

The Sligonian

Thanksgiving
Number

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Number Two

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To Give Thee Thanks

W. H. Jervey

Methinks I see that Pilgrim band
Set foot upon the storm-girt strand—
And nought with them but barest life
Backed by a nerve, a will to do,
A faith, a hope, to serve Him true
Who died for them so long ago.
He led them from their homes abroad
To freely serve on foreign sod
As monarch's laws forbade them do.
Theirs was no trip for pleasure made—
Theirs was no flight as if afraid—
They sought and found for conscience' sake
A wilderness for home, and bowed
Upon the new-found shore uncowed,
To give Him thanks.

And then, methinks,
I see the long, drear winter fling
Upon their roofless heads the sting
Of storms—the messages of wrath
Indignant Nature sends to make
Men's hearts grow faint and quake
When trespassing on land of her
Domain. From out the darkling wood
Glide copper-colored men whose blood
Runs high with hate; whose hands grip hard
The bow and quiver to affright
The stranger's life—to haunt his night,
And daylight hours of toil. At dark
The skulking wolf howls from the cleared
Land's edge, and threats and omens weird
Shriek in the North Wind's blast. I see
Them labor in the clutch of Death
To live, and as they gasp for breath
The Pestilence like tidal surge
Sweeps through their midst 'till six of them
Alone are left to fight and stem
The flood of sickness in the weak
And dying ninety-four. I see
The graves dug, one a day, then three
And four up on the Burial Hill:
And then to keep the Indian braves
From knowing how they died, the graves

Themselves are plowed and planted o'er
Lest they be counted and their loss
Be shown. Yet though all Nature toss
Into their cup the poisoned dregs
They drink it dry, and, bowing low,
See through their tears God's promised Bow
And give Him thanks.

I see the Spring
Flush green and fair from tree and bush;
I hear the song-note of the thrush
From out the verdant woodland—Mocks
The trill of argent stream his song.
The skies grow blue; all Nature's wrong
Transmuted to a Glorious right
Smiles on the living half of those
Which landed on these shores, whose woes
O'ercame them not. I see the corn
Grow up and ear; the barely grains
Take head beneath the Summer's rains
And ripen full. I see the care-marked face
Break out in smile around the board
Heaped high with food. From death secured
By plenteous stock of grain and game;
With buried tomahawk and shaft
Of foes in twain, the Fathers draft
Upon their knees a different cup—
The cup He caused to overflow
With nectared honey-dew. They know
The anointing oil's soft caress,
And give Him thanks.

Those times are gone—
I see instead the dawning day
Gleam bright upon *us* in the way
We tread. No wolf may prowl about
Our door, no redskin seek our life
To take, no pestilence be rife
In *our* midst—but in *our* walk
Amid the perils of the Devil's darts
Lord give us grace, O, touch our hearts
And teach us as the Pilgrims did
To give Thee thanks!

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VOL. IX

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No. 2

Present World Entanglements—Part I

The Astounding Action of the League of Nations

DR. B. G. WILKINSON

WITHIN the past few weeks the world entered a new era. Events of astounding portent have followed one another in rapid succession. The League of Nations, organized in 1919, has just closed its Fifth Annual Session with a result that has challenged attention everywhere. England has ordered a battle fleet to a permanent patrol of the Mediterranean, when in 1904 that nation withdrew her destroying boats from those waters. The fall of the English Cabinet was rapidly followed by a national election of universal importance. At the same time, General Bliss of the United States, who was present at the League session, and Secretary Hoover have warned the American people of the impending danger of a war which will blot out civilization.

In other words we stand at the bedside of a world deathly sick. What is the remedy? The Democrats propose the League of Nations. The Republicans propose the Dawes plan. La Follette proposes a National and International re-alignment. In this hour let each one soberly ask himself, "Am I drunk with the wine of Babylon?"

The close of the world conflict found the war-worn nations asking themselves the question, "How can we prevent another world war?" Guglielmo Ferrero, the famous Italian historian says, "We are headed towards chaos. Wars and revolutions menace Europe like angels of wrath." Sir Cyprien Bridge, the British Admiral, said, "There is only one problem, and it is the problem of the coming

conflict between the two halves of the human race, the white and the colored."

The League of Nations was formed to make impossible the dreadful threat. Inspired by the hope of its future greatness one nation after another has joined the League. It was launched with thirteen members only, and they all were Allied Powers. Later thirteen neutrals, then three of the five enemy states, until now fifty-four nations are members of the League. Of these forty-nine were present at the Fifth Annual Session held in Geneva, Switzerland, September, 1924. To this Session came the British Premier, Ramsey MacDonald and the French Premier, M. Herriot. All other nations had a foreign Secretary or an ex-foreign Secretary in their delegation. The British Premier looks forward to Russia's entrance into the League. While about the time of the Session, word came that Germany had officially considered its entrance and had taken a decision favorable, provided present understandings were completed.

