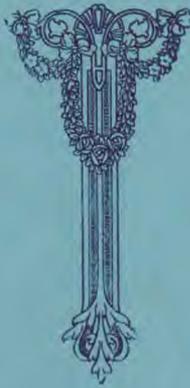


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We Wonder Why

WE wonder why June's rarest bud must fade,
And why the morn's sweet freshness can not last,
Why birds their sweetest lays must put away,
Why springtime's fervor ushers in sad fall;
These joys we know will soon again return,
For but a time—June brings again her bud;
A night, and morning dawns most wondrous fair;
A season, and the birds their songs will carol,
A winter gray, then Spring once more we'll greet.

We wonder why when all to us seems fair,
That some small thing should change our bliss to grief,
And why those notes that once with joy were fraught
Have taken on a melancholy strain;
Why friends who once seemed true have proven false
And those most dear have fallen by the way,
Why what we thought would bring us mutual good
Was taken from us by Almighty Love.
We know His will is best, and still, we wonder why.

But yet a time, and that Great Day will come,
The day when His will we shall understand;
Until that happy day why wonder we?
For then He will explain and we shall know
The bitter fruits we all are tasting now
Are but a part of His ennobling plan;
And when the test is done, and victory's ours
He'll wipe the tears—vain, useless tears—away;
He'll then explain, and we shall understand.

C. L. M.



EDITORIAL

Our Debut

ALAS, alas, *nous sommes en retard*. Nay, nor could Sophocles with all his sophoclisms argue away the fact that the SLIGONIAN is—well, let us console ourselves with the axiom that good things come slowly.

First and foremost let us mention that we do positively detest insipid excuses. Not that we cannot think up a galaxy of the most serene and touching tales ever. We might write up a heart-rending account of the death of our staff mascot, only that to date we have no such appendage.

Then the radiator in the SLIGONIAN room might have exploded, thereby completely demolishing our supply of copy—but this is really too unoriginal; Carlyle had an experience entirely too similar with his own ill-fated manuscripts.

Or again, maybe the press broke! But it didn't. Nor did we have to wait for a shipment of printers' ink from a far-distant shore; in fact, the printers cannot possibly be dragged into this situation—they are not at all to blame.

But instead of boring you with extravagant apologies and immaterial excuses, we ask you merely to accept in good faith our explanation that there is no explicable explanation; our delay is due only to those intricacies of reorganization and remobilization that come upon a school paper with a change of staff, especially if the new staff be tinctured with a new idea. We know that you will pardon us and give us your loyal support and cooperation now that we are with you once again.

J. H.

Student Thought

IS student thought valued? Are men and women of college age expected to produce opinions worth considering seriously?

The World Court Committee of the Council of Christian Associations believes so, and in an endeavor to stimulate serious student thought, and the student's respect for his own opinion, it is agitating the great national question of America's entrance into the World Court upon six hundred and fifty campuses in this country; it will finally crystalize the student opinion of the United States on this question by a great student poll, and will record the result of an organized student movement in our national—yes—international affairs. According to *The New Student*, which is conducting the poll, here is their plan of action: "The Senate is scheduled to debate the World Court on December 17, when the Swanson Resolution will come up On Friday morning, December 11, will begin the Intercollegiate World Court Conference at Princeton, to last till Saturday evening, December 12. Meantime the nation-wide student poll will have been carried out by *The New Student* in cooperation with college presidents, student papers, student governments and Christian Associations; results will be in New York by Thursday, December 10, the day preceding the Intercollegiate Conference, but the count cannot be tabulated and published till December 18, the day after the opening of the Senate debate." Professor Irving Fisher of Yale says, "The C. C. A.'s plan promises to be the most important

step yet taken towards getting the United States into the World Court."

It is not our purpose here to open any discussion on this question—our school is not given to politics—but we would like to impress upon you the fact that student opinion has its place in the world after all. College students, it seems, are expected to have developed the thinking habit, it is supposed that their vision has enlarged, that they can see into the future clearly, that they have learned how to weigh evidence, use good judgment, form sound opinions, and make those opinions count.

How about you, fellow-student? Are you thinking outside your own little sphere? Do you *think* even on the campus? Can you see beyond the Sligo? Let's get into the habit of thinking in a worthwhile way. Let no man despise our youth.

F. B.

Carpenter Shop Knots

BOARDS are like people. Some boards have many knots, some few—but whoever saw a board that was all knots?

Yes, we bore square holes in the shop. But we don't use round pegs in them.

The Master worked in a carpenter shop. But we don't believe He ever excused a poor joint or slighted His work.

Professor Grant says he has seen a fence in Texas over 200 miles long, without a curve or bend. Some people we know are as "straight" as that fence.

