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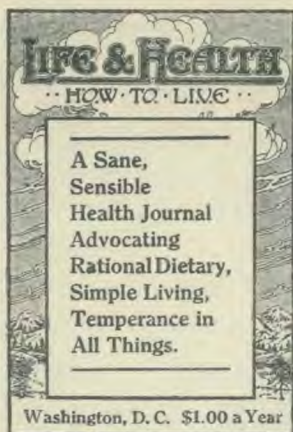
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# THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. I

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., JANUARY, 1917

No. 7

## The God of the Valleys

HAROLD RICHARDS

THE Syrians have said, "The Lord is God of the hills, but he is not God of the valleys."—I Kings 20:28. They said this to explain their own defeat, by a handful of Israelites, in the mountains near Samaria. They knew that the God of Israel had helped his people against fearful odds, but they did not recognize him as the God of all nations and all localities; and thought he was God of the hills, while their gods were gods of the valleys. They declared that if they could fight Israel in the valley, the Lord would be powerless to interfere; and they, by the help of their valley gods, would be victorious.

We say this was folly, and the great disaster which came to the Syrians the next spring, proved that it was; but many Christians in the twentieth century have about the same idea of the Lord that the Syrians had. Thousands know only the God of the hilltops, when friends are many and trials are few; when our courage is good and things seem to go our way. Then it is not hard to trust God and advise others to do so. This is the hilltop experience.

But a change comes. Dark clouds arise and the sun of courage sinks. We find ourselves in unexpected trouble. We are down in the valley of heartache and despair. Where is God now? He was with us on the hilltop, and he is a God of the valleys too. About half of life is spent in the valley experiences, and we can be sure when we walk in those gloomy places that the friend who sticks closer than a brother will not forsake us. "Even there shall thy hand lead me . . . for the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." If we reach the deepest, darkest valley, its shadows will not fill us with dread; for our guide has traveled this way before, and he is still with us. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."

Wherever the God of the valleys is, it is safe to be, in college or home, in the pulpit or behind the plow. The hilltop and valley experiences are common to us all, and happy is he who learns the lesson of faith and trust in the God of the hills and valleys, of churches and classrooms, of sea and land, of time and of eternity.

## When the Saviour Died

THE crowning act of Jesus' life among men was his crucifixion and death upon Calvary. He was set forth there as a bleeding sacrifice, that all the world might behold him; and beholding, realize the great goodness and mercy of God, in contrast with the awfulness of sin and its consequences.

It was the ninth hour. There, in the increasing gloom hung the Saviour of mankind, nailed to the cross, while on either side, two thieves shared a like humiliation. On Jesus' face there was a look of resignation, mingled at times, even in this his death agony, with one of concern and pity for his persecutors. The landscape around him was bleak and bare, broken here and there by large rocks. It was almost deserted; the multitude who had witnessed the deed had dispersed, and only a few remained to see the awful hour. The thick clouds rolled up in increasing strength, while all nature seemed to evidence her horror of the event.

At last the awful silence, that had settled over the spot, was broken. To the group of men gathered near the cross came those last words of the Saviour, spoken in unutterable anguish, "Eli, Eli, lama, sabachthani—my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The cry died away into silence and the wondering men looking up saw that noble head droop lifeless to his breast. The Saviour was dead!

The darkness which had been slowly increasing, now hung heavily upon the earth. The lightning played vividly among the clouds, and loud peals of thunder followed in quick succession. The ground shook with the violence of a mighty shaking, and the rocks rumbled as if they were being torn from their resting places. All nature gave voice to her pent up sorrow at the death of the Lord of the heavens. Truly heaven knew its prince was slain and that earth had committed its greatest sin.

J. A. R.

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HE who speaks honestly cares not, needs not care, though his words be preserved to the remotest time. The dishonest speaker, not he only who purposely utters falsehoods, but he who does not purposely and with sincere heart, utter truth and truth alone; who babbles he knows not what, and has clapped no bridle on his tongue; but lets it run racket, ejecting chatter and futility—is among the most undisputable malefactors omitted, or inserted, in the Criminal Calendar.—*Carrlyle*.

