

The Sligonian



April-May = 1925



ILLUSTRATIONS

by the

PHOTO-ENGRAVING

PROCESSES

Such as those appearing in this publication are made at low rates by

THE MAURICE JOYCE ENGRAVING CO.

H. C. C. STILES, Manager

Evening Star Building

Washington, D. C.

Established 1865

Incorporated 1919

Geo. M. Barker Co.

Doors, Windows, Blinds, Frames, Mouldings,
and

Manufactured Millwork

649 and 651 New York Avenue and 1517 7th Street, N. W.

*Prices and Service always Reasonable and
Satisfactory*

Telephones Main 1348-1349

J. Shulman, General Manager

Have You Started that Savings Account?

Ask for one of our registering dime savings banks—a pocket bank, or a barrel bank. Just drop in a coin or your loose change every day, bring the bank in once a month to our Savings Department, and
Watch your account grow!

Three Per Cent Paid on Savings Deposits

The Riggs National Bank

of Washington, D. C.

Resources over \$37,000,000

Five Convenient Locations

Main Office: 1503 Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite U. S. Treasury

Dupont Circle Office :
1913 Massachusetts Avenue

Washington Heights Office :
2477 18th Street, N. W.

Park Road Office :
Fourteenth Street and Park Road

Seventh Street Office :
Seventh and Eye Streets, N. W.

THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. IX

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., APRIL-MAY, 1925

No. 7

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

EDITORIAL STAFF

SANFORD ULMER, *Editor in Chief*

W. HAYNSWORTH JERVEY, *Associate Editor* J. NATHANIEL KRUM, *Missionary Editor*
MARY HELEN TRESSLAR, *News Editor* WILLIAM EDWARDS, *Art Editor*
PROF. HAROLD HANNUM, *Alumni Editor*

MANAGERS

HAROLD LEASE, *Business Manager* PAUL WESTBROOK, *Advertising Manager*
BENJAMIN ANDERSON, *Circulation Manager* IRVIN HARRISON, *Treasurer*
RACHEL STEVENS, *Assistant Circulation Manager* PROF. J. W. OSBORNE, *Faculty Advisor*

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

W. O. BELZ, *President*

SANFORD ULMER, *Vice-President*

MAXINE ROSS, *Secretary*

CONTENTS

SPRING— <i>V. H. Campbell</i>	4
EDITORIALS	5
HAIL, APRIL FIRST— <i>Guy Norland</i>	6
THE LAW OF COMPENSATION— <i>Bryan Votaw</i>	6
WORK, IT'S THE BEST ROAD TO SUCCESS—An Interview with Dr. E. G. Salisbury.....	7
THE DESERT— <i>Anonymous</i>	8
SHIPS THAT HAVE SAILED IN MY HARBOR— <i>By a Fellow Voyager</i>	9
LEADING STILL!— <i>Theo. G. Weis</i>	10
AMBITION— <i>Alfred Montreaux</i>	11
MY FAVORITE PASTIME— <i>V. H. Campbell</i>	13
TIME	14
EARLY EXPERIENCES IN TURKEY—An Interview.....	15
MY KINGDOM FOR AN "A"— <i>Guy Norland</i>	18
NEWS NOTES	19

Entered as second-class matter December 20, 1916 at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of Congress of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1918. Terms: One dollar a year. Make all remittances payable to The Sligonian, Takoma Park, D. C. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance, or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given. Advertising rates furnished upon application.

- *Spring* -

Spring! Magic word—torture of poets who try to express their feelings in words; despair of students whose studies expectantly wait; the plague of teachers; the destroyer of ambition; the martyrdom of graduates, but the joy and rejoicing of young and old alike!

Spring! Graphic word—that pictures the down of the catkin, the velvet of the grass, the buds bursting through winter bonds, waters welling and sparkling, and the soft haze on the distant hill!

Spring! Descriptive word—that tells of the ploughboy turning the soft and crumbly furrows; that tells of the call of the robin, the chatter of the jays, the song of the thrush; that tells, in the Mayflower and jonquil, of the buds and flower to come!

Spring! Suggestive word—that speaks of life and living!

Spring! Inspiring word! Encouraging word!

No other word expresses it, but SPRING!!

—*V. H. Campbell.*



EDITORIAL

THAT SMILE OF MARY ANN'S

THE last lap of the race, and the quintet are headed for the tape! On they come, with muscles straining, toes digging, fingers clenching, and you get so thrilled you can't control yourself. You lose your deathgrip on the edge of the seat and find yourself about three feet in the air yelling for all you're worth, for there, streaking down the track like a scarlet tanager, is the red shirted fellow from out your way—a full five feet in the lead, the other four trailing behind like a string of rookies on dress parade. Sixty yards more and he'll breast the line; fifty, and the race is his; forty more—he can't fail—the blue has lost another foot, and the green, white, and yellow vie in bringing up the rear; thirty yards, and the unexpected happens. He hesitates—only a second, but just one second too long. You sit down without due caution in a manner similar to a deflated balloon and stretch your neck to see what caused your hero's hesitation. There it is! Sitting in the grandstand on the very front row is Mary Ann, her face wreathed in smiles, with a great red rose pinned defiantly in a conspicuous position.

Twenty yards, and the blue is with him; fifteen, and you stop your breathing in a strained suspense, and for ten seconds you don't know what's happening 'till you wake up to the fact that the fellows in blue are rooting like a crowd of wild men, and they jabber at you that the red has lost the race.

But now for the concrete from the abstract. Fellows, and you, too, girls, you are the racer in red, while the blue and white and yellow and green are but the studies you race this year. I don't know what your "Mary Ann" may be—it may be a girl for the fellows, or

a fellow for the girls, or it may be spring fever, or it may be any one of a multitude of things, but, believe me, whatever it is, it'll cause you to lose this race if you hesitate for "Mary's" smile a single moment before the race is over. Dig your toes in the cinder track of Study; clench your fingers on the handgrips of Concentration; then, when you feel your chest against the tape, take a free breath and look around for "Mary's" smile—but not till then!

W. H. J.

BEING INSPIRED

HAVE you ever had an experience that simply drew you up out of the crowd around you; then there began to pound away on you an unyielding desire to be the bigger man, or the better woman? Well, I had one the other day.

March 4 the inaugural ceremonies of our nation took place. The most popular man in the United States led the day. There were stretched out in front of the Capitol building in Washington over one hundred thousand people to see and hear the man of the hour.

Attention! The cavalry escort of soldiers appeared. Their beautiful prancing horses were aligned in austere dignity before the Capitol. The President's car was stopped in front of the steps of the Capitol. Seated in the rear were President Coolidge, Mrs. Coolidge and Senator Curtis. They arose and stood at attention as the bugler sounded his call. The president saluted and stepped from the car. Mrs. Coolidge, the Lady of Our Land, was helped down. Then the walk up the marble steps into the Senate building began,—President Coolidge on one side, Senator Curtis on the other, and Mrs. Coolidge between them, holding the arm of the president. They slowly ascended the mass of

steps,—he to take the oath of office as President of our United States for a term of four years, she to be his wife, the Mistress of the White House. Just then a woman near me remarked, "My, but she must be proud of him today!" So here we are at my story's end. But, do you think you could have stood there and looked on that scene and not be immersed almost completely in an overwhelming desire to be a *man*,—a man foursquare, one that not only your wife, your sweetheart, your mother or father might be proud of, but a man that your nation and your God might be proud of?

One among one hundred thousand while twenty-five million strained their ears over radio to hear a *man*. One among twenty-five million. Twenty-five million among one,— a *man*.
s. u.