On October 2, 1924, the Assembly approved and adopted the Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International disputes and for preparation for World Conference on Disarmament, June, 1925. In plain language, this momentous decision was an action forwarded to all nations for adoption, which would declare refusal to arbitrate, on the part of any nation, an act of aggression. Even if a nation refuses to accept the Protocol, it was the understanding of the League that such attitude would not (*Continued on Page 11*)

My Boy in School

ARTHUR W. SPALDING

I HAVE a son in school, two sons, in fact. They know what I want of them, what I expect. That, however, is a matter we keep between ourselves, and I do not wish to advertise my expectations of what those strapping young fellows will accomplish. But it occurs to me that there are certain aspirations common to all fathers, certain elements of success which may be desired for all sons; and of those I may speak as applying to my son, and not alone to him but to every young man in school.

I wish, then, for my son in college that he shall belong to three fraternities. They are the greatest fraternities in the world, bar none, even though they do not flaunt Greek letters for their names. They are not easily "made," they are entered through no "tap" on the shoulder, they are not concerned with "pins" nor "grips" nor "hops." They are fraternities of men.

First of all, I wish him to belong to the Society of Hard Workers. I want him to get a vision of the great work to be done in the world, the tremendous task awaiting the disciples of Jesus Christ in the finishing of the gospel message and the ushering in of everlasting righteousness. I want him to see the millions upon millions of people in dark Africa, in teeming China, in far-stretching South America, in the far-flung islands of the sea, millions of men sunken in vice and superstition, wailing, "We know no other gods but these!"

I want him then to gird himself for a steady, untiring, profitable life of service by the side of our Lord Jesus Christ. I know that if he catches this vision, if he follows it, he will be a worker with brain and hand, he will be self-controlled and self-denying in all his impulses and appetites. I am proud of him now that he shoulders an axe in the

afternoon instead of a ball bat, that he handles a carpenter's hammer instead of a croquet mallet. I don't want him to be a *la-de-la* boy whose hero is a maxillary south-paw and whose chief concern is to keep the shine on his shoes and off his nose. I expect him to dig in his toes in the furrow rather than on the cinderpath, and to do more important footwork than stepping on the gas.

For I know well that the man who carries the flaming torch of the herald of Jesus Christ will be the man who in school learned from experience the solid realities of life, and made his hands skilful and his brain firm-fibered. He will belong to the Society of Hard Workers.

Next, I want him to be a member of the fraternity of Straight Thinkers. He must learn that guesses and credulities are false guides to truth. He must accept authority, well proved, to the extent of starting him upon the trail, and he must have faith for his compass all along the road. But he must also know that he must think for himself. In every phase of human thought there is a solid ground of experience, of fact. On every side of that fact lie mysteries. His work is, through experience to make for himself a standing-ground of fact, whether it be in the realm of the physical, of the social, of the philosophical, or of the spiritual; and from that solid ground, oriented by his faith and directed by his reason, to push back the veil of mystery and to extend ever farther the bounds of proved truth. Too many there are today whose credal feet stand upon the quagmire of hearsay and whose light is the *ignis fatuus* of spurious science. The omniscient God is the infinite truth. To go on to know more of Him, regardless of creeds and priest-hoods, demands, first faith, and then straight thinking.

Last, I want my son to be a member of the Brotherhood of the Kind Heart. The callow arrogance that comes with superficial learning and social elevation is a severe handicap to any young man. Too many undergraduates join the Society of the Cold Shoulder, making for themselves cliques, circles, coteries, and classes, with their chief distinctions superciliousness and buncombe. They magnify to themselves their cheap attainments in repartee, in debate, in sartorial adornment, or in athletics, and look upon the nonelect as *peris* look upon jinns. Weak characters easily fall into these associations, and through their influence aggravate social and spiritual qualities already bad. They are marked by men of understanding as Grade C.

Such unpleasant attributes can be eradicated only by the indwelling grace of the love of Christ. To many men and women it is a great effort to be sociable. From self-

consciousness and timidity as often as from conceit, they are inclined to withdraw within themselves; and such persons often find relief in the exclusive society of one or a few friends. It is well to make such affinities, but sociability must not stop there if one would serve his fellow men. The Christian is to be the friend of all men. Great as should be the student's effort in intellectual and physical pursuits, just as vigorous should be his study and effort to make the social ideal of Christ. Let him seek to cast out from his heart pride, self-consciousness, and self-seeking. Let him smile at the world, offer ever a helping hand, and extend upon every side the benefits of his increasing ability and will to serve. Let him be—my son—a Brother of the Kind Heart.

To work, to think, to love: I warrant you that my son, if he live up to that ideal, shall make his school no vain thing.

Union Day, Africa's Thanksgiving

WILFRED F. TARR

UNION DAY is always a great day for everybody in South Africa. However, in order that the reader may fully understand the significance of this day, it will be necessary to trace in brief the history of South Africa.

In the Fourteenth Century Portugal was a great commercial and sea-faring nation, and at that time she held the monopoly of the trade with India. However the journey across Europe was a very tedious and dangerous one, so men began to wonder whether there was not a way by sea around the large continent which lay south of them.