# □ Into All the World □

## Letters from Abroad

HERE are some interesting paragraphs taken from letters received from former students at W. M. C., who are now in foreign fields. The first extracts are from a letter received by Professor B. B. Smith from his son, Mr. Floyd W. Smith, now located in India.

Lucknow, India, Nov. 27, 1916.

"We had a pleasant trip from Garwhal, where we have spent many months in charge of the school. We were accompanied by Brother Wellman and Brother Matteson and their families. We arrived here Friday morning about eight o'clock. Here we met Elder Fletcher, the new president of the Indian Union. We are sure he will be appreciated by the people of India.

"We have secured rooms in a flat upstairs for the winter, and are practically settled. The ceilings of our rooms are sixteen feet high, and this gives us good ventilation. We cook over charcoal fires in an arrangement called an "angetic." We have a fine little fellow for a cook and general servant, and we have also arranged for a jemander and dhobie. You know we have to have servants here in India.

"It is winter, so now it is cooler here on the plains. In the shade it is quite chilly, and the nights are cool. We have plenty of good things to eat, including custard apples, guavas, and bananas. Guavas are about four cents a dozen, and we eat lots of them. Nuts are plentiful, and we now have plenty of vegetables. While in the hills our diet consisted of dahl and rice, and for a change we had rice and dahl.

"We are living in a very pretty place here in Lucknow, and we enjoy being among Europeans. Our flat faces a big public square of twenty acres. One part of it is devoted to games, and the rest is a park. In the evening the small chaps come here to fly kites. They are marvelous kite-flyers. Such places as this square, in these Eastern cities are called "lungs," as they are the breathing places of these dirty, crowded cities. We are glad to be so near a pair of good lungs.

"In January we will attend the general meeting at Calcutta, and will enjoy meeting some of our old friends again. We expect to remain in Lucknow until next spring. Our time will be fully occupied in studying the Hindi language."

sight of God. Their environment has separated them from God, and they are bound by responsibility and temptation. Our attention should be given to this neglected people, and we should cease to look on them as in a hopeless condition. Men and women are urged to make special efforts to reach the higher classes. Not by a casual touch will they be won, but through persistent, personal effort. When they have received the love of God in their hearts, they, like Paul, will be constrained to his service, and by their means and talent, God will be blessed.

By strengthening the work in America, greater resources will also be acquired for foreign work. At present only about fifty per cent of our young people are attending our denominational schools. If this other half could be reached, there would be two prepared for work where there is now but one. There is a demand for young men and women to become leaders among our young people. Why reach out to save the world, and lose our hold on our own brothers and sisters at home? There are many who are waiting for a word of encouragement and instruction that will reveal to them their possibilities. The motto, "All our youth for Christ and a one-hundred per cent attendance in our schools," should be faithfully held before them. Thus would we increase the resources of the Lord's work.

There is an acknowledged need of men to equip our schools and to bear the burden that older men are forced to lay down. "The cause of God needs teachers who have high moral qualities and can be trusted with the education of others,—who are sound in the faith, and have tact and patience; who walk with God and abstain from every appearance of evil; who can stand so closely with God that they can be channels of light,—in short, Christian gentlemen." These are the vital principles in a successful teacher's life. Only as he wins the confidence of his students and can be to them a guide in the spiritual life and in forming right principles does he succeed. With these vital principles manifest, the instructor must also be acquainted with the most efficient methods of education, and understand the popular forms of theology so that he will be able to prepare laborers to meet the prevailing errors of our day.

Thus to strengthen and broaden our whole work we must increase its efficiency at home. This is an age of specialization, and we need many of our young people to devote their lives to the further development of the ministerial, educational and young peoples' departments in America.

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NOT failure but low aim is crime.—*Lowell.*



## The Blazing Out of a New Trail

THE constituency of the Washington Missionary College have set their hands to the accomplishment of a task that marks a new era in the history of our institutional work. A new College building is required. The dormitories need enlargement. The present buildings were erected to accommodate 150 students and 300 are already enrolled with prospects promising 400 next year. No endowment or gift has provided the money, and the policy of the denomination now forbids debt. So the students and faculty of this College are especially privileged to lead out in the new policy. Ours is the pleasant task of blazing out a new trail. We must provide the large amount of money necessary, and that without debt.

