



The SINGONIAN

THE GATEWAY TO SERVICE



Vol. IV

MARCH

No. 6

BE A REGULAR FELLER

and get your klothés at the rite place, where you get the rite style and at the rite price.

Everything for the kollege boys

CLOTHING FURNISHINGS
HATS

SOL. HERZOG, Inc.

Corner Ninth and F Streets
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The House for Styleplus Clothes
and Campus Togs

Manhattan Shirts, Stetson Hats
etc.

Drop in and let's get acquainted

*NEW SPRING FASHIONS
THAT WILL INTEREST*

College Students

Dresses for Misses

*Models designed especially for
College Girls*

Spring Suits for Men

*Haberdashery, Hats, Shoes that
express the season's latest
creations*

Woodward & Lothrop

10th, 11th, F and G Sts.
Washington, D. C.

TAKOMA PARK BANK

TAKOMA PARK, MD.-D. C.

Know the Men You Are Banking With

Our officers and directors are known to you and your friends as responsible men.

They are accessible—"get-at-able"—when you wish to talk things over with them.

Wherever you bank it, your money will be used. Why not bank it where it will be used safely and for the upbuilding and improvement of the home town and community.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER CLOTHES

WHEN you buy from us you do so with the knowledge that our business is marked by service; and that this service is supplemented by merchandise from the nation's best known clothes makers—

THERE is an assurance of "wear comfort" and durability in all Kuppenheimer garments,—they look worth the money, no matter what the price,—and the price is always right.

Grosner's
1013 PENN. AVE. N.W.

ESTABLISHED 1880

THE STORE WHERE QUALITY COUNTS

"Shoe Repairing Raised to a Modern Industry"

SAM CARDIA'S

Model Shoe-Repair Shop



318 CEDAR STREET

Takoma Park, D. C.

Please mention THE SLIGONIAN when patronizing advertisers.

THE SLIGONIAN

Official Organ of

THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF WASHINGTON MISSIONARY COLLEGE
TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

FRANK R. WOOD, *President*

JOHN C. SHULL, *Treasurer*

JULIAN GANT, *Vice-President*

HARRIET MASON, *Secretary*

HOWARD S. SHULL, *Business Manager*

JULIA LELAND, *Assistant Secretary*

B. F. MACHLAN, *Faculty Adviser*

CONTENTS

SPRING.....	3
REMINESCENT OF SCHOOL IN FRANCE.....	5
WHY EMPHASIZE SOCIOLOGY.....	8
A MAN FOR THE HOUR.....	10
AN AIM WORTHY OF YOUR LIFE.....	12
WHO?.....	14
THE SENIORS' VIEWPOINT.....	15
NEWS.....	18
ALUMNI.....	22

THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. IV

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., MARCH

No. 6

Spring

O. SEVERS

“WHILE the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.” It is such a common thing—the passing of the days of snow and ice and bleakness, and, according to God’s promise, the renewing of life under the mystic work of the genial sunshine and refreshing shower.

It is spring.

Though days be full of anxious thoughts of lessons to be learned and tasks to be done, and nights flee away too quickly for our tired brains and bodies, nature is calling us at this “glad time” of the year to learn her lessons,—not lessons which slacken our intensity for the duties that confront us, not lessons which create in us a restlessness and inquietude; but lessons of the divine consciousness that God rules in the affairs of men, of the grandeur of submissiveness to his all-wise plans, of the sturdy growth that makes for manhood, of the reward of obedience and the supreme power of silence and repose.

In the gray mist of a springtime’s dawning, the sea is calling us to its side. Enfolded in its dim shroud, the mighty water laps the sands and gurgles in playful murmurs at our feet. Above, the sky is being tinged with

faint rays of the rising sun. Deeper and deeper grows the shading until in full splendor the giant orb gleams forth, marking a sparkling path of gold across the waves from the horizon.

We gaze in silence on the restless sea, the wonder of the Creator’s power; on the cruel ocean that wrecks a ship as a child breaks a splint, the mighty deep that betokens a God who has measured its volume in his hand; the friendly, comforting sea that speaks to those who will linger by it and learn its language.

The tide is coming in, farther and farther the waves send their waters up on the sandy shore. A dull dread starts in our breast—what if the sea should burst its bounds! But then resounds the great command of the Creator in the breaking crest, “I have set its bounds and bid it ‘bide.’” Even so has God set the bounds of the tide of human misery and woe. Fear not that the trial he is asking you to bear is too severe, that the sorrow he bids you share with him is too intense. He has “set its bounds and bids it ‘bide.’” God rules the sea—he also rules in the affairs of men.

While the day is still young, we wander by the trickling stream. Happily it sings along its way; for spring is here. The frozen ground thaws,

and melting snows give the tiny rivulet the strong impetus of the swelling current. It sings as it goes. We stoop and pick from its bed a few small pebbles, keepsakes for the future years. How smooth they are! The waters, rushing over them have worn away the unsightly corners and polished them by constant wearing.

When the days of life bring experiences that chip the corners of our unsightly, selfish, inconsistent selves, when the world that seems to sing about us is unmindful of the burden we lift, or the care we bear, let us remember the smooth pebble of the brook. If we are ever cornerstones in the King's dwelling, we must be willing to pay the price of submissiveness, to be "polished after the similitude of a palace."

The noonday summons us to western plains to learn their lessons at the beginning of the year. The farmer has planted his seed beneath the sod. He rests in faith that in due time he shall reap the rewards of his toil if he faint not—"in due time if he faint not."

Stand reverently by the broad expanse of field that lies dark and brown as far as eye can reach. In it is the hope of the farmer buried with his seed. But as the seed will not long be hidden in the earth, so the sower's hope grows steadily. The kernel of corn will never reach its highest development and meet the mind of him who planted if it merely swells up with the nourishment and moisture it receives from the earth. To become a cornstalk and bear fruit for harvest, it must grow.

The food we daily glean from books, from contact with our fellows, from our communion with nature and nature's God must do more than swell our hearts with knowledge if we appropriate these to their highest use. We must turn

them into brawn and brain and pulse—brawn, that refuses not the menial task, but accepts gladly whatever will lift the load of another; brain that meets the loftiest ideal that God has set for us, the recognizing of human need; and pulse that responds to this call by the sacrifice of itself.

There is a story told of a fire in a very high building. At the window of the top story a man was seen calling for help. The ladders were quickly raised, but they were too short to reach the despairing man. Instantly one of the firemen scaled the rounds, and, standing on the uppermost one, threw his body full length against the wall. The distance to safety for an imperiled life was spanned by the length of a man. There is a breach that only we can fill. Shall we not prove our worth by spanning the distance with ourselves full grown?

The chirp of the robin in the clear atmosphere of the spring afternoon catches our ear. Off he hops to pull a big, fat worm from the soil. He has come North at the call of Spring. He obeys his Master's voice with a courage known to bird folk and the unspeaking world. He is rewarded for his obedience; for God never calls without promising to feed. Do we have less faith than the little bundle of feathers that flits about, obedient to the Master of the universe?

