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WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

EDITORS are those unnecessary mammals that cling so tenaciously to a school paper. Homes are those places where people are treated the best and act the worst. It's where people spend a good portion of their lives. Such is the case with the Sligonian Office and the editor. It's where he spends a portion of his life; acts the best, and is treated the worst. Now the problem is, Why does he run away from that place. Consider his life a bit.

Out of all fairness to the poor chap let us suppose his make up is subnormal; and that his cranium is impervious to all new ideas. And then let us suppose that in order to make a paper a success it is necessary to introduce new ideas continually. Furthermore the most essential item to an interesting paper is an appropriate class of spicy articles: for these the editor goes, like an English bull pup and returns, *without them*, like a wilted Mexican hound.

The editor is also blessed with some company. He has some associates and assistants. But they are not impervious to new ideas, and, like good people should, try to bring him up in the way that he should go. One asserts that his department is not designed the way he wants it. He desires more variation in it from month to month. Another craves a new style in the ways the news is presented. While still another maintains that he has indigestion every time he views the front cover. All of which, of course, makes the editor grow fatter and more pleasant every day.

A special trip is made by the editor to some popular student in school to obtain an article, say on "Why we should avoid growing old." The approached student shrinks in despair and says he is rushed, crowded and overworked now, and that he can't possibly

do it. After due complimentary encouragement, however, he is induced to tackle the job, providing the editor will revise it, and if it isn't consistent with the policies of the paper that the editor will not publish it. The editor calms the perturbed spirits of the student assuring him he will give it all after consideration and promises not to publish it if it is not all the student expected of it. The student religiously spends hours upon hours and finally turns over to the editor a paper worthy of "Abe" Lincoln, at least in his eyes. The paper is carefully edited by the staff; parts being rejected and rewritten. The student's ire is kindled hot against the staff and he says he will not write another article for the paper as long as he lives. The "Ed" is very sorry and promises to give it more justice. He dutifully spends an hour or so trying to copy the young budding author's style and finally submits for the approval of the author another draft of his revised article. The author is pleased (almost) and the article is published. Be it known that all articles do not fare this same experience; for some choicy bits of literature have been handed in to the staff and it is far from complaining or even so much as lamenting its position.

The "Ed's" job is not consummated when he has gathered all his copy. It must then be submitted to the printer. After the printer has it all "set" up the "Ed" must carefully proofread it; for the existence of an error in the paper brings upon the editor's head much disapprobation from the staff. It must then be made into pages, or a "dummy"—and that is what the "Ed" feels like before he gets through.

If the paper gets out on time, the people say nothing; if it is out late,—(we believe it best not to suggest what they say!) We feel

blessed, however, in having a list of subscribers this year that are extraordinary patient, for we have had little complaint along this line. Perhaps it is too early to speak on this topic.

So the editor makes his rounds every month. And it is, with its routine of joy and sorrow anything but monotonous. Its variation makes it one of the most pleasant perquisites one could wish for. And the troubles and difficulties that beset the "Ed" are so overbalanced by the pleasure in his routine that it would be a dyspeptic person that would dare to even whimper because of his job, and there is little cause for his leaving home.

J. L.

REREGISTRATIONS

THE other day our good and honorable preceptor came up to me very coldly and presented to me a slip of paper bearing certain marks, etc. Whereupon he smiled, turned, and walked away. I was left in bewilderment. I looked upon the paper. It read thus: "You are hereby notified that you are delinquent in worship." This, of course meant that I had been absent from worship more than three times without reasonable excuse. And to that pleasant notification was signed a name. Who could the cruel person be? Behold, it was the name of the man who had just smiled at me. Little do I remember of the many thoughts that flitted through my mind just then. To think that one could be so mean as to make me go through the painful process of reregistering, when it was no fault of mine that my weary limbs failed to rise in time for morning worship, was almost more than I could bear. What must I do? No indeed, I would not reregister because I had perfectly good intentions of being there, but I just wasn't and I couldn't help it; could I?

I decided to think the matter over. Time changes things. So did my thinking change the attitude of my mind. I reached a con-

clusion: That I would pay out my second dollar for reregistration, not because I should do so, but because it would save me from putting out not only more dollars latter in life, but it would also save me from much failure in life due to not being where duty said I should be at that time. So, now since that little experience is over I'm glad for it. I don't believe I'd exchange it for ten dollars. As I cast my mind's eye into the vague and dim future methinks I can see a day when no dollar, nor ten dollars, nor one hundred dollars could atone for failure to meet the demands of duty. And if this mind and body that belong to me doesn't learn to answer duty's call early in life it will be ever so much harder to respond in days to come. So, God forbid that I should chafe under the experiences that seem painful and hard to bear now because it means a better preparation for future life.

S. U.

OH, THOSE EXAMS!

WE ALL will agree, I think, that school days are the most pleasant part of our lives. But—those exams! We don't any more than just begin to fully appreciate the fact that school days are grand when along comes one of those exams. We just become accustomed to putting our studies off until the next day thinking then we will make a big spurt and startle the teacher with the results of our studies—if only we can slip by today. Of course, I suppose it's all right; but, when tomorrow comes—It's one of those exams! The collateral reading, we think can easily be done tomorrow; those little stories can be written with a better inspiration, tomorrow; and as for those trig problems—absurd—certainly my brain will be clearer tomorrow—tomorrow when exams come.

What pleasant fleeting moments those days at school would be—if, but oh, those exams! The tennis game would be more active; the work in the shop, outdoors, or in the kitchen would be more pleasant; the lectures we at-

tend would be more interesting—if we only knew tomorrow wasn't coming with its exams. What an ameliorated condition school life would be, if it wasn't for those exams. Something is always taking the joy out of life; and it's always the same—those exams.

When we hit a pleasant bit of history, an attractive exercise in physics, a glorious phase in astronomy, or a catchy phrase in Greek, why then school seems a joy forever—until our felicitous ship is wrecked upon the jagged, rocky thoughts of those exams. If there were only some way we students might reorganize school life and school studies—we'd leave out those exams. Or if we could only dupe the professors into letting us through without their menacing presence. Or if that black cloud, looming up in front of us, and hovering close about our heads, which blackens that joyous path before us, could only be extinguished,—why then, wouldn't school life be just great!

But why are school days so glorious, and afterdays so sore and troublesome—as those who have run the gauntlet say. I'll tell thee friend, what I think is this: School life is but a preparation and a beginning; if here exams are dodged; and classes cut, if here history is

bluffed and English crammed—why then that rosy path of life that seemed so gay while in school will slowly darken, and the roses will give way to thorns and sharp flinty stones. But if, instead of thus letting the exams beat us, we beat the exams, and face them squarely, and send a punch home right flat on the nose—'twill send a piercing ray right through that foreboding cloud of despair, and 'twill lighten a path that leads straight to success.

Why sorrow over those exams—those exams which rob us of our sleep, which create those moments of remorse and agony, which seem a plague before our eyes by day and a nightmare by night—when those exams are but a preparation for the larger exams of life? If we can plunge through those exams by grit and main and force, and come out on the other side of the beshadowing cloud, we will have our muscles strengthened, our eyes in tune, and ourselves reinforced to meet the greater issues and more troublesome experiences of life.

Twinkle, twinkle little student,
How I wonder what you are.
Sitting dreaming there so hard—
Wishing for a grade card.

J. L.

New Year's Resolutions

BESSIE LEE MORGAN

A NEW Year's Resolution—something breakable. Did you ever break some last year? Then make just one this year—Resolved to keep last year's resolutions,—and ask God to help you.

There are two kinds of resolutions: the kind to make, and the kind we usually break at W. M. C. The kind to make are:

I will be happy and cheerful in spite of trials and heartaches.

I will be kind when the other fellow is cross.

I will see less of faults in others.

I will not pass on words of gossip.

I will find something good in every one.

I will seek each day to make some one happy.

I will be purer in thought, language and act.

I will not begin one day without God.

The kind we break are:

Resolved: to keep my notebooks up to date.

To read library assignments on time.

To get up early enough to dress properly for worship.

To stay up when I get up to shut off "my own" alarm clock.

To make a meal ticket last ten days.

To do today that which I have laid up for tomorrow.