It is a rare opportunity. Will the students of W. M. C. arise to the opportunity of the present hour, and demonstrate that Divine Providence made no mistake when it chose them to blaze out this new trail? But it is a *task*. Its accomplishment will call for rare courage, inexhaustible energy and persistent perseverance.

The very phrase—"blazing out a new trail," brings to our mind the indomitable pioneers of the West, who pushed on over trackless prairies and through virgin forest to build our empire of the West. These very hardships developed a people of red blood and optimistic visions. Our nation is much stronger because of them. Now the young men and women of W. M. C. are measured up against a task that will try their mettle. It will either make them men and women of courage, putting them among the class of people who do things, or it will prove their unworthiness of the trust and accomplish their undoing. Which shall it be?

Up to date \$36,000 have been promised for the new building. \$10,000 of this will be in the treasury by the time of the constituency meeting. We purpose to collect the balance by June thirtieth. Of this amount the students have promised to raise \$7,500, \$900 of which was paid in during 1916. Shall we not have the co-operation of every student, so that we can dedicate our new building free of debt and fully completed by the opening of the school year 1917?

GEORGE F. ENOCH.

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OH, conceive the happiness to know some one person dearer to you than your own self—some one breast into which you can pour every thought, every grief, every joy!"

Mother Nature, no doubt, is a dutiful wife, judging from the proper manner in which she has successfully reared the larger majority of her family. There are a great many other things that we commonly attribute to her. Artistic ability is one of her greatest assets. Some women think that their household duties curb their artistic natures, but in this enlightened age, women certainly know better than this. Although Mother Nature has more domestic duties than any other woman, she is the most artistic of them all.

A person would think that after a family had nineteen hundred and sixteen children, they would take the nineteen hundred and seventeenth as a sort of matter of fact. Not so with Father Time and Mother Nature! Every time before, when they have had an arrival, they have made such a demonstration that I would say to myself, "Surely, this is the last time they will make such a fuss over their children." One might expect them to "show off" the first few, but certainly not after that. But Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen was not to be slighted in any manner. It surely was born of faithful parents. Coming on a Sunday night as it did, there was not much demonstration, and I began to think my conclusions were correct, and that they were going to treat this child with the proper spirit.

My illusions, however, were soon dispelled, when on the following day all the papers of the land announced in the society columns that the New Years were giving a most elaborate reception that evening in honor of their new child. It was stated that the reception would be given on Monday instead of Sunday, to give a better chance for more merry-making than there would have been otherwise.

The first part of the reception consisted of eating, merry-making, and music. The New Years kept the guests doing this until midnight. I suppose they thought that if they kept the guests waiting for a long while, greater expectations would be aroused. Then, when they finally allowed the people to come in and view the youngster, all would exclaim with one accord: "This is a proper child." As it drew near twelve o'clock that night, the guests began to get restless, and some blew their horns and rang their bells; but pretty soon a servant was rushed in to delay those who started to sound praise too early. After some argument all were dissuaded, and they agreed to postpone the music until the appointed hour. Every one began to get uneasy as the time drew on.

As the clock struck twelve all the guests started to blow the horns and ring the bells. They must have thought it was music, the way they kept on making that noise. Finally, child number nineteen hundred and sixteen ushered the crowd into the place where the infant,

number nineteen hundred and seventeen, lay. Old Father Time rushed nineteen hundred and sixteen out of the back door and we did not see him any more. Then, coming back, he set his scythe up in a corner of the room, and started to strut around as if it were the first child he had ever had. I have seen lots of people who acted no worse over their firstborn.

I suppose, in a way, the New Years had a right to feel proud of that boy. He certainly was a healthy youngster. Here he was only twenty-four hours old, and he had slept soundly through all the racket that the guests had made. Father time tip-toed across to the cradle as quietly as his sandals would permit, and started to rock the child. He seemed to think that just looking at it would awaken it. I suppose, though, with all the experience he has had in raising children, he ought to know how to take care of them by this time.

