position of high standard. Like the *New York Times* we aim to print "all the news that's fit to print," and publish a series of short, thrilling articles, notable for their brevity, snap, vim and enthusiasm. We aim to inculcate in THE SLIGONIAN all the qualities of a wholesome college career, all the time retaining the principles for which this institution was founded. According to our plans the missionary articles will echo the spell of the returned missionary and the ambitious designs of the prospective missionary. We wish to publish in our literary columns a wholesome brand of college literary productions, teeming with the spirit, joy, sorrow and pathos of school life. Through the columns

of the Alumni Department we want to have friendly talks with those that are bound to us with the close cords of friendship, but which have left our halls to seek the halls of life.

J. L.

IDEAS WANTED

AIMS are aims but they must be backed with action. We want you to feel that this is your paper, and that you have a vital interest in it. We crave your cooperation in the matter of suggestions, hints, articles or "brilliant ideas." If the paper is not what you want, *tell* us about it. If it lacks spirit and animation, *send* in an article effervescent with "spizerintgums." If any one department is behind and needs building up, promulgate your theories, for its upbuilding; and if they are better than ours, you shall verily receive your credit. But remember—Don't knock your school paper unless you have better plans than those being followed. *Write* it up—don't *knock* it down.

J. L.

OUR THANKSGIVING NUMBER

WHEN studies begin to press in rather hard on our daily routine; and it seems as if we have but little to think of the privileges and opportunities that lie at our feet; when laboratory assignments, "trig." problems, and collateral reading along with endless theses seem to form an unsurmountable mountain on the path of knowledge—then, even then, we turn most thankfully to a few days of rest and quite truly are thankful for Thanksgiving Day and the joy it brings to a student's life.

The staff has decided to issue a special number of THE SLIGONIAN for Thanksgiving. We will have special Thanksgiving articles by different students, and members of the school. We encourage you to offer any special suggestions you may have, or any brief items of interest for a Thanksgiving Number.

J. L.

A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT CAMPAIGN

ONE thousand subscriptions. Four prizes. Three weeks. The big campaign is now on. We're 277 strong and we're going to put things over the top. We want 1,000 subscriptions for THE SLIGONIAN and we're going to get them, because we're going after them. So, every man take his sword in hand and dash a little bloody ink across a sheet of paper. Tell the other fellow about our SLIGONIAN. He needs our paper and we need his subscription.

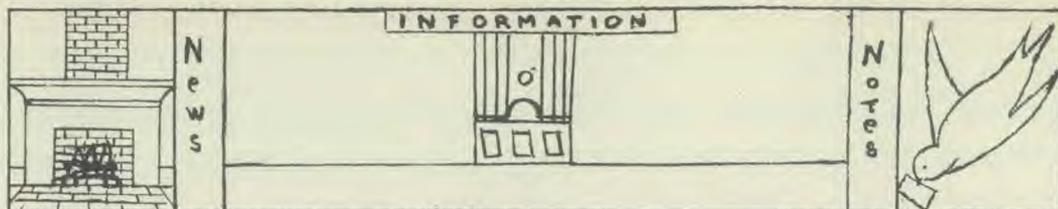
And to the man who wields his sword the mightiest, and farthest, to him who colors the streams of the south and makes crimson the snows of the north, to him who persuades most men that **they** cannot live without our beloved SLIGONIAN, we're going to give, First prize, a beautiful table and study lamp. And those who follow close in his footsteps will be effected in the following ways: second prize, a set of longed-for book ends; third prize, a fountain pen; fourth prize, a school pennant.

The school will be divided into two sides, the girls and the boys. The leaders for the girls and boys are, Maude Brooke and Calvin Pyle, with assistants to aid them. We hope they will rouse us to such action that our circulation manager will need half a dozen assistants.

The campaign launches forth on November 4, and closes November 25. That means that on November 25 every man must have at least four subscriptions to his credit. Woe unto him who falls short.

