

## PRESIDENT MORRISON BIDS FAREWELL

### LONGACRE HURLS BLOW AT SUNDAY BLUE LAW

#### CONVINCING LOGIC SILENCES OPPONENT

In highly interesting fashion, Charles S. Longacre, international secretary of the Religious Liberty Association, told in Washington Missionary College chapel, January 14, 1927, of his experience before a commission which was investigating the Sunday Blue Law of New Jersey, to consider its repeal.

This law is too rigid to enforce, prohibiting the playing of music for diversion, the riding of street cars, and the driving of an automobile on Sunday, except to church, if less than twenty miles.

When Mr. Longacre appeared before the commission, he was opposed by a roomful of ministers in favor of enforcing the law to the letter, while he with one Episcopal clergyman and the newspaper men stood in favor of repealing the law.

When one of the opposition asked sarcastically for a constructive plan to replace this Sunday law, Professor Longacre presented a bill lacking the undesirable, which the commission has accepted with a few modifications, and is bringing before the legislature of New Jersey.

Mr. Longacre showed a bishop, who was opposed to repealing of the law, that he was a law breaker in going the rounds of his diocese in his automobile, sixty miles every Sunday.

One of the speakers of the opposition boasted that he is a naturalized citizen, coming from England, the pattern of our ideals and greatest laws. To this Mr. Longacre retaliated with the illuminating information that he was a native of America, whose ancestors were settled before England granted William Penn his territory. Having been born at Valley Forge, the fundamental spirit of religious

(Continued on page 4)

#### GEORGE PRICE FINDS EXERCISE EXPENSIVE

"It's gone," groaned the Price brothers together as they watched their beloved tennis ball roll before an on-coming car. The car was coming slowly; in fact, slow enough for a good-looking collie pup to rush out to rescue the ball. The dog picked it up and ran playfully across the street and into the yard of Avalon cottage, to start another tennis game.

George Price, seeing the situation, dived after the dog. He cleared the hedge. The dog decided not to meet him, so skilfully dodged. George scrambled under a bush through the hedge again, and around a near-by tree, in pursuit of the tantalizing quadruped. After several minutes of acrobatic performances he succeeded in regaining the ball.

Price returned triumphantly with it, only to discover that the dog was owned by two ladies who were standing by, in admiration of the circus performance. George says he is going to punish the next dog, even though accompanied by ladies, if the brute insists on interfering with his tennis playing.

"My  
heart's  
desire  
for  
you  
and  
for  
myself  
is  
that  
we  
may  
be



true  
to Him,  
with  
strong  
courageous  
hearts  
helping  
some one  
else  
along  
the  
way."

"But there is neither East nor West, border, nor breed, nor birth when two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth."

A man who is a man foursquare awakes the man in other men. Heed now these sentences: observe, and know their aim. For the purpose of drawing forth a moral? Ah no! To advertise a benefit, inaugurate a new crusade? Not yet! A write-up of a news event? No. No! As tribute to a fellow man, a glimpse of something in our hearts? 'Twere well, if it could be such.

To be in his society is to feel an inward bugle call, a rallying of high ideals, a consciousness of greater possibilities. As universal sentiment proclaims, his genial smile and kindly greeting, with personal interest in one's problems have been factors toward the grading of many a rough road. A commanding personality, with great capacities of leadership; clear and steady judgment leading to inflexible resolution and firmness of principle;—these noble qualities yoked with God-fearing Christianity, and the whole lubricated with choicest good humor are apparent as attributes of a great man. Deep sincerity, and a man's honor in private as before the world, with strongest ideals of service to God and humanity, cannot fail to be a silent sermon to all who know him.

His voice of courage can inspire a faltering wayfarer to new hope, greater sacrifice, and the highest aspirations, and its memory is long cherished. Through the darkness of our stormiest day we have heard those ever-constant tones subdue the tempest and stabilize the sea with the sacred words of calm petitionary prayer, "Oh Lord, our Father, we come to Thee this morning hour, seeking Thy guidance, asking wisdom of Thee. . . ." The strongest men, the noblest men, are men whose connection with God is even so.