It seemed foolish to me, the way the New Years were carrying on about this "kid" when they were practicing such strict economy in some directions. It was a generally known fact among the guests that young Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen's chief garment was to consist of a remnant of Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen's cast-off clothing. I suppose that Father Time had to do it on account of the high cost of living. There was some talk of getting the child a new garment directly from The Hague, but this was all idle talk and gossip. The parents had the child's garment covered up pretty well with laces and other finery over the cradle, but none of those present failed to recognize it as being the Great World War.

Well, at this juncture of the narrative, this perfect child awakened and was astonished in no little manner at the large number of distinguished guests awaiting to give him a cordial greeting.

I always supposed that agreements, in order to be binding, had to be made between individuals who were of a proper age and possessed respective amounts of reasoning abilities and capabilities. All of the guests however started to make promises to this child, who was so young that he was as yet unable to talk or walk. I also held another seemingly erroneous idea. I always thought that when one gave a gift, that it was something of great value and something that the giver might like to keep for himself. Just the opposite was true. All of the guests gave something to the infant that they had no use for themselves. Some of the men gave cigars and other things of that nature, that they had no business with themselves. A number deposited things when there was nobody looking, and then went away with a sheepish look on their faces.

After everybody had deposited a large number of worthless things at

## What Makes True College Spirit

WILLIAM A. SCHARFFENBERG

[THE following essay on "True College Spirit" has been awarded the prize offered to the students for the best essay submitted to THE SLIGONIAN BOARD on this subject. Mr. Scharffenberg deals with some of the questions arising about this important element in school life and has, we believe, offered some practical suggestions. *Ed.*]

THAT long discussed and much debated question, college spirit, again attracts our attention.

Fellow-students, the fact that out of a student body numbering nearly three hundred only one hundred have subscribed for our College paper, that our Sabbath School and Harvest Ingathering goals both were reached a few minutes behind time, and that only one-fourth of the members of the Quadrangle were present at the first meeting, signifies that there is something vitally wrong.

What is the trouble? Is it because we haven't enough enthusiasm in our work? Do we, students of Washington Missionary College lack "Ginger," "Push," and "Pep?" A man that would succeed must expect success. Did we fail to expect success? Perhaps we were not progressive enough; we were pessimists. The progressive and optimistic spirit are the two fundamental factors necessary to success.

College spirit can be developed. You ask how? Where there is a will there is a way. What that way will be depends upon what the student body mean by "True College Spirit." A young man was entered in the lineup for the first football game. After the game the coach called the young man to him.

"You played a good game," said he, "but you were not playing for the school. It was partly your fault that we lost the game. Why, man, you have no school spirit, and unless you get some pretty quick, you'll never play another game. Why, you would get your man, and then you would *watch* another fellow, who was having a lot of trouble with his man, instead of *helping* him. You were nothing more nor less than a 'grandstand player.' You do not take anything seriously. I'll admit you're strong, and a good player, but I can't trust you to play the game. So I'll have to put you on the 'scrub' until you can get some school spirit.

Let us not select this class of school spirit. Let us get together, grow together, stay together, and work together. Let us endeavor to excel all other colleges in honesty, courtesy, good judgment, persistency, originality, and the greatest of all, service to humanity. Let us, while in school, cultivate and develop those characteristics and principles for which the College stands, so that when we go from here

we may uphold the standard high in the battle against Satan and his hosts. We are ambassadors for W. M. C. every time we leave the premises; so let us represent the school by living out its principles in our lives. Let us lead our sister institutions by adopting a true Christian college spirit. Let us show those who are looking on, that W. M. C. gives its students the most efficient training for the work which the Lord has called the young people to do.

Not until we *get together, grow together, stay together and work together* can we successfully "blaze the trail" which we are responsible for blazing. Not before then may we truly say that the Washington Missionary College is imbued with a "True College Spirit."

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## On Kindness

HELEN SHULL

THERE is in man's nature a certain amount of love and kindness for others, which, if shown in the right way, makes life worth while for all. Life is made up, not of great sacrifices and duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

Man may live many years and never have the opportunity of doing anything great, anything which calls attention to himself; yet he may, through all his years, be kind, filling every day with little services of interest and small courtesies. Wordsworth states it this way:

"That best portion of a goodman's life  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love."

Kindness is shown unconsciously. There is no self-seeking in it. Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, are a great help to those in trouble. True kindness comes from the heart. It is said that a kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles.