Had I my way, I would write over the door of every home, "Wanted—subscribers to THE SLIGONIAN of W. M. C." I would hang it on the walls of our schools, our sanitariums, and our publishing houses. I would engrave it on the mountains. I would teach it to the breezes. I would cause the brooks to sing it. I would seize the lightning's finger and write it against the sky. I would gather the thunder's roll and unite the forces of nature with the voices of men in one mighty appeal for THE SLIGONIAN.

S. U.



The Roll Call

CALIFORNIA—Truman Vlier.

COLORADO—George Gustafson.

CONNECTICUT—Jessie Bragan.

DELEWARE—Alfred C. Ellwanger, Ruth E. Heller.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Hazel Arkebauer, Henry W. Bacon, Harry E. Beddoe, Martha Bigelow, Charles Boyd, Ruth H. Burns, Winona Casey, Helen Conard, Monima Conard, Charles Conner, Blanch Detwiler, R. L. Kimbel, Promise Kloss, Elizabeth Neall, Helen Newcomb, Ruby Richmond, Betty Shorey, Melvin Shorey, Mary Taltamus, Naomi Taltamus, Bryan Votaw, Benjamin Wilkinson.

FLORIDA—J. Paul Chaplin, Naomi Krum, Nathaniel Krum.

GEORGIA—Maude Drooke.

ILLINOIS—Alfred Huenergardt.

INDIANA—Ernest Crawford, Mary Helen Tresslar.

KENTUCKY—Rozelle Miller, Mark Wheeler.

LOUISIANA—Sanford Ulmer.

MAINE—Emma Iverson, Minnie Iverson.

MARYLAND—Benjamin Anderson, Elizabeth Anderson, Eugene Anderson, Naida Barr, Dorothy E. Bartlett, Bula Botsford, William Bricker, Laura C. Campbell, Eugene Chaplin, Edwin Coyl, Walter Coyl, Winifred Crager, Anita Eastman, D. Robert Edwards, William R. Edwards, Paul Fisher, J. S. Glunt, E. M. Goodman, Eunice Graham, Lela Mildred Grant, Martha Greutman, Louise Grogg, Bertha Hanger, Russel B. James, Lawrence Kinker, Wilhelmina Knight, Edward Landis, Mrs. A. E. Lastinger, James Leland, Eleanor Lilly, John Lilly, Mrs. C. Lindberg, Carl Manry, Earl Manry, Phoebe Manry, Milton Marmaduke, Ethel Miller, Maude Miller, Alethea Morrison, Cleo Morrison, Howard Munson, Ethel Numbers, Florence Numbers, Hazel Numbers, Edith Nutter, Louise Olsen, Bertha Orange, C. Ernest Parrish, Don Phillips, Albert Plata, Donn Plummer, Dorothy Plummer, Calvin Pyle, Donald Reed, LeClare Reed, Bessie Reese, William Richardson, Marie Rogers, Oswald Roggenkamp, Pearl Roggenkamp, Willbur Roggenkamp, Rose Salisbury, Jessie Salter, Bessie Shaw, Horace Shaw, Charles Slade, Homer Slade, Hewitt Smith, Elva Snider, Franklin Souders, Ronald Spalding, Paul Starr, Laura Staughton, Walter Stilson, Merwin Sutter, John Timura, Katherine Tippet, William Toler, Sarah Van Gender, J. Arthus Walters, Beecher Warner, Louis Watts, Roy Watts, Paul Westbrook, Fenton Wilcox, Clyde Williams, Delas Williams, Reba Williams, Clara Wolfe, Wilton Wood, John Zimmerly.

MASSACHUSETTS—Christopher Mason, Maude Mason.

MICHIGAN—Lloyd S. Aspinwall, Glenn W. Geeting, Carl Montgomery, Fay Montgomery, Vernice Montgomery, Clare Stringer.

NEW JERSEY—Edith Bruce, Iris Bryne, Alfred E. Gilbert, Elmer Gilbert, William Hegel, Wilhelmina Hertzman, Francis Johnson, Florence Laurell, Leonard Laurell, Alma Mager, Edna Meinhardt, Ralph Meinhardt, Claoma Miller, Irene Scheer, Amelia Schultheiss, Harmon Splitter, Dorothy Stowe, Bernarr Whitcomb, Mabel White, E. Ferrand Willett, Mildred Worster, Edgar Wrigley.