Do you look for a name? There is no such required. Deep within every individual of W. M. C. is ineffacably carved the picture and influence of this one whose valued contact will be recalled as none other throughout life's course. We have known him.

### Artists And Soloists Scarce In South Hall Dormitory

Birthdays in January? Certainly, and members of the Halcyon club have their share. Miss Abray, the preceptress, claims highest honors in this. Sunday evening, January 23, the girls cheerfully laid aside their books and trooped down to the worship room where they gave themselves over to the enjoyments of the hour. Music furnished by Twila Nixon added greatly to the pleasure of all.

Gertrude Frazier said it was to be an animal program, and passing out chewing gum, cardboard, and toothpicks, asked each one to masticate the gum thoroughly, put it on the cardboard, and with the toothpick make the picture of an animal. Glenna Derby and Jo Hagberg won out with

a buffalo and a rooster. The prizes were chewing gum and less chewing gum. Honorable mention goes to Helen Krum and Serpouhi Tavoukjian.

The next contest was one that brought its own reward in the way of publicity. Every one formed a circle and Gertrude Frazier gave each instructions, which, if followed would result in a barnyard chorus. Esther Griner, anxious to contribute her part, gave forth a long, melodious Hee-Haw! Kindly hands supported her as she strove to recover from the shock of learning that it was a solo and not a chorus.

Wilhelmina Widmer gave two very amusing readings.

### HIS ADMINISTRATION PROSPERED COLLEGE

#### STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION PRESENTS GOLD WATCH

Quietness pervaded the atmosphere of Washington Missionary College's chapel period, Jan. 17, 1927, as President Harvey A. Morrison made public his resignation and gave his farewell address. Students and teachers, with many friends from the community, filled the auditorium nearly to its capacity, and sat in respectful silence as the president's voice spoke in ardent affection for all connected with the college. He spoke of his five years' executive work at W. M. C. as having been gratifying, and that it was a pleasure to see the institution grow and prosper.

Under his leadership the enrollment has increased from a day enrollment of 265 in 1921, to the 311 students now enrolled, although since 1921 three other schools are drawing students from what was formerly Washington territory. The financial condition shows marked improvement. During the five years of Professor Morrison's administration the college has shown an average gain of \$8000 each year over the two years preceding his presidency. The school now shows an operating gain of \$1,500 for the present year.

Before speaking of his departure, President Morrison spoke in highly commendatory terms of his successor, Prof. H. H. Hamilton of the Southern Junior College, who has been elected president of W. M. C. From his personal friendship with Professor Hamilton, he declared him a Christian gentleman, worthy of the students' love.

"I would not desert you," said President Morrison, to the student body, speaking of his resignation. "I would be willing to make any sacrifice for you, but we must sometimes bow in humble submission to that which is

(Continued on page 4)

#### ROSEMARY SALISBURY ENTERTAINS SENIORS

Those who braved the wintry winds to reach the home of Miss Rosemary Salisbury, Saturday evening, January 8, found a warm welcome in her cozy home. Miss Salisbury, in whose honor the delightful little gathering was held, moved among her dozen guests with the poise of one who has just stepped into her twentieth year. They made a very select group, those unwedded members of the senior class.

After an evening lunch on the occasion of the hostess' birthday, the candles were blown out, the cake was cut and served, while ripples of conversation eddied and broke here and there over the company.

As the evening drew on, Doctor Salisbury appeared, bearing a touch of his convivial humor to the scene. He led in singing several of the old songs that must have brought to mind the recollections of his earlier birthdays. Miss Evans of the college faculty was present, and assisted Miss Salisbury.

At nine o'clock the seniors bade good evening to their hostess, and left the cheerful home wrapped in quiet again.

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**WANTED—A NAME**

There is a foundling in W. M. C., and we don't know what to call it. This is how it happened. The outside students felt that they needed to get acquainted with each other, and so they have planned an exclusive club for outside folks.

Now, they offer to each one of the intelligentsia of our school, an opportunity to distinguish himself by suggesting the winning name. Many good ones have already come in. Don't forget to add yours.