At evening, though perhaps footsore by the long journey, we climb the mountain side and gaze about us on the world wrapped in the twilight glow. Spring is truly here—the whole creation is answering to the call of life. It is a silent call. No bugle announces the coming of the dawn

(Continued on page 9)

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Reminiscent of School in France

WILL H. SPICER, '20

“UNIVERSITY CLUB, Y. M. C. A., University of Montpellier”—just a letterhead on a stray sheet of paper, but it brings back vividly the time a year ago when first I found lodging in the Petit Lycée upon enrolment in the American School Detachment. It had still been near-winter on leaving Toul, but spring was already encamped in Provence; fleeting gusts of warmer air came through the open windows, and dawn revealed the almond boughs along the trackside decked with pink as the train drew toward ancient Avignon. A little while of sight-seeing, and that was but a memory—calm streets in the morning sunlight; the great papal chateau of weathered yellow stone; and a vista from the Garden of the Crag, above it, across the Rhone to distant turreted hills. While the train rattled west into Herault, gray rocks and grayish grass, olive groves, and vineyards, passed the windows for some hours. The Midi sun was doing its best to anticipate its summer fervor by the time I stood with the old eighty-pound medical pack in the Place de la Gare of Montpellier awaiting a tram to take me to the quarters. So far from the front and so long after the armistice, and An American in full pack was too conspicuous for comfort. But at least,

any interest was sympathetic. “C'est un joli pauvre,” said a woman whose tiny girl insisted on calling her attention to me.

The first adjective was certainly charity—despite the efforts of a good, though avaricious barber at Avignon,—but the second might have been clairvoyance. If I had not just then been “pauvre” I would surely have surrendered that pack to some willing carter. When they don't know that you can understand them, you can get a notion of how you seem to foreigners, and hear a variety of opinions. But at least when talking to children there was a touching uniformity of sympathy in French comment on the Americans. They seemed to feel it a duty to instil a sort of loyalty to America on the score of gratitude. If all Americans could have understood this, they would have been more worthy of such kind thoughts.

The Petit Lycée was not a prominent building, but it had character. It was the former boys' school, a rambling structure, for all its three stories, built of stone, in which one might spend days without getting acquainted with all its surprises. Long, cool corridors, upstairs and down, connected the former classrooms below and the sleeping quarters above. Memorable pleasure, those

sleeping quarters with sheets and pillow cases,—even if they were redolent of some unknown, though perhaps anti-septic odor,—after months of non-descript bunks and blankets. The building comprised three enclosed courts besides grounds in front and rear which were not less pleasing because more of nature than of art seemed evident in the arrangement of trees, shrubbery and lawns. Half hidden by a stand of dwarf bamboos within the shaded circle enclosed by the front driveway, a little fountain sent up a sparkling jet that plashed back into a rustic pool. The season soon developed in the untrimmed grass a spontaneous growth of flowers, mostly strange to western eyes.

Incorporated in the center of the building was a fair-sized chapel, where in its dim Gothic interior constantly shone the altar light kept burning by the sisters of a near-by establishment. The solemn gloom of this place was in contrast to the homelike cheerfulness in the halls of the "University Club" not far away. Here the Y. M. C. A., represented by three gentle and capable American women, provided a place for study, games, and informal meetings, as well as morning and afternoon refreshments at nominal cost. *Pain et confiture, beurre, chocolat*,—it tasted good,—those who were there will tell the world still. Though many found lodging elsewhere, such was the headquarters of the "A. S. D." at Montpellier, where about six hundred men in United States uniform laid aside their packs to enjoy four months of French university life.

About the first adventure of new arrivals after getting settled, was to get lost in some of the old quarters of the city. They are not so extensive, but ingenuity could scarce make them

more labyrinthian. It was long before I could dispense with the aid of a map in traversing these mazes. The surest way, if one aimed to arrive anywhere on time, was to follow some of the few broad streets and disdain short cuts. Many of these streets are not over two meters wide, and few would allow two carriages to pass. They are flanked by dwelling houses, usually four to six stories high, and generally inhabited as tenements. Of course, there are no elevators, and plumbing is but a makeshift addition to a good share of them. One would be surprised sometimes to find behind a dour exterior on these mere clefts of streets, the really palatial home of some historic family, about a little courtyard overlooked by a curiously wrought outside staircase, or a fine interior facade of marble and glass. The connoisseur of architectural detail could find traces in the doorways of the varying modes since the thirteenth century. One good thing about the relative height of the buildings is that they are in the shade nearly all day, which is a relief as compared with some of the wider modern streets, when summer draws on.

Of course the university is the main thing to the soldier-student. The officer in charge of the scholastic side of our life was a capable American collegian from New Orleans, and secured the best co-operation from the willing management of the university. Soon every one was introduced to appropriate work, according to his interests and command of the language. It was a sensation new to most Americans to rise as the professor was ushered in, and to see him dressed, as some of them were, in the ceremonial robes corresponding to their degree. This was gratifying to the taste for the spectacular, and it seemed

fitting under the roof of buildings some of which were said to date from the eleventh century.

But the teaching itself seemed sufficiently up to date, and between following the genial flow of language with unaccustomed ear, and trying to preserve some of it in the notebook, one did not have time to think of much else. In many of the same classes with the Americans were the French young men and women following the same courses. The throng of foreigners may have disarranged their work, but they were cordial in welcoming us, and some of them were willing to give tutoring in French on a basis of exchange for help in English. It was a matter of pleasure as well as of interest to cultivate their acquaintance, and to discuss our varying customs of school and society "and everything."

The good people of the city were also at particular pains to entertain the Americans, and those whose tastes ran toward society and sport might carry their school responsibility very lightly. Tennis with a fair partner, and swimming in the Mediterranean, only a ten-*sou* ride distant, had an educational value that one would have to be a freak of a grind to depreciate. Then there were the official excursions, where most of the men would go in a body in a special train to visit places of historic or scenic interest. We were in the old Roman Province of Gallia Narbonensis, and there were not a few remains from that antique period to be seen, well-preserved remnants of temples, baths, arenas, arches, and theaters. After them, the Visigoths, and every century since had left greater or less reminders of their passage and of stirring events in civil and church history. At the end of these

journeys we often found scholars and officials of the town's waiting to personally point out and explain the points of historic interest; while very often too, a community organization would offer a material supplement to this intellectual refreshment. Most of these little towns also had art galleries that would compare favorably with any but the very finest in the United States.

Naturally a miscellaneous group of students, real and alleged, could not settle into an alien society without some disturbance. Thanks largely to the consideration of our hosts, we got on surprisingly well, and parted on the best of terms. There were "incidents" no doubt, many laughable, and some more or less deplorable, which enlivened gossip at the time. Perhaps more than one old-fashioned French *maman* breathed a sigh of relief when the O. D. uniforms finally disappeared from the streets. But time would bring conviction that the risks had been small, and the damage negligible, we hope, and perhaps a passing thought that it would be nice to see some of them again. If airplane trips were as cheap as street-car rides it is safe to say that all of us who were there would be glad to go back on a visit; and doubtless many who are able will do so, or may have done so already.

"Understand this first, last and always: The world wants the best thing. It wants your best."—*Frances E. Willard*.

"It is a very solemn thought that God will excuse you if you want to be excused. He does not wish to do it but he will do it."—*Moody*.

Why Emphasize Sociology?

LOWELL L. FRITZ

EDUCATION for the good of the individual alone has had its day, and a happy change is coming about. Educators have come to see that the product of a school should be a useful instrument rather than an attractive ornament. Furthermore, in our age of activity and progress, society is looking for the kind of men and women who can successfully play their part in the game of life, who can contribute their share of advancement to the public welfare. The question to be kept in mind in gaining an education is not so much How will this or that help *me*? as How will it help me to help somebody else?

Like religion, an education is of value only in so far as it enables its possessor to render better service than he could without it. It matters not how much information a man may have stored away in his mind, if he cannot turn it to account in benefiting others, it is practically worthless.

Unfortunately, this fact has not always been realized as it should be. Even now many well-meaning persons hold that a good schooling consists in furnishing the mind with a certain amount of information, regardless of any special influence it may have upon actions. In fact, many educators until a few decades ago thought that the chief end of an education was the personal satisfaction it might gain for its possessor. Accordingly, those of the more favored classes vied with one another in striving to secure the kind of knowledge which was supposed to make for culture and refinement.