Washington, the Nation's Pride—Part I

THE CAPITOL AND LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

BRYAN VOTAW

ON THE spot which was at first intended to be the very heart of Washington, the two most notable buildings in the United States stand facing each other,—the Capitol and the Library of Congress. The buildings themselves are indeed fit symbols of the functions they perform in our national life. The Capitol is majestic and imposing, while the Library is of a finer architectural construction. The Capitol and Library of Congress are twins, both coming into an active existence in the year 1800, though the present building which houses the Library was not built until 1897.

The building of the Capitol was begun in 1792, and it is not yet entirely finished. The building in which the Senate and House of Representatives met in 1800 was only a very small portion of the present Capitol. As the population of the nation increased, requiring a larger representation in Congress, it has been necessary to make more room for them, and also for other government functions which are carried on there. The greatest addition made at any one time was not joined to the main building. This is the Senate and House Office Buildings built on the North and South sides of the Capitol grounds respectively, at a total cost of seven million dollars. "The progress of the building symbolizes the evolution of the nation."

It is situated on the brow of a large hill, which gives it a commanding view from almost all parts of the District.

The Capitol grounds is one of the most beautiful parks to be found anywhere. It contains about sixty acres, in a perfect square, and is always kept in good condition. The avenues which thread through it are so arranged as to add to the general effect of the landscape. Here are to be found two hundred

twenty-five different kinds of trees, brought from all parts of the world. There are also many shrubs and flowers along the walks.

Everyone who has been in American long is familiar with the picture of the Capitol building. But no picture could possibly do it justice. Viewed from the east front, its great dome gives it a majestic appearance; viewed from the west, it displays architectural beauty and harmonious proportions.

Some of the rooms which the visitor to the Capitol should not miss seeing are the Senate Chamber, the House Chamber, Statuary Hall, the President's Room, and the Supreme Court.

Statuary Hall was formerly used as the House Chamber, but when that body outgrew this room and moved into its present quarters, it was decided to make the old meetings place into a sort of Hall of Fame where each State could place statues of two of its famous citizens. Frances E. Willard is the only woman so far honored in this capacity.

Just to give you an idea of the enormous size of our Capitol, it is seven hundred fifty feet long, and its base covers about five acres of space. It requires three hundred sixty-five steps to reach the top windows of the dome, from the main floor. The dome itself contains nine million pounds of steel, and it takes thirty-five men three months to paint it when it needs a new coat. The Capitol group, including the Senate and House Office Buildings, uses about fifty thousand electric bulbs in its lighting system, and gives employment to about three thousand persons.

Practically all the trades are represented in the great shops located in the basement of the building. These men are employed to keep the furniture in repair, to look after the heating and lighting, and to see to the upkeep of the building and grounds.

The heat and light are furnished by a central plant, located about a half mile south of the Capitol grounds. This plant also furnishes heat and light for some of the other government buildings.

As stated above, the Library of Congress has its beginning in 1800. It was first placed in the Capitol building and remained there until 1897, occupying several different rooms at different times. It was created for the exclusive use of the Senators and Congressmen, and for several years all other persons were excluded from its benefits. Later on, the members of the Supreme Court were allowed to use it, and also the Cabinet Officers, and other heads of government departments.

The twenty-fourth of August, 1814, when the British captured Washington, they set fire to the Capitol, and most of the books of the Library were destroyed. The only ones saved were some that had been removed by the librarian, in a spring wagon. As soon as Thomas Jefferson heard of its destruction, he offered his library of six thousand five hundred volumes, at whatever terms Congress should desire. This collection was purchased, and formed the nucleus around which the present library was built. Shortly after this, another collection containing five thousand volumes was purchased, and it has grown rapidly ever since.

A separate building for the Library was first proposed in 1817, but was rejected at the time as inexpedient. A fire in 1825 slightly damaged a few of the books, and another in 1851 destroyed a few rare volumes.

The first of November, 1897, the Library collection containing three hundred fifty thousand volumes, was moved into the building it now occupies. Today there are over three million volumes in it. There are only two other institutions which can boast of a larger number of books, and they are the British Museum, in London, the largest in the world, and the Bibliotheque Nationale, in Paris.

If you should go into the large reading room

in the rotunda, and pass your slip in at the central desk for a book, the slip would be carried by a conveyor to the proper section of the stacks, where an employee would take it up, find your book, and send it to the desk by means of a pneumatic tube. When a Senator or Congressman desires a book, he simply telephones to the Library, giving the title and author, and the book is delivered to him within a few minutes, through a tunnel carrying an automatic conveyor.

The largest book in the world, the Chinese dictionary, is kept here; also the smallest volume, "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyans," containing forty-eight pages about the size of a thumb nail.

The building is a marvel of architectural beauty and refinement. It is considered by some authorities to be the most beautiful building in the world, and certainly, after one has seen it, he would have to see an edifice more beautiful before he could believe that it existed.

It is the best lighted library building in existence, and is well ventilated. All the air that is allowed to pass through the stacks of books is first strained through cheese cloth, and then through water, in order to keep all particles of dust out. But even after this precaution it is necessary to employ men who do nothing but go through the rows of shelves with special vacuum cleaners hunting for particles of dust.

The Library of Congress is not a public library. As was first intended it is maintained especially for the use of Senators and Congressmen, but is now available to the general public for reading purposes within the Library, but is not a circulation library. Here one may find many ancient volumes as well as the most modern. It is required that every piece of material that is copyrighted in the United States must be represented in the Library by two copies. In that way all the publications of America will be preserved to future generations.

Do Others Copy You?

PRES. H. A. MORRISON

"Life is like a ship
That sails some day
To distant waters
Leagues upon leagues away.

To the farthest flood brim look with me;
Then reach on with thy thought till it be drowned,
Miles and miles distant though the last line be.
And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,
Still leagues beyond those leagues there is more sea."

IN THE above the author has given a splendid vision of the never ending power of personal influence. These influences pass out from one when they are the least thought of and enter upon the never-ending, spreading circle of the great mass of humanity. The greater forces of nature are quiet and invisible. There are splendid great wonders of nature that may be seen such as the Niagara Falls, Yellowstone National Park, the Yosemite, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and scores of others, but these wonders all sink into insignificance compared with the majesty and glory of the unseen. The forces at work which control the universe as observed in the starry heavens, and which operate as low on the material things with which we have to do, are quiet and unseen and attract but little attention, yet on the other hand they exert a most mighty influence on all the operations of nature. Just as these invisible forces of nature are the more important wonders, so is that radiation, that passes out from one unconsciously and is received or repelled by others, perhaps almost unconsciously, the more important influence that is being radiated by us. We radiate whatever our character is. If we are weak, we radiate weakness. If we are strong, we radiate strength. If we are pessimistic, we radiate pessimism. If we are optimistic, we radiate optimism. If we are calm, we radiate calmness. If we are under agitation, we radiate agitation. It is within our power to select that which we radiate only as it is in our power to change our characters. It is also within our power

to choose what we will absorb of the influence that comes from others.

It may not be the sermons we preach or the lessons we teach but the life we live that counts. It is the unconscious rays of force and power that pass from us that have largely to do with the influence that we are giving to those about us.

Toplady spent a long period in writing six volumes against John Wesley. In this great endeavor he made no impression upon the world, but in a very short period his soul poured forth in giving to us "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me," and "Love Divine all Love Excelling" which has lived with us down through the years and is known and loved in every Christian home.

Edward Everett put tremendous effort on his Gettysburg speech of three hours and presented a splendid classic to the world, yet Lincoln's brief address which poured forth the soul of the man in a few short sentences has made impressions upon the world that have no comparison with the former.

Back of every helpful influence there must be sacrifice just as back of every glow there must be a burning and back of every light a heat. Back of the beauty of the flowers there are the rays of the sun. How much good influence you are sending forth into the great sea of humanity depends upon how much burning of soul is going on in your life. Until a painter has dipped his brush into the fountain of his own blood his paintings are not worthy of the public neither are they able to make themselves felt in the world. Until a preacher has had his own burning of soul he is not able to greatly impress upon the world the need of the cleansing power of the Saviour.

Here in Washington Missionary College it has become the ambition of the teachers and

students together that the influence that goes out from each one and thus the influence that goes out from the group collectively representing the institution itself, shall be lighted up with the soul burning and sacrifice that we

can impress the minds and hearts of men with the truth for which this institution was founded and thus assist in the rapid progress of the Message of Life and Light that is due to this world of darkness in this generation.