We are glad that the outside students are awakening to the fact that the dormitory organizations are in things. Under the new plan to go into effect this spring, if the organized outside students sell a certain percentage of the tickets to the general benefit programs, they will receive part of the proceeds for their club treasury.

This developing club will become a large factor in the activities of the student body. The field before them offers real rewards. The outside students are on their toes, and great things are expected from this, the youngest of W. M. C.'s enterprising family.

Hello Folks! What do you think of your new staff? We know what some of you think. You like us. You have told us so. And some of you have reported a more moderate opinion held by some others. But readers, promoters, subscribers, advertisers, contributors, boosters, and critics: we like you and aim to please you. By all of us working together, the *Sligonian* will thrive and achieve great things, and your hand of cheer and faithful working is going to help mightily.—The Staff.

**Five Men Honored**

Let us hereby inscribe their names in the Students' Association "Tablet of The Worthies," for are they not responsible for the present improved financial condition of the Association, these five men?

E. Farrand Willett  
Benjamin N. Anderson  
Victor H. Campbell  
Carl Montgomery  
Irvin Harrison

They are.

**BREAKFAST ON THE LOGGIA**

"You'll take breakfast with me on the loggia tomorrow?"

"Yes."

She came, dressed in a gown of beautiful blue and a broad-brimmed summer hat. As she stepped lightly across the sunlit lawn one of the cardinals fluttering about the hedge cawed at her. She gave him a shoo, and with a matchless toss of her umbrella sent him sailing away to a tree-top.

A table set out on the old stone porch was piled with quinces, figs, and grapes, the fruit of middle Italy. At one end in a recessed niche stood an alabaster model of Myron's Discobolus found near my husband's palace at Fraseati. The gardener had struck it with his spade while cleaning away the rubbish from one corner of the rose-terrace—since then I had had it re-touched and brought to Bagno.

Miss Austin, the vivacious Miss Elizabeth Austin, chatted without restraint,—now about her courses in art at Siena, now about her home in far-away Britain. She told of a sweet old mother at home, and of two brothers now in the service of the government; her father had died years before, leaving a fortune which had been generously spent upon her in her pursuit of artistic tastes.

"Oh, Signora!" she would say, "If you could see the highlands of our Scotland and the clear sharp crags with their leaping streams; in summer to hear the wild music of a love piper in the misty, dusky glens at evening. We love them—oh!" She trailed away into a reflection and was silent for some moments.

Then with a beaming smile, "But your Italy is lovely. What sky tints in the morning when the vinedressers go out to the hillsides! Do you remember the little girl that sells carnations and pinks in the afternoon down by the village inn? Yesterday evening as she passed she was singing:

"Night is rising above the hills  
Into a saffron sky  
And wreathing smoke from the vil-  
lage tells  
Evening is drawing nigh."

"From the window I saw her gliding along the street toward her home at the other end of the village, so graceful, so gentle of face. Why she sings as if . . ."

Kwa! Kwa! Kwa! screamed the cardinal as he swooped to the table, now chequered with sunlight and shadow. Miss Austin was startled as if in fear of an avengement. But the venturesome red bird lifted a plum in his beak and shot out between the pillars of the loggia.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Maria Brownelle, well known in campus circles, caught inspiration from the picture by J. Singer Sargent "Breakfast on the Loggia," at the Freer Gallery.

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**SENIORS MAKE DEBUT**

Chapel time, Monday morning, January seventeen! Professor Morse stood before us in his usual way, tapping the pulpit with his pencil—or is it a pen?—while suggesting, desiring, pleading, and finally commanding silence! He seemed more anxious than ever before. Why so urgent?

"Ben" Anderson's head appeared, disappeared, and reappeared again around the half closed door, his eyes seeking the stern countenance of Professor Morse.

The man in charge just nodded to Professor Hannum at the piano. Instead of his usual light, cheerful selections, a solemn, dignified march struck our ears and the left door of the chapel opened to an unseen, unheard command as did the famous door in the story of Ali Baba and the forty thieves.