Whether we like it or not, we are

in a world of human beings, and we are compelled to relate ourselves to them in some way or another. It is impossible to conceive what kind of existence a man would have if he were to undertake to live his life entirely independent of every one else. And since our own lives are so bound up with the lives of those round about us, how important that we acquire an education in keeping with this fact! How else can we expect properly to adjust ourselves to the conditions of society in which we live, and to control these conditions so far as lies in our power.

Of all the studies that help us to understand our relations, duties, and obligations to our fellowmen, I believe that, next to the Bible, the greatest study that can engage the mind is that of the social sciences. By social sciences are meant, of course, those studies that are directly concerned with human associations, whether these may be history, civics, economics, or any of the other subjects that might be included under this head.

Without some knowledge of the life of those with whom we are thrown into contact, it is not possible to shape our own lives in such a way that we can be of service to them.

It is in this respect that education ought to make us good citizens. To be fit for the duty of a citizen, a man must have some acquaintance with the various organizations of the civic life. If I understand something of the laws for preserving community health, I can do my bit toward helping to carry them into effect. Thus I not only protect the health of my own family,

but that of my neighbor as well. Thus in any social group of which I may be a member, the more I understand of its make-up, its organization, and rules, the better I can perform my part in making it a success.

It requires no great amount of learning to observe that certain conditions exist in society, but it takes an educated man to understand and interpret these conditions. A complete education will give us an understanding of the origin of the various institutions we find in society, and of the circumstances influencing their development.

Once able to see the causes for the existence of certain conditions, we have a better chance in aiding their development in the right direction, or of arresting their development if they ought

not to exist. Not that all of us can be statesmen, but it will pay any of us to remember that in a government of the people, the success of the government must depend upon the amount of practical knowledge of these subjects which the people possess.

Let us hope the time will soon come when every student will put aside self-aggrandizement as an aim in education, both secular and religious; nor be content with mere preparation to earn his bread and butter, and perhaps a few luxuries; a time when all will realize that there is a higher aim,—that of being useful, yea indispensable members of society, and of gaining such an appreciation of the needs of others that we will count it a pleasure to sacrifice ourselves in their service.

SPRING

(Continued from page 4)

of the year, no herald proclaims the renewing of the powers of life beneath the sod, and within the heart of the tree. A great silence, majestic and grand, spreads itself abroad. How quietly the twilight falls and the warm air summons the trailing arbutus or the violet or the maple leaf from its winter's hiding. And yet how powerful is the call!

Would we have that power in our lives that calls back life and courage in those who are hard pressed, would we know the irresistible impetus of the call of spring, we must gain that power which is born in the quiet time when, alone with God, we throw off the superfluous, the unreal, the superficial and in silence and simplicity learn of him. His ways are ways of quietness, the Presence in the still small voice. His greatest lessons are of confidence for

daily strength. "His ways are ways of pleasantness and all his paths are peace."

As we are away up on the mountain, surrounded by the wooded slopes of hills that rise and fall in vernal greenness, the warm earth giving signs of renewed life, we stop and listen to the poet's teaching:

"I need not shout my faith. Thrice eloquent
Are quiet trees and the green, listening sod;
Hushed are the stars, whose power is never spent,
The hills are mute yet how they speak of God!"

These are the lessons which spring brings to us, messages of inspiration and hope. These are the things which fill our minds as we contemplate the significance of the spring.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

A Man for the Hour

W. L. LATHAM

Washington Missionary College has many noble sons. She has scattered them abroad in every land. Her business is to train soldiers of the cross, and nothing gives her more joy than to send them forth as recruits to the hard pressed army in the heart of the enemy's land where there is a continual call for help. Brother and Sister Maximo Trummer have answered this call and dedicated their lives to the work in South America.

The South American Mission Band was glad to have the honor of giving them a farewell service Friday evening, February 27. The first speaker called our attention to the great problems confronting the Christian Church today, such problems as heathenism, paganism, higher criticism, and the many other "isms" together with the troubled and perplexing conditions that exist on every hand.

In spite of the dark and hopeless outlook of the world, God has a few chosen people, honest in heart, looking for light. Who will rescue them from the perils of such conditions as we face today? It is no work for a novice. If

a man were drowning, it would be worse than folly to send one to rescue him who scarcely knew how to swim himself. The pathetic call of the world today is for trained men, educated men, men of experience and stability, men who are willing to bear hardships and who know how to face the



MR. & MRS. E. M. TRUMMER

difficult problems of life, men who have learned to trust God and march straight ahead even though apparently insurmountable obstacles bar the way. Such a man, we believe, God has found in Brother Trummer for he has been well tried many times and has always come out a stronger and better man for each

trial. We feel sure he will be able to accomplish a great work in the land to which he goes, for he has shown himself both sincere and capable during his several years with us.

In bidding Brother Trummer farewell, the last speaker called him to the platform and said in part: "It gives this school great pleasure to send forth another well-equipped soldier to bear the banner of truth into the heart of the enemy's land. And you, our brother, may well be likened to Christian, in 'Pilgrim's Progress.' By the life you have lived among us and the work you have done you have clothed yourself in the armor of proof—proof that you are prepared to serve.

"Washington Missionary College represents the house built by the Lord of the hill from which you go. Prudence, Piety, and Charity, have been the guardian angels of your preparation.

"You are soon to enter a country where you shall meet Apollyon, who casts down all truth. There you will see Ignorance on the highway as your fellow traveler. But the most dangerous enemy that you will be called upon to meet will be Giant Despair. But we know that, as a good soldier of the cross, skilled in the use of the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, and well protected by the shield of faith which will quench all the fiery darts of the enemy, you will defeat the forces of darkness, rescue many captives from the hand of the enemy, and march on until you reach the Celestial City.

„As fellow students, anxious for your welfare, we would like Discretion, Piety, Charity and Prudence, supply you the loaf of bread, the bottle of wine and a cluster of raisins. Please accept this little gift, wrapped in our kindest

thoughts, that you may not suffer by the way."

We have great confidence in Brother Trummer's ability to perform the work whereunto he has been called. He has always shown himself very tactful and fearless in approaching men of all classes. No doubt many will recall having seen photographs of the signatures of President Wilson and W. J. Bryan secured by Brother Trummer for Bible Readings. Such traits of character as he possesses will be worth a great deal to him in the hard Catholic-heathen field to which he goes.

From our earliest knowledge of Brother Trummer he has been a very earnest and energetic worker for souls. This is the reputation he established for himself during his stay in Union College from 1904 to 1909. From there he was sent to Argentine to take charge of the publishing work and the young people's organizations. After serving them faithfully for five years, he returned to the States and entered Washington Missionary College where he was graduated in 1918 and received his master's degree in 1919. He sails March 2 for Christolia, Canal Zone, where he will take up the duties of a conference president in the West Caribbean Conference.

It was very fitting that he should be ordained before entering upon his work. This beautiful and solemn service was performed during our chapel hour Monday morning, March 1. Elder Robins, president of the Columbia Union Conference, offered the ordination prayer; Professor Lacey gave him the gospel charge by reading several well-chosen passages of scripture; and Professor Sorensen, as a fellow minister, extended to him a hearty welcome to the joys and sorrows of the gospel ministry.

An Aim Worthy of Your Life

H. L. SHULL.

THE world holds forth no greater aim to its youth than that which is bound up in the single word "success." That is the ultimate and final reward of human energy. No matter what your purpose in life may be, the watchword is "succeed." By every means overcome all obstacles and rise to the top of the ladder. Most young men today are pushing to the front under the impulse of fame's allurements. They can see the end from the beginning and take proper account of the interspace, but they forget that there is something more vital and important beyond the end of their vision. However, a triumphant life is desirable and good. History and biography show that no man or body of men ever obtained an ascendancy, never secured general respect, unless they deserved it. Industry, skill and tact produce their fruits. A man will never succeed unless he bends all his energies toward the attainment of his purpose, but true success is gained only by honesty, sincerity, and ambition. Hypocrisy and fraud ultimately will be detected; no enduring reputation has ever been built upon a lie.