In the shop we get boards with knurls, knots, checks, warps, splits, faults. But that doesn't prevent us from turning out good frames and cabinets.

I was blue yesterday. I probably shall be again some day. I hope so; I appreciate today's brightness more.

If lumber is steamed it becomes pliable. Hot air, though—O talkative man—merely dries it.

I knew a fellow who said the wrong thing once. It got him into trouble more than ONCE.

I've noticed that the machine that is working properly doesn't make half so much noise as the machine doing poor work. Seems like people would take a hint.

I'm glad people have faults and failings. Why? Oh, I've a few myself.

In a certain pile of lumber there is a board thirty-seven inches wide. It's so big nobody wants it. I've seen thirty-seven-inch heads!

The best lumber can be spoiled.

Oak will stand a lot of abuse and hard usage. It's in demand. Are you in demand?

Brown says, "Don't sleep so hard you have to rest afterwards!"

Wood, according to the chemists, is cellulose. Bran, according to the chemists, is cellulose. Thought I recognized that shavings pile at breakfast this morning!

There's not a blessed thing in this world worth having without sacrifice. The big people, the people that have the big things in life, are those that have paid or are prepared to pay the big price for them.—*William J. Locke*.

Leisure means neither a blank mind nor an empty hand. It means a holiday taken with an eager mind, with eyes keen in their delight and knowledge, with hands capable of some beauty or some use.—*Jeannette Marks*.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.—*Abraham Lincoln*.



On Rising Early

J. HAGBERG

THERE is one unsatisfied longing, one mad craving, which I have cherished in my heart for an exceeding long time. Nor do I dare hope that it will ever be gratified any more than I dare hope that the pony, on which I wasted so many four-leaf clovers in the course of childhood, may ever come to pass. Having scouted the unpioneered outlying districts of bookdom in quest of a fable, essay, legend, or even poem on the subject, I have found no sketch depicting the woeful lot of a living thing for his having risen early. It is in recognition of this shameful gap in the world of literature that this modest contribution is penned.

Doubtless many capable writers have been moved to contemplate the topic of rising early, as it is a *conspicuous* topic, but it does, perhaps, take quite a rigid courage to attempt a refutation of the great Franklin's disparaging little rhyme:

"Early to bed, and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

This one hard saying is indeed a taint upon all his keen philosophies; it is a difficult matter to digest the rest of his mental food, with the bitter taste of this one statement lingering in the mouth. For, be it ever so humble, there's no place like —one's bed, at seven-thirty in the morning. Is there, frankly? Who would not prefer the downy folds of his drowsy bed, at that

particular hour, to the mighty summit of Mont Blanc? Or to the orange groves of Florida? Or to a Japanese garden of cherry blossoms?

There is something about the limpid fumes of postum, the crisp fragrance of golden-brown toast, that leads one's self to migrate, as it were, to a plane of half-consciousness, of "demi-delirious dreaming." It is then that a person's I, me, and myself, come into the closest communion. The night-musings of dream apples and moon bubbles fade softly away and give place to more substantial visions of the day. Never-was merges into May-be.

Helen Keller has written, "If you wish to be something that you are not,—something fine, noble, good,—you shut your eyes, and for one dreamy moment you are that which you long to be." No more opportune time presents itself for such a moment than that in the early morning, before the hopes of the day have been shattered.

It is anything but conducive to one's serenity of mind to be literally jounced out of bed and into the lecture-room, first thing, with no time in between to re-establish the identity or recover the self from a period of nonentity (sleep being described by a modern humorist as "man's process of becoming null and void"). To appreciate the significance of this statement a person should arrange to spend two or three years

if possible, if not, one, in college, with a seven-thirty class on his program; some good substantial class, a fairly stiff psychology, perhaps, or Greek is tolerably good. Comments are inadequate, and yes, even superfluous; if you have experienced it, you understand; if not, you never can know. And ignorance is bliss. But at seven-thirty the mind is quite indisposed to hypotheses and aorist subjunctives.

According to Cicero or Kubla Khan or one of the high lights in literature, "the early bird catches the worm." But we would suggest, "what about the worm?"

The tragic part of it all is that as regularly as Sunday morning, the day of days, rolls around, I wake up at some hideous hour such as five or five-thirty. The mechanism of the mind is a tantalizing thing, now, isn't it?

Bells

In School and Out

V. H. C.

BR-R-R-ING! We're off, hither and yon like leaves in a March wind. We're dancing to the tune of the bells.

Bells, Bells, Bells. I think I could out-bell Poe's famous "Bells" if I were only a poet.

We rise, eat, go to worship, classes, chapel, return, study, sleep, to the tune of the bells.

That's how we know when vacation arrives. The bells stop ringing.

I hear bells even in my dreams, at least I did once—and was late for worship that morning!