NEW MEXICO—William Loveless.

NEW YORK—Raymond S. Finch, Leopold Fuchs, Orley Hammond, Pauline Hart, William McKeand, Maxine Ross, Florence Schwab, Janet Sunderland, Everett Ward, Louis Zink.

NORTH CAROLINA—Charles Ashworth, Paul E. Brinkley, Fredrick Rahm, Fyrnn Rahm.

OHIO—Rolland W. Belden, Mabel L. Colby, Bertha R. Evans, Frances A. Jirouch, Mildred McPherson, Ruth Michaelis, Twila Nixon, Faye Nothstine, Robert Price, Christopher Prior, Edgar S. Sanburn, Ralph Simpson, Florence Smith, Frank Spiess, Hubert Talmadge, John Taylor, Walter Taylor, Mary Truvinger.

OKLAHOMA—Frank Brewer.

PENNSYLVANIA—Mary E. Abbey, Monica E. Abbey, Dorothy May Adams, Ruth M. Adams, Loraine H. Baum, William Berry, Evelyn W. Brown, Victor Campbell, Joseph Cash, Clyde Cole, Arthur L. Cramp, LeRoy Dougharthy, Sara Detwiler, Emma Dinsmore, Norman C. Drake, Helen L. Edwards, Anna G. Gloor, Helen Hackett, Edward L. Hanson, Eleanor E. Hanson, Irvin H. Harrison, Lovey M. Henderson, Naomi R. Kilmer, Mark Kistler, Harold Lease, Jennie Lewis, Beryl Loop, Benjamin Miller, James R. Moore, Ross Plymire, William F. Quinn, Charles A. Rauch, Elizabeth Schneider, Hester Shelley, Gerald Shultz, G. Arnold Stevens, Rachel Stevens, Lawrence Stone, Donald Stonier, Regina Swingle, Willard Venen, Burt Williams, Dorothy Wolfe, Marion Wood, Inez Young.

SOUTH CAROLINA—Haynesworth Jervey, Gladys Youngblood, Katharyn Youngblood.

TENNESSEE—Bessie Morgan.

TEXAS—Jessie Belz, William O. Belz, Lucile Harper, Charles Mosley, Lorena Wilcox.

VERMONT—Frances Ball, Olive Ball.

VIRGINIA—M. Otis Bradford, Hazel Brent, E. Melvin Ellis, Grace Lee, Mary H. Lewis, Bertha Stoneberger, Lennie Tucker, Helen Wheeler.

WISCONSIN—Dorothy McChesney.

AFRICA—Wilfred Tarr.

BERMUDA—Irene C. Astwood.

CANADA—Edward R. Genge, James Trefz, Theo Weis.

NORWAY—Karen Firing.

SWITZERLAND—Agatha Metzger.

Miss Sarah Kloss of DeLand, Florida is visiting her niece, Promise Kloss of South Hall.

Miss Gibbs was made glad the first of October when her parents came for an extended visit. Meetings are joyful after two years of separation.

Ruth Konigmaker, a student of W. M. C. last year, has recently had an operation for appendicitis at the Washington Sanitarium.

Some of the boys of North Hall have enjoyed a few basket ball games between the old and new boys. Competition is strong, but the old boys have been victorious.

A large number of delegates from Takoma Park are attending the Fall Council at Des Moines, Iowa. The Council began the 14th and closed the 24th of October.

When Mr. C. L. Taylor came to work on Monday, Oct. 6, you couldn't see his face for the smile. Why? Because he had a baby boy at his home whose name is Bennett.

A point of interest to many was the graduating exercises of Washington Sanitarium and Hospital, which were held in Columbia Hall, Sept. 22. A class of thirty-six nurses finished, while at the same time a Freshman class came in with sixty-five members. These are the two largest classes in the history of the institution.