HAIL, APRIL FIRST

GUY NORLAND

Monarch of jesters, king of fools,
Where is your empire, where your jewels?
Where are the mountains, where the main
O'er which you rule in lordly reign?
Are you a chief of rebel hordes,
Riot lands where none affords
The price of ransom for his head,
Or the skill of arms to lay you dead?
Are you some sheik from desert sands
Where men and myths clasp friendly hands,
Where weird tales cling and lies are true,
Where wits are sharp and tricks are new;
Or are you but a puppet set
Upon your throne to be the pet
Of guile-filled hands that work through you
Their jest and pranks—a motley crew?
Though men have set you up to reign
The day of fools—which most disdain—
You're guardian of a grander thing—
Sole monarch, prince, of blossoming spring!

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION

BRYAN VOTAW

YOU have often heard the remark, "This is a hard world in which we live." Well, that is true to a certain extent, and it is a good thing for the human race that it is true. If it were not for the fact that there is a good deal of stern justice in the working of Nature's laws, the natural tendencies of man would lead him to destruction. Take, for instance, the law of compensation. You know you can't get something for nothing, no matter how much men advertise that you can. Whatever you get in this world that is worth while, you pay full value for. If you do not pay for it in coin, you pay in your own self-respect, and when you pay in that way, you always get cheated.

When you sell your services, or any other commodity, at a price you know to be more than it is worth, you lose your sense of honor, and thus you are bartering away your greatest asset. That would not be so bad if the other fellow got the benefit of it, but he does not; for honor is something that comes only from within.

You need never worry as to whether or not you will receive enough compensation for your labor. The thing you should worry about is, "Am I giving enough labor for my wages?" If that is your attitude, no doubt your employer will see that you are worth more and will be willing to give you more.

One good part about the law of compensation is that for every action there is a reaction. If you go about kicking, you can expect to receive some kicks, and they will come your way whether you expect them or not. If you knock, you will surely receive some knocks, and they may be hard enough to take you off your feet. But if you go about smiling, you will see smiles on other faces, and the chances are that some of them will be especially for you.

So, after all, what we sometimes think of as stern and hard is only the tender mercies of God working in our behalf.

Work—Its the Best Road to Success

So Says Dr. E. G. Salisbury in a Recent Interview

"YOU come out very much ahead," says Dr. E. G. Salisbury, "if you get down and work your way through your college course." And then he compliments the students of W.M.C. for not neglecting that part of their education. He says, "A few years ago I asked the students of W.M.C. how many of them were in school partly or wholly by means of their own work. Nearly all of the young men and about two-thirds of the young women arose."

For the past twenty-five years, Dr. Salisbury has been teaching young people, much of the time being spent in schools or colleges of the Adventist denomination. For the past eleven years he has been connected with Washington Missionary College, lately, as Professor of Education. During all this time, he has had extended opportunity to study students by the close-up laboratory method—often through the microscope of the classroom. This he has done, and as a result he claims that the student who has his parents or someone else pay all, or most of his expenses, loses much that he might otherwise gain.

"There are certain advantages to be gained from working one's way through school. The practice is common in other American colleges besides those of Seventh-day Adventists. It makes possible a stability of purpose seldom seen in those whose expenses are met by another."

"Of course," says Dr. Salisbury, "there are disadvantages, too, such as lengthening the time in school and reducing social opportunities. In many cases, however, these seeming disadvantages are really advantages."

Dr. Salisbury finds keen delight in observing and comparing the life a person lives at school and the success it attains for him in later work. To show what those who have had to work for much and sometimes all of

their expenses do attain, he tells the following: "A young woman who canvassed during summers and worked at the school part of the time during winters, is now a teacher in one of our academies. A young man who met all his expenses in our schools for eight years by summer canvassing is now a successful worker in the Columbia Union Conference. A young man who met all his expenses by working in our printing office is now a missionary in China."

When asked what elements he observed in individuals which led them to the top rung of the ladder of success, the following four were promptly given: Purpose, industry, intelligence and health. In his comments on these elements of achievement, Dr. Salisbury said, "If young people are ever to make anything of themselves they must be purposeful. If one is to be successful he must have a purpose early in life and then bend all energies to its realization. It is not too early if a child purposes at twelve years of age to be a teacher, a minister, a physician, or an artist. In fact, the life purpose should possess one before that age. I would advise those who do not have a purpose to find one as soon as possible. All things seem to polarize around a purpose."

Dr. Salisbury has discovered that purpose and his next element of success, industry, are closely associated. "Many find their purpose," he says, "to be the spark that releases their energy. One cannot be energetic in a matter that has no purpose to him. On the other hand the purpose does not seem to supply the energy. A determination to work, and work until the vision is realized is what has made men and women great. It is what has made scores of young people of my experience come to the front."

Of intelligence, he says, "Some do not have as much as others, but because of the other

elements of success, actually accomplish much—even more than some who have more native intelligence and less purpose and industry. But, nevertheless, intelligence is necessary to success. Solomon says that even though we were to bray a fool in a mortar among the wheat with a pestle yet his foolishness would not depart from him. Neither can we bray intelligence into him.

“A healthy person, all other things considered, stands the best chance of success. An unhealthy person works under a great disadvantage. Health is dependent upon native inheritance and fostering care. The latter has often compensated for a lack in the former, whereas the former has often been wasted because of the absence of the latter. Young people can not overestimate the importance of good health. Having it, they should seek to retain it, lacking it, to regain it so far as possible.

“Although there are other elements that could be mentioned, these four seem to be of greatest importance in the lives of the young people I have known, and, in general, are fundamental.”

THE DESERT

THE word desert immediately brings up before your mind the picture of the map of Africa with that great white stretch in the northern part called Sahara. You almost see the infinite ocean of glittering sand that blinds your eyes; you feel the merciless rays of the scorching sun from a clear, blue sky. You admire the desert, remembering the wonderful but deceptive *Fata Morgana* and you shudder while thinking of the terrible, blowing simoon. Above all, the sentiment of loneliness nearly overpowers you.

There exists still another kind of desert which is not mentioned in geography. It is known only to strangers when they move in the midst of a people in a foreign country, but cannot come in contact with their fellow

beings, because the wilderness has no bridge. They cannot understand and are not understood, so they feel like one wandering in a desert all alone. This is an unnamed but real and living desert.

At times the poor lonesome traveler of this desert realizes he is surrounded by human forms making him their center of attraction. But their stony look reveal no sensibility. Cold is their blood. With many “brokes” he tries to tell them how the pangs of hunger grip his heart, and how dry and thirsty are his veins, but the sudden burst into a roar of malicious laughter on the part of those phantasms suffocates his tormented spirit. He flees away and longs for the society of the dead.

With heavy steps and a heavier heart, the pilgrim of civilization’s desert travels on. He lifts up his tired eyes, the insensible and dreary desert glares at him, wondering what the strange wayfarer expects of it. From his parched lips escapes the anxious question: “Is there no oasis in the desert?”

Oh, may his heart-rending cry not escape from the lips of any one near us! Let us be an oasis in this parching desert of life, at which travelers may quench their thirst, and rest themselves beneath the cooling shades of our influence.

Anonymous

WHEN TO EXPECT THE SLIGONIAN ANNUAL

There will be no May issue of THE SLIGONIAN, as the Sligonian Annual will be delivered about May 20. It was thought best by the Executive Board that the April issue be delayed until about the middle of the month so as to shorten the time between the issuance of the April number and the Annual.

“A liar should have a good memory.”

Ships that Have Sailed in My Harbor

BY A FELLOW VOYAGER

SUCH a tiny harbor is mine—just a mere cove! No argosy of Croesus has sought its anchorage; no panting “dog of war,” the respite of its sheltered calm; no mighty giant of the deep has it lured from ocean’s great expanse to rest a while in this uncharted dot of sea. Only the foamy wake, the distant ripples, the mumuring zephyrs, bring to me the echoes of the surging surf, the thunder tones of floating monarchs, storm-tossed or gently wafted to the haven where they would be.