Present World Entanglements—Part III

REACHING THE BORDERLINE

Dr. B. G. WILKINSON

THE present furious clashes which nations now and then precipitate are but the repercussions on earth of the preparations in heaven that Christ is making for His soon return. They are but the advance shifts necessary as the kingdom of righteousness draws near.

As Daniel interpreted the great image of the King's dream to the Babylonian monarch, Nebuchadnezzar, he said that the head of gold, or Babylon would be succeeded by the breast and arms of silver or the Medo-Persian's Empire; next would come the belly and thighs of brass, or Greece; then the legs of iron, or the Roman Empire and finally the ten toes, or the ten kingdoms of Western Europe, which is the present period of the prophecy. Of the many years spanned by these ten kingdoms little is said to identify the different eras, except the last generation, in whose days we live. To identify these closing moments four outstanding features are conspicuously absent.

Three of these signs can be seen with new force in the world-wide program of Bolshevism. They are violence, free love and the corruption of the youth. These same features were the outstanding sins which signalized the days before the flood, of which Christ said, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man."

Perhaps we may say that there has always been violence. With this difference, however, whereas the violence of the past has been secondary, while the tree of government

and order has been continually growing more sturdy, the violence of today is aimed at that tree. Thanks in part to the plunder of Church vessels in Russia, some of which are now in the banks of America, it is reported that some \$6,000,000 are yearly expended in well-directed and subtle efforts to undermine belief in the American Constitution and in Christian principles. Said William Lieblenech "No one is worthy of the name who does not consecrate himself to the spread of Atheism." How much this is like the violence of the days of Noah is seen in Gen. 6:11. "The earth also was corrupt before God and the earth was filled with violence."

Free love was the order of the day before the flood; today it is the world wide objective of an international organization and of a government controlling 160,000,000 of peoples. How may this spread its influence. The report is current that Japan is instructing its Minister at Peking to speed up negotiations for a treaty of peace and recognition between Japan and the Soviet Republic.

In addition to violence, free love, and corruption of youth, prophecy points out the Peace and Safety cry as a sign of Christ's soon coming. When 150,000 preachers in the United States today are solicited to work for the League of Nations; when multitudes of organizations are proclaiming the future of world peace without insisting on obedience to God as the true basis of peace, we can safely conclude that we have reached the borderline of eternity.

Solving Crossword Puzzles

THEO. G. WEIS

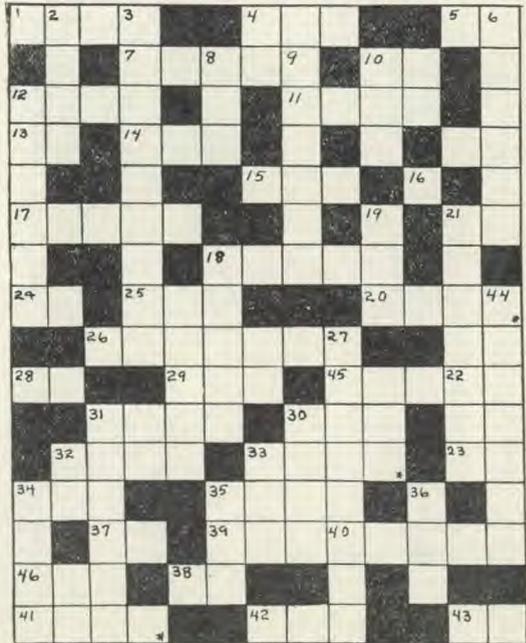
SOLVING crossword puzzles has become a newspaper and magazine fad. Even advertising agents and some college professors cater to it. My constant pal, *The Washington Evening Star* informs me that next spring (if not sooner) we will all wear shirts, socks, skirts, etc., that will look like crossword puzzles. That will be a calamity. Surely, my friend, it will be an outrage to have all the sidewalks decked with moving, living, crossword puzzles. The powerful resources of the K. K. K. and the K. C. should immediately be taken in hand and be empowered to put a stop to all these maniacs so called "crossword puzzle fans," either by sending them a "dead letter" or any other drastic means that these two "pals of the K" may decide upon.

In the meantime, my friend, I must tell you how this all appeals to me. My vest-pocket dictionary of 2,500 words which was published 1849, a long while before the brain wrecking crossword puzzles grew on street lamp posts over night; tells me "cross" means "to get outrageously mad," "to fly off the handle and on the red hot stove." The old dictionary may not be exact but it has tasted truth at one time or another in the days of long ago.

I stick to that old definition. "Cross words" are often puzzles. Why must they exist? Why must there be living, moving, crossword puzzles? Why must I or anyone else, wake in early dawn with the beautiful tints of rosy red streaming from the morning sky and walk the earth for a whole cheerful day looking like a crossword puzzle that everyone tries to, and no one is able to, solve? I have spent a good portion of my time trying to solve some of these walking crossword puzzles. Some are easy, some are hard, some have a reason back of them, some do not. Those that have no reason are merely those who are carelessly thrown together, probably were rolled out of

the wrong side of the bed or were not treated right by sister or brother. My good sir, I like to solve them all. I like to stand on the street corner and watch them file by; to pick a word

This is an imperfect crossword puzzle containing three sentences running crosswise.



- | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| Across | 32. Oxide of Calcium |
| 1. First element of success | 33. Obligation |
| 4. Full size | 34. The Almighty |
| 5. Diphthong common in Latin words | 35. One of America's curses |
| 7. Not again | 39. Binding declarations |
| 10. For sake of example | 41. Fisherman's need when fishing |
| 11. To injure | 42. Excavate |
| 12. A Roman fiddler | 43. Spirits of Egyptians |
| 13. A copula | 45. Indoor trades Spanish Law |
| 14. To polish | 46. Assistance |
| 15. A printer's unit of measure | Down |
| 16. An article | 2. Raw materials. |
| 17. Two-footed beast | 3. What all men seek |
| 18. Already in the past | 6. Certain field of jurisprudence |
| 20. An ancient father who lost one rib | 8. To tease |
| 21. Word of assent | 9. Sameness of sound |
| 22. Like | 13. Eating by small bites |
| 23. "The word" needed in a smile | 16. An article |
| 24. Half an em | 19. A vegetable |
| 25. To drag home | 21. A State |
| 26. To make attention void | 27. To blow one's own horn |
| 28. To perform | 34. A player's aim |
| 29. Often walked on unnoticed | 36. Employ |
| 31. A possessive pronoun | 37. A domestic animal |
| | 40. Slang for face |
| | 44. Unjust treatments |

here and drop another there. To smile here and cheer there. Oh, there are so many of these crossword puzzles that when they are looked at twice they feel abashed and forget they were cross and become puzzles of cheer. People often forget their blessings until they are reminded of them. Methinks at times it is lack of sleep, bad weather, hard lessons, blue Mondays, big bills, dead friends that cause "cross word" puzzles. Whatever the cause, most puzzles are interesting and to be sure, to help others solve them and aid in ridding the world of "sour faces" and "hard-luck stories," is a pleasant pastime.

SPEAKING OF "CUTS"

BENJAMIN ANDERSON

WHEN we hear the word "cut" we usually think of our finger or some part of our anatomy that has been cut by a pocket knife, glass, tin, or something like that, and again we feel the sting of the iodine, and wait in breathless apprehension for the salve, gauze and string. Later on in life we learn and realize that these are not the only cuts or even the most painful that we must endure. There are other "cuts" that we do not like, for instance the "cut" of the team when we feel that we are really big enough to "make it," and we feel that we are as able to pitch or catch as well as the other fellow. A little later on we begin to feel it when our friends "cut" us. And most of all when our best girl sees by comparison that the other fellow is a tall, handsome, dark-haired, debonair, who grows no freckles on his nose. We do not like a "cut" in wages which means the same amount of work and less spending money. And in college how we dread a "cut" in grades.

When the pie is cut we want to be present, and when the chocolate cake is cut we want it served to us in plural numbers. We do not like to have the doctor decide to "cut", but when he has "cut", a "cut" of beautiful red roses has the effect of a soothing balm.