On September 20, the first Saturday evening of the school year, old and new students gathered in the auditorium of Columbia Hall to meet the faculty as well as become acquainted with each other. Torrents of rain poured outside, but the spirits of those within were cheery and gay. First, there was the usual handshaking, then, speeches and music, "Washington, My Washington," and last but not least, a pleasant "Good night" to all.

If you had walked into the Chapel Sept. 29 and seen the stacks of papers around, you would have known that the Harvest Ingathering Campaign was nearing home. And sure enough, on Wednesday, Oct. 1, we were glad to be dismissed from school to go do our "bit." All but a very few went out, and some who remained at home worked and gave their pay for the perishing millions. The girls of South Hall received over \$180 and the whole company has received about \$400 up to date and more is still coming. The Lord is surely blessing us.

The student body, with a number of teachers, went on a hike and marshmallow toast to "Old Acres" Saturday night, Oct. 4. The two miles en route was enlivened by songs and occasional bursts of laughter as some one "got a bright idea." Once there, the boys built two large bonfires from wood that was taken along in autos, and soon the darkness was dispersed by their blazing light. Four five-pound boxes of marshmallows furnished the boys and girls a chance to try their skill in toasting the dainty confection. Two circles were then formed around the fires, and, after a number of games, the party broke up and its participants returned to the college by the same route over which they had gone.

That the faculty is only a group of students grown a little taller was proved to any onlookers as the different members of the faculty with their families drove away with well loaded autos and heavily-packed lunch baskets on the afternoon of Oct. 7. The event? The annual faculty picnic, only this year there was a steam yacht trip down the Potomac thrown in extra. Stories, songs and games around the camp-fire had their part, but most enjoyable of all was the bountiful and carefully prepared lunch. The return home was a real moonlight trip. It was a day of real fun and relaxation, and even the most dignified unbent and entered heartily in the good times and wished for other similar events during the school year.

"What a difference just a few cents make." Last year's residents of North Hall will remember how they wished for a better assembly room and how they felt when a visitor attended their worship, with the room in such a dilapidated condition. Well! Those wishes have become a reality; and instead of the dirty, dingy, plasterless room of former years, they now meet in a newly painted, plastered, and papered room. How was this transformation wrought? Someone decided to overhaul the place, and through the labor of a number of willing workers, the task was accomplished. Mrs. Marsh contributed to make it homelike by hanging the curtains for the boys.

If you don't believe that a crowd of sixty girls can have fun all by themselves you should have been here Saturday evening, Sept. 27, as they left from South Hall in two large trucks for Burnt Mills, five miles away. Most all who had ears chewed them ravenously—that is ears of corn, of course,—for the occasion was a corn roast. Everyone within hearing distance can testify as to the healthiness of their lungs.

Don't ever think that our school isn't loyal to the Sanitarium, for it has laid claim to six of our girls for the nurses dormitory during the next three years. They were: Lavinia Miller, Mildred Straub, Freida Schneider, Mary Lee, Violet Whitman and Eleanor Thrush.

Every student experiences some kind of a call each fall, so this year Mary Virginia Woolley felt it her duty to remain at home for a year, since she had been our loyal comrade for the past four years.

Although Esther Hicks couldn't remain in school another year, we are proud that she loves her Alma Mater and stayed as near as possible by accepting the church school in the city of Washington.

What do you think? One of our former News Editors, Myrtle Brown, is teaching in an Episcopal school in New Jersey this year. She will be missed from the Sligonian Staff.

As we old students came back to school we missed the happy faces of Professor and Mrs. Damsgard, who are now in California, while he is studying at Berkeley.

Londona Corbett has been visiting here for a few days enroute to Washington, his home State, where he will enter Walla Walla College as a Senior this year.

Minnie Hicks, a graduate of the Home Economics Department last year, is enjoying a year of work in the Dietitian's School at Battle Creek. You remember that she is small in stature, but large in spirit.