With this in mind Bartholomew Diaz, a great sailor, set sail from Lisbon and, after several attempts, rounded the Cape of Storms in 1492. He landed at what is now called Table Bay or Cape Town. For years this was

used as a watering place. Fresh supplies of meat were also obtained, by barter with the natives.

Gradually men began to settle there, mostly Hollanders, until there was a small colony around Cape Town. Toward the middle of the Seventeenth Century a man was sent from Holland to act as governor of this colony. His name is Jan van Rieback.

By this time, however, Great Britain had gained supremacy over the sea, and she saw in Table Bay a good watering place so she at once began a campaign to gain possession of this place. With a very little effort on her part she accomplished this, and in the year 1820 a few hundred settlers landed at Table Bay. Upon the British taking possession of the Cape the Dutch began to penetrate into the interior where they *(Continued on P. 6)*

Did You Get Anything?

R. W. BICKETT

DID you ever go out nutting for a day, and on your return to the neighborhood of your home hear someone call out "Did you get anything?" Did you ever attend a carnival in the years gone by and take a chance with some of those rings which are sold three for a nickel, and did you try to throw one of those rings so that it would encircle the cane with the dollar attached, and then a little later have one of your acquaintances shout to you "Did you get anything?" Did you ever attend just a regular class recitation, and at the close of the day have a member of the class, who is making a collection of re-registration blanks, ask "Did you get anything in class today?" Have you ever gotten up in the morning, felt too sad to "raise a song," and all the morning walked on in indigo vanor? Did you ever try leisuring lonely in a wood as a cure? If you did, the crowd that "sits around and plucks blackberries" upon your return asked in a sarcastic tone "Did you get anything?" As if a creature with a soul must be tied down to some insignificant thing that he can pick up and handle with his hands, or something he can put in his stomach or pocket and bring home with him. As if the only way to get a thing is with the hands. The idea of getting a thing inside without the process of eating or drinking is beyond the ability of the "blackberry eaters."

"Let's wander in the woods this afternoon, mon cher ami?" said one student to another on a cool day in November.

"Ooh! What for? There's nothing to see but dead leaves and scraggy bare old trees," replied his friend.

Nothing to see! What is the matter with a person like that?

It is the common belief among people generally that to love the study of nature is

equivalent to being just a little "off" and to manifest any pleasure in it is effeminate. These are perverted ideas that we get from having the World too much with us. Our ideas of the origin of man and all religion is generally held in contempt by the World, but the World cannot adhere very close to truth in its isolation from God and Nature.

The following statement in "Ministry of Healing" requires silence for a comment: "Those who take a mournful pleasure in all that is melancholy in the natural world, who choose to look upon dead leaves rather than gather the beautiful living flowers; who see no beauty in grand mountain heights and in valleys clothed with living green: who close their senses to the joyful voice which speaks to them in nature, and which is sweet and musical to the listening ear,—these are not in Christ." Page 251.

Union Day, Africa's Thanksgiving

(Continued from Page 5)

might enjoy the liberty which hitherto had been theirs.

In 1902 war broke out between the Dutch and English in which the former attempted to gain their independence. This was known as the Boer War. However, they failed hopelessly.

There were now four states in South Africa, namely, Cape Colony, Transvall, Orange Free State, and Natal. On the 31st of March 1910 these states united and formed the Union of South Africa.

This day is now celebrated all over South Africa. It is the day on which all the sports are held, parties go picnicking, and on the whole, everybody forgets the cares and worries of life and gives himself over to pleasure and rest.

A Thanksgiving Day in China

FREDERICK LEE

IT WAS a band of most thankful missionaries who met around the festal board in Shanghai, China, that eventful Thanksgiving Day of 1911. Throughout the whole country revolution was raging. The most remarkable movement against dynastic imperialism which the world had ever seen was then well under way. The revolutionary conflagration, begun by the explosion of a bomb in a little house next to the home of one of our missionaries in Hankow, was now spreading like wild fire all over the country. From the north and west our missionaries had been forced to make their escape by devious ways to Shanghai. The inland places were unsafe for women and children, and all were compelled to leave their stations. The vast territory of China, so long peaceful, was now in the throes of a desperate struggle and no one could tell what disaster a day would bring forth.

One party of missionaries coming down from central China had to pass through the line of battle. The shots and shells flew over and about the little steamship as it took its hazardous way down the broad Yangtzi River. Another party had to pass through dangerous inland territory and make their way to Shanghai by a round about trip through Peking. In Peking they found great excitement as the ancient throne of the Manchus appeared to be tumbling. The boy-Emperor was trembling on his throne. His court was in a state of great confusion as the news of the successful revolutionists came up from the south lands.

Our little band of missionaries in the city of Nanking, was daily hearing the rumblings of the storm that was raging on the upper Yangtzi. Suddenly one day it burst upon our peaceful city. All night the booming of the guns kept the inhabitants awake, as the battle raged at the south gate. Raucous cries

ascended upon the midnight air as armed and unorganized soldiers wandered about the streets. The old tartar general was determined to hold the city for the Manchus, and it looked as if our great walled city was in for a long siege. The city gates were closed tightly and sealed, and orders were given to let no one in or out except on the personal pass of the great general.