And the Walls Spake One With Another

ELVA SNIDER

"I'm a great stately wall on the South side,
Where the maidens flit quietly by;
They all come this way
At nine fifteen each day,
And oh! how that half hour does fly."

"I'm a wall too, you notice,
My calling is on the north side;
We're what you call boys,
So we make lots of noise.
When the girls pass, our eyes open wide."

If our President enters the chapel
And finds misdirected ambition,
We all listen in
To the firm words of him
Who gives us a sound admonition.

There is one to whose coming we look forward
He gives us fresh air 'ere we sing;
You never would guess
His name is Love-less
But a name never means anything.

Next, to us, comes Prof. Harold Hannum
We at once quiet down at his call;
He seems at his ease
As he toucheth the keys.
With his sweet strains he pleaseth us all.

A Long-fellow truly is with us
At least, he's a distant relation;
We all know him well
As Victor Campbell;
He gets for us cooperation.

The editor of our worthy SLIGONIAN
In speechmaking sure takes the lead;
With his gay, subtle wit
He makes the shoe fit.
To his most noble words we take heed.

As we listened to Dr. Salisbury
He was almost too thrilling to mention;
We were all looking wise
At his subject: "Girls' Eyes;"
It was just that they needed attention.

In the moment preceding departure
Before each one picks up his book,
The boys most faint
When they think of what "Ain't"
As we hear from C. Pyle, and Maude Brooke.

"I never do tire of their presence
My girls are so blithesome and gay;
They work till they drop
And then they don't stop,—
I'll conclude this on some other day."

"I'm exceedingly proud of my boys,
But I fear I should be on my way;
I see by their looks
That the President called 'Books'—
I'll see you again, if I may."

Why Loyalty?

LEE R. MARSH

TEN million people attended the annual games of the colleges and universities during the 1924 season. They were prompted by a desire to be loyal to their favorite college and they endeavored to show their college spirit, by not only their presence, but by shouting, yelling, and wild demonstrations of every sort.

Those of us who were here in Washington when that last game of the World's Baseball Series was played, will not forget how, after twelve innings of desperate battle, Walter Johnson became the hero of baseball history. Washington had not seen such a demonstration since the signing of the Armistice. For hours, and way into the night, there was a frenzied display of team loyalty.

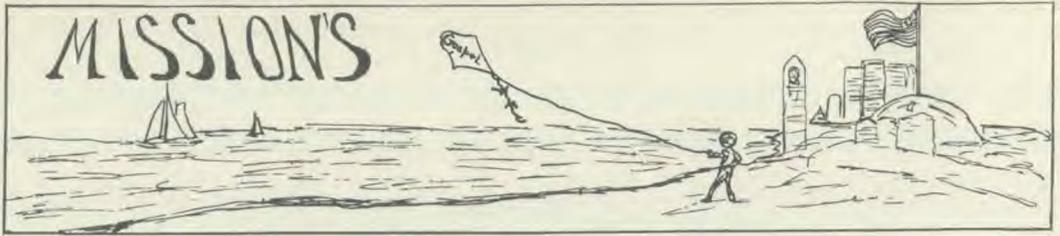
We want a spirit of loyalty here at our college which is just as earnest, just as enthusiastic, just as great, and just as deep as was ever shown toward an institution. Not a boistrous demonstration, but a quiet, everyday loyalty which permeates every hall, every class room, every nook and corner of W. M. C. A spirit of loyalty which doesn't need an athletic contest, a campaign, or some heroic demonstration before the inward fires begin to glow. Loyalty which is manifested only on special occasions is cheap and not the kind which is desirable in any school, and especially in one of God's schools. In a school like ours, where we are building men and women for God, there should prevail such a high standard of true loyalty that anything which is cheap, uncultured, unmanly, or destructive to the best interests of our institution would never dare to enter. The same atmosphere of loyalty which pervades our own childhood homes should be exercised by the students of W. M. C.

We want a loyalty which rules out an atmosphere which stifles all unprincipled acts. Rowdyism and ungentlemanliness, cheap col-

lege stunts, and foolishness should be frowned upon by the loyal students of W. M. C. We want the loyalty which fosters work to such a high degree that the loafer and shirker would feel so out of place that he would either get busy or leave. There should be no place for drones in a busy school. Furthermore we want a spirit here at W. M. C. which frowns upon all truancy. It should be a standard to attend all classes, prayer bands, chapel, worship, Sabbath school, etc., and we should love these spiritual phases so much that it would take armed guards to keep us away from our spiritual food as it would to keep us out of the dining room.

We want a one hundred per cent loyalty and anything below this aim should find the pleasure of the student body as positively opposed to it. What we want is the presence of a student sentiment which says, "Woe to the one who tramples upon the standards of W. M. C." We don't want any "tattle-talers," but men and women who have such high standards of loyalty that any offender would have to reform or leave through public sentiment.

And this one hundred per cent loyalty we should demand of ourselves. It should be inspired by a true vision of school spirit that exists in our own minds and not because the faculty has disciplinary power. It is foolishness to hold the idea that the faculty is our enemy and our ingenuity should be exercised to defeat its purposes. To hold that we only conform to school regulations because of fear of discipline and not because of a true sense of loyalty is childish and should be far below our dignity. Our own personal pride and honor demand of us that loyalty which is builded upon principle. The faculty is here only to help you attain those standards. So there is no opposition but a splendid feeling of fellowship that (*Continued on page 28*)



Europe Laid Bare

C. S. LONGACRE

THIS summer I passed over the old Macedonian territory and over a part of Paul's missionary route through Europe. As I visited the prison cell where Paul was imprisoned in Rome, I read his epistle, written to Timothy from this cell, and it had a new and deeper meaning for me than when I read it before. I was impressed with the need of more "Pauls" in Europe today. Europe needs such men more than ever. The need for the teaching of a loving Saviour was never greater. Everywhere you see men and women bowing before wooden crosses and wax figures or images of Christ, but they are strangers to the real Christ who loved sinners. They know nothing of the love of Christ that radiated from the Cross of Calvary toward sinners. The call for real servants of Christ who are able to manifest the love of Christ for sinners is the call from Europe today.

Persecution is in full swing in certain European countries where the state church is in absolute control of state affairs. While guaranties of religious liberty for the minority Protestant sects have been written into their constitutions, yet the old local laws enacted in medieval times still take precedence to the constitutions and the fundamental laws of these nations, in the eyes of the local officials.

But, there is one thing that is a hopeful sign. These local officials who are under the authority of the priests, have a very wholesome respect for American citizens. They will allow American citizens to do things and say things that they will not allow their own citizens to say and do. They do not dare to lay their hands, as public officials, upon

American citizens and beat them and imprison them for holding religious meetings and speaking in public on religious subjects, as they do when their own citizens attempt to hold such meetings.

For this reason the Macedonian call comes today to American citizens to go into Europe and preach the gospel of Christ, as verily as it came to a Roman citizen to lead out in this work, in the person of Paul. Our brethren in Europe who are suffering so many handicaps because they are native citizens, are anxious to have our young men and women who are in preparation in our American colleges, choose the European field as their missionary field for the future. It is a needy and a very fruitful field. No greater opportunities for service are presented in any field than are presented just now in some of these neglected fields of Europe today. May some of our earnest and courageous students of the Washington Missionary College look upon the ripening fields of Europe and answer the call when it comes.

A WEEK OF BLESSING AT W. M. C.

R. E. COWDRICK

THE annual Fall week of prayer services were held at W. M. C. during the week of December 6-13, in Columbia Hall. The evening meeting convened at 6:30 P. M., when the reading was given by some faculty member. Either a testimony service or season of prayer followed. The class periods were shortened to thirty minutes each, for the week. The prayer bands met for half an hour before

chapel. At 9:30 A. M. we assembled in the auditorium for the service conducted by Eld. C. S. Longacre, who remained with us the entire week.

There was nothing striking, or unusual, or emotional about these services. At the first meeting Friday evening Elder Longacre told us that the greatest blessings come when the expectations are set high. Sabbath morning Elder Wilkinson's remarks were based on the thought, Do we really take Jesus seriously? Jesus takes us that way; but does the world know that we really take Him seriously in our lives? This meeting closed with a consecration service.