But not a selfish recluse have I been in my little out-of-the-way Bay of Content. Small craft have come and gone; some linger in neighborly friendliness; some have voiced their good will with a cheery blast of the whistle as they passed in the silence of night or the turmoil of day. Some with the siren notes of the Lorelei have sought to tempt me away from the safe mooring. Some have flashed the S. O. S. call of terror across the waves, and some have nobly, bravely answered my fluttering signal of distress.

It is evening as I write; silvery moonlight without, glowing hearthfire within. Memory proffers me her magic kaleidoscope. I turn it slowly—slowly—and the yesterdays and yesteryears resolve themselves into the ships that have sailed in my harbor—the lives that have touched my life.

First: Radiant with beauty, tender with matchless mother-love, is the frail little woman of indomitable courage, untiring zeal, and deathless faith, who launched my bark upon Life’s sea. Her compass the Word of God, through waters of adversity, billows of affliction, shrieking blasts of trial, she steered true to the course until she heard the Pilot’s call and dropped anchor in the Haven of Rest.

Another turn and there comes before me

the stalwart form of a young boy, buoyant with hope, clear-eyed, unafraid. No idle cruise for him; life was real, life was earnest. Ambition beckoned, Ability urged, Honor inspired and directed. But the enemy seized his craft—we call him Death—and into the Great Silence—that unbroken, speechless, soundless silence—the impassable gulf—hurled the sparkling promise of a too-brief life.

The face has changed, even as our childish fancy traces fleeting forms in passing clouds, and the crystals merge into the features of a pale-faced, rather petulant “daddy’s boy.” Not “mother’s fool” exactly, but certainly with no burning desire for the lore of books. Fortune attends me as I slowly turn the wondrous glass, and I see the lad develop into early youth, manhood, maturity. What he did not learn within the walls of the classroom he has mastered in the broader, sterner school of experience; in civil life, in army life. From errand boy to a position of highest trust in our country’s greatest metropolis—a position won, not given! A self-made man; with wakened intellect; a strength of determination that recognized no barrier as insurmountable; a scrupulous devotion to the minutest details of the task at hand. A man of contrasts—a T. N. T. temper and the softest of hearts; a tempestuous tongue and the gentlest touch; the ready sarcasm and the readier ministry of service; a bulwark in the day of sorrow. What a splendid vessel he has builded! But will it stand the storm soon to break? Will his anchor hold? Who is at the helm? I wonder, and I pray!

But what a heart-saddening career I now view. A wasted, rudderless life! With every advantage of birth, environment, associates, a weak will and dissipation made a human derelict of a kindly, friendly soul. Drifting

with the tide—until the loosely constructed skiff went down, down, down, into the whirl-pool of sensuality and lust.

The fire dies, the room grows chill. Reluctantly I put aside the dream-provoking prism. But the movement of the hand has visualized one of compelling, absorbing interest. Who is he? A thinker, a doer; with a personality; a magnetism that holds as in a spell; with superb mentality, with the initiative and force of the born leader; with every endowment for ascendancy in the political world. This man has chosen the rugged path of the cross. He has read the divine forecast of inexorable doom to the unprepared, and to eyes that are blind, to ears that are deaf, to hearts and minds lulled to unconsciousness by the anesthesia of sin, this herald of the soon-coming King preaches Christ, lives Christ. Truly his is a life-boat!

And the Man of Galilee—has He entered my harbor? Listen!

“I was very deep in sin,
Far from the peaceful shore;
Very vilely stained within,
Sinking to rise no more.
But the Master of the Sea
Heard my despairing cry,
From the waters rescued me”—

and now He is the Captain of my salvation, who promises to pilot me to the shores of Eternity!

LEADING STILL!

THEO. G. WEIS

WHO am I? Millions of men have dared to toil on the mysterious paths I pave. My flickering flame of immortal fire has been the advance guard of kings and beggars. Like a guiding star I precede all mortals. None have ever reached the heights from which I shine. I am governed by the will and choice of man. I lead to Paradise and Hades alike.

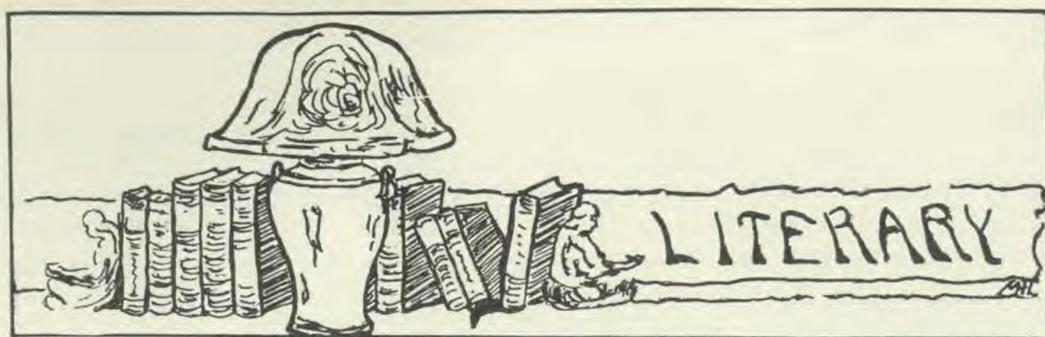
Born in the ruddy glow of morning's painted sky, my changeless form stalks like an Arthurian Knight to the cradle-side of every breathing babe. Like some phantom of dreams yet undreamt, I haunt the dwelling of every man. In the early days of youth I make my promising appearance. I sow my seed when the heart is young. The fire I kindle within the breast of the growing lad consumes the impossible, burns into the soul so that youth ventures to face death itself. My smoldering embers can seldom be smothered. They are the foot-marks in which follow “the rabble crowds.”

My speed is the speed of the lightning. When I go, *I go*, and no barrier can halt me in my course. I ride the echo of the thunderbolt, yet I stoop to accompany the lowly snail in its wanderings, and the red ant in the guarding of its fortress.

Inspired by me, men have changed unknown continents to homes and states of freedom. Men have followed me to the depths and dungeons of the earth. I have lured men into forest thickets; dared them to face poison arrows, heat, wet, and briery jungle. Led by me, men have stretched leagues and leagues of wiry netting across the stormy plains and through the fathomless deep; spanned impassable rivers; talked across continents on the tamed waves of the air; outstripped the swallow on the wings of the wind.

My artistic hand has spurred the imagination of painters poets, and sculptors. There is no art where I do not excel. I hold the cup of the dregs of sin and sorrow. I hold the wine cup of the joys that make life beautiful, bring heaven near, and make friends of God and man. Use me aright! I have led you and will lead you on to greater things! I am YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

“There is no folly equal to that of throwing away friendship in a world where it is so rare.”



Ambition

ALFRED MONTREUX

THERE is but one clearly defined line of demarcation between success and failure, and that line is Ambition. Ambition is the plumbline of kingliness, the level of nobleness, the square of greatness, and the architect of all true good.

But there is a difference in Ambition, for to some her light has shown as an *ignis fatuus*, and she has decoyed their feet into the morass and quagmire of avarice and vice, where they have inhaled the miasmatic atmosphere of selfishness until Ambition has become but a tool for the construction of Aladdin temples. On the other hand, urged by a higher Aspiration, some have climbed to the mountain peaks of distinction and fame, following Ambition as a guiding star while she led them ever onward and upward. Urged by a base Ambition there are no depths too deep into which man may descend; spurred by a noble purpose there are no heights beyond his reach!

It is true that success attends both the base Ambition and the noble Aspiration. The man who sinks in the muck of the bog, accomplishes his purpose in life; the man who reaches dizzy altitudes of rightful fame has reached his goal to which Ambition led him; but the man without a purpose achieves no victories, and lies down with the flock, a fleeceless sheep, whose wool declares him to be neither the producer of the pelt for which the Argonauts set sail, nor yet the proverbial black sheep of the fold—despised alike by gods and demons.