I was awakened one morning as the booming of the guns sounded nearer. The confusion throughout the city was alarming. Calling at the American Consulate that morning, I discovered that most of the American residents were assembled there, having been called there by the American Consul. As I arrived the Consul had just decided that all Americans must leave the city for Shanghai. A detachment of American Marines would be ready in two hours, and all must be ready to leave with them. It was a grand rush to get ready at such short notice.

Hurrying back home I notified my wife, and the family living with us that we must leave at once. Everything had to be left as it was, and we only had time to pack a suit case or two. We arrived at the Consulate, after passing through a mob of insolent soldiery, just in time to enter the long procession to the railway station outside the city. The gate was especially opened at the order of the general, to let our procession through. The party left immediately for Shanghai.

It was necessary for me to return to the city with the Consul in order to look after certain interests that could not be abandoned so suddenly. Remaining in the city while the battle raged in the southwest corner, I was able to provide protection to many of our Chinese believers. It was finally necessary for me to leave. Being unable to secure a pass to leave the city, I took the place of one of the Marines who daily went in and out of

the city secretly by the railway gate. I thus reached the Shanghai railway outside the city. After several adventures I arrived at Shanghai one Sabbath morning afflicted with a raging fever. I sat huddled about the little stove shaking with malarial fever in one of the missionaries' homes until my wife returned from Sabbath school. Several weeks of fever ensued, but finally the nights and days of agony turned to peace and calm.

Thanksgiving Day approached as the fever left me. Our missionaries had congregated in Shanghai from many places. I made the suggestion to some who came to visit me about having a Thanksgiving dinner together. As it seemed so appropriate and such a privilege, the suggestion was received with enthusiasm, and soon the booming of the guns which had rung in our ears, and the distressing sights we had seen were forgotten in the planning for the "mock-turkey," cakes, cranberry sauce, and pies. I hoped to have fully revived by that time, and to be prepared with a good appetite after my long weeks of fever. Never had there been such a fine opportunity for fellowship and enjoyment among those missionaries who had come from many a lonely inland station.

The day dawned bleak and dreary as it often does down on the lower levels of the Hwangpoo River, but within the hearts of the missionaries there was thanksgiving,—thanksgiving for the care and protection of the past eventful weeks; thanksgiving for the rare opportunity of fellowship and the renewal of home associations.

It was indeed a merry party that assembled in that upper chamber where the long table was spread with "dainties" and substantial dishes, gleaned from the little Chinese stores of the city. As usual with Thanksgiving dinners, the table "groaned" beneath the weight of good things, though we were in the land of China, far from the thanksgiving land.

While the battle raged throughout the land, the American peace for which our forefathers fought reigned within our hearts. We only wished that upon this Thanksgiving Day the peace and prosperity brought to the land of our birth might be vouchsafed to this land of our adoption. It was with a greater determination to hasten on the glad day of peace and goodwill in all lands that we scattered to our homes throughout the refuge city on that Thanksgiving Day in the year of the "Great Revolution."

Prize Articles

The following articles are the second series of prize articles. They are selected for their adherence to the topic as well as for their literary qualities. Next month's topic "My Use of Time—A Confession."

The Gospel of Thanksgiving

W. H. JERVEY

THE time of Thanksgiving is here again, fragrant with the aroma of pumpkin pie and cranberry sauce, and filled with thoughts of Pilgrims and thankfulness. "But," you say, "what's all this thanksgiving about, anyway? What's the idea of my giving thanks? Just because some Puritans had a few bushels of corn and some turkeys for dinner one day, way up by Plymouth Rock, does that mean that I must echo their thanks every time the last Thursday in November rolls around?

Listen, friend, did you ever consider that it is our *duty* to be thankful; that we are commanded to be so in God's Gospel of Thanksgiving; that it is just as much a duty as tithing? And the command does not stop with mere thanksgiving for good things received, but says, "In *everything* give thanks." Now, just what does that mean? It means that our thankfulness must cover the ill things which come to us as well as the good.

This is more easily understood when we realize that nothing which comes to us is ill. Our lives progress and develop by a

series of sharp antagonisms, without which we could not exist. This law of growth under difficulties is the law of the world, and it is true that we rise, not, in spite of, but, because of, those very obstacles which we call ills. Without them we would be like the jellyfish, spineless creatures of a lower form of being. Hence it is, that not only *nothing* is ill, but that *everything is good*. If we have poverty it is because we have neglected opportunities of accumulation; if we have sickness it is because we have disregarded the laws of our physiology, and the very poverty and disease are sent to us by a loving God to bring us back to the right course of living.