But we waited—watched! Who could it be entering the assembly hall? We saw almost first a large arm band with W. M. C. and '27 in a neat blue design, then our eyes looked upward. What? No, it was not "Ben" Anderson,—it was Mr. Benjamin Nelson Anderson, president of the class, sedately heading the line of fourteen seniors marching to the rear of the room, then down the center aisle to the front row reservations. Each one proudly displayed the class emblem on his left arm.

**LOCAL MAN SAVES NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE**

Mr. James T. Burtnett, returning home by way of Flower Avenue about 10:30 p. m., observed flames and smoke issuing from his neighbor's house, Mr. Powellson's. Jim with presence of mind turned in an alarm and roused the household.

Within twenty-five minutes the engine of the Takoma Park Volunteer Fire Department was on the spot.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Burtnett, who is well known in Sanitarium, College, and Review and Herald circles, with Mr. Powellson, formerly Credit Manager of the Sanitarium, succeeded in subduing the blaze which seemed to have originated in a stairway, spreading from there to the attic. The firemen explored the roof with flashlights to make sure that there was no more fire, before their dash back to Takoma.

The cause of the fire was not determined, but the extent of damage was estimated at less than it would have been, but for the heroic action of Messrs. Burtnett and Powellson.

**Famous Fifty Proceedings**

Amid victories of its volley ball and basket ball teams, and achievements in the legislative chamber, the Famous Fifty finds no end to its glory. Actual construction of the parlor will begin at an early date, we are informed by specialists in charge of the work. An auction sale for the benefit of the parlor fund is to be held in the near future. Many valuable works of art and ingenuity will go under the hammer at that time.

M. Gordon Brown, Secretary.

**Famous Fifty "Cubs"  
Defeat  
Sanitarium "Gnats"**

In a spirited basket ball game, the Famous Fifty "Cubs" defeated the Sanitarium "Gnats" by a score of 24 to 22, in the Sanitarium gymnasium Saturday evening, January 22, 1927.

The game was played hard by both sides. In the first half, the "Gnats" gave the "Cubs" a fine tussle, leading by several points. In the second half, the "Cubs," headed by Captain Roth, launched a whirlwind attack; and coupled with some splendid passing, the newly organized team was able to forge ahead, and win the first game.

It was a well-played game from start to finish, and of the type that makes basket ball the most popular game of the season.

**The Line-Up**

	"Cubs"	"Gnats"
Roth, Capt.	r.f.	Burtnett, Capt. c.
Head	r.g.	Lund
Young	l.g.	Paul
Adams	c.	Bishoff
Price	c.	Gillett
Thompson	l.f.	Jeffery

**Volley Ball Standing**

	Won	Lost	%
Famous Fifty "Cubs"	5	2	.714
Sanitarium "Gnats"	3	2	.600
Review "Rats"	3	3	.500
College "Outside"	0	4	.000

"He concerns himself in vain who thinks, 'Why are not others what they ought to be?' But he who concerns himself that he is not what he ought to be, is right."

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## EVERY SIX WEEKS BRINGS SADNESS

In the college-wide oscillation of routine, the good year 1927 with all of its promises, hopes, ambitions, and desires, will also bring joys and sorrows into the lives of members of W. M. C.

Life may be said to consist of things that come off and things that don't come off. Thus, unfortunate for Jane, this was one of the things that did come off. No information was obtainable from her, but the same dismal succession of sobs, no matter who tried the consolation act.

What Jane was the unhappy possessor of, was a complete change of environment. When she was aware that such environment was forced upon her she rushed to her room, the haven of all weeping girls. Girls innumerable tiptoed into her cozy place of abode, only to find Jane lying stretched and limp on the bed. Question after question and various methods of persuasion were used to interpret the cause of her sorrow, but she would receive none of their overtures.

The girls, with anxiety and wonder, left the room for further investigation into the cause of Jane's apparently broken heart. Inquisitive inquiries devolved the source of the trouble. Jane could not believe that six weeks had passed and now she had been separated from the seven one-persons who had made potatoes and brown gravy taste like mother's fluffy creamed ones; beans like creamed asparagus on toast; roast like sweet potato puddin', and lemon gelatin like angel food cake. Poor Jane would not be consoled.