It is natural for us to think of success in the realm of religious things, although the value of the same in temporal matters is not discounted in the least. The Apostle Paul had the great ambition to preach the gospel where Christ had never been named before, and he succeeded. The Society of Jesuits forms a striking illustration of a good ambition but a poor success, because of its mixture with worldly ideals. You will remember that when

this society was organized, under the inspiration and leadership of Ignatius Loyola, it was founded upon the sincerest motives commendable to any organization. Their object was to win people back to the fold of the Church and to relieve the suffering and sick, together with the extension of the missionary work of the Church. The men who composed this society possessed so much zeal, intrepidity, and devotion to their cause that they were willing to subject their wills, consciences, bodies and souls to the supreme dictation of the General of the Order. Not one word of complaint or suggestion of dissent was ever allowed to pass their lips, and they obeyed unhesitatingly the orders of their superiors and asked no questions. Individuals had no personal ambitions, no individual interests, no freedom of will, but were merged soul and body in the organization. It was a massive piece of machinery that was constructed by the genius of Ignatius Loyola which if one pin should come loose would wreck the whole system. As a result of their work thousands were won to the church.

As was said before, this society was founded upon the sincerest motives and principles, but the whole scheme failed for the same reason that all human societies and governments have degenerated in times past and present. The essential reason is that the love of money is the root of all evil. We must say that the Jesuits accomplished a great work in their day, and we admire them for their wonderful zeal and energy. They loved their society; but they loved still more what they

thought was the glory of God. The Jesuit missionary with his breviary under his arm, his beads at his girdle, and his crucifix in his hands, went forth without fear to encounter the most dreaded dangers. Martyrdom was nothing to him. When about to visit the cannibal island of Del Moro, Francis Xavier said, "If I die who knows but what all may receive the gospel, for it fructifies more abundantly by the blood of martyrs than by the labors of missionaries." The life of this remarkable man was passed in perils, fastings, and fatigue in order to convert the heathen, and in ten years he had traversed a distance equal to the circumference of the earth. "My companion," said the fearless Marquette, when exploring the prairies of the Western wilderness, "is an envoy of France to discover new countries, and I am an ambassador of God to enlighten them with the gospel." Notwithstanding all this zeal and success, the day came when the charter of the society had to be revoked by the Pope. Amid the presence of that fascination which so many men have for silver and gold, and being moved by over-confidence in their power to sway men and nations, the ambitions and success of life caused them to lose sight of their original purpose. Their vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience were merely a shadow in the rays of the setting sun. They began to direct ecclesiastical, educational, political and national affairs instead of confining their work to the church. When they could not obtain their desires honestly and justly they now resorted to the doctrine of expediency—the end justifies the means.

Permit it to be said, that if a Jesuit three hundred years ago could freely sacrifice his will, conscience, friends,

property, and life to the direction of mortal man upon earth, and endure hardships, privations, hunger, and martyrdom for the sake of his faith, then, how much more ought we, as young men and women, dedicate ourselves as firmly and unselfishly to the task of finishing God's work in this generation. The Apostle Paul had three great ambitions in life. His first ambition was to be quiet and mind his own business, the second, to be accepted before the Lord, and the third, to preach the gospel where Christ had never before been named. Ponder over this and see if you do not think they are also worthy of your ambition. All who are in Christ are debtors to those who are on the outside. We Christians today ought to feel guilty of lukewarmness when we compare our zeal and earnestness with that of the Jesuits who had no particular message for their time. We have a wonderful truth to proclaim to the world in this generation, and we know that behind it is the power of a living God. If God be for us, who can be against us? Why flirt with the desire for a good position, comfortable income, or success in the world when your obvious duty is to sacrifice and dedicate your life to the saving of souls? If a young man or woman wants to succeed in life let him be ambitious and zealous in the things of God. Success is promised, yea, guaranteed, to every one who dedicates himself to the cause of God and wills to do his will. Success in God's cause will never come to an end, but that of the world is about to perish.

Long patience differs little from apathy, unless there be effort. Heroic patience and heroic striving go together.

Who?

RUTH MILLER

A FEW years ago there was a girl who lived in a small village with her father, mother, two sisters, and brother. They were a very happy family and found many things to do, for they lived on a small farm. The children liked to help their parents do the work. When the two older girls were old enough they were sent to the city, a mile and a half away, with the vegetables and various things from the farm. The older of the two liked to do this, but the younger was very timid. It was very hard to even get her to deliver the orders her sister took. One reason why the older girl liked it so well was because she was very fond of horses and they had a faithful horse which their parents let them use when they went to the city with the produce.

All the time was not spent in work, however. They attended church school, and later were graduated from college. In those days, as now, the field men came to the school, canvassers' bands were organized, and institutes were held. Many times did she hear statements read that touched a responsive cord in her heart and caused her to desire to canvass. The great need of the field for workers, and the need of the people for the truth were principles that were placed before the students which put zeal into their hearts.

Then the time came when the younger of the two wished to go canvassing. She was not yet sixteen, and her mother did not want her to go. She kept urging, however, until her mother told her if she could sell fifty *Signs* she could go. Being very anxious to go she tried to

sell the magazines, but failed. Still she would not give up. Finally her mother told her she could go if she would go far enough away so she wouldn't work a few weeks and come home. This she gladly did. Soon after school was out in May she went to her field in West Virginia. The Lord blessed her and before her sixteenth birthday, in July, she had taken enough orders for her scholarship.

Nor was that the last summer she canvassed. Nine summers have now passed, eight of which she spent canvassing. Nor was she satisfied to spend only her summers in that way, for one of her winters has been spent in the canvassing field. She has canvassed in West Virginia, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. She is still actively connected with the work, for, upon picking up the Eastern Canadian paper one can see her name there.

"Before honor is humility." To fill a high place before men Heaven chooses the worker who, like John the Baptist, takes a lowly place before God.

The most childlike disciple is the most efficient in labor for God.

The heavenly intelligences can cooperate with him who is seeking, not to exalt self but to save souls."—*Mrs. E. G. White.*

"Oh to be emptier, lowlier,
Mean, unnoticed and unknown,
And to God a vessel holier,
Filled with Christ and Christ alone."
—*Andrew Murray*

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

The Seniors' View Point

(Symposium)

WELL, what did you think of it? Of what? Why, just your college life. As if one could so soon boil it down to one short paragraph! "Surely years should give counsel,"—yes, but who looks up to seniors? Not even freshmen!

But the college editor has asked, yea, demanded, that we seniors attempt to qualify our reaction to our total school experience to date. If we could truly estimate the effect of these years from where we stand, what a range of profit and loss items would be presented! We might divide the account between precept, example, and experience. Both in and out of school these are the external means of education. School is supposed to offer an extraordinary profit in all three, but the last is hardest to assure. Outside of a limited field, experience even in school is a matter that the individual more than the organization must be responsible for. "Experience keeps a dear school," and at the best there will be losses. We can transfer a few of these under the heading of examples for ourselves and others.