Success in life is not measured by the ounce or pound, by the square foot or cubic yard; it consists not of a shimmering pile of gold accumulated, nor in a cataclysmatic holocaust which ends in the attainment of a throne, but rather, it is determined by the amount of lasting benefit bequeathed to the races of man. Not always has this principle been appreciated: Socrates, with a burning Ambition to teach men to think for themselves, passed to his grave from the poisoned hemlock, while aside his name was placed the stigma of failure. But to-day, after the lapse of twenty-three centuries, his maximatic, "Know thyself," has proved the "open sesame" to hitherto locked doors. Copernicus announced his theory that the sun was stationary while the earth moved around it as a centre: and for generations men mocked and hooted at the idea; but at the present time we find that his ideas have been incorporated in the astronomical systems of the world, and have unfolded the secrets of the universe.

Though by the world unrecognized, these men spent but little time bemoaning a cruel fate and a still more cruel world. Theirs was a measure of success even in the face of failure, for did they not possess, as Carlyle says, if not for victory, at least the sense of battle fought, and a new determination? Their bloodless triumphs have placed them on the throne of the hearts of men, and they wield a scepter of success while the memory of the ambitionless brood which flouted with

loud voice their prescience and innate knowledge has passed away as the morning mist.

Ambition is co-existent with life in nearly every individual. It is manifested from the cradle to the grave. In the youngster we find it evidenced in his play with his toy soldiers, arranging them in squads, battalions, regiments, and putting them through the few maneuvers which are known to his childish mind. In the girl the same trait is noticeable while she plays with her dolls and toys, and teaches them the arts of housekeeping and domestic science in such a way as she knows these arts.

But we have reached the place where we are no longer children. Our tin soldiers and toy dolls have been transmuted by time into corporeal beings—literal men and women; they have been changed from the mere puppets of our hands to thinking creatures with a volition of their own. And, to fit the new condition, our Ambition of the past must either be reestablished or a new one formulated. While here at College we are confronted with the question, "What is my Ambition in life," and upon our answer to this query hang mighty matters.

It is by instinct that in our endeavors to determine and establish our Aspiration we should turn to the bravest, the truest, the most heroic in life. We look for bravery, and our eyes turn at once to the men who have graven records for themselves in the rock of history as military leaders. Shall we take, then, as our Ambition the Ambition of a Pharaoh, governing Egypt with a rod of iron? Or shall we follow in the trail of an Alexander, while he leads his phalanxes to a certain victory in Africa, Thrace, and India, and while he conquers the entire known world in the brief span of thirteen years? Shall we emulate a Hannibal, cross the Alps with Italy lying fair beneath our gaze, and march to the very gates of Rome itself? Shall we march in the vanguard of a Caesar—win Gaul, conquer Egypt, subdue Italy: or shall we choose to follow a Cortez to the ends of the world and

enthral kingdoms before unheard of? Or, again, shall we find an ideal in Napoleon Bonaparte, waging a sanguinary war in France, in Africa, in Austria?

These men are gone. Over their lifeless bones has passed a diuturnity of time. Scattered amongst the nations of the world the mummied Pharaohs gaze with sightless eyes through the glass of museum cases. The noble Caesar rests in state, and no thoughts of the fair and beautiful Cleopatra can disturb, and no plans for the next Gallic campaign trouble his repose. The Bonaparte has become a "brother to the insensible rock," and, in company with the peasantry his heel has crushed, he sleeps. It is well that his thoughtless ears can hear not, for did they so, his peace would be assailed continually by the cries of a slaughtered million, whose blood was spilled that his Ambition for the throne might become a realization.

What have they left behind them as reminders of their greatness? As Shakespeare ably says: "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." They have left no lasting good! In Egypt, we find an army of pyramid-tombs, over which a silent sphinx crouches as some watchdog on the desert sands, vainly endeavoring to protect the remnants of forgotten dynasties from the hand of the despoiler. Greece and Italy have become the cistula of nations, in which are contained as relics a myriad of shattered columns and ruined temples—fit symbols of the licentious civilization which they represent. In France, we see a crimson stain across her fair and fertile fields which an architrave of years can never expunge.

These men were great, and from the world they have received tribute unending. Shall we, then, choose them for our examples, and fashion our Aspirations after the Ambitions that swayed their lives?

When it was necessary to manifest kingship to the world, a David of Bethlehem was chosen, not a Gaius (*Continued on page 18*)

MY FAVORITE PASTIME

V. H. CAMPBELL

"NEXT to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it," and as "good thoughts from good writers are good friends, at all times, for all ages, and in all places," so also, "goodness is uneventful. It is deep, quiet, and simple. It passes not with oratory. It is foreign to riches, nor does it sit in the places of the mighty, but may be felt in the touch of a friendly hand or the look of a kindly eye."

"Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action," because so many of us

"Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,

Grow pure by being purely shone upon."
We do not want,

"The eternal smiles that emptiness betray
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way,"

but, rather,

"The smiles than win, the tints that glow,
That tell of days, in goodness spent;"

for if you will

"Be noble,
The nobleness that lies in other men sleeping, but never dead,

Will rise in majesty to meet thine own!"—
because

"It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours.
Life's field will yield as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or of flowers."

It isn't to be

"Now new, now old, now both, now neither,
To serve the world's course, they care not
whether,"

but, rather,

"To draw in folk to heaven by fairness,
By good example, this is their business,"
and to know that

"Christ's love, and his apostles twelve
He taught, but first followed it himselfe."

So ought we

"To act that each tomorrow,
Find us further than today."

Then, if you

"Can see your dreams of glory fade,
And never stop to count the cost,
And hold the cause which you have
served,

More pressing than the goal you've lost,"
and can remember to

"Search thine own heart, what paineth thee
In others; in thyself may be;"

knowing that

"All dust is frail, all flesh is weak,
Be thou the true man thou dost seek,"

and that

"Best they honor thee,
Who honor in thee only what is best"—

then we can say,

"God be thanked who has watched us with
this hour."

Thus, remembering

"That it is always morning somewhere in
the world,"

we will

"Be of good cheer."

Now, as I have

"Drawn out the thread of my verbosity,
Finer than the staple of my argument,"

you can see that at least one of my favorite pastimes is to be

"A reading machine always wound up and
going,"

and to collect

"Good thoughts from good writers."

When men are rightly occupied their amusement grows out of their work as naturally as the color-petals out of a fruitful flower.—Ruskin.

In the valley of humility, where men depend on God to teach them and to guide their every step, there is comparative safety.

—White.

TIME

HOW old is Father Time? Tell me—when did he first step from the Cradle of the Beginning and start his journey through life? Just how many years, centuries, or millenniums has he yet to travel before he arrives at the destination for which he started? How often does he stop along the way to rest? How often does he fail to turn the hour glass so that the sands of life do run no more? These questions make us think much, but leave us more or less dumbfounded as to their answer.

Let us then approach this theme of Time from a different standpoint, one, perhaps, of which we know more. Probably the first record we have of the keeping of time is that which refers to the cave men, (assuming that men lived in caves at some time or another). Their time-piece is said to have been a long piece of rope hanging in the air. At certain regular distances knots would be tied in the rope. It would then be lighted. As often as a new knot was reached in the burning of the rope a definite period of time had passed.

Then later the hour glass was the standard time-keeper. For a long time it held sway. Soon the clock was invented. At first it was a large, clumsy inaccurate affair, and very expensive. Today we can get an Ingersoll for a dollar or pay several thousand for a small wrist watch or a clock. How inaccurate do these man-made and man-controlled time-keepers seem when compared with the great time-keepers of the heavens. The astronomers say, "Go to the stars if you want the correct time." How completely dependable are they as they whirl through millions and billions of miles of space at a speed so terrific that it cannot be perceived or thought of by man! And yet, they never vary the slightest fraction of a degree of the smallest conceivable part of a second. Can such accuracy be a mere happen-so? Man—all important man—take thy proper place in the universe!