There is nothing that the world needs more, and nothing that leaves more good in human lives than kindness. We pass through life but once, and if there be any kindness in us we should show it now.

Kind words produce a beautiful image in men's souls. They soothe, quiet, and comfort the hearer. We have not begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used. Each one should see that the circle in which he lives is better and happier by his being there; and also that out of his circle the widest good may flow.

THE Senior class was organized December twenty-first with the following officers: Charles K. Patterson, president, Rachel Salisbury, vice-president, Jessie R. Evans, secretary, and Tom Little, treasurer. There are now thirty in the class with prospects for more.

THE Review and Herald band gave a concert at the Sanitarium gymnasium Thursday evening, December twenty-first. Elden Lockwood and Clarence Palmer, students here, are members of the band.

FRIDAY evening December twenty-second, Elder C. S. Longacre gave an address in the Park Church on "The Two Crowns." It was the privilege of many of the students to hear him.

MISS JESSIE SCHILLING was called to her home at Columbus, Ohio, on account of the illness of her mother. She will not return again this school year.

MRS. WILLIAM MYERS, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, was a guest of Misses Gerhart and Masters over the week-end just before Christmas.

MRS. JOHN DIMOCK returned from Canada shortly before vacation.

#### VACATION NOTES

THE students who remained during the holidays enjoyed games or marches nearly every evening, unless a special program was given. Christmas eve, the program consisted of music, games, and a reading by Mrs. Caviness. A Christmas tree and the inevitable Santa Claus were prominent features of the evening. On Christmas day a delicious dinner was served in the dining room. About eighty students were present and a pleasant time was spent.

MANY of the various places of interest in Washington were visited by the students during vacation. Professor Albertsworth took a company on Tuesday to visit the Navy Yard, the Brookland Monastery, the new Post Office, and the Washington Monument.

WEDNESDAY evening, the twenty-seventh, Professor Olsen had charge of a literary program given in the dining room. Besides readings and special music, a debate, participated in by Misses Haughey and Sims, and Messrs. Ahrens and Chesnutt, proved the attractive feature of the evening.

ON Thursday, Professor Sorenson chaperoned a company which visited the Art Gallery, the Pan American building, the White House, and the Treasury, and in the afternoon Fort Myer and Arlington.

THE last of the functions was a taffy pull on New Year's night. Needless to say, many of the participants were very much "stuck up" over the occasion.

DURING the holidays Waddey Davis' nephew was a visitor here.

MISS HELEN DANIELS spent a few days with friends in Baltimore during the vacation.

MISS RACHEL SALISBURY passed the holidays at the home of Charles and Miss Laura Patterson, in Pennsylvania.

MISS EDITH OSGOOD'S sister was one of the visitors here at vacation time.

DURING the cold snap shortly before the holidays and also through the vacation, many indulged in the rare pleasure of ice-skating. There were two skating parties, one at Rock Creek and one at the Basin. Some tried their luck on the Sligo above the dam, and others ventured upon the Northwest Branch, where a few essayed to combine their dexterity in swimming with their skill in skating.

JOHN HOTTEL'S brother William, was here visiting lately.

NEW students who have arrived to take up work in the College are: Merton H. Baker from Australia, Miss Mabel Harrell, Harold J. Leland from Texas, Henry W. McDonough from Michigan, Curtis F. Myers from New York, and Miss Sarah Rentschler from Pennsylvania.

SOME of those who visited their homes and friends over the holidays returned late, evidently not remembering the President's warning against re-registration. Among those, however, who did not return at all, are: Tunis E. Banks and Nicholas Lessner.

MISS LALA WILCOX, who had been ill at her home since the beginning of December, returned after the vacation to resume her duties in the President's office.

J. NORMAN KIMBLE, who was compelled to go home some time before the holidays because of an attack of rheumatic fever, has returned. On account of his heavy class work he has been obliged to drop his teaching in the science department. J. Wilder Salisbury now teaches Physics I.

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WE fail of late to notice the azure banner with its ruby numerals that floated so haughtily for several days from the mast of the College. Perhaps it bides its time for an answer to its challenge? Or does it rest content that "preparedness wins?"