There are good bells and bad bells, interesting bells and uninteresting bells.

The most interesting bell I ever heard of was one of which a college girl wrote me. She said, "The bell has just 'wrung.'" My, I should like to have seen that bell!

Another interesting bell is the one for "math" class. We deal in unknowns. I always get 100%.

And then there's the bell for physics class. There we learn how far and how fast the sound of a bell travels. (N. B. Rising bell not typical.)

Neither last nor least are the bells on dormitory alarm clocks. Every morning a

battalion of them, more or less, execute their daily dozen.

About five o'clock it begins. Far down the hall, tinkle, tinkle; across the way, ting-a-ling-ling; then an impudent Br-r-r-r from upstairs; a saucy zin-g-g-g; from the next room comes a ding, ding, ding, more like a fire alarm than an alarm clock; while scarcely less to be dreaded than exams in Greek, your own booms and bangs with deathless tenacity; and—Horrors!—it's one of those now-you-do and now-you-don't affairs that stop just long enough to revive your hopes before they start their unwelcome sound again. My idea of real pleasure is to wake up just before it goes off and choke the critter into silence while I take another snooze.

If that were all the bells humanity had to contend with, but, there are fire bells, Christmas bells, joy bells, wedding bells, dumb-bells, Camp-bells, sleigh bells, cow bells, etc., *ad nauseum*.

Fire bells are the particular delight of North Hall students, provided they come during study period. If by any chance the bell rings during study period, it's like this: Head raised from book hopefully, eyes brighten, pleasant mental image re-

flected on the face. If bell continues, a leap from chair, wild scramble for coat or something, (bell continues) door bangs, emphatically, footsteps neither soft nor leisurely go down the hall, and the exodus from North Hall occurs. (The fire always seems to be at South Hall.)

Then Christmas bells. To the student they are spelled p-a-c-k-a-g-e-s. And, parents please notice, Christmas is never Christmas unless spelled in this way.

Joy bells. Well, in a student's life they ring most of the time. "Nuff said."

Wedding bells? (See authorities on the subject. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison are recommended.)

Camp-bells. Assorted, mostly large size!

Sleigh bells. Used principally in poet's rhymes to recall the "when I was a boy" feeling.

So we go,

"Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of runic rhyme

To the paean of the bells—"

Play the Game

HELEN CONARD

CONSIDER baseball: Home town men in uniform trotting blithely out to position on the diamond; the home team pitcher, hero of many a battle, confidently stepping to his post; umpires in place; the little catcher, shielded and padded, crouching to receive the ball; the first of the invading batters swaggering up to the plate. "Play ball!" shouts the umpire, and the game is on.

But my vision changes and I see another group of young people, some barely in their teens, some just stepping over the threshold of manhood and womanhood, who are learning to play a grander, nobler game, but with rules much the same. I am sitting there with the rest of them as we listen to another more versed than we in the game that we are striving to play. Yes, he is the manager of the team and has studied "the game" more years than we have lived.

Soon the signal is given and we hurry to our places on the diamond. Some cross the grass on the outfield, some are stationed in the infield, others walk with dignity to the bases. One steps up to bat and others prepare for their turn at the plate.

Yes, team-mates of mine, why not call this school life of ours a game? Perhaps among the rules and ethics of our national pastime we may find some truth to help us in this school-life game, as well as in the great World Series of after-life.

One of the first rules of life and baseball is this,—Be fit. If you would play the game as it should be played, if you would have a mind with an edge as keen as that of a Damascus blade, you must be fit, in body not less than in mind. Major League stars spend months in the drudgery of getting into condition. Should followers of Minerva be less anxious?

If in the game of baseball you should go to sleep on the diamond and only wake in time to fumble the ball, what then? But did you ever sit in a class room, pretending to be interested in the lecture when in truth your mind, or what passed as your mind, was slowly sailing through space some ten thousand miles away? And when a question was put to you did you fumble? In baseball men lose their positions after so many errors. What about the game of life?

(Concluded on page 14)



Foreign Missionaries Needed

B. E. BEDDOE

Assistant Secretary General Conference

FOR the past twenty-five years the Seventh-day Adventist Mission Board has averaged over one hundred missionaries a year to foreign fields. During one year, 1920, there went forward 310 missionaries. The average since then has been about 150 a year. It is very evident that our Mission Board will need to continue this stream of missionaries going to heathen lands until the work is finished. We will yet need hundreds and hundreds of sturdy, courageous young men and women.

Where Needed

These workers will be needed in every part of the world. We will always have to keep a stream of workers going toward Africa. We must send more workers to South and Central America. We send only a very few workers across to Europe, and they, in nearly every instance, are persons whose special training and experience qualify them to fit into a special need. Europe itself has come to be a great missionary base, sending out scores of missionaries to foreign lands. This is also true of Australia, which sends out and supports many missionaries in the Australasian island field. The field of greatest need for workers in all the world is Asia. There we have nearly one-half of the world's population. Our work is well under way in that great continent, but many, many more missionaries must go forward to this needy field.