If I were looking forward to college instead of backward, I should aim to avoid one-sidedness, and not to "let study interfere with education," physical or social. "Here for college not for knowledge" has about one third of truth in it. Seventh-day Adventist

youth, impressed with the shortness of time and cash may easily forget this, though some concede it all too readily. It seems to me, too, that in each of these departments, mental, social, and physical, one should aim to concentrate. No one will class his mental furniture as junk, but he may dimly realize that it would be just as precious to him and a lot more creditable in appearance if the pieces went together better. It is like the friends one finds in wandering from sea to sea, and from college to college. It would be a sorrow to lose any of them, and yet if one had begun and gone through with one class in one college, the strength of ties formed might more than compensate for their smaller number. In the physical department too, one might better really acquire some accomplishments, useful or amusing, than begin only on many. Work is apt to press too hard, or to fail altogether for the college student, and sport the same, often. Prudence requires a definite intention to come through with unimpaired physique, and some sacrifice, usually, in carrying it out. But hit or miss, fast or slow, better or worse, early or late, college is worth while. Stick to it! W. H. SPICER

THE benefits gained from college life are too many to enumerate; but the main one I have noticed is
(Continued on following page)

THE SLIGONIAN

Edited and Published Monthly by the
STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF WASHINGTON MISSIONARY COLLEGE
TAKOMA PARK, D. C.

TERMS: One dollar a year (9 numbers) in the United States and Canada; one dollar and fifty cents to foreign countries. Make all remittances to THE SLIGONIAN, Takoma Park, D. C. Instructions for RENEWAL, DISCONTINUANCE, or CHANGE OF ADDRESS should be sent *two weeks* before the date they are to go into effect. *Both old and new addresses* must always be given.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

Entered as second-class mail matter December 20, 1916, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1897.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Congress of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1918.

EDITORS

WILLIAM W. TINSLEY, *Editor-in-chief*

RUTH WILCOX, *Assistant Editor*

ANNABEL ORR, *Missionary Editor*

W. H. SPICER, *Literary Editor*

LENOA W. HUGULEY, *College Editor*

MARTHA BLOOM, *News Editor*

GLADYS MACHLAN, A. B., *Alumni Editor*

H. CAMDEN LACEY, A. M., *Faculty Adviser*

MANAGERS

HOWARD L. SHULL, *Business Manager*

ALFRED J. COOPER, *Assistant Bus. Mgr.*

RAYMOND KRAFT, *Circulation Manager*

CLYDE A. NEWMYER, *Advertising Manager*

JOHN C. SHULL, *Treasurer*

CLARENCE H. TAYLOR, *Press Manager*

(Continued from page 15)

that of individual personality. The cosmopolitan element of college environment and the diversity of customs and opinions develop an individuality in the student not gained any where else. It throws one back upon his own resources to formulate, from the many, his own philosophy of life.

KENNETH GANT.

I TRULY appreciate the years which I have spent at this school. They have been seasons of pleasure and profit. Through coming to this college I have been the recipient of a new vision of life. Things which used to be as

clear as mud have become as transparent as glass. I am better prepared to relate myself properly to the problems of life than ever before. It pays to attend a good school!

H. E. WAGNER

A LIFE debt will forever hang over me for the new world into which my college days have brought me—not a new world altogether; but the time in college has taken the veil from my eyes so that I, for the first time, am able to behold the world I was born in.

FRANK R. WOOD.

COLLEGE life began with the fond hope of seeing at the end something wonderfully developed—almost created

—out of what was easily recognized as raw material. Our estimate of the complexity of life's problems has doubtless grown more rapidly than the ability to solve them. However, may we not take courage in the realization that this very ability to recognize the problem as it presents itself is evidence that some advancement has been made. Then shall we not hasten to express our gratitude to our Alma Mater should we prove haply, in later years, able in any way to be assistants in the solution of these problems rather than contributors to their list?

W. W. TINSLEY.

SINCE coming to Washington Missionary College three years ago, repeated experiences have taught me several lessons. The first is to stand upon my own feet and not let people or things discourage me, when everything goes wrong to be cheerful still, and make things come out right by persevering effort.

Another great lesson I have learned is to look for capabilities in others and not judge from appearances. If we look earnestly enough, we are sure to find something worth while in every student of our college.

School days are a preparation for life, and if we have learned to make the most of our opportunities, place first things first and not let trifles bother us, they will not have been spent in vain.

While I have not always made the most of my opportunities, and have a great many more lessons to learn, yet I am thankful for what W. M. C. has done for me.

ETHEL ANDRE.

THE more one knows, the more he knows that he doesn't know.

Let a circle the size of the limitless bounds of the universe represent the unacquired knowledge of a student, and a small concentric circle his acquired knowledge. As the student enlarges his little circle, the larger grows its circumference which borders on the unknown.

So I, nearing the completion of a college course, as I stand in my tiny circle of acquired knowledge looking out on the vast unknown, can say, "How little I know."

I know I don't know enough to appreciate my wonderful self-sacrificing parents, the best ever given to a selfish child; or my college, one of the best in the world with the best of teachers; or my friends, the truest that were ever gained; or the love of my God that passeth all understanding.

I am glad my two years at W. M. C. have taught me how little I know.

MERLE SILLWAY.

"Your daily duties are a part of your religious life just as much as your devotions."—*Beecher.*

"A Christian life is not an imitation but a reproduction of the life of Christ."—*Van Dyke.*

"If we could read the secret history of our enemies we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility."—*Longfellow.*

NEWS ITEMS

Senior Doin's No. 1

A "very important" meeting of the class was called to decide on class colors. There was a hangfire on a certain combination of colors that seemed would last for hours. The president then announced that the class would have to clear out the room by nine o'clock. One minute was left. There was a call to another room, and so went the color decision. The next room was a banquet hall prepared by the officers of the class. The character of each member of the class was portrayed on cards arranged at each plate. Each one was told to find his character sketch, and soon all were of the same mind under the influence of the abundance of "good" that was in them. While there was a spell of quiet reflection, Mr. Tinsley added more spice in his inaugural address and announced the reading of the minutes of the last meeting. Miss Miller, secretary, gave an amusing sketch of the previous meeting filling in an outlay of characteristics peculiar to each member as brought out in the meeting. Mr. Shull, treasurer, gave the financial statement in keeping with the minutes. Vice-president, Miss Silloway, in her speech tried to discover the duties of her office, and defined a "vice" as an instrument to hold something of the president to work on. Mr. Gant, as spokesman for the class, expressed appreciation for the treat by the officers. The color fight was resumed and ended in a disastrous decision. Every one was feeling too good to do anything serious.

Wireless Fried Eggs

WIRELESS fried eggs was just one of the many electrical demonstrations given by Mr. Henry L. Transtrom, Monday evening, March 1. The power of the electromagnet for attracting nails, iron filings, copper, and other material

was shown. Did you know electric light^s could be lighted by wireless? And did you know that one could light a dozen or more electric light bulbs by allowing high frequency currents to pass through one's body? Mr. Transtrom made sparks nearly a foot in length jump from his finger tips. Two million volts of electricity could pass through the body by the use of high frequency currents, without injury because the electricity passes over the skin which acts as an insulation for the body.

The funds collected from the demonstration will go to help buy the apparatus used in the lecture for the Science Department.

"Graduated or Educated?"

"GRADUATED or educated?" Elder Kern asked the Sligo Church members recently. Four years spent in college graduates one, but unless it trains for service, it fails to educate. All education is not gained in college, nor does travel guarantee the desired knowledge, for some people who never leave their home town gain broader and deeper views of life than some "globe trotters." The difference lies in the estimates placed upon work, meditation and social intercourse, and study and travel. Graduation makes us prone to overestimate ourselves, but true education causes us to realize that nothing is menial which ought to be done.

Music—the Choicest

WE assembled in the chapel, Wednesday, March 4, at 8 o'clock. The rostrum was decorated with ferns and on one side was the piano. What was to happen? Fourteen out of the forty music students studying violin and piano were to give a program and it was a "real" program—something which all music lovers thoroughly enjoyed. W. M. C. is proud of her musical talent,

Birthdays so Rare!