THURSDAY evening, January four, Dr. Adam Geibel, the talented blind musician and composer, told very entertainingly the story of his life and how he attained success in the world of music. His attempts to have his first compositions published, led often to curious, if not humorous consequences. The doctor pointed out many lessons to be gained from his life experience by those even who have their sight. To close the entertainment Dr. Geibel rendered several of his many hundred compositions, some in a humorous vein, and composed extemporaneously an original tune to "Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned."

ELDER FREDERICK LEE, who, with his wife and children, has recently returned on furlough after a seven years' missionary stay in China, has been a late visitor at the College. He attended this school several years ago when it was the Foreign Missionary Seminary. Mr. Lee spoke very entertainingly at the Mission Band, Friday evening, January fifth; and at Young People's meeting the following afternoon, he spoke of his experiences in China, and related in an entertaining fashion the life stories of some of the Chinese evangelists in Honan. Mr. Lee expects to enter classes at the College the next semester.

MISS SADIE DETWILER, a student at the College last year, has been a visitor here recently.

MR. AND MRS. B. A. MASTERS, of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and Miss Gee, of San Francisco, visited Miss Idamae Masters recently. Miss Gee has been nursing in Berlin for four years, and is visiting in the East before returning to her home.

MISS ALICE MILLER'S sister, Mrs. W. F. Childs, of Boston, has been spending a few days visiting here.

MISS ALESA FISHER entered the Sanitarium after vacation, and underwent successfully an operation for appendicitis. She is now recovering very nicely. Her aunt, Miss Elizabeth Swartz, of Erie, Pennsylvania, has been here during her illness.

In a meeting of the Quadrangle, held Wednesday evening, January tenth, the present world crisis was discussed from the point of view of the various belligerents. A large representation was present and the evening was agreeably and sociably spent.

PRESIDENT MACHLAN left January tenth for South Lancaster, where he visited the Academy and met the graduating class. Professor Olsen had charge of the school during his absence.



MISS EDITH OSGOOD who has been confined to her room by an attack of chicken pox, is out again.

ON January 25 at dinner hour there assembled in the Dining Hall at a special table, about twenty-five former students and faculty members of Emmanuel Missionary College. A good dinner and a general good time was the order of the hour.

WE are pleased to note the announcement of the marriage of Mr. Henry L. Transtrom to Miss Hannah Howarth, both of Takoma Park. Mr. Transtrom was a former student at the Seminary, but is now employed in the city. His old-time friends join in wishing him and his bride a long and prosperous married life.

#### CHAPEL NOTES

*December 18*—DR. D. H. KRESS gave a very interesting account of his recent trip to the Middle West, during which he visited Chicago and other cities in the interests of the Anti-Cigarette League.

*January 3*—BECAUSE of a new Maryland law recently put into effect, President Machlan announced that the jitney would not run any longer on a regular schedule, the high license for such a regular jitney service proving effectively prohibitive.

*January 4*—THE last reports of the Harvest Ingathering work were given in, and the goal of \$500.00 set for the Sligo Church and the College was passed and the encouraging figure of nearly \$530.00 reached.

*January 7*—ANNOUNCEMENTS of new classes for the next semester were made. Classes will be offered in biblical literature, dentistry, quantitative analysis, trigonometry, botany, carpentry, denominational history and physical geography.

*January 8*—DR. OLSEN gave a brief report of his attendance at the sessions of the Council of English Teachers, held in New York last July and November. He spoke of the nation-wide influence of the Council, a part of the National Educational Association, and particularly of the report of a committee which studied the practical side of high school English. On the eleventh he continued his report with remarks upon the up-to-date methods of teaching poetry and English by means of reading clubs.

*January 9*—ELDER D. K. PARSONS, president of the West Virginia conference, gave a cheering report of the work in the field, and some timely words on the necessity of living in vital touch with God.

*January 14*—PRESIDENT MACHLAN brought the greetings of the students of South Lancaster Academy to the students at this College.

## THE MEDICINE BOTTLE

"A MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD LIKE A MEDICINE"

The doctor in charge of The Medicine Bottle will be glad to receive any helpful formulas or good prescriptions. —*Ed.*

Formula for a severe case of high headedness: Give your collar a party, and invite your chin down.