But wait! Another six weeks and another change of tables will be disastrous to some happy combination. But 1927 promises many more pleasing combinations for digestible feasts. She who wept Sunday, January 23, will also weep another Sunday, and on and on. The last is always best. May 23, the best, will be last.

### LOT-O'-FUN

Miss Elaine Yeast, hostess, and Mr. Dale Marchus, host, made the "table" party a big success, Sunday afternoon, January 23, at 4:30 o'clock in the Girls' Council Room.

With the glowing fireplace doing its part, and a portable vietrola breaking the silence at short intervals, the participants assembled, and the congenial group began to pop corn, toast marshmallows, and bite apples on the string.

Just as the party became seated at tables to play "Jenkins," Fay Montgomery and Anne Delano, who had mysteriously escaped their hostess, came in laden with chocolate nut sundaes, and best of all, a white-frosted birthday cake. It had candles on it, ready for surprised Elaine to light and blow out again—all but one.

After several exciting games of "Jenkins," Elaine Yeast, Anne Delano, Fay Montgomery, Edris Venen, Luella DeWitt, Marion Vehorn, Glenna Derby, Dale Marchus, Raphael Senseman, Reginald Pleasants, and Mathias Roth went their gleeful ways.

The new chorus has unity, if not perfect harmony.

The alarm of the second night during the exams called Horace Shaw and Fenton Wilcox to strenuous fire fighting, so much so that Fenton was excused from exams the next day because of soreness.

### Do You Know That—

Ernest Parrish enjoyed a recent visit with his mother at the college? Helen Morse was happy because her mother came?

Margaret Ellwanger is recovering from a severe fall on the ice at Mirror Lake?

An impromptu party was held at the home of Elizabeth Anderson, Saturday evening, January 22?

Lucille Hampton makes good date-and-nut loaf?

The Halcyon Club gave Miss Abray a surprise birthday party, Sunday evening, January 23?

Maude Brooke was re-elected president of the Halcyon Club?

"Chris" Mason, the most talked of scholar, is again attending W. M. C.?

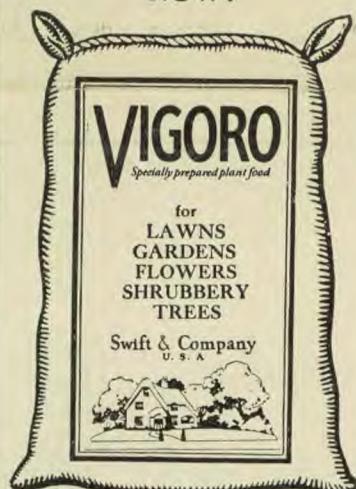
Special detectives, Benjamin Wilkinson, Jr. and Walter Coyle made themselves famous by trailing the young thieves in the recent General Conference storeroom robbery?

Ernest Parrish is president of the Professional Class?

Horace Shaw is president of the Academic Seniors?

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**ELBOWS**

Charles Young, well-known saxophone player and sportsman of North Hall, strained the ligaments of his left ankle, while in a skirmish basketball game at the Sanitarium gymnasium.

The problem for police officer Cruze is to determine who invited the unwelcome black and white kitty with paper boots, into the lobby of South Hall, during a recent study period.

Ben (to his father putting some difficult examination questions on the board): "Don't we get choice questions?"

Dr. Wilkinson: "Yes, these are all choice questions."

The Famous Fifty "Cubs" claim four successive volley ball victories.

The new symbols of Senior dignity present a constant attraction to meddlesome Juniors, who are looking forward to the day when they, too, will be numbered among the world's great men.

Mr. Sangster seems to have a mania for low temperatures. Finding the atmosphere over Mirror Lake too warm, he plunged through the ice into the cool depths of the water beneath. He admitted after being rescued, that he was slightly chilly.

**WANTED—REPORTERS!** Men and women of the news nose play-up type, who have proved ability at short snappy write-up work. Apply at the Sligonian office, 4:00 p. m., Monday.