Thankfulness is of a composite nature; that

is, it is composed of more than simple joy derived from benefits, for with this joy must be love for the benefactor. Joy, unmixed with love, can be felt by man, beast, or demon, and it is only when joy and love go hand in hand that that thanksgiving spoken of in the Gospel is attained. The Pilgrim Fathers early learned this secret, and in their joy from the benefits—though oftentimes these benefits came in the form of plague and famine—and in their love for the Benefactor, they gave Him thanks.

What do you say, friend? Let's not wait for the last Thursday in November next time, but each day read a chapter in the Gospel of Thanksgiving, and, obeying the command, in everything give thanks!

Thanksgiving

FLORENCE NUMBERS

- T** Thankfulness. At this season of the year especially, our hearts should be filled with thankfulness for the many blessings we have received during the year.
- H** Home. As Thanksgiving approaches, how many hearts turn toward home, the dearest spot on earth, where Mother is awaiting them with the usual Thanksgiving dinner. There they can sit once more around the family fireside and be thankful for the comforts of home.
- A** America. Here our forefathers celebrated the first Thanksgiving. Here they met to thank God for preserving them through the first trying days of their pioneer life in the new world.
- N** Nation. From this band of faithful men and women, our country has developed into the great and prosperous nation which we find today. Should we not, then, be thankful for their bravery.
- K** Kindness. "Just the art of being kind," is the greatest need of the world today.
- S** Service—To our fellow men; scattering cheer and kindness.
- G** Gratitude. God is the author of all good. Every blessing which we enjoy comes from Him. In view of this fact, should not our hearts be filled with gratitude for all that He has done for us?
- I** Interest. There are many who are less fortunate than ourselves. Let us take a real interest in them and help to bring happiness into their lives at this time.
- V** Victory. As we look back over the past year, we should be able to see victories gained in our lives.
- I** Improvement. We can make our failures "stepping stones to success," and determine to be of more real service during the coming year.
- N** Need. Never was the world in greater need of kindness, love and sympathy than it is today. If, at this season of the year, we will
- G** Give. Give the sympathy and help that is so much needed, instead of thinking only of ourselves and our own pleasures; we shall be far happier and appreciate more fully the meaning of Thanksgiving.



More of the Campaign

LIKE the pent-up surging billows held back by a massive dam, gush forth in a mighty cataract, roaring, seething and flooding everything before it with its foaming, boiling waters, so the two rival factions in the Sligionian Campaign have burst forth neck and neck in a campaign that threatens to become one of the best and warmest in the history of this institution. Colors fly high; actions speak enthusiasm; and dollar bills are continually being slipped into the treasurer's pockets, while the subscription list is growing like a toad stool. It is a period when eyes give lectures and actions speak volumes.

The competition between the girls and boys has been the source of engendering strained relations between former friendships. One boy says since the campaign started the girls will not so much as cast their eyes upon him. When they pass each other on the school highway their eyes trail off into diametrically opposite directions. No doubt this one particular case is a little extreme; and friendships are not always as they appear; but it remains a fact that the partizan enthusiasm is rampant.

It is well understood that in a campaign of this kind there must be some neutral members. The leaders and those having to deal alike with both teams, would naturally be classified in this group. It is queer to note the precarious position in which these members have found themselves. They are accused of being partial to one or the other sides; and the slightest indication of favoritism toward one side is the sign for severe criticism and acute punishment by the other side. The neutrals were the recipients of vehement denunciation by the sponsors of the "Greens" because they bedecked themselves

with the colors of the "Orangemen" at an exclusive Orangeman's banquet. With all due respect to the excuses of the neutrals in "doing as the Romans when in Rome," the Greens are highly indignant, and it almost seems as if the neutrals are going to have to suffer the consequences of their apparent partizan attitude. However, an opportunity may arise when the neutrals can prove their non-partial spirit and atone for the blot that is ascribed to them.

The airplane registering device that the two teams have of recording their respective scores is a source of daily interest. Two planes, one Green the other Orange, are flying from both ends toward the center over the rostrum in chapel. When the two planes meet in the center the goal of 1,000 subs will have been reached. As often as it is expedient the two Campaign Leaders are given the opportunity just before the students pass out of chapel after chapel exercises, of adjusting their respective planes and thus recording the scores, up to date. Hundreds of letters have been sent out to various individuals and churches. If only a part of those written to should answer with subscriptions the planes will be in danger of colliding in the center of the wire, where the 1,000 mark is placed. J. L.

"Thank You"

HOW many times do you make that statement each day? How many times do you mean it when you do say it?

We all remember when we were small children, and some one gave us something real good, and we were so glad to get it that we turned around to walk away with our gift, with an inward rejoicing, but no outward expression of it. And just about that time Mother would turn us around and tell us to

say "Thank you," and we'd bashfully mumble "Tank you." Thus we learn that lesson through many painful experiences.

As students in school many of us well know what it means to fail in a course of study. As I think of this course of courtesy, or Thank-youness, I believe I would rather fail in any one of my studies or all of them, than to fail in learning well this one.

Youth is the time when ambition fires the soul. It rocks the cradle of our life. And it may get us where we are going but we won't stay there long without character, and one of the chief elements of character is courteousness, and one way to be courteous is to simply say "Thank you" and mean it.