Formula for good looks: Since beauty is only skin deep, turn inside out.

It is a bad thing to drink, and a still worse thing to mix drinks. However, some of our students thought they could mix their sports. They tried skating and swimming at the same time.

Mr. E. Davis, our deaf student, dedicated this jingle to Miss Osborne, when he found an error in her proof-reading:

"You should not worry and feel blue;  
I've known proof-readers worse than you!  
You are not 'punk', you do real well;  
So cheer up, Miss, for who can tell  
But that some day you'll get a raise,  
And beat Rockefeller off his base."

We are sure Mr. King will take no offence when we say that he has been a little "off at the top" lately.

Can you beat this? J. E. Joy and Son, of Takoma Park, D. C., are undertakers.

Here is Professor Votaw's favorite joke.

"*Pigs is pigs.*" Stranger to farmer boy: "I would like to see your father. Is he about the place?"

Farmer boy: "Yes, he's back there in the pig pen."

The stranger starts toward the pig pen.

Farmer boy: "Pa's got a hat on."

It's better not to know so many things, than to know so many things that "ain't" so.

Miss —: "Do you believe that awful report about Mary Jones?"

Miss —: "Yes, what is it?"

Teeth are like verbs, — regular, irregular and defective.—*The Alethian.*

This man was of English ancestry.

Josh: "Jake, I see by the paper that Jack Hart played the oboe at the theatre last night.

Jake: "Well, now."

Josh: "What's an oboe, anyhow?"

Jake: "I'm surprised at your ignorance, Josh. Why that's one of them 'ere tramp fellers."

O Jitney Buss, we'll miss you now,  
In words I'm sure we can't tell how,  
For thou didst offer swift retreat  
To many students' weary feet.

You met your end by bitter fate  
For you were closed up by the state;  
And now we must the toe-path take,  
And cause our weary feet to ache.

We are bound to admit that Dr. Olsen's children have inherited good reasoning ability. Dame Rumor lays the following to the credit of one of his children.

After watching Alice pick up the cat by the tail, Mrs. Olsen told her that she must not pick up the kitten that way.

"Well what's its handle for then?" asked Alice.

**In Literature Class.**—Student: "Is Mephistopheles worse than the Devil?"

Professor: I don't know, I do not have a personal acquaintance with either."

Beginning with the second semester Professor Wood would teach woodwork to any who would work, if they would work with woodwork.

**A Bargain for \$ .75.**—Some people are so stingy that they do not buy a calendar because they are afraid they will not live the year out. You will get your money's worth from THE SLIGONIAN no matter how soon you die, after you have handed in your subscription.

#### CLASS MOTTOES

Freshman: A little learning is a dangerous thing.

Sophomore: It is better to have learned and "flunked" than never to have learned at all.

Junior: If I cannot be the head, I would be the tail, and yet I am neither.

Senior: And even to my own surprise

I find that I am wondrous wise.

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# THE SLIGONIAN

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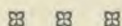
E. R. CORDER, '18

M. ELLSWORTH OLSEN, PH. D., *Faculty Adviser*

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## Editorial

THE election of the new SLIGONIAN BOARD for the year 1917 was held just before the close of school for the holidays. The following persons were chosen to act in the editorial capacity for the coming year: Editor-in-Chief, J. Alvin Renninger; Associate Editor, Lula H. Ferris; Missions Editor, Olive D. Osborne; News Editor, Percy T. Cowles; Humorous Editor, William Woolgar. The business end of the paper will be managed by the following: General Manager, John C. Thompson; Assistant, Cecil Ross; Circulation Manager, E. R. Corder.



IT is unwise to live just for the fleeting moments of the day. Have a purpose in life and do not be like a ship without a rudder. If you do not have a purpose, time will pass by, and in later years you will have nothing to show for it. You will regret it, and wonder why you did not set out to accomplish something worth while. Then it may be too late. All do not have the same talents and tastes; so there is a wide field from which to choose your life work. You may think you have no talents; but it is better to have little talent with much purpose, than to have much talent with little purpose. If you do not grow

stronger and rise higher, you will become weaker and descend to a lower plane. Life is dull and monotonous without a definite aim. So set a goal and strive hard to reach it. At first you may not accomplish what you wish to, but you will at least be stronger for the attempt and better able to try again. Do not become discouraged and give up; but keep your eyes fixed upon the goal, and work till you reach it. Then life will be more interesting for you, and you will be more useful to others.