How Secured and Supported

For the most part, missionaries going out to foreign fields are young men and women who have secured their training in our colleges and then have connected with our conference work in some capacity for a period of a few years. Occasionally workers are taken right from our colleges and sent to mission fields, but as a rule it is much better that they obtain a brief experience in the homeland before going to these lands of greater difficulty as regards our work.

Today we are drawing workers, especially ministers, from the North American conferences more rapidly than our colleges are supplying them, so we must appeal to our young men now in our senior colleges to give careful heed as to whether the Lord may be calling them to the ministry. Then there must be scores of workers in other lines beside the ministry who will be quickly connecting up with the home fields for a brief experience, thus qualifying themselves not only by training, but by experience as well, for service in more needy lands than this.

We are counting on the Washington Missionary College to join in the great task of training workers for the great world field.

WHAT God wants is men great enough to be small enough to be used.—*H. Webb-Pethoe.*

What Would You Have Done?

EDGAR WRIGLEY

HUNGRY? Who wouldn't be hungry after walking and talking until four o'clock in the afternoon without even a piece of stale toast for breakfast? That was part of the feeling mutually shared by my pal and me as we entered the doorway of a prosperous appearing farmer's estate. We were taking turns at introducing a volume of good news to the inhabitants of the Plattekill, New York Mountain district. It was Lou's turn to do the talking, while I stood at his back ready to run if need be, and the need became almost apparent.

"How do you do?" said my partner, addressing a young lady who had just arrived in a shiny topped buggy.

"Go see papa!" responded the sweet-voiced maiden pointing a dainty little finger toward the barnyard gate. There we saw a great big man reclining his two hundred and fifty pounds backward against the well-oiled reins that held his prancing plow horses. We started in his direction when his mighty voice echoed through the pigeon house. "What 'o ya want, boys?" Distance prevented our making known our profession intelligently, so we hastened in the direction of our corpulent prospect, while he continued yelling in unsubdued tones, "What 'o ya want, boys?"

"We are engaged in gospel work" and so forth, began Lou, producing the precious volume from a hidden pocket.

"What do ya mean fleecing the people out of a few dollars? Two big strapping chaps like you are, too lazy to work—get off this place—move—now move!" urged our disgruntled host. Needless to say, we moved, and the worthy volume was placed in many of the homes of the Plattekill people.

EVERY failure teaches a man something, if he will learn.—*Dickens*.

A "Best Day" Experience

ROBERT E. COWDRICK

IT was getting rather late in the afternoon, yet, because it had been my best day for the summer, I kept on working. A Methodist minister lived just ahead, and it was his home I wanted to reach before quitting. The man had been ordained for only a few years, having previously served a term in the United States Penitentiary at Atlanta. However, every one spoke of the great change that had come over him.

It was already dark when I knocked at the door. One of the sons answered and said that his father was at the barn. I found him in a few minutes and proceeded to tell him the kind of work I was doing (in about two sentences), and immediately asked about stopping overnight. In true Southern style he extended a cordial invitation, on condition that I be willing to "put up with the fare."

The first words he spoke after this were an inquiry about some kind of a textbook on the Bible that would assist one in studying the Bible by topics. My book was "Bible Readings," so, needless to say, his order was very readily given. His wife said that they had been praying for such a book to come along for four years.

And now the sad part of the story must be told. Two weeks before delivery time this man died. With tears in her eyes his wife told me that several times on his death-bed her husband expressed the regret that his book had not come so that he could study it before dying. One of the sons took the book, prizing it because his father had been anticipating its enjoyment. Who knows but what this very experience will be the means of leading that young man to a study of the message that means so much to us.

TRIFLES make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.—*Michael Angelo*.