But, we say, "Can time go on like this forever? Shall we continue to tick off the seconds as they pass and mark down the years in our histories?" I think most of us believe that some day we shall be ushered in to the great beyond which we choose to call "Eternity." With what meaning is that little word fraught! Yes, Eternity, what is it? How long is it? Perhaps we can be led to realize its infinity by the story that is related concerning a little bird.

There was a large rock, one mile high, one mile long, and one mile wide. It was made of the rockiest rock. Once each year this little bird would come to this great rock and sharpen its bill by rubbing it a few times upon its surface. The story went on to say that by the time the bird had worn the entire rock away by rubbing his bill on it once each year, just one second of eternity will have passed. Thus will eternity stretch out before us into the vast beyond, and the farthest end of which we can think will only be where it begins anew.

But we deal not with eternity as yet. "A man has but one moment of life to call his own. The moment just passed into the score of time's count, the moment which the hand of the colck trembles over, a hair's breadth yet to go, these are no living man's to claim. One is gone forever, the other may mark the passage of his soul.

"Only this moment, this throb of the heart this half-drawn breath, is a living man's to claim. The beggar has it—the monarch can command no more."

"To save time is to lengthen life."

S. U.

Sin is the expression of the ego in selfishness.—Marsh.

"A man of genius must waste a part of his genius unless he orders his life well."



Early Experiences in Turkey

Among the Armenians and Greeks

IN a recent interview with Elder J. H. Krum, who was the first foreign Seventh-day Adventist missionary sent into the interior of Asia Minor, and also the pioneer in the Holy Land, the following impressions and experiences were given:

Among all religious sufferers the Armenians are in a class by themselves, especially in this generation. The Armenians as a nation were the best representatives of Christianity in the Levantine field during the first quarter of the twentieth century, and this accounts largely for the fierce persecution that they have suffered. Some wonderful Christian characters have been developed among the Greeks and Armenians in Asia Minor during the brief time since our message has entered there.

Foremost among them was our lamented Elder Z. G. Baharian, who was the leader in our work up to his untimely death as a martyr for the cause he loved.

About 1898 Elder Baharian was forbidden to leave the city of Constantinople and threatened with arrest and imprisonment if he should at any time be found outside of the city limits. At the same time a decree was proclaimed throughout the entire country through the Minister of Religions calling upon all officers of the law to arrest any Seventh-day Adventists who held meetings or performed any rite of the Church.

As a result of this many were arrested and imprisoned and thereafter all meetings had to be held in secret for a time, in some

prejudiced communities, without songs of praise; or they would go out of the towns and meet in groves and by the riverside or in the solitude of the mountains.

None of the native ministers could travel or leave their home provinces. Anyone found over the line of his vilayet would be arrested.

When the ministers found they could not travel and visit the believers, they began correspondence. Elder Baharian bought a duplicating machine and in this way reached and preached to as many as twenty-five or fifty groups each week, accomplishing more through his correspondence than through his personal labors. Calls came from many places. Many had been keeping the Sabbath five years and had not seen any living exponent of the message. They were calling loudly for baptism.

Elder K. was located at Jerusalem, Palestine, and was the nearest laborer having a good government to support him. He was selected to enter the country to baptize and encourage the persecuted members. He said the first place he arrived at was Tarsus, the home city of the apostle Paul. It was reported among the Christian population that the president of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists is coming to bring relief to the persecuted church members. As a result there were about one thousand people at the station who came out of curiosity. As soon as he was visible on the station platform, the people crowded around him so he could

go no farther. Two soldiers drew their swords and swung them right and left and scattered the crowd. After eluding the people he was taken to a private place by a brother, and after midnight, he baptized two brothers in the Saros River. This was the beginning of many exciting experiences in evading the government officials and prejudiced enemies of our people. Baptisms were administered at night, and the participants would go to the places agreed upon, by twos or threes, by different routes.

In Hadjin in the Taurus mountains, the people again spread the report of his coming. The Ruler or Kaimakam sent three mounted officers to meet him on the outskirts of the city. He and the interpreter were then taken before the ruler and questioned. After looking over the passports, the ruler said: "I see you are a minister! and of what persuasion, please?" They answered, "Seventh-day Adventist." (He knew before he asked.) He then said, "Don't you know that your religion is prohibited in Turkey?"

Answer. "Yes, sir!"

Ruler. "Why did you come if you knew it?"

Answer. "I merely came to visit them in their houses!"

Ruler. "I charge you not to preach or baptize in this city. Will you promise that?"

Answer. "No, I cannot, my Bible says, 'Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and the Son and of the Holy Ghost.—And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'"

Ruler. "Your Bible says that, but the Turkish Government says, you shall not preach! I must report you to Constantinople if you hold meetings."

The ruler then commanded that a soldier accompany them to a lodging place, with orders to watch the house and turn away all people who wished to speak with them. Many were turned away.

In this same city there were some Mennonite missionaries who were conducting two orphanages, one for boys and one for girls.

These people were worshiping under the Charter of the established protestant churches, and were taking care of educating and clothing about 600 children who were orphaned through the massacre of 1897 when 45,000 Armenians were killed. These men came to Elder Krum when they heard of the excitement, and wanted to know from where he came. They were greatly pleased to find out that they all came from the same city in America, namely, Reading, Pa. Although the government had shut all the doors for preaching, these Mennonites invited him into their meeting and gave him a chance to speak under their protection. While the soldier was watching the lodging house, Elder Krum spoke in the Mennonite meeting to 200 people and after that was invited into two private houses and answered questions until long after midnight.

The next night about three o'clock they went up into a mountain where there was a water fall which had washed out a large hole, and baptized three men.

While visiting the province of Bithynia, near Constantinople, Elder Krum was holding a series of meetings in an Armenian town where there were no Turks beside the five soldiers at the police station. After several meetings were held, the priests of the Armenian church went to the soldiers and accused him of causing a disturbance in the town. The soldiers came to the house where the meetings were held, but the owner assured the officers that all was done quietly and that he would stand good for any trouble that might ensue. The priests were turned away three times by the soldiers who were personal friends of the owner of the house. They knew that the accusations were false. When the priests saw that they could do nothing with the officers at home they decided to go the Turkish government town ten miles away. When Elder Krum heard it, he decided to leave quickly before the officers arrived. He left with two Americans in a covered prairie schooner. As they were going down the

mountain side they saw four uniformed officers coming toward them. Elder Krum hurriedly left the front seat of the wagon, and laid down in the box, and was soon hidden from their sight by all the covers and baggage that could be piled on him. They passed in safety, but two days later the officers found him preaching in a place called Chenkeler and forced him to return to the government town, where he spent forty-eight hours in a hotel under guard day and night. Elder Krum asked the guard to take him to the ruler. He demanded that his case be settled at once or he would appeal to the American Ambassador, (the latter had promised help if Elder Krum should need it). This seemed to scare the ruler and he telegraphed at once to a larger city, Broussa, for instructions. They wired back that they should escort him to Jalova, put him on board of a ship and let him go to Ismid, the old Nicomedia. When he arrived at the latter port all his belongings were seized, the letters in English and German, Bibles in three languages, etc. They refused to return anything until they had found out what was in the German letters. Every stranger and especially foreigners were suspected of being spies or men being paid to foment an insurrection among the Armenians. Elder Krum sought out an interpreter and asked him if he could read German. He said, "Yes." He went down to the customhouse and told them the letters contained only common home news. He returned and after he was paid for his services in freeing the baggage, he said, "Don't give me away,—I don't know a word of German, but I seemed to know it when I read the letters for the officials in the customhouse. You see, I could not have earned this money if I would have told you that I did not know the language." Elder Krum said he did not approve of the deception but he was thankful for his freedom. In every place there were difficulties and perplexities. Many of the faithful souls that he baptized were later massacred. Some of the

parting scenes were very affecting. The brethren and sisters would all meet at a designated spot outside the town on the day of departure, and all would kneel down in the road and send fervent petitions to God for their safety on the way. Tears would course down their cheeks while fervent hand-clasps would indicate the love that burned in their hearts for the truth that made us one. In many places they would stand and watch us pass out of sight while all would join in singing the beautiful and impressive words: "It is well! It is well with my soul!"