"Do your givin'  
While you're livin';  
Then you're knowin'  
Where it's goin'."  
—Famous Fifty Parlor Fund.

Eugene Anderson coming from an examination:  
"Of all sad words, bat off the bat,  
The saddest these: I never thought of  
that."

**President Morrison**

(Continued from page 1)

best. God leads, and where His hand guides we must go." Those who are acquainted with President Morrison know that he spoke from the depths of his heart, the expressive words: "I would not have you understand for a moment that it is not hard to leave you. In reaching this decision Mrs. Morrison and I have gone through our Gethsemane. But we must learn to trust fully in God and pay the price no matter what the sacrifice. Forget the incident, but remember the lesson. We may not always be able to see beyond the darkness, but as for me, my trust is fully wrapped in Him. I would that you would gain that precious light,—trusting in God."

The president finished speaking, but the moment of succeeding silence was not all silence. The aching feeling in the hearts of many who love him gave way to uncontrollable sobs, and tears that flowed from deep sorrow. The familiar term "Books," coming from twenty-seven years of school administrative experience was spoken tenderly by Professor Morrison, as if in farewell greeting. Usually when he speaks this word, students rise at once books in hand to proceed to the classrooms. Not so on the morning of January 17.

Only one man arose, E. Farrand Willett, the president of the Students' Association, and requested time to make an announcement. In his gracious manner, President Morrison permitted the interruption. Mr. Willett's words of lasting endearment, in behalf of the students for the man they love, were climaxed by the presentation to Presi-

**SEMESTER EXAMS  
BRING RENAISSANCE**

The atmosphere about the College has been pervaded the past two weeks by a general revival of learning, a spirit of intensity and thirst for knowledge. The only plausible explanation of this sudden movement is that this was the time for semester examinations.

Students of human nature can find much material for fruitful contemplation and even indulgence of humor in observing the effect of this season upon various students. One runs hysterically from one room to another in search of one more point of information, for fear it may have eluded his attention. Another burns midnight oil to accomplish a semester's studying in a few hours, and struts about bragging of his studiousness. Others manipulate their pet schemes of cramming or reviewing in a rigid and mechanical order. A few affirm their utter fearlessness of the "exams," and call this another vacation week. Bravo!

It is interesting to watch these students as they emerge from a two-hour ordeal. One who has spent days and nights in frantic cramming is disappointed because the questions were so simple. Another in his class feels sure that he has fallen flat because in all his reviewing he had not touched a single point that was required.

A student so over-confident comes out looking dazed and perplexed over unexpected difficulties he has met, and begins to dig before the next siege.

Examinations, however, to the average student who has done regular and faithful work, have very little terror. They are rather an inspiring mountain top over-view of the semester's work, bringing confidence to the plodder and conviction to the shirker.

**Sunday Blue Law**

(Continued from page 1)

liberty and American ideals are just as deeply seated in his nature.

An editorial in the **New York Times** stated that the Christian ministers hissing at this Christian man's speech, against "religious laws," was just the same as hissing at American ideals, and what we stand for in America.

New Jersey papers expressed the same sentiment, Mr. Longacre reported, and no student of W. M. C. could fail to sense the joy of such a man doing such a work, with a wish to help, if possible.

**SEMINAR SHOWS LIFE**

With a showing of fifty-eight gospel meetings held, fifty hours of Christian help work, and a large distribution of papers and tracts, blended with effective Bible work, the Ministerial Seminar boasts a semester record never before known in its annals.

Evangelistic interests have so increased that at present four meetings are being conducted each week and prospects are growing bigger and better every day.

dent Morrison of a seventeen-jewel white gold Hamilton watch. As the watch was handed to him, the College Administrator struggled with himself, but he could not keep within a tearful expression of his life's passion after five years' devotion to the men and women of W. M. C. Holding the gift sacredly in his right hand, he said it would tell much more than minutes and hours of the day. The president said the watch would be to him a constant reminder of the precious minutes spent in association with the men and women of Washington Missionary College.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

The eternal years of God are her's;  
But error wounded writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshipers."

—William Cullen Bryant.

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