A former student and preceptress during a summer month is now holding the responsible position as preceptress at Shenandoah Valley Academy. Can you guess who she may be? The position fits her exactly. Why sure, it's Dottie Franklin.

Professor Llorens reports that he and his secretary, Newell Atkinson, had a very enjoyable trip to Spain this summer where he conducted a Normal school for American teachers. They seem glad to be back with us, however Newell is not in school this year.

Many will be interested to know that we have enrolled up to date the total of 277 students. This number is larger than it was at this time last year. So you may recognize that our school is growing year after year.

The student body greatly appreciated Elder Weeks' talk in Chapel in which he related things seen and heard during his stay in China. He said that the Chinaman always replied "can do" or "no can do," when asked to do anything. The world needs people who "can do."

Many of the students and nurses of W. M. C. and Washington Sanitarium and Hospital visited Dr. Laurretta Kress on the evening her night-blooming Ceres bloomed. This plant blooms only once within a period of two to four years and the blossom remains open only a few hours.

To be in this college always inspire one to reach out to the fields beyond, so nine of our boys wended their way to the far west, Loma Linda, California to enter medical training. They are: Messers, Roy Parsons, Howard Morse, Theodore Kimball, J. W. Hayes, Russell Arnold, Floyd Neff, Hollis Russell, and Laddie Holcomb. We wish them joy in learning the functions of the human body.

The other day our President was getting statistics for the Educational Department, and he asked all of those who were working a portion of their way through school to rise. How many do you think stood to their feet? Three-fifths or 150 of our student body. Dr. Salisbury then said that a man told him that the students of W. M. C. thought they were too good to work, but it has been proven that we are just plain folks and love an education well enough to work for one.

WEDDING BELLS

A pretty wedding was held at the home of Professor Morrison, when on Sept. 11, Miss Grace Wilcox became the bride of Mr. William Richardson. Professor Morrison performed the ceremony in the presence of a small number of friends. After the ceremony, the couple left for a short trip. Mrs. Richardson, who was once our President's private secretary is now employed in the same capacity by Dr. Miller at the Sanitarium.

The wedding of Miss Esther Zimmer and Mr. Frank Yost was solemnized by a simple ceremony at the home of Professor and Mrs. H. A. Morrison. The young couple are now located in St. Paul, Minn., where Mr. Yost is connected with the local conference, as Home Missionary Secretary.

Another summer wedding of interest to old students was the marriage of Mr. Clay Mallick to Miss Lois Andrews of New York. After a brief honeymoon they made their home in West Virginia. Mr. Mallick was well known in W. M. C. circles, especially as a violinist.

Mr. George White and Miss Marian Whitcomb were married in the presence of a small company of friends and relatives by Elder Longacre. They are now comfortably established in their little home at 800 Flower Avenue.

Miss Muriel Henderson and Mr. Howard Munson were married during the month of August at the home of Dr. B. Franklin Bryan in Takoma Park. Mr. Munson was a student here last year.

Mr. Oscar Bell, a former student, was married to Miss Pearl Johnson at New Orleans, La., this fall. He is now connected with the faculty at Mt. Vernon Academy.

Miss Bessie Acton and Mr. Edward Levering were united in marriage on May 25 at Eustis, Florida. Mrs. Levering will be remembered as one of our normal directors last year.

Mr. Russell Arnold, '24 and Miss Helen Dessain of Washington Sanitarium were married July 22, in Cleveland Ohio, by Elder W. Swartz.

Mr. Harold Crawford and Miss Etta Graff were married during the last few months.

ALUMNI NEWS NOTES

The home of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Votaw was the scene of a pretty wedding June the 8th when Miss Verna Botsford was united in marriage to Mr. Bryan Votaw. After an extended trip in New England, Mr. and Mrs. Votaw returned to Takoma Park where they are now at home with friends. Mr. Votaw is in school this year.

Columbia Hall was again artistically bedecked with wedding decorations on June 28, when Miss Myrtle Arkebauer was united in holy wedlock with Mr. Ernest Pohle, '24. Immediately following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Pohle took a brief motor trip, later returning to Takoma Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Pohle, in response to a call from Central America, left Oct. 21 for New Orleans, the port from which they sailed. A large number of friends were present at the station to bid them God-speed, and others of us join in wishing them success in their new field.