So let us go forth from this place, at this time thanking not only God but our fellow men. "For no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself," and so I thank you.

S. U.

The League of Nations

(Continued from Page 3)

permit them to be wholly free from intervention by the League in case of a questionable warfare. As Aristide Brand, who has been many times Premier of France, in a closing address, said, "The Protocol formed by the League of Nations constitutes the most formidable obstacles to war ever devised by the human mind. If it is voted, you, its framers and sponsors, will have the right to say you have installed peace in the world."

Thus the last great world combination is forming, when nations never were so jealous and competitive as now. Thus the great combination cries, "Peace and safety," while airplane factories and armament industries are working day and night. What does the Bible say? "For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say, 'Peace and safety;' then sudden destruction cometh upon them."

WE GIVE THEE THANKS

W. H. BACON

O God, our Father, from whose hand,
Our blessings does bestow.
We ask that Thou accept our thanks,
For blessings here below.

May we as servants of Thy cause,
Remember Thou art Lord,
And sing our praises to the sky,
For all our rich rewards.

Our board is piled with rich returns,
From out Thy bounteous store.
O God Thou has fulfilled our needs,
We could not ask for more.

Well might the angels sing of him,
Who on us sheads such wealth.
Who's blessings overflow our cups,
With prosperity and health.

Naught of this wealth which we embrace,
But what has come from Heaven.
Naught of our joy, our peace, our rest,
But what our God has given.

If then with blessings such as these,
We turn not to the Lord,
To thank Him for such untold love,
We may not ask for more.

Oh well might then the God who made,
All things that is and was,
Reverse his blessing on the race,
And curse the very sod.

To Thee, O God, we raise our praise.
We ask Thee for Thy care.
Give to Thy servants bread.
Feed Thou our souls with truth inspired.

A Recipe for a Worthwhile Life

V. H. C.

MIX in equal proportions: one bundle of good health, one case of a clear mind, one big heart, and all the sole (soul) you can secure. Mix slowly and carefully, season with thyme (time) and flavor with a little experience.

Caution! Use none of the spice of gossip, the vinegar of disappointed hopes, the root of all evil or the bone of contention!

Tongue may be used sparingly; if in excess it spoils the whole.

If adopted on the daily menu this recipe should be served steadily every day for any variation from it makes the whole recipe worthless.

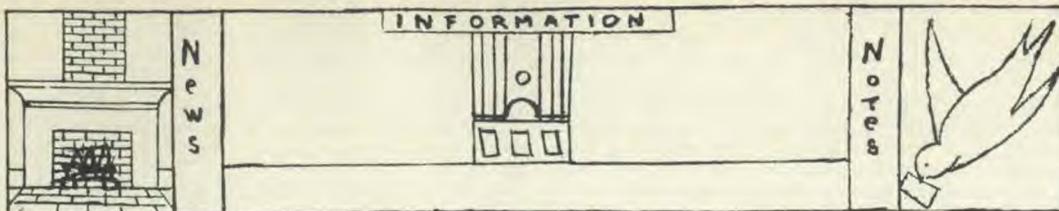
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HARVEY A. MORRISON, President
Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.



When the faculty marched in for chapel on Oct. 15 we were glad to see Professor Marsh in the chair of the speaker. He certainly gave us a timely message, especially in the beginning of this year when we are so apt to waste our moments. Some of the remarks were: "Time and tide wait for no man." "The best day of the week is the one which comes seven times a week, and that is Today." "Time is the most valuable of elements." We will gladly welcome more of his stirring talks.

"Getting by Your Hoodoo," was the title of the first number of the lecture, given by Mr. Sam Grathwell, Nov. 1. For over an hour Mr. Grathwell held his audience spell-bound as they listened to his remarkable story of personal achievement, and his fundamental rules for surmounting obstacles which bar human progress.

I know that many people go down Flower Avenue and are attracted by a homey little bungalow with the name hanging outside which is quite artistic. It has been named "Rothborne" from its occupants, Prof. J. W. Osborne and Mrs. Osborns, *nee* Miss Roth.

South Hall seems to become the home of all stray animals such as dogs and cats. Recently the girls became real kind and bathed a pure-white kitty which they named Charcoal. He then became a real house pet.

The community was highly entertained on Saturday evening, Oct. 11, by Messers Osborne, Bickett, Hannum and Edwards, the vocal, expression, piano and violin teachers, respectively. Each one rendered several inspiring selections.

While walking the rocks in the Sligo, Dorothy Stowe slipped and fell on her ankle, thus breaking it. She was cared for at the Sanitarium until she was able to be brought to the dormitory. We hope to see her back in school in another week or two.

We were glad to see our president back after an absence of two weeks, during which time he was attending the Fall Council, after which he was ill at home for a few days.

Being pulled out of a peaceful dream and doused with a bucket of cold water on a cold morning is not as pleasant as it is to tell. If you are not convinced, interview the News Editor.