Colporteur Life

J. NATHANIEL KRUM

SOME say it is a life of ease, this traveling around,
And selling books to rich and poor wherever man is found.
Just let them go and try it once and they will stop their tease,
And soon you'll hear them grin and say, "'T is not a life of ease!"
This meeting people day by day you've never met before,
And getting sassed, and mocked, and scoffed, when you come to the door;
It's not the kind of job I'd do if "ease" would prompt my choice,
But it's my task, so I'll toil on and in my work rejoice.
Say! but I've walked the pavements 'till my legs were tired and stiff,
And sometimes missed my evening meal, not even got a whiff!
I've worn the skin from off my hands a-pounding on the door;
The consequence,—bruised hands, stiff arms, and women inside sore!
Sometimes a big, gruff woman comes, "An Agent!" loud she cries.
I might have borne her raging voice,—but Oh, those flaming eyes!
Of course I smile at every door and try to gain their grace,
But it's a task to smile a smile to fit just every face.
Sad fate! my trousers met the teeth of bulldogs, how they'd bite!
The women sometimes hurt me more by shouting, "Serves you right!"
In various homes I've people met who tried to start debates,
Still others eye you over to be sure your shoes are mates;
Some listen to your canvass and you think it's soaking in,
But later, in dismay you find what they heard sure was slim.
And if they've children in the house they'll likely take your hat,
And when you go, the mother says, "Bess is a thievish cat!"
And in the country, when you wish to stay somewhere at night,
Sometimes you'll find you've struck a job that isn't quite so bright.
And maybe, when 'bout nine or ten you finally find a place,
Your pride begins to boil and say, "To stay here is disgrace."
I've seen them slip revolvers 'neath their pillows in the night,
As though they thought that I was sure to stage a desperate fight.
I must reverse this gloomy cloud and show the silver lining;
For it is true, with radiant beams the sun on it is shining.
I've often met the best of friends when I was on the road;
They've helped, still help, to brighten life, and ease its varied load.
The things I've seen, have heard, have said, are part of me today,
The way was rough, the days were long, and meager was the pay.
If you would reach "Success" in life, stick to the task and do it,
The steady runner, not the shirk, is he who will get through it.



SCHOOL NOTES

W. M. C. Harvest Ingathering

All Previous Records Surpassed

W. M. C. gets what it goes after. This year in the annual Harvest Ingathering campaign it went after a large goal, and got it. Never before in the history of our school has such enthusiasm and energy been manifest. Results were obtained, for during our short campaign nearly \$2000 was raised.

Class	Members	Leader	Goal	Am't Raised
<i>Academic</i>				
Freshmen	33	Truman	\$ 55	\$120.80
Sophomores	23	Crager	150	167.15
Juniors	28	Shaw	180	247.87
Seniors	19	Carey	75	88.31
FACULTY	26		301	326.55
<i>College</i>				
Freshmen	69	Mecklen	300	195.87
Sophomores	45	Shotwell	250	202.38
Juniors	23	Campbell	100	111.51
Seniors	22	Reed	200	190.18

awaited the reports from each class. Had any group shirked? No, not one, for the mercury rose higher and higher before our eyes, and more than one thermometer was smashed to pieces.

The Academic Freshmen, with a goal of \$55, raised \$115.80. What will they be doing when they are Seniors?

M. G.

A very effective device was used in our work. The school was divided into classes and efficient leaders were appointed for each group. The groups met in council together and decided on a definite goal, and made a definite determination to reach that goal. Thermometers were made on large placards and were hung up across the front of the chapel platform—nine in all, one for every class and one for the Faculty. The goals were marked on the thermometers, and we anxiously awaited the time when the mercury should burst them all.

Field Day arrived, bright and clear! We went forth to all the surrounding territory, and distributed the papers and received the donations of the people. The first effort netted us nearly \$1000. Could you have been in chapel the day after and have seen the brilliant red of the nine mercury columns rising in the thermometers, you would have exhibited as much animation as did we.

Groups of girls went to the market districts and solicited, using the tin cans. We visited the horse races and auto races, obtaining excellent donations at both.

A second Field Day was arranged; the day after, our spirits again ran high as we breathlessly

Harvest Ingathering at Camp Meade

MRS. RUTH HELLER

OUR experience in soliciting money for Harvest Ingathering at Camp Meade was the most interesting and thrilling that any of us had ever experienced. Five girls, Katharine Youngblood, Clare Astwood, Florence Laurell, Margaret Ellwanger, and myself left the College about eight o'clock and reached the camp about ten o'clock. We found that permission must be obtained from the Commanding Officer, Captain Lewis, to canvass the camp. Miss Youngblood and myself were chosen to interview the Captain. We found him to be very friendly and willing to do all that he could to help us. At first he was somewhat perplexed as to just how we could do our soliciting, as he did not think it would be quite the proper thing for young ladies to visit the barracks. Finally, after conferring with one or two others, he sent a young officer, James E. Lundberg, with us as a guide, with the order that we were to have the privilege of going through the entire camp and soliciting for missions.

Officer Lundberg first conducted us through the various schools which were in session at that time. Each teacher (an officer), when our guide told him the Captain's orders, gave us an introduction to the class and told them that I would explain more in detail the work we were doing, which I did in the form of a general canvass of the entire group of students. We then passed around our cans for their donations. This process was repeated until we had finished the schools.