The class of '24, though small, has scattered out over the entire continent of North America, from Canada in the North to Guatemala in the south, and from New Jersey in the East to California in the West.

A beautiful church wedding was given in Columbia Hall, when Miss Edythe Detwiler and Mr. Paul Arnold were sacredly united in the bonds of matrimony. The ceremony was performed by Elder Detwiler, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, a brother of the bride. After the reception the newlyweds left for a short honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold are now at home in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, where both are teaching this year.

Maynard V. Campbell, '24 and Miss Vera Howard of Watsford Herts, England, were married at the home of a mutual friend by the groom's father in the presence of many distinguished guests. The wedding, though not a large one, was beautiful in its simplicity. Following the ceremony, a short program was given which was in compliment to an old English custom, but which was delightfully received by all. A short time later Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left for Canada where he is engaged in evangelical work.

Takoma Park Church was the scene of a beautiful wedding when Miss Ethel Longacre became the bride of Mr. H. B. Hannum. The couple were married by the bride's father and after a brilliant reception left for an extended trip to the home of the groom's parents. Last year Mr. Hannum was head of the music department at S. W. J. C., in Keene, Texas. This year he is assistant of music at W. M. C. Mrs. Hannum is a member of the class of '23. Mr. and Mrs. Hannum are now at home at 108 Park Avenue.

On September 3 Miss Marian Brooke was married to Thomas Alexander Little, at the home of the bride's parents at Alpharetta, Ga. Preceding the ceremony a musical program was rendered. The altar was arranged at the front entrance to the lawn and the ceremony was performed under an arch of green and white studded with soft lights. The matron of honor was Mrs. Ben. F. Summerour, sister of the bride, and the maid of honor was Miss Maude Brooke, the younger sister of the bride, a student of W. M. C. Mr. John C. Thompson of Nashville, Tenn., was best man. Following the reception the bride and groom left for Walla Walla, Wash. Both are graduates from W. M. C., Class of '17.

The Faculty Surveyed

(Continued from Page 10)

Such is our faculty. A faculty whose interest is centered in us as students. It can be said with confidence that if each and every person connected with our school will guard carefully against the grit of disaffection and keep the wheels of college life well lubricated with the oil of good fellowship this year will be the high water mark of efficiency in W. M. C.

W. M. C. Not An Insane Asylum

LEE R. MARSH

YOU can't get away from the fact that you are duty bound to be a booster in the Sligonian Campaign. Unless you are loyal to the student activities of the school, you are not a "lifter" but a "leaner" in W. M. C.

It is said that the reason the inmates of an insane asylum don't break out against the guards is because crazy people never cooperate. They can't get together on any proposition. Now let us prove our sanity by getting together on this sane program.

I have heard it said that the students of W. M. C. don't possess enough school spirit to back up a real student drive of any kind. That they are asking for this, complaining because they don't have that, and continually wanting something; but ever and always failing when their efforts are needed in a student drive. Sorta' nursery "kids" who "lean" instead of "lift".

I say, "It is a lie." We are going out for 1,000 "subs" and we are going to get them. The best school in the denomination ought to have the best student paper and the largest subscription list. And while we boost THE SLIGONIAN we will boost the school.

Anyone who is caught "slacking" in this drive ought to be dropped over the Sligo bridge. If you don't intend to help, pin a sign on your back saying, "I'm Crazy" and we will not only excuse you but put you where you belong. We have no room for crazy, lazy, or indifferent people at W. M. C.

"Throw away your wishbone, straighten up your backbone, stick out your jaw-bone, and go-to-it." This is the place; now is the time; let's go! Let's make this the greatest student drive W. M. C. has witnessed in many a year. Let everyone of us resolutely determine that we will positively see this thing through to a glorious triumph and prove to all critics that there is real school spirit in W. M. C.

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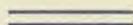
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