Dr. H. W. Miller has accepted a call to China, and will probably leave next April. His family will accompany him. We regret that Doctor Miller and family are to leave us.

Hazel Brent's mother brought her five-year-old daughter here for an operation at the Sanitarium. She is enjoying a visit with Hazel at the same time.

Five of the young men of North Hall motored to their homes in Pennsylvania and New York for a week-end.

The Sligionian Campaign opened with a "boom" on Nov. 4. Some lively talks were given by the officers. The student body is divided into two groups, girls and boys. Both sides feel certain that the other side will lose.

The girls of South Hall have instituted a new name for a Saturday evening's entertainment. We had one such entertainment Saturday, Oct. 25 which was called "Catch up Night." We sewed, wrote letters, and did "that note-book work."

Station W. M. C. broadcasting at 9:45 A. M., Oct. 20 announced its opening program of the year in these words, "The new students of W. M. C. are invited to be present at the entertainment given by the old students at Central Hall, Oct. 25, at 8 P. M." "What wonderful decorations" said one student as he entered the Dining Hall, which had been decked with autumnal decorations for the occasion. All the tables had been removed, the chairs arranged around the room in circular formation and a piano placed near the southern end of the hall. Several musical numbers were rendered, after which two readers favored us with a number of humorous selections. After a number of interesting games, refreshments were served consisting of doughnuts, popcorn and sweet cider. A pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

It has been known that red would considerably agitate a male of the bovine species. If a close observer had been in the vicinity of W. M. C. on the morning of Nov. 11, he would have been able to gather much data concerning the effect of color on the very susceptible students. Things transpired so rapidly that coherence in a report is next to impossible. Then too, your humble reporter was so confused and distracted by glaring colors which shrieked at each other from all quarters that he cannot be held responsible for any of the herein contained. There is some rumor of activities in the early morning hours but as all honest folk were then asleep we know nothing of these questionable occurrences. When daylight arrived it found the boys arrayed in beautiful orange. A vivid green was the predominant hue in the apparel of the enthusiastic damsels—so appropriate to their innocence and unworldliness. Many things occupied the writer's attention but for the sake of brevity it may be stated that our sedate college buildings took on a green and orange aspect. By this time, Mr. Ward has had to explain how he got on top of South Hall. Several green-clad "Co-eds" dampened his ardor with a liquid which had the appearance of water. He got what he went after (a very precious piece of orange cloth) so we extend our heartiest congratulations and at the same time much heart felt sympathy. No doubt the people who live in the vicinity thought that a coalition of Orangemen and the devotees of St. Patrick were celebrating the signing of the armistice, however, it is learned from sources that it all had something to do with the Sligionian Campaign.

E. R. C.

The young men of North Hall, sixty-eight strong, again organized their boys club, for the new school year. The "Famous Fifty," as the club is called, comprises every young man of North Hall. It is a live-wire organization and aims to do things. Occasionally its members go down to the Y. M. C. A. to enjoy a swim in the pool; then again they form teams and have some lively basket-ball games. Last year the club gave a program at Columbia Hall which proved to be a big success. With the proceeds the boys purchased a new rug and some needed furniture for the worship room. This year they rendered Longfellow's "Hiawatha" which was a great success.

We have eleven boys in North Hall who come almost up to the standards in height as did the men of olden days. If you had been in the dining room for supper one evening not long ago, you would have had to stretch your neck to see our giants. Who are they? They are the members of the Longfellow's Club who are six or more feet in height. A hearty spread was set for them one evening in the dining room. Victor Campbell is their president.

The Takoma water tower, one of the landmarks of Takoma Park, is being torn down. It has not been in use for almost two years, for a new supply system has been put in; making this tower no longer necessary.

The college tennis court, under the enthusiastic supervision of Mr. Phillips, is rapidly nearing completion. Some grading will yet need to be done before it can be used, but ere long this long wished for court will be a reality.

Miss Maude Mason gave a surprise birthday party for her brother and cousin last Saturday night. We judged from the noise in the worship room that all had a very "laughable" evening.

"Seeing the city by night" was interesting to many of the girls when some of the kind students and faculty members took them for a ride, one Saturday night.

A new W. C. T. U. Chapter has just been started in Takoma Park. The second meeting of the Chapter met in Takoma church Monday evening, Oct. 13. Dr. Lauretta Kress is the president.

Miss Virginia Hoezel, a former teacher in W. M. C. has arrived to take charge of the Modern Language Department, Professor Llorens having offered his resignation.

Laura Campbell, a student of W. M. C. this year, has recently had an operation at the sanitarium for for goitre.

Professor and Mrs. Marsh decided that they had walked long enough, so have purchased a Ford Coupe.

For twenty-seven successive days during the month of October there was never a rain cloud in the sky.

Lovaine Gautereau and Stanley Brown are in Pacific Union College this year.

Miss Doris Holt has taken the chair of music in S. W. J. C., Keene, Texas.