It was a jolly group of students that gathered at the home of Brother W. H. George, February 29, to celebrate the birthday of Clarence Frost. It was a great surprise to Mr. Frost, for he was under the impression that the evening was to be spent in discussing plans for colporteur work next summer. However, he was soon led to change his mind when it was announced that the party was in his honor. The evening was spent very pleasantly playing games and singing. The refreshments were a special feature.

Wilson-Wyman

AN announcement has been received of the marriage of Miss Geneva Wilson to Mr. G. Clifton Wyman on Tuesday, February 24, at her home in Loveland, Colo. Both are former students of this College. Students and friends of W. M. C. send their best.

"Takoma Park Community Band"

THE "Takoma Park Community Band" gave music and plenty of it to the employees of the Review and Herald when they celebrated George Washington's birthday. After playing several selections, they marched down to the station, thence to the mayor's house, the Bliss Electrical School, and lastly out to the Sanitarium. A promising band—they are!

Valentine's Day

HEARTS, hearts, and more hearts! Valentine's Day was celebrated by a lively group of W. M. C. students at the home of Miss Pearl Thompson. There were hearts on the wall and hearts everywhere including those hearts that beat with expectation when two large cakes and "mountains" of ice cream were brought in.

The "Ins" at the "Outside"

SEVERAL students living in the dormitory and on the outside gathered at Ruth Wilcox's Saturday evening, February 21.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

The boys had a chance to see themselves as the girls see them when impromptu speeches were given on the "Breaches of Etiquette." Would that the "Ins" had more Saturday nights at the "Outside" when we enjoy ourselves as we did then.

More Than a Dream of Nippon

NEARLY two hundred sofapillows were lying on the floor of the dining-room when the girls opened the doors at 8 o'clock, Sunday evening, March 7, admitting the boys as guests to their entertainment. The tables and chairs had all been removed; the electric lights encased in Japanese lanterns; a large Japanese umbrella was suspended from the ceiling, and also about a hundred queer-looking "contraptions" made of red paper that looked like a cross between a miniature aeroplane and an ordinary "saw-buck," but which were, as we were told by those that knew, Japanese cranes.

At the front of the room was a platform that "smelled" Oriental. Miss Hanson explained that they were to visit the sights and sounds of Japan. So all were seated on the floor in true (?) Japanese fashion, and a characteristic program followed. Six girls dressed in silk Japanese kimonos gave a fan drill; "Japany" songs were sung; and long to be remembered is the scene in Mr. Komoda's home twenty years hence. We saw the customs of Japan, and when two American missionaries visited him, we learned the future history of some of our classmates and at the same time saw how awkward Americans are in the eyes of Orientals.

The program was rounded off by an appetizing luncheon. Expressions heard among the guests were, "Fine," "That took work," "We've got to go some," "We can't beat out." The girls modestly gave Mr. Kamoda, our Japanese student, the credit for the working out of this successful program.

Our Southern Neighbor

THE program Friday evening, February 22, was given by the South American division of the Foreign Mission Band. Their leader, Mr. King, first told us about the great work in general remaining to be done in that field and the unparalleled opportunities now presented. Every country in that continent now has religious liberty. Missionaries must be sent who will present a living Saviour to the people—a saving Saviour. Mr. Latham, speaking of the need of colporteur work being done there, related how many had accepted the truth solely through the reading of the Bible. Miss Macpherson lastly depicted the educational needs of the people.

"Katchers" from W. M. C.

MR. FRANCIS L. PARRISH, who is engaged in Ministerial work in West Virginia, stopped over for a visit at W. M. C.

"KEEPING Sunday, hating the Jews and eating pork is an ideal Christian," from the Jewish viewpoint according to what Elder Gilbert told us in chapel the other day.

THE South Hall girls felt highly favored to have Miss Matilda Erickson speak to them at prayers one night early in March.

MR. RALPH RUSSELL and mother are here a few weeks taking treatments at the Sanitarium.

"WHERE there's a will, there's a way," so the girls in South Hall think. Recently they made up their minds to improve the looks of the Hall and now have a new rug, mats, curtains, and portieres.

MR. K. YAGI from New York visited Mr. Kamoda the first of March.

TWO classes in Hydrotherapy have been started, one for the boys taught by Mr. Wilson, and the other for the girls with Miss Jensen as teacher.

THE boys of North Hall are wondering if they are as old mentally and also in conduct as they are in literal years. Dr. Field gave them a friendly talk about it one evening. We hope it will bear fruit.

MR. CLYDE ELLIS, of Streator, Ill., has taken up second semester work. His music from a French horn is much appreciated.

Chapel "Exhorts"

"DESPONDENCY in God's service is sinful and unreasonable."—Prof. Machlan.

WE were greatly pleased to have Professor Kern speak to us twice recently. His first talk was on the "Need of Leadership." "A leader is the man who knows the way, can keep ahead and cause others to follow." If we would be leaders, we must pay the price. A leader must be sincere and must have courage and decision. Thoroughness and intensiveness must be ever kept in mind, and finally a leader must be willing to pay the price of loneliness, always keeping just a little in advance of the followers.

His second talk was as interesting and instructive as the first. It was concerning the proper emphasis on things of life. It may not be a choice between good and best. The chief thing to be sought is character. In college where we are constantly in contact with others, we are apt to lose sight of the value of solitude.

Learn to think. "A man who can't think is an idiot, a man who won't think is a fool and a man who is afraid to think is a slave."

So do not rely too much on what you get from books. A college course will give you a fine start but do not think your education is complete when you are graduated.

But the greatest thing is to become possessed with the idea of becoming soul-winners. "Life holds no privilege more precious than to give itself in behalf of the lost." There are some who can't sleep for thinking of the lost millions and others who can't think of them for sleep. To which class do you belong?

A VISIT by Elder Gilbert to W. M. C. was a happy surprise to all. His address describing the Jewish work, showing the attitude of the Hebrew to Christianity, proved most helpful and interesting. "Doubt," he said, "is the one word that sums up the Jewish state of mind. Nothing can be believed by him but that which is first doubted and then proved."

In the days of the high priest, Zacharias, there was a great rabbi, a leader of Jewish society and one looked up to by all as an authority on the Scriptures and the Talmud, lying upon his bed of death. Around him had gathered his disciples. A strange look was upon the dying man's face which caused the bystanders to ask him of his hope of a future life, for he above all others should stand faultless before a judging God. In tones of anguish, he answered, "O that I knew the future! O for certainty. If God accepts me I shall be happy, but what shall I do if God shall condemn my case? To whom can I then appeal? O to but know the future!" In the jaws of a vice of doubt the Jewish mind is held.

He reads the New Testament. Instead of syllogistic proof there he finds the words, "Believe, faith, hope." How can he believe, have faith, or hope without proof, for his mind is only a bundle of doubts? To this mighty problem there is but one sure answer. Christ comes in and helps to lead the lost sons of the tribes of Israel back to the fold.

Keep on the Grass

THIS is a good motto for those who don't like to see the "Keep off the grass" signs appear as usual this spring. They would seldom be necessary if the few who have to cross the lawn would avoid the beaten path before it gets beaten, and keep on the grass. If you must use the campus for sport or for thoroughfare, respect its weak spots and its "off days" too, when rain has softened it.

Review and Herald

"SURPRISE!" rang through the air as Miss Margaret Shipley met twenty S. T. A. R.

members and young men at the door of her home on February 7. The evening passed pleasantly with guessing games to test the knowledge of those present. Delightful refreshments were served by three of the S. T. A. R. members. Mr. Frank Wood then, in "Woody's own way," presented a gift to Miss Shipley from the S. T. A. R.'S. as a remembrance of her birthday.