But the real turning point was on Thursday morning. Elder Longacre spoke about the unfathomable love centering about the Cross of Christ. We do not remember so much about what he said, but it was this Man of Calvary who melted our hearts. Reconsecrations were made, backsliders were reclaimed, individuals who for years had withstood the pleadings of the Holy Spirit came forward and gave their lives to the Master for the first time. There is something about a look at this Cross that overpowers the stubborn resistance of man.

Friday evening is always the students' own meeting, and it was this second Friday evening that will longest be regarded as one of the pleasant memories of school life. Elder Longacre spoke briefly, bringing a message of hope and praise. He spoke about the future song of the 144,000,—the song in which each part is different because each one's bit of experience is unlike any other. And when the meeting was turned over to them "that feared the Lord" it seemed as if we were listening to the advance strains of the Song of Moses and the Lamb. Here are just a few of the words from some of the stanzas that you would have heard had you been there:

"I am thankful for the joy and peace that has come into my life." "Christ has become a real friend to me." "This is the best week of prayer I have ever experienced." "I praise

God for the new and broader vision of His love and the privilege of service." "My only purpose is to live the life that counts." "I am determined that the life of Christ shall be lived out within me." "I love Jesus more than I ever have before." "I am going to make every week a week of prayer." "My life's purpose is to be saved and to take others home also." "I have had a very definite experience this week." "I bring a note of victory." "I praise the Lord for answered prayer and for victories won." "I know now what it really means to rest in God."

These words in themselves cannot express one half what the face and tone of voice told. Many testified who formerly disliked such gatherings. This testimony service was enjoyed because the keynote was "Victory."

We are glad that in Christ there is power to keep this experience from being a "week end" affair. Let us pray that until Jesus comes each one may continue to gather material for his part in the final song of the redeemed.

Buddies

THEO G. WEIS

(To the College Pals of 1924)

There's a kind of a pal, a fellow or gal
Sort o' takes things the best of way
Not stuck-up or proud, egotistically loud
Praising only his part of the play;
But thoughtful and fair, with a heed and a care
For the blundering chap right by his side.
His pledges to you are debts he sees through,
Trusting you to the end of the stick,
He's hated the game but he's played all the same
He's a buddy of mortar and brick.
He's a loather of wrongs and inwardly longs
For a heart that beats with his own
The light of his eyes is the smile of the skies
After rain-clouds have moored from the zone;
His love never fails, his grudge never flails
With words when a man's at his worst.
You trust him to read your life to a sheet,
Knowing his path is dust covered too;
For honor and right, he'll die in the fight—
He's a buddy if stars shine true.
He lightens your pack, bathes your bruise-red-
dened back

When you're down in the dirt of the road,
And he whispers a song as he stumbles along
With a burden that doubles his load.
He is true to the heart, full of vim at the start
And he smiles at the end of the day.
Then when its all done and together we've won
Let the record be entered above
Though we're two or four, or a thousand more,
We're buddies if God is Love.

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Robert Burns

RACHEL STEVENS

ROBERT BURNS was born January 25, 1759 near the village of Ayre, Scotland. His father was William Burns, a poor farmer, and a man of the strictest probity and deep piety. Ange Burns, Robert's mother, was an Ayreshire woman, deeply religious, as was her husband, and fond of the old Scottish songs and ballads. Burns' lifelong reverence for the memory of his father and his provision for the care of his mother are noble traits in his character.

Burns' youth was extremely hard. His father struggled unsuccessfully with many farms and the boys were called upon for men's work. Burns' called it in later years, "the unceasing toil of a galley slave." William Burns, although poor, did not neglect the education of his children. Robert attended village school and a few years later his father combined with his neighbors to secure a tutor for their children. The tutor James Murdock, a man of intelligence, took special pains in training his charges in grammar and rhetoric, and Robert soon became remarkable for the fluency and correctness of his expression.

In 1784 Burns' father died, leaving little but debts. After the death of his father, Robert and Gilbert, his brother, leased the small farm of Mossgiel. In spite of the older son's determination the crops were a failure and the poet lost heart. Together with the unfolding of his genius as a poet during the four years at Mossgiel is to be recorded the sad story of his downfall.

At the end of 1786 Burns went to Edinburgh to try his fortunes. His winter there was a triumph for him as a poet and the ruination of him as a man. He became the lion of the social circle and held his own in wit and conversation with the best society of the city.

Burns' second reception was not a repetition of his former one. His day of glory was over. Burns was practically ignored. He became embittered against the rich and the great and relieved his feelings by excesses in the taverns where he was still welcome. In the spring of 1788 he bought with his remaining funds a farm at Ellisland near Dumfries and married Jean Ammour, apparently resolved to return to his native occupation and give up the life of the city.

His farm at Ellisland was a poet's choice, and not a farmer's, so in order to support his large family, he applied for and obtained the position as exciseman for his district, yielding him a salary of fifty pounds a year.

Because of the hopelessness of farming at Ellisland, Burns finally moved his family in 1791 into Dumfries. This was a most unfortunate move, for he surrendered for nothing, what might have at least yielded him and his family enough food to maintain life. He left the clean atmosphere of his highland farm for the many temptations of a busy Scotch town. Burns interested himself in politics, took the side of the liberalists and spoke

freely in favor of the revolutionists in France. These acts brought upon him the censure of the government and the prospect of the loss of his position in the excise. His years in Dumfries were marked by bitter discouragements and by the acceleration of his moral and physical downfall. His poetry diminished in quality during these years.

Burns' dissipation and excesses had made him prematurely aged, and weakened his naturally strong constitution. In January after an evening of drunken revelry Burns fell in the street and lay there for sometime. A rheumatic fever followed this accident. Dumfries was like a besieged city when it was known Burns was dying, and the anxiety not of the rich and learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together their talk was of Burns and of him alone. On July 21, 1796 Burns died. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and opinions mingling together as brothers and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries with the remains of him who had sung their loves and joys and domestic endearments with a truth and tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled.

He was born poor, lived poor, and died poor, and he always felt his poverty to be a curse. Like an untamable eagle he dashed against the bars he could not break and his life was a restless stormy alternation of low and lofty moods, of pure and exalted feeling, of mad revel and impotent regret.

"That spirit which might have soared could it have walked, sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom, and died, we may almost say, without having lived. And so kind and warm a soul, so full of inborn riches, of love, of all living and lifeless things. The peasant poet bears himself we might say like a king in exile. He is cast among the low and feels himself equal to the highest, yet he claims no rights that none may be disputed him."—*Carlyle*.

Burns' poetry had a religious basis. It was connected in the mind of Burns with the thought of God as Father of the poor, the Universal Father before whom all stood stripped of wealth and rank of outward show—a character alone. Love and the source of all love was in him. Burns was one of those men who at the end of the last century claimed for men a universal Father in God and vindicated the poor as His children. Whatever one may say of Burns' religion, the practical result of his poetry in his age was to do similar work to that of Christ—to exalt and beautify the life of the poor, to make them feel that they were cared for by God.

One critic says, "The genius of Burns was breathing into the Scottish Muse a fire and a vigour that were to be the harbingers of new feelings and new impulses far beyond her borders."

Burns had begun to write his lyrics as early as his fifteenth year. It was characteristic of Burns' inspiration that he wrote his best verses when he was in a wild enthusiasm of passion. Burns says, "I never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet till I once got heartily in love, and then rhyme and song were in a manner the spontaneous language of my heart." An unhappy feature in Burns' life was that his excesses in affection like his excesses in drink proved the ruin not only of himself but of others dear to him. Burns was aware of his unrestrained passion when he wrote,

"I saw the pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way.
By passion driven.
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven."

His finances improved wonderfully with an Edinburgh edition of his poems, including "The Address to the Unco Guid," "A Winter Night," and "The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast."

During the whole of Burns' Ellisland residence he continued to send songs to Johnson until he was represented in the Museum by one hundred and eighty-four pieces.

My Most Thrilling Experience

E. R. CHAPIN

ARRIVING at Bolling Field, the Government aviation field, in the early morning I found it enshrouded in a shivery fog which hung low over the Potomac. The great aerodromes loomed up like gigantic barns. There was nothing about them to suggest that they contained powerful creatures of the air which would soon be throbbing with life.