Just a few years later in 1909 during the massacre many of those voices were hushed in death.

THE SLIGONIAN ANNUAL

The editorial staff of the Sligonian Annual is promising an exceptional annual this year. Its plans allow for a 96-page book. Departments are devoted to the Faculty, the Graduating Classes, the Departments of the School, and the Activities of the School. The paper on which the book will be run is to be of a super-quality glossy stock. More half-tone pictures are being inserted than in any previous book of a similar size. There will be seven or more pages of snap shots of the students, the campus activities, and views of the city of Washington. The whole book will be an attractive memento of the 1924-25 school year. Don't miss this opportunity to complete your Sligonian library. It will be distributed Class Night, May 21, 1925. If you are a regular subscriber to The Sligonian, watch for your copy; if you are not a regular subscriber be sure to fill in the blank below.

() Please send me copies of The Sligonian Annual. (\$1.00)

() Please send my copy of The Sligonian Annual in Special Imitation Leather (\$1.25)

Name

Street and No.

City and State

AMBITION

(Continued from page 12)

Caesar of Rome; when it was needful that bravery be exemplified, a Daniel of Judah was appointed to stand in Babylon, not a Hannibal of Carthage; when there was a display of heroism needed for the world, a Saul of Tarsus was called, not a Bonaparte of France; and to-day, when the world is placing a stirring plea before humanity for an exhibition of true manhood and womanhood, we must answer to the call, not the students of the world!

The average college student of the world to-day has set his aim for the fantasmagorical things of life. He strives for the attainment of the mirage of wealth, he seeks for the evanescent lure of pleasure, and for the furtherance of his plans he has his coteries, his clubs, his organizations, his cliques, his societies, and his fraternities. He has set as his Ambition the desire to reach the standard of the world, and by what means does he reach it? He fills his mind with the corrosion and canker of secret vice; he fills his heart with the lust of pride and selfishness; he fills his hand with the ore of Hell, which has come down to us from the palm of Judas Iscariot—he sells his Master daily for the thirty pieces of silver.

Listen! You, too, are college students, and I charge you that you study to show yourselves approved unto God, skilled workmen, having in your minds a knowledge of the word of God, and in your hearts a love for both God and man, and in your hands the reins of self-control; and then, taking as your Ambition the attainment of a perfect character, and as your Ideal, Christ Jesus, press on, and on, until you reach the perfection of your Archetype, and your feet are planted upon the "shining table-land to which our God Himself is sun and moon"—when Ambition and Aspiration shall have been merged into Attainment in a glorious culmination!

MY KINGDOM FOR AN "A"

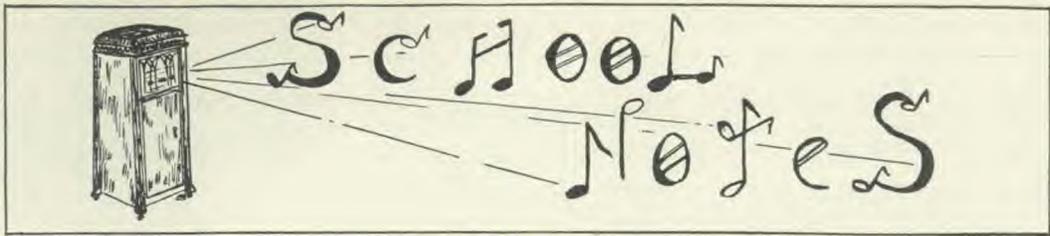
GUY NORLAND

"TELL me not in mournful numbers" that I've fizzled out and failed. I have worked my brains, my hands, my eyes, my ears and mouth; I have sacrificed my pleasant evenings and I have lost my sleep. The electric light in my study room has burned itself tired, has laid down its glory and given up the ghost. My flashlight lamented its task. It refused to be burned all hours of the night. It rolled off my desk and committed suicide. I have spent all my nickels buying five-cent tallow candles. My candlestick is staggering in ruins of tallow that the nights have made. My text books are marked and scarred with notes, exclamations and cross references. My inkwell is dry; should I fail to get more ink a drought will result. All my pencils are wasted by much work and much sharpening. My fountain pen has a worn-out nib. My typewriter is a heap of ruins. I have quietly laid it to its rest and borrowed another. Every scrap of paper I could find I have wasted making briefs, diagrams or solving trigonometry problems. I have walked the velvet off my carpet in the desperate attempt to consume chapter after chapter of memory work. My dumb-bells are covered with dust from lack of use. My muscles are sagging and growing flabby. I have spent all my money and am forced to earn more. My prayers have been brief. I have forgotten to mention mother, father, sister and sweetheart. I have only said, "Give me and 'A.'"

"Religion—the coming of man to himself among the husks of matter."

If you do not say a thing in an irritating way, you may as well not say it at all, because people will not trouble themselves about anything that does not trouble them.

—Geo. Bernard Shaw.



FAMOUS FIFTY ENTERTAINS HALCYON CLUB

The Halcyon Club of South Hall was entertained at a reception given by the Famous Fifty Club of North Hall, Saturday evening, March 28, in the dining room of Central Hall.

The invitation was extended to the Halcyon Club in a very unique way by little Bobbie Marsh, son of Dean Marsh. Bobbie, dressed in full evening attire, called on the girls one evening while they were having a meeting.

At 8 P.M. on Saturday evening the young ladies were cordially received as the guests of honor while the Famous Fifty orchestra played. Mr. Willett, president of the young men's club gave an address of welcome after all were comfortably seated. He explained to all that coeducation was the proper thing in which to believe; in fact, after one once experienced it his mind never turned in other channels. No objection to his theory was raised.

The evening's program consisted of several musical numbers, a reading, and a mock court scene. One feature was a rather dusky-colored quartet composed of Messers. Shultz, Willett, Williams and Lease, who sang several negro melodies. The mock court scene especially interested us, because the officer of the law, (Mr. Campbell in private life) took before the judge numerous folks from among those in the audience. The work of the judge, (otherwise Mr. Weis) in deciding the penalties inflicted for each crime was stupendous if his fast-wrinkling brow was a true indicator. A box social seemed to heighten the evening's enjoyment. Many boxes were beautifully decorated, and all were very attractive on the inside.

A few words of appreciation for the evening's entertainment were given by Miss Brooke, president of the Halcyon Club.

NON-DORMITORY STUDENTS HAVE ENTERTAINMENT

Girls Entertain Boys in R. & H. Cafeteria

The "outside girls" entertained the "outside boys" at an informal reception, Saturday evening, March 26, in the Review and Herald Cafeteria. The number of students present was forty. They each bear witness to an enjoyable evening.

Most of the time was spent in playing games; old ones were revived, and new ones initiated. All were successful as a means of entertainment and recreation. Refreshments were served near the close of the evening's gathering.

A vote of thanks and a big cheer by the young men proved conclusively to the young ladies that their efforts were greatly appreciated and enjoyed.

PAGEANT, QUEEN ESTHER, GIVEN BY HALCYON CLUB

King Ahasuerus sits in council! High on the throne of splendor, surrounded by the gorgeously of oriental tapestries, the haughty monarch listens to the well-weighed words of his seven counselors, the seven wisest of the realm. Vashti—Vashti the Beautiful—Vashti the Favored of Women—Vashti his Queen—had disobeyed her lord, and invoked the regal wrath. She must be punished. Had she not set aside as nought the king's command? Then Memucan, chiefest of counselors, advises: "Let the king give her royal estate unto another worthier than she!"