We then were taken to visit the different companies. We found the captains to be very friendly, liberal, and cooperative. The first group with which we came in contact was Company A. The captain sent out an order for the men in this company to assemble in the Recreation Room. They were called to stand at attention and we were again given opportunity to explain our work as we did in the schools. This same procedure was repeated in company after company until we had covered all the camp. The last solicitation was made at noon in the soldiers' mess room. The officer in charge called the men to attention and we passed our cans from table to table.

In every instance, we found these boys to be friendly and generous. We felt very grateful to have as guide such a courteous and helpful gentleman as Officer Lundberg proved to be, for without him we could not have begun to accomplish what we did—all the buildings looked alike to us and rain was coming down in torrents. The rain proved to be a great blessing, however, as it kept all of the soldiers close to the camp, and such wonderful success attended our efforts that we forgot all about the stormy weather and the muddy streets.

Only about half of the camp is occupied during the winter; nevertheless, in three hours' time we collected \$63 for missions, and we feel that the Lord greatly blessed us.

TESTED MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY

ACCORDING to the Intelligence Tests recently given by Dr. E. G. Salisbury, head of the Department of Education, we may be morons with almost no hope for the future, but we're going to average high physically, or our respective deans of men and women are going to know the reason why.

It was a strenuous time for both the Sanitarium folks and the students during the weeks that the examinations were going on, but it's all over now, even to the tonsil operations and teeth extractions, etc., which were bound to be the con-

sequence. But now we feel comfortable in the knowledge that we're as near perfect physically as medical attention can make us. We think physical examinations are splendid for any group of students, and we certainly appreciate the thought and attention that has been given our welfare here this year. Especially do we wish to thank Dr. Abbott of the Sanitarium, who so kindly gave up much of his busy time to us. The results of our Intelligence Tests haven't been announced yet, but it's almost certain we're going to wish Dr. Salisbury could help us with our I. Q.'s in much the same manner.

SABBATH SCHOOL A LIVE FEATURE THIS YEAR: PROFESSOR ROBERT BICKETT CONTINUES AS SUPERINTENDENT

PROFESSOR Robert Bickett, who last year and all summer proved himself so capable at keeping the Sabbath school machinery running smoothly, has been persuaded to keep on in this work until the New Year.

He is ably assisted by the following officers: Mr. O. Belz and Miss Alma Mager, assistants to the superintendent; Miss Wilhelmina Widmer and Mr. Stanley Brown, secretaries; and Mr. Robert Edwards, chorister.

During Mr. Bickett's previous term of office he proved himself exceptionally clever at producing devices for maintaining high averages for daily study, perfect attendance, and offerings. These devices were so clever, in fact, that the General Conference Sabbath School Department has asked for reproductions of several of them to use in its promotion work for the Sabbath schools throughout the country. This makes us especially proud of our superintendent and we have determined to back him in all his plans for a 100 per cent Sabbath school.

FACULTY RECITAL

SEVERAL Saturday nights ago we enjoyed an unusually brilliant Faculty Recital, with Professor Osborne, voice; Mr. Edwards, violin; and Professor Hannum, piano. Each man certainly excels in his art. Massenet's "Elegie," sung by Professor Osborne with violin obligato by Mr. Edwards, was as haunting and tragic as ever. Other excellent solo numbers by Professor Hannum and Mr. Edwards were greatly enjoyed.

In the Library

W. O. Belz: "I want the life of Caesar."

Librarian: "I'm sorry, but Brutus beat you to it."

IT was MR. SIDNEY LANDON
 WHO, on a far-off Saturday night
 GAVE us something new in literary
 ENTERTAINMENT.
 HE impersonated
 NOT the characters from books
 BUT
 THE authors themselves.
 FIRST there was Victor Hugo,
 THE old French scholar,
 AN atheist,
 MOST of his life,
 WHOM Mr. Landon presented as an old man
 ACKNOWLEDGING the
 GOD OF HEAVEN at last.
 THEN there was Mark Twain
 GIVING an after-dinner speech
 ON his
 SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.
 AT this impersonation
 WE became as hilarious as so many
 OLD KING COLES.
 YOU know Mark Twain, too.
 BILL NYE's Del Sarte gestures
 STAYED with us for days.
 THEN there was poor misunderstood
 EDGAR ALLEN POE.
 AND since that night we know him better.
 OUR own dear gentle
 HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
 WAS the last author presented.
 THIS was our first
 LECTURE COURSE number.
 WE surely thank Mr. Landon,
 AND will study literature from now on
 WITH a great deal keener interest.

HALLOWE'EN IN SOUTH HALL

WHO said the South Hall girls of W. M. C. didn't have a good time Hallowe'en! You ought to have had just a peek into the worship room Saturday night, October 31, and have seen the autumn leaves, pumpkin faces, apples on strings dangling from the ceiling, a luxurious crackling fire on the hearth, and dim lamps. Last but by far the most attractive and amusing were the girls togged out in all manner of strange costumes. There had been a general raid on the attic where all sorts of antiques were discovered, and it was marvelous to see the wonderful creations we made from them. We had cider, popcorn, and apples; games, readings, songs, and spooky ghost stories.