On entering headquarters office I was curtly asked just what my business was. Being armed with a letter from an officer of the War Department to the commanding officer of Bolling Field I felt secure. Very leisurely I procured the document from my pocket and presented it to my interrogator. While he was reading it no less a personage than the commanding officer himself entered. My case was immediately referred to him. He mumbled something about a general order which stated that flight privileges were to be accorded only to Members of Congress, government officials, or distinguished citizens. I replied that I was still a plain citizen but as soon as possible I intended to become distinguished. He laughed and said that perhaps that would meet the requirements.

After looking over the schedule for the day he assigned me to a pilot. A sergeant informed me that I would have to wait until the fog cleared. There was no chance to become bored for the bulletin board and telephone communications were intensely interesting. A close record of each plane with its pilot, observer, and flying time is maintained and posted on the bulletin board. In one end of the room is a large Weather Bureau map on which clouds, winds, rain and other atmospheric conditions are indicated. In about fifteen minutes the forbidding fog suddenly disappeared.

My pilot, a captain, came in to report for flight duty. He was nonchalantly chewing gum and looked as if it mattered very little

to him whether he left this earth or not. After learning who I was the first question he asked me was if this was my first flight. I confessed that it was my maiden voyage. He remarked that he could see that I was accustomed to altitude. One cannot be six feet four (vertically) without becoming used to such brilliant remarks so I smiled calmly. Captain Blank supplied me with a flying suit, helmet, goggles, and parachute. With his assistance and my awkward attempts I was finally rigged out in the usual flying habit. The very thoughtful captain casually instructed me, that if anything should happen, to unfasten myself from the plane, jump out and then pull a certain ring which he indicated. He emphasized the fact that I should not pull the ring until I was clear of the plane. Just then I had a vision of myself flying downward through space vainly fumbling for the elusive safety ring. I did not get cold feet but my lower extremities did become a bit chilly.

When we got outside we found the plane assigned to us already fuelled and the engine running slowly. A mechanic was making a careful inspection of the motor and steering apparatus. After we were both securely strapped in the engine thundered and the big bird headed her nose into the open field.

Realization of the meaning of the term acceleration came upon me with a terrible force. I wondered how long we would continue such a terrific speed over the field. Suddenly the passage through the air became smoother and a moment later I perceived that we had already left terra firma. The plane changed its direction in a wide graceful sweep and started north.

To appreciate the beautiful design of the city of Washington it should be seen from the air. We passed directly over Takoma Park at an altitude of about twenty-five hundred feet and it was not at all difficult to dis-

tinguish the group of buildings with which I was so well acquainted.

Having imagined that the course of an airplane was perfectly smooth I was surprised to find that it rolled slightly from side to side. The motion was further complicated by sudden slight drops. For the next few minutes my time was occupied with trying to convince my breakfast that it should remain where it was.

We continued at an even rate of speed and I was very thankful that my pilot contented himself with straight flying. The wooded sections of eastern Maryland are beautiful to say the least, especially where the mountains just begin to make their appearance. Just as South Mountain came in sight Cap-

tain Blank decided to get back to the federal metropolis in the shortest possible time. He "banked" the plane at an unearthly angle and headed in the opposite direction. The trip back was uneventful save for the unsettled condition of my stomach.

While the plane executed a series of loops and dives in the course of descending to the field I would have been indeed grateful if the force of gravity would have permitted me to get out and walk. The ground came up much sooner than I expected and we rolled roughly across the field.

A "hop" may be of no special consequence in the life of an aviator, but I adopt for my slogan, "Never more than one foot off the earth."

Prize Articles

FIRST PRIZE

W. M. JERVEY

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."—*Thanatopsis*.

I'm a linguist. To be sure, I can speak but one language, and that falteringly, but I can keep silent perfectly in a thousand tongues and understand precisely the speech of a multitude of tribes. I can know the chatter of the gray-squirrel at his work; I can recognize the thoughts behind the lingo of the jay; I can catch the whispered story of the south-wind in the pines; I can sense the song of joy of the rippling, moss-banked stream; I can feel the tragic accent in the voice of fallen leaves; I can understand the speaking when the Lord of Nature calls.

As a linguist, I can separate the voices of a Babel. I can tell apart the echoes of the mountainland and vale; I can trace the declamation of the ocean's rumbling speech from the low, sweet-sounding statements of lake-shores where ripples lave; I can listen to the blessing of the rain-drops on dead leaves,

and can tell its benediction from the curse of storm-sent hail.

Yes, I'm a linguist, but not so by vocation. It's the job I've chosen as my pastime—this business of the linguist. And wouldn't you, too, like it? Come with me to the woodlands, to the lakeside, to the ocean strand, and learn with me—just we two—the languages of a Nature pulsing with life, throbbing with action, glorying in beauty!

SECOND PRIZE

EARNEST PARRISH

"Oh for a book and a shadie nook
For reading both new and olde;
For a jollie goode booke wheron to looke
Is better to me than golde."

There is only a spatter of best books compared to the flood of less ones, nevertheless there are many more than we can ever read. And yet, when we want entertainment we are after just that and can't be bothered by precepts in our choice. We are going to read what we like, for no one enjoys a thing to which he is averse. We cannot stop to ponder what to choose; inclination has the helm.

There is nothing wrong with such a course. We want diversion, a change, and if we burden ourselves with cares all the pleasure will be lost.

It is not a heedless peril to any well-balanced person. In graver moments he has learned that magazines and newspapers are largely a dissipation. He realizes that in the realm of books there is vagueness and instability in the promiscuous perusal of sundry subjects and many authors. He fancies a special subject or author and follows with avidity through books flowing with truth and beauty. Thus laying up a store of thoughts in well-wrought words from which to draw

wisdom, sympathy, and guidance. These he will cull out, not slavishly agreeing with everything, but questioning with freedom and having the admiration of intelligence. He becomes what he is fitting himself to be. His inclinations have been educated and he can abandon himself light-heartedly to their notions, knowing that only the best will meet their demands.

No matter what one's environment, reading is a profitable pastime replete with allurements, delights, and discoveries. Let anybody once get a glimpse of the treasures and he cannot resist the lure of books. Knowing them is loving them.

The Banister Posts Converse

"BUSS" WILLETT

COME on old lazybones, it's time to get up."

"Um-m, ye-e-es," I answered, and unconsciously slid further down beneath the blankets. My mind lapsed off into pleasant dreams again, and I felt satisfied.

"Get up, I said," answered the voice of my tormentor, and heedless of caution, he picked me up, blankets, sheets, mattress and all, and unceremoniously deposited me on the floor. Then I opened my eyes, and looked around me. A bright light gleamed from my study lamp. My books lay as I had left them at 10:30 P. M. Everything in my room was as I had left it but now standing before me was one attired in immaculate raiment. I recognized him as my antagonist of the past five minutes. He threw me parts of my wearing apparel, motioned that I should put them on, and beckoned for me to follow him. Within three minutes the Yale lock of the room's door clicked behind us. The corridor was quiet, so with noiseless step I followed this spectral being. I noticed for the first time that he seemed familiar with every part of the dormitory. He lead to the front door,

opened it gently, and motioned that we were to go outside. I shivered in the crisp, night air, but my leader took no notice. We walked out on the campus, and as the bright stars gleamed down upon us, I mentally said to myself, "It is early morning, most likely 1:30 or 2:00 A. M. You are doomed to an awful fate. Say farewell to your friends who slumber, for you may not return."

The heavy frost which lay upon the grass, cracked and snapped as we stepped along. I perceived that we were heading toward Columbia Hall, and my heart leaped within me. Were we to enter that edifice? Perhaps! Who could tell? I mused on the fact that it would at least be warmer in there than out on the campus, or by the banks of the Sligo. I followed tremulously on. Yes, I was correct as to our destination, for our course had been so altered that the steps of the main building lay directly ahead.

I looked at the dim outlines of the other dormitories. As I continued to stare at them they seemed to take on a supernatural appearance. How stark they glared at me. Ah! I saw a flicker of light through the middle win-

dows of Central Hall. It was the watchman making his hourly rounds. Would he see us going across the campus? Surely he would come to my rescue! Fate seemed against me. The friendly light had vanished and I knew that he had passed on to his next call-box. South Hall seemed to glare at us. Every window was dark. It seemed like a sleeping monster, resting, yet having a knowledge of all that was going on. I stumbled as we reached the walk again, but I was rudely reminded of where we were by a swift jab from my leader and a word to keep my wits about me.