MR. RANS, Manager of the Canadian *Review and Herald* branch in Ontario, spoke to the *Review and Herald* employees in chapel, Sunday morning, February 8. He told them of the conditions, costumes, and queer expressions which are to be seen and heard in Canada.

NEW methods are constantly being adopted by the *Review and Herald*. The latest and most interesting is that of giving the annual reports by stereopticon slides as used at the sixteenth annual constituency meeting of the *Review and Herald* held in Columbia Hall, February 9. By the reports of the different departments and branches given in this way and by the address of Elder Wilcox, the marvelous advancement of the work was shown. One of the most interesting pictures thrown on the screen was that of a group of employees who had been in the work from the earliest years. All who were present at the meeting greatly appreciated this new method of giving the report.

"A LAF supper will be served," was the drawing card to the *Review and Herald* annual reception on February 11. Guests were met by girls dressed in white and were handed slips of paper on which to write their names. They were next ushered to the gymnasium where all had an opportunity of becoming acquainted. When all were seated in half circles and the band was playing a march, the door was opened and a bevy of girls, all in white with tiny *Review and Herald* caps, bore the "lap supper" in on trays. It proved to be a four-course lunch, however. Following this a report of the progress of *Review and Herald* work was given in the chapel.

(Continued on page 24)

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

DEAR ALUMNI:

I have been carrying the educational and Sabbath school departmental work since leaving Washington in the summer of 1918. Of course, I have the best departments in all the work (best to me, because I know more about them than any others). The Cumberland Conference, my conference, takes in the beautiful mountain section of North Carolina and the mountain section of Tennessee.

Several of my schools and churches are miles away from the railroad. Sometimes I have to walk, sometimes I ride horseback, sometimes in a wagon, sometimes in a car and sometimes I am carried over the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains by two spry and uncertain little oxen hitched to a buck-board. Don't you know what a buck-board is? Well, it is a cart with a seat in the middle. It has no springs, no dash-board, and no top. More than once I have all but fal'en under the feet of the oxen when they would take a notion to stop.

I shall never forget my first ride in this "cattle-act" (invented by the Pilgrim Fathers just after the landing of the *Mayflower*). I wanted to get a train that left Copper Hill at one o'clock, so in order for us to go that five miles to the town we left about ten o'clock. When we entered the town I noticed that the streets were crowded with people coming from church. As we rode along, they would stop and look and yell some such expression as, "Bill,

I didn't know you were coming in town today." I suppose I looked about as much out of place as I felt, but I had been driving, so had the whip in my hand and to break the spell I would hit the oxen as though I knew just how it was done.

I have another trip that is very interesting. From Johnson City, Tenn., I take a narrow gauge railroad train down through the Blue Ridge Mountains. This little train creeps along for one hundred miles through those wonderful mountains. Those who have seen both say that this trip is more beautiful than going through the Rockies. There are summer resorts all up and down this railroad.

The first time I made this trip a girl met me at the train, not station, for there is no station. When I stepped off, she took my bag and said, "We just live three miles over that mountain," pointing to what I thought an unsurmountable height. Unfortunately I had exhausted my change the day before and had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, so you can imagine just how impossible that mountain did look. However, we finally got there, and what did they bring me to eat but pumpkin pie?—the one thing in the way of eats that I despise,—but I could not refuse and could not eat it. They say a person can eat anything when he is hungry. I disagree for I know I was hungry but I could not eat that pie. The kind they make up there doesn't have anything but

pumpkin in it. Anyway, I took a piece and when they left the room, I slipped it under the coals in the fireplace. Later in the afternoon I found an apple tree—you know the rest.

The next day, Sabbath, I was invited out for dinner. When we sat down at the table, I discovered that I had nothing but a knife. I started to make known what I thought was an oversight, but shortly I observed that there was but one piece of tin ware to a place—and mine was a knife! I looked at the juicy peas and then I looked at my knife and wondered if I could ever balance a pea on that knife. Then on second thought I wondered if I could ever get forgiveness for breaking the rules of etiquette to that extent. By some good fortune the little boy sitting next had an appetite for cake only. I noticed he had a spoon so I carefully slipped it over my way and proceeded with joy to eat my peas.

You at once draw the conclusion that those people are too poor to have things better. No, indeed, that is not it. The man in this home could give a check for five thousand dollars today. The idea is this: They had nothing better at home because their parents never got out of those mountains to see what other people had and did, so the old saying: "What was good enough for my pa and ma is good enough for me." There are no hearts better than theirs and they are kind and earnest Christians. However, we are getting them to send their boys and girls to our schools and this will mean much to them in every respect.

I could write on for hours telling you of my experiences and work. It is with a bit of regret that I give up this work the first of March. I will connect with the Southern Junior College for the

year 1920-1921 in the capacity of English teacher. I expect to spend the spring months at my home in Alpharetta, Ga., and during the summer I will take some work at Columbia University preparatory to my work at S. J. C.

MARIAN BROOKE.

DEAR ALUMNI:

My congenial companion, Mr. Hottel, has just handed me the latest number of the SLIGONIAN and it certainly looks good to me; doubly so, for at present I am confined to my room, recovering from a mild case of the "flu." I am in the two-day period which I am told is the allotted time for one to remain in his room after the temperature has become normal. Needless to say it is exceedingly difficult for me to remain quiet. However, such is my lot, so be it.

Both Mr. Hottel and I are enjoying our work here at Lancaster Junior College. We are kept busy, but then one ought always to want to be busy. Mr. Hottel carries three Bible classes besides acting as preceptor and I have some of the English classes. Ever after this the word "English" will bring to my mind the vision of a stack of black-covered notebooks which are by no means empty. I believe I could almost correct themes in my sleep!

When I think of my school days at W. M. C., it hardly seems possible that it is nearly three years since I left the well-remembered halls as a student and passed out through the "Gateway, to Service."

MARY HERR HOTTEL.

(Continued from page 21)

Sanitarium News

THE W. S. & H. Alumni Association held its regular monthly meeting Sunday night, February 29, at the home of Mrs. Juva Jones Pemberton. After an interesting program including music by the *Review and Herald* orchestra and a speech by Dr. Miller concerning the registration of our training school, dainty refreshments were enjoyed by all. Much interest is manifested in all these monthly meetings indicated by nearly every member's being present and taking part in each one.

MISS JENSEN, our superintendent of nurses, is away on a lecture tour and among other places she will lecture at Lancaster Junior College and at the Melrose Sanitarium in the interest of our sanitarium work here.

MISS GREUTMAN, former assistant superintendent of nurses, recently left for her home in Baltimore where she will take up private nursing for a while.

THE freshman girls recently entertained the freshman boys with a delightful program and a delicious six-o'clock dinner in the girls' dormitory parlor.

WASHINGTON SANITARIUM—a registered institution—is now classified as a Large General Hospital. The Class of 1919 took the examination at Baltimore and an average grade of 77.9 per cent was obtained. But it was not without opposition that this recognition for the Sanitarium was gained. It now ranks as one of the best in the state.

MR. IRA SHEIRICH, Class of 1917, soon leaves for the South where he will take up work in the Tennessee River Conference.

LOIS PHILLIPS, 1919, who has been nursing her sister at the hospital, fell victim to the mumps.

ALBERTA MUNSCH-WORKMAN has added a wee member to the Alumni Association by the name of Ellis Leeson Workman, Jr.