We believe that the real purpose of a church, a Young People's Society, a Ministerial Seminar, or of any other society should not be to cause joy, laughter, or to entertain, but the great goal of any member or a body of members, professing the name of Jesus, should be to do as Jesus did, *viz*, win souls from darkness to light. This is the work the Ministerial band has in mind for this school year. The work carried on by the Young People's Society at Silver Springs, has resulted in an interest that the Ministerial Band has to top off, by holding a soul-stirring campaign in that place. Our effort will begin at the above named place just as soon as a building can be secured in which to hold meetings. We also plan to hold meetings in one of the large churches in the city. We honestly believe that "God maketh His angels spirits and His ministers a flaming fire," not a simmering coal. Of course, as young men we need competent guides in this great work. We have two, namely, Jesus Christ, our unseen Pilot, and Dr. Wilkinson our visible guide. By leaning on the everlasting arm of Jesus we expect to give this last great message a definite ring to the inhabitants of Washington and the regions 'round about. Pray for us.

Down the Potomac

SUNDAY morning, October 26, the historic Old Potomac bore on its broad and beautiful surface a jolly crowd of W. M. C.ites bent on pleasure and relaxation. The day was not warm neither was it cold, just a glorious sample of our Washington autumn days. The good ship, Mary M was the lucky vessel to carry such a lighthearted cargo. The "skipper" was calm and sober and the engineer dispatched his duties with true seamanlike efficiency. Professor Hannum and his wife were not the least bit officious, but were among the ardent pleasure seekers.

After the anchor was lifted and we were headed downstream, songs, jokes, kodaks, and sparkling conversation became the order of the day. Everyone was thrilled with Miss Plummer's ukelele except "Bill" Loveless, who we are sorry to say has neglected to acquire a taste for such exotic music. We responded—en masse—to the call of "all below what ain't seasick." Breakfast consisted of sandwiches, hot chocolate and an apple apiece. A novel device was used to spread bacteria and comradship; there was only one tin cup to each couple. The cautious ones chose sides of their drinking utensils but the hungrier ones were probably not so careful.

After about two hours of smooth sailing we tied up at a deserted wharf somewhere on the wilds of the Virginia shore. All disembarked and made towards the woods. Professor Hannum must have been nervous for he advised us to stay together and not wander off in small groups. After many trying ascents, perilous descents and much rock scrambling we arrived at a smooth shaded place further up the shore.

Lunch was the next important event. Mr. Fyle got the cups mixed and had to wash them in the river. The hygiene situation was really complicated.

Our brave little boat turned her nose into the stream and hurried us towards home. A long and yet so short a time of pleasureable hushed conversation and then to part with the quiet river and board a prosaic, jangling street car. Back to worship and study period. But *try* to study.

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CHARLES CLARKE LEWIS

Charles Clarke Lewis was born at Lisbon, St. Lawrence Co., New York, Nov. 7, 1857; and departed this life Oct. 28, 1924, aged sixty-six years, eleven months, and 21 days. His life was devoted for almost its entire length to the promulgation of the gospel and the glorious news of our Lord's second coming. When he was eight years of age, his parents removed with him to Buck's Bridge, N. Y., where was built the first Seventh-day Adventist church. Charles, however, did not accept the Sabbath until his twentieth year, having in the meantime been working on his father's farm and attending school in preparation for teaching. He taught his first school at the age of sixteen.

Upon joining the Adventist church, he went to Battle Creek College, in 1877, and was graduated in 1882, teaching also in the college for a part of his last year, as well as acting as private secretary for Uriah Smith. He was married in December, 1882, to Elizabeth Ann Wiley, of Long Island, Kans., and together they taught a term of public school in Sumner, Mich. The following summer he was called to participate in tent efforts with Eld. A. O. Burrell and I. H. Evans.

His long and honorable service in the schools of the denomination began in 1883, when he was called to the chair of English language and literature in Battle Creek College, a position he kept for three years. From 1887 for a period of years he was connected with Union College, Yale University, Southwestern Junior College, Walla Walla College, and finally Washington Missionary College, as a student, teacher, or the head of the school. While at Washington Missionary College he began the work of the Fireside Correspondence School, with which he was connected to the day of his death.

His three children, trained in a home marked by Christian firmness and sympathy, are all engaged in the work of the last message; Dr. Charles Harold Lewis at White Memorial Hospital, Los Angeles, Mrs. E. R. Johnson in Panama, and Mrs. L. L. Caviness in Switzerland. So widely separated in the service of Christ, it was possible for only one of them, his son, to be present on this occasion, to lay the wreath of filial affection upon the bier. Surely the deepest testimonial to a life of service is the gift of all one's children to the work of Christ.

Professor Lewis was in 1917 united in marriage with Myrta M. Kellogg, of Berrien Springs, Mich., who in tender love and care has gone with him through the last few years of his pilgrimage.

Funeral services were conducted in Columbia Hall November 3. Elders A. G. Daniells, M. E. Kern, J. N. Anderson, H. C. Lacey and F. M. Wilcox conducted the services. Interment was in Rock Creek Cemetery.

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