We ascended the fifteen stone steps of Columbia Hall together. As I neared the top, I heard voices. I wondered if more of my friends had been captured and brought here for the administering of punishment. The voices became more distinct as we came nearer. My companion stepped aside, opened the door gently and bade me enter. I was astonished as I stepped into the lobby. All was darkness. No one was in sight, yet the voices persisted. The accents seemed familiar, yet I could not distinguish where they came from. As my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness I could see certain objects. My terror knew no bounds when I looked forward to the staircase. Seated on the landing were the two banister posts. Their heads were bowed, but they spoke one to the other. It was their voices that I heard. I drew nearer and listened intently.

"I grieve myself each day that school comes round," said this first post. "I am treated harshly by these students as they pass up and down my friend, the Staircase. They pull on me violently with their hands. They shock my ears with their vain babblings and I am growing more tired each day that I stand here before them."

"O, brother," exclaimed the other raising his head, "grieve not yourself because of these boys and girls. Each has a warm heart within him, and although we are sometimes

treated roughly by them, still we enjoy a blessed privilege. Imagine how lonesome you would be if you did not have their association each day. We hear their joys and their sorrows and we hear their confidences as only a bosom friend can."

"Yes," came the reply, "I have thought of the fact, but think of the service we offer them, and in return we gain only repeated knockings and slams. Their continual clamor disturbs my peace, and I am often tempted to leave them forever."

"Just cheer up, old dear, do you not enjoy the enthusiasm which youth or'flows with? You know we take interest in their activities. Think of the fun we had listening to the Orange and the Green in the Sligonian Campaign. Didn't we enjoy many a hearty laugh the morning that the boys came in with their orange dyed shirts and collars?" and with this the second post gave vent to a hearty laugh. The first post straightened up at this sound and I noticed that his veneered face was creased in a dry smile.

"I remember," he replied, "but that is only one instance at which we gained amusement."

"But there are many others which I could name. Don't you enjoy hearing of their difficulties from day to day? You must admit you do, and when we hear of the success which they have in getting over the trials it does our hearts good. Don't be a pessimist, you should look from the bright side of life. Let's try to encourage, don't dishearten," and with this he moved closer to his brother. Silence ensued for a full minute. I thought of what had been said but a reply shook my dreams.

"Maybe that is the way to look at it, but how can I help in this? Can you show me how?"

"I can try at least. Aim at a higher thing. Only when you try for greater and nobler ideals can you reach them. Encouragement lifts the burden of the student who is weighted down with the cares of the world. Coopera-

tion makes the world of industry and accomplishment go round. Helpfulness in whatever position you are makes a place for you in the heart of your neighbor. Friendliness to teacher, fellow student, and friend promotes the best interests of your welfare, or your friend's with whom you come in contact, and the school's at large."

"But can I do these things, as helpless as I am?" asked the first.

The reply was immediate, "Yes, you can. The humble can often do more than the great. So much is expected of you and if you do not do your part you are losing hold. If I could but speak to each student, be he academic freshman, or college senior, I would try to inspire him to the very highest. I agree that vain babblings have no room within these walls but the seriousness which invades each life, should encourage the other faculties to fall in line for bigger things. Only when each one, be he student or faculty member recognizes that we must have cooperation, earnestness, spiritual endeavor and courtesy in the life of each can we bring that spirit of loyalty and devotion into our school that we will accomplish the end toward which we point."

A heavy hand was laid on my shoulder. It was my enemy again. He turned me violently around, expostulating in a deep voice, "Tell thy friends of all thou hast seen and heard."

With these words he picked me up in his strong arms, carried me out of doors, and

rolled me down those dozen and a quarter stone steps. As I neared the unfriendly terra firma there ensued a heavy crash. Columbia Hall shook and fell directly on top of me. A mighty wind seemed to revive me and with a desperate effort I arose to my feet. Voices were calling, "There goes the last worship bell, get up old lazybones."

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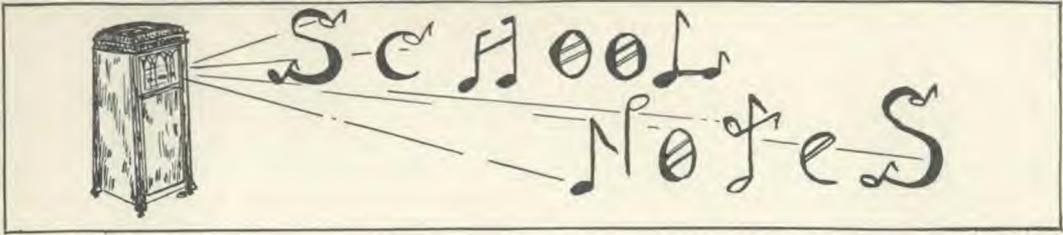
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One of the most delightful gatherings ever participated in by members of a Washington Missionary College faculty took place at the home of President Morrison the evening of December 2, 1924.

The event was planned by faculty members for Professor Morrison's forty-fourth birthday. It seemed that the thought of thus doing honor to our beloved president was almost simultaneous. Each member was telling the other, "Let's have a party for President Morrison."

The feeling of unity and love lent pleasure and a glow to an occasion which often is clouded by formality. Each faculty member seemed to desire to outdo his fellow in getting preparations under way.

At last the birthday evening arrived and still President Morrison seemed without suspicion. The faculty gathered at the home of Prof. J. N. Anderson. When all were in readiness, the "Fathers and Mothers" of the group started the procession. It was a breathless, happy company which grouped itself on the veranda and waited for a response to the ring of the door bell.

President Morrison himself responded to the door bell. For a second surprise, consternation, and then cordiality flitted across his face. Almost instantly President Morrison became the calm, gracious host that he always is, and Mrs. Morrison came at once to his assistance. We were greeted as *though expected* and then made to feel at home.

After a half-hour of general visiting, Professor Werline made a speech of appreciation of President Morrison. In his sincere, frank way, Professor Werline expressed to our president the love and appreciation which each of us should often say to our leader. After this speech, Dr. Salisbury presented President Morrison with a birthday gift. This was a set of book ends representing in bronze the famous Lincoln. Dr. Salisbury likened the traits of the two men—Lincoln and President Morrison—one the president of a denominational college, the other the leader of a great nation; sincerity, integrity, sympathy possessed by each.

President Morrison responded to these speeches in his direct, forceful, yet kindly way. Friendship and understanding seemed the basis of all that was said. Even the listeners felt drawn into this warm comradeship. Perhaps the loveliest thing of the entire evening was a story of President Morrison's early boyhood days, related by his aged mother.

After music and recitations, refreshments were served; the birthday cake with its 44 candles was wheeled in and then began the murmur and laughter of a happy company. Everyone seemed to enjoy his neighbor. We lingered as long as possible then separated and went back to the routine of daily life.

We have nothing to dread in this routine, guided as we are, by a sympathetic, Christian leader; surrounded by kind, congenial colleagues. We are indeed blessed at Washington Missionary College.

Miss Mable Killen and Mr. Cecil Schutt were united in marriage on Friday afternoon November 28, at 3 o'clock at the home of Eld. G. B. Thompson, Takoma Park, D. C. Elder C. K. Meyers tied the matrimonial knot. Miss Killen is a graduate of Washington Sanitarium and Hospital, while Mr. Schutt is a graduate of W. M. C. They have accepted a call to India and will probably sail in February. We regret that these young people are to leave us, but rejoice in their mission.

Miss Edith Bruce was sorry to have to leave school on account of her health. We hope to see her return the second semester.

Our Associate Editor, Mr. Sanford Ulmer, spent a few days in the hospital where he had a nasal operation.

We were glad to welcome Mr. David Wood as a visitor for a few days. He expects to attend school here the second semester.

That the girls received eighty subscriptions more than the boys in the recent Sligonian campaign was in a great manner due to their leader, Maude Brooke. The girls of South Hall took the opportunity Tuesday night December 2 to express to her their appreciation of her excellent work when they gathered in the parlor and she was ushered in unaware of the speeches and songs of the next few minutes. One asked, "What could we do without her?" There was no answer, for no one knew.