This was the first episode of the pageant, "Queen Esther," given by the Halcyon Club, March 21. There was something so real about the scenes, something so natural about the atmosphere, that we became a part of the pageant itself. We could feel with Esther the pangs of separation from her aged guardian, Mordecai, even though such separation meant a throne; we could sense with her the dread of entering upon the cold routine of the life of court; and we could thrill with her as the crown of the greatest nation of earth was pressed upon her brow. When the darkness of persecution's night had settled upon the Jewish captives, we, too, could feel the gloom, the despair, that settled with it over Queen Esther's heart. We, too, could tremble as she dared to seek the king unbidden, unannounced. And, when the falsity of Haman had been exposed, and her people saved, we, with her, could exult in the triumph that had been wrought through her who had been brought to the kingdom for such a time as that.—*An appreciative student.*

Editor's note: For the benefit of our readers who may be interested in the pageant we are publishing the list of characters in part.

Characters

Esther	Mildred McPherson
Ahasuerus	Rozelle Miller
Mordecai	Rachel Stevens
Haman	Janet Hess
Prophetess	Mary Trovinger
Meesha Zabell (Esther's nurse)	Frances Ball
Hegai (Keeper of Women)	Helen Edwards

THE COLPORTEURS' INSTITUTE

The annual Colporteur Institute has been held here during the first week of April. The purpose of this institute has been to inspire students and other Adventist young people to enter the colporteur work.

The advantages which this work offers are twofold. First the opportunities for missionary work are many. Second it is a very good way for students to earn scholarships.

THE FAMOUS FIFTY GLEE CLUB

The Famous Fifty very successfully presented its annual concert Saturday night, March 8. Anyone ever passing by North Hall is aware of the fact that the boys are gifted with voluminous voices. Saturday evening they proved that this volume, when put together was also very harmonious. The assistance of the Review and Herald Orchestra added very materially to the evening's entertainment.

THE PROGRAM

W.M.B.MARCH	- - - - -	Hall
	Orchestra	
THE SOLDIERS' CHORUS (From Faust)	-	Gounod
	Glee Club	
DUNA	- - - - -	Josephine McGill
	Double Quartette	
A MEDITATION	- - - - -	Hamilton Grey
	Orchestra	
THE PRISON SCENE (From Il Trovatore)	- -	Verdi
	Leonora: Mrs. Leroy Marsh	
	Manrico: Dr. Marvel Beem	
	and Chorus	
READING: "In the Ranks of the Enemy"		
	Calvin Pyle	
SERENADE	- - - - -	Schubert
OUT ON THE DEEP	- - - - -	Harman Lohr
	Glee Club	
IN AN OLD FASHIONED TOWN	- - -	W. H. Squire
	Double Quartette	
XYLOPHONE SOLO: "Listen to the Mocking Bird"		
	Cyril Watson and Orchestra	
AN IMPRESSION OF "A PERFECT DAY" (C. J. Bond)		
	Burton Williams	
THE ANVIL CHORUS (From Il Trovatore)	- -	Verdi
	Glee Club and Orchestra	
	James William Osborne, <i>Conductor</i>	
	Harold B. Hannum, <i>Accompanist</i>	

VISITORS OVER INAUGURATION

Mrs. Brooke, from Atlanta, Ga., to see her sister-in-law, Maude Brooke.

Miss Mabel Vaughn, a former student of W. M. C. and Miss Mary McLaughlin from Morgantown, W. V., to visit friends.

Mrs. Brown, to visit her daughter Evelyn.

OTHER VISITORS

Mrs. Loop, to visit her daughter Beryl. Elizabeth Schneider's mother and sister from Philadelphia.

Lorraine Baum's father and sister.

Harold Lease's sister.

Glenn Geeting's mother, father and brother.

Spring surely is here to stay when dignified college students will leave their work to go out on the campus and play marbles—and when the girls from South Hall begin to jump the rope. Mildred McPherson and Mary Trovinger are the "professional" jumpers.

Professor C. A. Russell provided a lively and educational half hour for the boys of North Hall, March 24, with a history quiz game.

The fad now is a thyroid operation. Those having indulged in the same recently are: Rose Salisbury, Elva Snider, Bessie Morgan, Lorena Wilcox, Gladys Youngblood, and Queene Minor. They are all improving nicely.

THE SENIORS

To Shenandoah Valley.

The Senior class, together with Professor Werline and Mrs. James, spent a recent week-end at Shenandoah Valley. They visited the Endless Caverns during their stay. They also gave a program at the college there for Young People's Meeting.

THE PROFESSIONALS

A Little Spree.

The Professionals had a picnic at Burnt Mills, about two miles from the school, Sunday, March 8. They hiked out to the Woodrow Wilson Scout Camp. Here they spent the time climbing about the rocks playing games and eating fried eggs which they cooked over an open fire. We trust Ed Genge didn't entirely ruin his "professed" dignity by eating too many pickles.

The Professionals were the center of attraction Monday, March 16, when they marched into chapel with solemn tread, and displayed their banners of maroon and cream.

THE TENNIS CLUB

Late last fall, talk of a tennis club stirred the heavy air. We organized a club, with Frank Brewer as president, and started to build a court. A committee is working on a constitution for the club. The court is being used nearly every afternoon by various tennis-loving students.

Glenn Geeting, who has been absent a number of weeks, on account of a serious operation, is reported as being on the road to recovery. At times it seemed as though there was little hope for him, but we all feel very thankful that our many prayers and Glenn's never failing faith have carried him through this far. How glad we will be to see his face among us once more!

Jerry Shultz was forced to return home on account of ill health. We hope he will be able to return to school before the end of the semester.

We were very sorry to have Calvin Pyle leave for home, a few weeks ago. Calvin has been attending school here for three years, and has many friends who miss him.

Messrs. Loveless and Gustafson spent several days in Shenandoah Valley. They state that mountain hikes and pure valley air are of great benefit to their health.

Professor and Mrs. E. E. Helligso were suddenly called to Collegeview, Nebraska, on account of the serious illness of Professor Helligso's father.

Dr. E. G. Salisbury was absent from school a few days on account of illness. This is unusual for him and every one especially noted his absence.

We were glad to see Katherine Youngblood's smiling face again after an extended visit she had with the mumps.

Lots of

Pep
pictures
printing

the Annual!

Prospective Nurses' Class

The Washington Sanitarium and Hospital is beginning a new class June 1, 1925. We desire earnest, consecrated young men and women with a twelve grade education. The trained nurse has an unexcelled opportunity as a missionary in both home and foreign fields. If interested, correspond with The Director of School of Nursing,

Washington Sanitarium and Hospital

Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

YOU HAVE AN ACCOUNT

You are on the right road. You are to be complimented. But that is not all you need to insure the future. Set a mark that you wish to reach. Decide on a definite percentage of your income to be saved—and save that amount consistently. Put “life” into your Savings Account. Every pay day is a good time to deposit—indeed it is!

4 per cent Interest on Savings Account

TAKOMA PARK BANK

USE THE
Hammermill Bond

— LINE —

of Social Stationery

Choice of Bond, Ripple
or Linen Finish



Tablets

Various sizes in both Ink
and Typewriter . . .

Typewriting Papers

Choice of five weights in
Bond Finish and two
weights in Ripple Finish

Manuscript Covers

Standard size in four
colors and Ripple Finish

"Cabinets"

250 Envelopes and 250
Sheets in Bond or Ripple
Finish. Choice of three
sizes - Social, Secretary
or Commercial . . .



To be had at nearly all Station-
ers, Printers and Engravers

Or from our
Washington Distributor
The R. P. Andrews Paper Co.

Telephone Woodside 193

"Golden Guernsey" Raw Milk

Guernsey Dairy

PASTEURIZED MILK AND CREAM

BUTTER - COTTAGE CHEESE

BUTTERMILK - EGGS

Silver Springs, Maryland

*Flowers and
Magnetism*

A woman is never so charming
as when adorned with flowers.

A man is never so successful as
when he is wearing a flower.