A BRIEF REVIEW

MRS. C. L. Pohle, who is now in Cuba, writes that she is really enjoying life there immensely. In the short time she has been there she has taken into her charge several "pets," including two dogs, one cat, and twenty chickens.

Miss Pauline Hart is teaching the North Philadelphia church school. Don't you s'pose she'll come down and visit W. M. C. some of these days?

Miss Edith McPherson was here in Takoma Park for a very short stay since school opened.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell James are both teaching in Reading, Pa. Lovey Henderson reports, after seeing them in Philadelphia on October 31, that they both look fine, feel fine, and are doing well.

Mrs. J. Curtis and Miss Jessie Weiss of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., were guests of the Misses Partington, November 3, 4.

Mrs. A. C. King, who is secretary of the Young People's Society in the Ohio Conference, while attending the Conference Meeting here also paid a visit to her niece, Miss Doris Griner.

Clare Astwood and Frances and Olive Ball were made happy by unexpected visits from their respective "dads" which made the first few weeks of school more pleasant.

Dave Wood was glad to have his mother with him for a short time near the opening of school.

Mrs. Morrison has already quite discouraged the members of her geometry class by the following statement, "Of course, all of our figures will be either circles or straight lines."

Have you ever noticed the girls of South Hall?
 Some seldom come to meals at all,
 While others are there for every meal,
 And drink milk between times with much zeal.
 Well the secret of difference is this:
 We're weighed each Thursday eve—never miss,
 And those who miss meals,—
 Well—there's a REASON.

A student is a human being who can't understand why the professor doesn't know what he (the student) is thinking, even though he can't put his thoughts into words.—*Milton College Review*.

"Of all sad surprises
 There's nothing to compare,
 With treading in the darkness—
 On a step that isn't there."

A Larger Outlook

Guy Norland

*"My friend, my bonny friend, when we are old,
And hand in hand go tottering down the hill,
May we be rich in love's refined gold,
May love's gold coin be current with us still.*

*"May what we are be all we might have been,
And that potential perfect, O my friend,
And may there still be many sheafs to glean
In our love's acre, comrade, till the end.*

*"And may we find, when ended is the page,
Death but a tavern in our pilgrimage."*

—John Masfield.

When you've mustered your best and pinned yourself to a "larger outlook," when you've read these columns and disagreed with them, then, too, may we still be friends.

Colonel Mitchell should be a fair warning to college students. It doesn't pay to play havoc with men who are authorities. You may not agree with your history, literature, or Bible text; yet it will hardly do to condemn it until you're sure of your own ground. Criticize to do good and helpful service, not to become notoriously popular. Your road to knowledge is a one-way street. Find your street, then GO!

Now that there has been an international Parliament, I wish another Mr. Bok would offer a new prize for an essay on "World War." Some one from ancient Damascus should compete and put some of these much-talked-about evolutionists to shame. Who said the world is evolving and getting better? But even though we don't like the whole world there are still some beautiful places in it. The U. S., we think, is the best part. I like my own sunny little corner in this wide world of so many notions, creeds, and wars! Don't you?

We get a little paper from western Canada entitled *The Northern Light*. We must congratulate the editors of that paper for being fast workers—they had the first issue out a month before college opened. Some papers don't do that—take us for example. Yet we have a reason—just as they!

The weather fools most people, except verbose weather prophets. It fooled the Famous Fifty. Instead of giving them a pleasant Saturday evening for a hike it gave them snow and slush. They went anyway! Excluding old shoes, old hats and the logs that were burned, every one had a hiking good time. There really is something to this "making the best of what is given us" idea, even when it comes to the weather.

"Religion in Your Life," was the topic of a chapel talk by our President. It's an inexhaustible topic suitable for volumes of inspiring books. Yet I know two persons who didn't get a thing out of that simple, truthful address. Some people see no good in anything, get no good out of anything. That's why there are suicide cases in courts. A soul is fit for treason who does not in itself have a vibrant chord that responds to the strains of music. What is religion but a pleasant ray of sunshine, a beauty half realized, a strain of music, whose harmony increases, whose tones enrich and whose beauty multiplies as life adds its years. If you haven't that, you're fit for treason!

Soph: "But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Prof: "Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give."—Exchange.

Play the Game

(Concluded from page 7)

Play the game, team-mate! Play it to the best of your ability. Play it hard. If you can get to second base by running a little faster, why stop at first? Do more than the crowd expects of you. But play a clean game. Who gains by cheating? Not you!