L. H. F.

❧ ❧ ❧

“A HAPPY New Year!” How many times these words have been repeated all around the world during this month! When you wished your friend a Happy New Year did the words come from your heart; or did you use the phrase as a mere conventionality? Have you ever stopped to consider why that little childlike word “happy,” has come to be universally used in this phrase, instead of some such word as wealthy, glorious, or gay? Is it not because happiness is the greatest of them all? You cannot wish for your friend anything better than happiness. Are *you* happy? If you are, you realize the truthfulness of this. You know what you meant when you exclaimed “A Happy New Year!” If you are not happy, why not? “Be happy. Real happiness is found by passing a little happiness around.” Simple, is it not? Just try it, and see if it is true.

“Have you ever heard a kindly word  
 When your heart has been nearly broken?  
 Has it helped you, to hear a word of cheer  
 From a friend in kindness spoken?  
 Has it made you strong?  
 Then pass it along  
 To others in grief and sorrow,  
 And the seed you sow  
 Today as you go  
 Will yield a harvest tomorrow.”

A Happy New Year to you all!

O. D. O.

❧ ❧ ❧

How about that New Year's resolve you made several weeks ago? Have you broken it? If you have, there must have been something wrong either with the resolve or with you—which was it? Of course it was quite natural for you to make some new promises, turn over another leaf, and start with a clean page. That seems to be expected most of us at this time of the year. The trouble is that many people reach this point of making and breaking—and then stop. But why

stop? True, there is benefit and help in the effort, and the man who makes the resolution and fails, while he is trying, is certainly farther ahead than the man who never tried. But why fail at all? Do we fail because we place our aims and ideals so high that we cannot reach them with the ordinary effort? Then make a greater effort, in keeping with your ideal. There may be more gain to run and lose, than never to run at all; but there is a great deal more satisfaction and encouragement in running to win.

There are many kinds of resolutions we may make. We know many of them by heart, we have made them so often. But even if the New Year has already recorded some failures for us, this is not the time to give up. It is not even too late to start again, to make another resolution for the rest of the year. There are still eleven months ahead of us with plenty of opportunity to "make good." If you are in doubt about the kind of resolution to make, let this one occupy your attention. It is one of the most perfect of its kind, in its aim and completeness. Read it and see:

"RESOLVED, That I will this year endeavor, by God's help, to live a simple, sincere, and active Christian life; repelling promptly every thought of discontent, discouragement, impurity, and self-seeking; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity, and the habit of holy silence; exercising economy in expenditure, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity to every trust, and a child-like trust in God. I will make an earnest effort to spend some time in Bible study and prayer every day, and to make some personal effort to encourage or draw some one nearer to Christ at least once a week."

J. A. R.

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## A New Year's Resolution

ELMER P. DAVIS.

*I shall not wrong thee, new year  
By saying thou dost hold  
Naught but grief and sorrow —  
Deep sorrows manifold;*

*But shall, with heart uplifted  
By courage strong and true,  
Pass through each new day's portal,  
Dark be the sky or blue.*

MISS MILDRED HUGULEY, of Washington, cousin of Miss Lenoa Huguley, spent a week-end at the College.

MRS. GOLD, of Wilmington, Delaware, has been visiting friends at the College.

COUNCILMAN H. E. ROGERS, of Takoma Park, reported in a council meeting, that practically all the dedication of land, necessary for the extension of the Washington-Maryland trolley line to the Sligo bridge, has been procured.

THE fifth number of the lecture course was delivered by Dr. Frederick Monsen, the archeologist and explorer, on "Norway and the Norwegians," Saturday evening, January thirteenth. His slides—real works of art—exhibited not only the daring of the explorer and the resourcefulness of the traveler, but also the skill of the photographer and the beauty sought by the artist. At the close Dr. Monsen showed again a few of the Indian and Arizona slides that were so well liked last year. The chapel was crowded showing the popularity of the lecturer.

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