THE WISE KNOW THIS AND ACT
ACCORDINGLY

BLACKISTONE INC.

Florists

14th and H Streets Phone Main 3707

“The Gateway to Service”

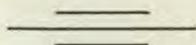


Washington Missionary College
Prepares You for The Business of Living

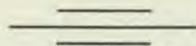


HARVEY A. MORRISON, President
Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON
MISSIONARY COLLEGE
PRESS



Printers
and
Publishers

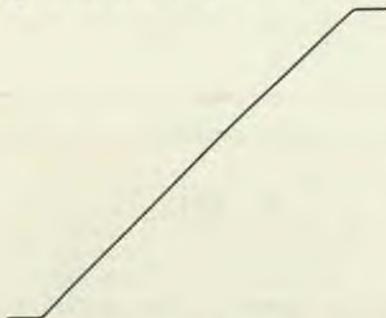


Takoma Park,

D. C.

DULIN & MARTIN COMPANY

QUALITY



This establishment has long enjoyed a high reputation for exclusive distinctiveness in its productions. This year's importations present a splendid display of embellishments for the home.

SILVER
CRYSTAL
CHINA
LAMPS
ART
OBJECTS

DULIN & MARTIN CO.

1215-17 F and 1214-18 G Street
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Telephone Columbia 9391-W

Always Fresh—Always Good
CULP'S BAKERY

Lunch and Delicatessen

Home Cooked Foods Served and Sold

18 Carroll Avenue, Takoma Park

Telephone

Columbia 1046

J. RICH

Pressing
Dyeing

Cleaning
Tailoring

347 Cedar Street,

Takoma Park, D. C.

Expert shoe repairing

N. Li Causi

Nearest the College

Carroll Avenue

Takoma Park

H. WEISBERG

Carroll Avenue Tailor

French Dry Cleaning

Dyeing

Repairing Pressing

Ladies' and Gentlemen's
Suits Made to Order

\$30.00 and UP

Goods called for and delivered
Phone Columbia 6308

206 Carroll Ave.

Takoma

Money Saved

By sending us all your Laundry
Work. Damp Wash, Rough
Dry, Family Finish and all other
branches of *Laundry Service*.

Under New Management

Old Colony Laundry

Takoma Park, D. C.

Phones: Adams 6060 Adams 6061

Compliments

of

A FRIEND

The Washington Wood Working Co.

John F. Murrel, Proprietor

Manufacturers of Special Mill Work

We carry in stock—Doors, Frames,
Sash, Veneered Panels. Upson, Bea-
ver and Compo Wall Board. : :
Lumber - Sheetrock - Mouldings

Franklin 6994-6995

12th and B Streets N. W.

Dry Goods

Hosiery, Notions, and Shoes

Liberal discounts to students.

ALEX. STERLING

27 Carroll Ave. Takoma Park

Attention!!

Latest Spring Styles in
Men Furnishings

STERLING & STERLING

31 Laurel Ave. Takoma Park

Established 1903 Phone Lincoln 2835

UNITED STATES
POSTER CO.

A. M. JOKUMSEN

Pennants, Banners, Pillow Tops
and other Felt Novelties that
we manufacture, make the pret-
tiest of all presents.

Mail orders promptly attended to

330 H Street N. E. Washington, D. C.

Phone Adams 6120-J

R. C. Lewis
New Home Decorating
Painting and Paperhanging

621 Carroll Avenue

Takoma Park, D. C.

Sandwiches
Ice Cream *Candies*

LEWIS GROCERY

"Just near the Sligo"

621 Carroll Ave., Takoma Park

EAT
HEALTH FOODS

Nourishing *Invigorating*
Strengthening

Quality high. Prices most reasonable.
Our products are sold at your neighborhood grocery. Write for our complete price list.

BROOKE HEALTH FOOD COMPANY
BROOKE, VIRGINIA

PAINTS - GLASS

O. W. Youngblood

353 Cedar Street

Takoma Park

HARDWARE

Phone Main 6386

Try MUTH First

—

Artists' Material
Draftsmen's Supplies
Paints

—

GEO. F. MUTH & CO.

710 Thirteenth Street N. W.

Washington, D. C.

Wear

Silver Lenses
"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

We favor students and members of the Adventist Denomination with a liberal discount because we appreciate the courtesies they have extended us.

*Eyes Examined
Glasses Fitted
and Repaired*

COLUMBIA OPTICAL CO.
908 F Street Northwest
WASHINGTON, D. C.

McCall Patterns Vanity Fair Silk Hosiery

Takoma Art & Gift Shoppe

GIFTS FOR EVERY ONE



Pansy's Beauty Parlor

18-A Carroll Avenue
Takoma Park, Maryland



Marcelling - Shampooing - Manicuring
Call Columbia 10424 for Appointments

Reinhardt

Window Shade Factory

2807 14th St. N. W. Col. 440

Li Causi & Anselmo

Successors to Santo Buttinelli

SHOE REPAIRING

15 Laurel Avenue :: Takoma Park

Takoma Electric Shop

326 Cedar Street

"Wire for me and I will wire for you"

We do wiring of all kinds and carry a complete line of electrical fixtures, cheaper than Washington prices — same goods.

Compliments of

Dr. H. A. Wood

Agents for Westinghouse Mazda

Lamps

Col. 7030

J. A. Ridgeway, Jr., Prop.

Woodside 34

Columbia 10286

Griffith & Perry Inc.

COAL

Silver Spring, Maryland

Franklin 8325

Franklin 8326

Dyer Brothers, Inc.

732 13 Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

DISTRIBUTORS FOR
Sherwin Williams Co.
Murphy Varnish Co.

And other Nationally advertised products

PLATE GLASS FURNITURE TOPS
MIRRORS RE-SILVERED

Windshield Glass
Auto Enamels
Roof Paints
Sponges
Chamois

Mirrors
Brushes
Enamels
Varnishes
Paints

The Life of Victory

By Meade MacGuire

The author's successful experience in working with and for the young people qualifies him to write on this subject. The practical way in which this has been done is emphasized by the need of printing three editions the first year in order to supply the demand. Convenient size to carry in the coat pocket.

Cloth, round corners, silk marker, \$1.00

De Luxe Edition, ooze leather, boxed, 1.75

Review and Herald Publishing Ass'n

Takoma Park, D. C.

HARDWARE
HOUSE FURNISHING
CUTLERY, TOOLS
AUTO and RADIO
SUPPLIES

BARBER & ROSS

INCORPORATED

11th AND G STREETS N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

LET US INSTALL THE

*Williams Oil-O-Matic
Oil Burner*

IN YOUR HOUSE

22000 Satisfied Users

Miller-Lacey Co., Inc.
PLUMBING & HEATING
266 Carroll St. N. W.
PHONE COL. 5451

SAMUEL GOODMAN

Ladies' and Gent's Tailor

Why wear ready-made clothes when you can get fitted with a tailor-made suit for the same price?

Come in and let us show you our full line of spring and summer goods

FIT GUARANTEED

STEAM PRESSING, DYEING, CLEANING AND ALTERING LADIES' AND MEN'S GARMENTS

Our Own Made Suits Pressed Free of Charge

6912 Fourth St., Takoma Park, D. C.

PHONE COLUMBIA 1683

C. E. BOLLMAN

F. G. MATTHEWS

F. C. SCHUESSLER

Takoma Tinning & Heating Co., Inc.

Tinning, Heating, Plumbing and Roofing

Cornices

Skylights

PHONE: COLUMBIA 8090

266 CARROLL STREET

Telephone Columbia 10192

Takoma Park, D. C.

PARK PHARMACY

J. W. DUDLEY, Manager

CANDIES

DRUGS

CHEMICALS

SODA WATER

TOILET ARTICLES

PHOTO SUPPLIES

STATIONERY

Developing and Printing—Twelve Hour Service

Prescriptions a Specialty