Then, team-mate, if you have hit hard at the ball and missed, if despite your best endeavor you can only "make an out," then, my friend, is the time to show what a good loser you are. Be "a good sport," and don't "argue with the umpire," or with Fate. Learn to swallow the bitter pill of defeat as gracefully as you would the sugar plum of victory. A dose of determination to do better tomorrow, and the bitterness will be forgotten.

So play the game!

Roll Call

NORTH AMERICA

California

George Gustafson
Robert Jones
Truman Vlier

Canada

Theo. Weis

Connecticut

Jessie Bragan

Delaware

Margaret Ellwanger
Ruth Heller
Elizabeth Steele

District of Columbia

Harry Beddoe
Mae Beddoe
Bernice Casey
Nelson Curtiss
Helen Dennison
Gertrude Dower
Jeanette Gilliland
J. S. Glunt
E. M. Goodman
Helen Hackett
Fred Hanna
Bertha Lewis
Esther Longbine
Milton Marmaduke
Ethel Miller
Helen Newcomb
Clyde Newmyer
Susie Ogden
Charles Ogden
Clara Osborne
Mrs. N. A. Rice
Florence Smith
Ethelbert Stevens

Florida

Ruth Behner
Armande Bowers
Paul Chapin
Naomi Krum
Helen Krum
Nathaniel Krum
Nora Krum
Loren Schutt

Georgia

James Trimble

Illinois

Annabelle Siebert
Charles Young

Maine

Martha Howe
Minnie Iverson

Maryland

Richard Abbott
Benjamin Anderson
Elizabeth Anderson
Eugene Anderson
Charles Boyd
Grace Bramble
William Bricker
Dorothy Butler
John Carey
William Carey
Rachel Christman
Eva Clayton
Helen Conard
Ruth Conard
Edwin Coyl
Walter Coyl
Jean Crager
Winifred Crager
Arthur Cramp
Paul Cross
Irene Davis
Anita Eastman
Robert Edwards
William Edwards
Alfred Ellwanger
Miriam Elmslie
Paul Fisher
Irma Foote
Mildred Grant
Eunice Graham
Harold Hoxie
Beatrice Holquist
R. L. Kimble
Promise Kloss
Bruce Lawrence
Carl Lawrence
Christina Light
Mr. and Mrs. Harrison
Mr. and Mrs. Lilley
Sereck Livezey
Irma Martin
Marion Manry
Ralph Meinhardt

Louise Mencken
Carl Montgomery
Fay Montgomery
Vernice Montgomery
Bessie Morgan
Alethea Morrison
Cleo Morrison
Mildred Numbers
Violet Numbers
Edith Nutter
Alice Olsen
Louise Olsen
Bertha Orange
Ernest Parrish
Don Plummer
Donald Reed
Leclare Reed
William Richardson
Ruby Richmond
Wilbur Roggenkamp
Rose Salisbury
William Scharffenberg
Roy Scott
Bessie Shaw
Horace Shaw
Maurine Shaw
Ward Shaw
W. S. Shotwell
Mrs. Shotwell
Harold Smith
Mrs. Smith
Hewitt Smith
Benjamin Souders
Arthur Spalding
Paul Starr
Laura Staughton
Carl Stilson
Walter Stilson
Dorothy Stowe
Katharine Strouse
Anna Swanson
Mary Taltamus
John Taylor
Walter Taylor
Mary Tresslar
Anetta Truman
Rolland Truman
Sarah Van Geuder
Bryan Votaw
B. E. Wagner
Beecher Warner
Edna Watts

- Paul Westbrook
Fenton Wilcox
Benjamin Wilkinson
Clyde Williams
Reba Williams
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Wilton Wood
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Miriam Gilbert
Christopher Mason
Maude Mason
- Michigan**
Thomas Crapo
Ivan Hainer
- Nebraska**
Lawrence Kirk
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Florence Laurell
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Myrtle Schoonard
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Ruth Simpson
Frank Spiess
- Oklahoma**
Homer Clouse
- Pennsylvania**
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Monica Abbey
Loraine Baum
Albert Brown
Evelyn Brown
Stanley Brown
Sarah Copple
Emma Dinsmore
Doris Dundore
Bruce Gernet
Anna Gloor
Doris Griner
Edward Hansen
Eleanor Hansen
Evelyn Harrison
Robert Head
- Lovey Henderson
Janet Hess
Naomi Kilmer
Harold Lease
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Ross Plymire
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Marion Wood
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Adieu!

The old order changes, giving place to the new.

To our Readers:

This is the last issue of the SLIGONIAN in magazine form. Following this number the paper will appear in newspaper form.

New Style

The new paper will be four pages and the same size as now used by many colleges. It will be published semi-monthly instead of monthly as heretofore.

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