The New Jers-i-t-e-s who are attending school here greatly enjoyed a special feast set for them in the dining room one evening.

Stop and Laff

Lovey Henderson (Freshman)—Why are you hurrying so with your theme? It isn't class time yet.

Jane Sunderland (Senior)—I know it, but I'm trying to finish before my pen runs dry.

Professor Kimble—What is an octopus?

Maude Mason—An eight-sided cat.

Miss Mallatt—Name a collective noun.

Everett Ward—A vacuum cleaner.

Bill Loveless—Wise men hesitate. Fools are certain.

Mary Trovinger—Are you sure about that?

Bill—I am certain.

Professor Kimble—Our bodies are made up of thousands of different cells.

Ed Genge—Oh, I see, a sort of a jail.

Miss Stanley—Name three things which contain starch.

Hester Shelley—Two cuffs and a collar.

Larry Stone—"So you're the circulation manager of THE SLIGONIAN? What do you do?"

Carl Montgomery—"Why, I give the rub-downs."

Mr. Charles Rauch, a student of W. M. C., left the school on the Friday before Xmas to walk to his home in Philadelphia which is 150 miles away. Surely one is worthy of a vacation who will attempt such a journey on foot.

Professor Elliot, assistant secretary of the Young People's work for the General Conference, spoke to the young men of North Hall, December 17. He emphasized the importance of not trifling with sin, and gave some very good examples illustrating the point.

The series of Sunday evening lectures by Dr. Wilkinson that were started in the Belasco Theater are being continued at the Capitol Memorial Church in the city. The church has been well filled at each lecture, and good results are anticipated.

School life is such a regular run of events that we fall right into line and move along unconsciously until all of a sudden about every six weeks we find that something comes in to break the monotony. This something might be pleasing or unpleasing. First, we receive our bills which usually call for a visit to the Business office, and like the human, the tenderest spot on a person is his pocket-book and it doesn't seem to make us the most pleasant when folks want to touch it. Second, we pass into the dining room and rush around to see where we are to sit for the next six weeks. Exclamations at this time show that some are pleased and some are not.

The Alumni Association had a meeting of the local members on December 5. Prof. J. Z. Hottell, president of the Association, and his wife were here from New Market, Va. Professor Morrison and others helped in making the plans for active work in the near future.

In a chapel talk given December 1, Elder C. E. Weeks said that adaptability was one of the prerequisites of a missionary. There are many kinds of work to do in the mission fields and one must always be ready to fill any vacancies that might occur in the mission ranks. Elder Weeks, formerly of the Asiatic Division is now under appointment to Europe and expects to sail for his new field soon.

The "Famous Fifty" remembered Mrs. Marsh on her birthday, December 14, by presenting her with a large three-layer cake, and a birthday program. Mrs. Marsh, acting on the belief that good things should be shared, magnanimously cut the cake and shared it with the boys the following evening.

Rah! Rah for the Seniors! The College Senior Class was organized Monday, December 22. The officers are, president, James Leland; vice-president, Mabel White; Secretary-treasurer, Dorothy Bartlett; assistant secretary-treasurer, Robert Edwards. No plans have been divulged as yet, but the nine members deport themselves with the true senior dignity.

Miss Dorothy Stowe is delighted to have her father, mother and brother come down here to live. She will live out on Flower Avenue with them. We regret to have Dorothy move out of the dormitory.

How many times have we been rocked to sleep by the melodious tones coming from our mother's lips of "My Old Kentucky Home"! We reflect on those days with a pleasant tinge of joy. Such were the retrospections of the boys of North Hall, Thursday evening, December 18, when the double quartet of the Halcyon Club of South Hall serenaded the boys with familiar melodies.

A science demonstration of many interesting experiments was given by Professors Kimble and Helligso on Saturday evening December 13. Great are the marvels of electricity!

Professor Hannum is again in school after about two weeks of illness. We are glad to see him back to take part in the school exercises.

The Week of Prayer is over, but the memory of its days of blessings, of its hours of secret communion, of its times of refreshing spirit can never be forgotten by the students of W. M. C. To some of us it marked the passing of a milestone in the Christian life, to others it indicated a regeneration; to all it meant entire consecration. We greatly appreciated Elder Longacre's words of encouragement.

Some of the girls in the sewing classes have decided they are taking "ripping" instead of sewing. They should report this change to the registrar at once.

The girls in the academic cooking class, and others are making candy to sell to the students after supper each evening

Messrs Sanford Ulmer and Bernarr Whitcomb spent their vacation touring several of the large cities farther north. They visited in Philadelphia, Atlantic City, and New York. Many sights of interest were seen, and they agree that the trip was educational as well as entertaining.

When you were small, you believed in Santa Claus, didn't you? Yes, we all did. But now that we have passed that stage, we no longer hang our stockings, nor listen for the bells of Santa's approaching sleigh, but we do enjoy seeing a well decorated Christmas tree, even yet; and for the benefit of those who remained here during the vacation a large tree was decorated and placed in South Hall, where a good time was had on Christmas day.

Some of the talented students with the teachers of the Music and Expression Departments gave an interesting program Saturday evening December 20.

After study period one evening the boys of North Hall went on a hike, returning shortly after ten o'clock before "taps" were sounded.



Sanitarium Notes

We are glad to report that Mrs. Genevieve Tinsley, a former student of W. M. C., is recuperating from an operation.

The Week of Prayer has come and gone. We enjoyed the quiet and unemotional meetings conducted by Professor Lacey and Elder Wilcox in the evening. The readings were presented each morning at our regular worship hour. Arrangements were made for Elder Wilcox to speak to each class separately in the nurses' home and each class was subdivided into small prayer bands. We feel that this week was a real season of refreshing, for as we go about our daily routine of duties, it is so easy to become careless and not put first things first.

The Seniors were delightfully entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson at their home on Flower Avenue several weeks ago. We all intend to accept their invitation to come again.

Our home life is continually changing and improving. Since this is our home, we have long felt that some time should be set apart in which we could get together and become better acquainted, so one hour each week each class meets separately. Here we not only plan for recreation and amusement but are told of our mistakes and shortcomings and ways in which we can improve our time and work as is always necessary in the daily life of a large family.

We were especially privileged recently to attend the Burton Holmes Travelogues. It was arranged for each class to be relieved at different times to take advantage of this opportunity.

Prof. M. E. Cady recently underwent an operation here at the Sanitarium. He is convalescing rapidly and hopes to be discharged soon.

Miss Kathryn Jensen of the General Conference has just completed a series of lectures to the Senior class on School Nursing. They were very interesting and each nurse is to assist Dr. Elliott in examining the children in the church schools throughout the conference.

Every member of our family was personally grieved when we received the announcement that Dr. Miller was to leave us and connect with the work in China. He has been with us so long and has worked so tirelessly for the development of the institution that we feel the loss will be very great. But he is sure the Lord has called him and every one knows that his heart has always been in China, and we trust in the Lord to find someone to fill his place.

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Mrs. Jennie Andross, wife of Elder Andross, is also recovering from an operation.

Misses Lillian and Ellen Wiese were called home last week by the death of their grandmother. We wish to extend to them our deepest sympathy.

Medical work as well as any other line of work has its dull seasons. Feeling that they should help in some way, several of the nurses became patients. Miss Ella Taylor took up her abode in Ward G, while Miss Gladys Atchinson underwent an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Earl Geeting was the last to submit. They are all well on the road to recovery.

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(Continued from page 13)

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We have had various campaigns in our schools for many years, but never yet did I hear of a "Loyalty Campaign." Would it not be proper and is it not time that W. M. C. set a precedent throughout the denomination by inaugurating a "Loyalty Campaign"? We want no wild and boistrous demonstration but with THE SLIGONIAN as the official organ, without raising of funds, there should be launched the mightiest movement for this school that any college ever experienced.

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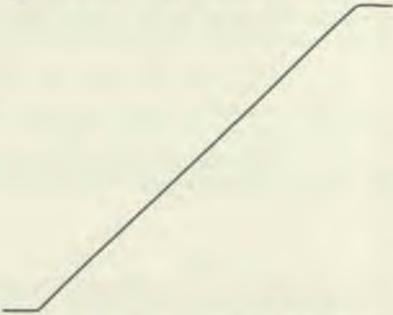


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