<p><i>wear</i></p> <p><i>Silver Lenses</i></p> <p><small>"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."</small></p>	<p><i>wear</i></p> <p><i>Silver Lenses</i></p> <p><small>"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."</small></p>
<p>We favor students and members of the Adventist Denomination with a liberal discount because we appreciate the courtesies they have extended us.</p>	
EYES EXAMINED	GLASSES FITTED AND REPAIRED
<p>COLUMBIA OPTICAL COMPANY, 908 F Street, Northwest</p>	

<h1 style="margin: 0;">Mattingly Bros. <u>PHARMACISTS</u></h1>		
Drugs	Toilet Articles	Chemicals
Soda Water		Photo Supplies
<p><i>Prescriptions a Specialty</i></p>		
<p>Phones Col. 3751 and 3771</p>		<p>TAKOMA PARK, D. C.</p>

Please mention THE SLIGONIAN when patronizing advertisers.

What About Your Vacation?

SIX or seven weeks and vacation will be here. Already the thought is involuntarily arising in the minds of many students how best to utilize this time, especially in making financial preparation for the next year's expenses.

Every state in the Columbia Union Conference offers to you young man or young woman, exceptional advantages during vacation. The colporteur work is not only "missionary work of the highest order," but our statistics show that it pays financially even better than the high wages paid tradesmen at the present time. Let us explain:

During the three months' vacation of 1919 our colporteurs in the Columbia Union Conference, made sales as follows:

June.....	\$28,233.05
July.....	55,016.95
August.....	35,968.43
	\$119,218.43

During one special week in July we asked all colporteurs to put in full time—at least the number of hours that would be required in a factory, and here are some of the results:

Name	Hours	Value
E.M.	35	\$554.20
J.M.	52	755.00
S.G.B.	50	358.00
W.F.	32	340.00
P.F.	56	340.00
J.W.	50	389.00
E.S.	40	356.00
E.W.	40	320.00

These colporteurs average from \$7.00 to \$14.00 per hour, and a student who will enter this work enthusiastically and put in proper hours, with heaven's blessing, may feel sure of success.

The Columbia Union Conference offers to students exceptionally fine territory. We lead the world last year with a record of \$334,527.47 in sales, and according to the latest reports are leading this year, and yet we sold only one and one-half cents' worth per capita; hence we have just touched this field with the tips of our fingers.

If you wish to work in the rural districts, look at our fine farms and rich farmers in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland, etc. If you wish to work in the mining sections, where big wages are paid, consider the rich fields in West Virginia and Virginia. If you wish to work in the cities, where can you find better than those in this Union?

This year our colporteurs have set their goal at \$430,000.00, and are hopeful of reaching Half a Million Dollars. If you belong to the Columbia Union, they invite you to be loyal to the home field and join them enthusiastically in reaching their mark, sharing in the pleasures and profits to be derived. But—

Don't delay—join the colporteur band today.—Adv.

*THE
WASHINGTON MISSIONARY
COLLEGE*



THE GATEWAY TO SERVICE

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Shall I Train as a Nurse—and Where?

To become a successful trained nurse, two chief essentials are necessary. First, adaptability and love for the work on the part of applicant; and Second, the wise selection of a training school.

The Washington Sanitarium and Hospital, which is today the largest medical institution under the auspices of Seventh-Day Adventists, in this country, has a fully equipped and carefully graded course of instruction in nursing, covering a period of three years.

Quoting from a letter just received from the President of the Maryland Board of Nurse Examiners, I quote the estimate which they place upon this training school and the reasons which led to their accrediting the Sanitarium training school as a registered school, listed as a Large, General Hospital:

“(1) The addition to the Sanitarium of the recently erected Hospital Building for surgical and medical patients, without which addition, affiliation in general hospital lines had been considered imperative.

(2) Improved conditions in the Mission Hospital under auspices of the Washington Sanitarium.

(3) Evidence of good teaching as exhibited by the nurses representing the Sanitariums at the recent examination for State Registration.

(4) The creditable type, individually, of the nurses of the Sanitarium graduating class 1919.”

Our next class will begin June 1st. All those interested in the nurses' training course should send for calendar and application blanks to the Superintendent of Nurses, Washington Sanitarium. Only a limited number of applicants will be admitted into this class and those received will be accepted in the order of their applications.

Washington Sanitarium

TAKOMA PARK, D. C.

Study at Home. "There's a way."
Lincoln found it, so can you. The
Fireside Correspondence School
will show you how. Write today
for our catalog for 1920. C. C.
Lewis, Principal, Fireside Cor-
respondence School, Takoma Park,
D. C.

STUDENTS

*Patronize our Advertisers.
They are the best. Your
patronage will increase their
circle of friends and make
The Sligonian a bigger and
better magazine.*

Groceries

Provisions

Rambo Brothers

*If it's good to
eat we have it*

807 CARROLL AVENUE

Candies

Ice Cream

JOSEPH COLEA

Fancy California
and Florida

FRUITS and
VEGETABLES



320 CEDAR STREET
TAKOMA PARK

ILLUSTRATIONS

by the

PHOTO-ENGRAVING PROCESSES

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

THE MAURICE JOYCE ENGRAVING CO.

H. C. C. STILES, Manager

Evening Star Building

Washington, D. C.

Please mention THE SLIGONIAN when patronizing advertisers.

Jewelry, Watches and Silverware

OPTICAL GOODS

P. K. RICHTER

HIGH GRADE WATCH
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

806 1-2 9th Street Northwest
WASHINGTON, D. C.

BARBER & ROSS

House-Furnishings

Hardware

Automobile Accessories

COR. 11th and G STS. N.W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Chas. Tauberschmidt, *Prop.*

Telephone, Col. 4901

TAKOMA PARK HOME BAKERY

*DELICIOUS HOME-MADE BREAD, CAKES, PIES, PASTRIES
AND FANCY CAKES*

10 Cedar Street

Takoma Park, D. C.

TAKOMA AUTO REPAIR SHOP

Phone, Col. 849

Authorized Agent for
Ford Parts

WORK GUARANTEED

J. B. SIMPSON

*NUT BUTTER
NUTS, MEATS
FRUITS AND
FANCY GROCERIES*

8 CEDAR STREET
Takoma Park

GASOLINE AND
MOTOR OILS

TIRES AND
ACCESSORIES
A SPECIALTY

FREE AIR

Please mention THE SLIGONIAN when patronizing advertisers.

Phone, Main 1949

Established 1882

FRIEDLANDER BROS.

CLOTHIERS FURNISHERS
 HATTERS

Special Reduction to Students

428 NINTH STREET, N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CLEANLINESS

COURTESY

The Allies White Barber Shop

324 CEDAR STREET

The shop that's just a bit different

Shampoos and Massages for Women
by Special Appointment

SKILL

SATISFACTION

Westbrook Publishing Company

*Publishers Exclusively of School
and College Periodicals*

Business transacted by mail in all parts of the United States by means of our simple and efficient system, and finished work delivered promptly by parcel post special delivery.

1217 Market St.

Philadelphia

Joseph L. Crupper

13th Street and Ohio Ave.

LUMBER

Doors, Beaver Board and Mouldings

TELEPHONE, MAIN 1261

Please mention THE SLIGONIAN when patronizing advertisers.

"Say It With Flowers"

FOR THE SUNDAY PROM-
ENADE, SEND HER A
SPECIAL

Blackistone Corsad

\$3.50 and Up

Always at Your Service

BLACKISTONE

14th and H Sts.

Phone Main 3707

WE CAN DO YOUR
HEADWORK

College Barber Shop

L. A. KING, Prop.

Sanitarium Basement

See our "cut prices"

Hours—2-6 P.M.

Sunday—9-12 A.M.

PHONE, FRANKIN 2671 OPEN EVENINGS

Oriental Bazaar

*Silk Kimonas, Silk
Shirt Waists, Souve-
nirs and all kinds
of Oriental Novel-
ties at reasonable
prices.*

YOSHIHIRO BROS.

1205 PENNA. AVE. N. W.

DYER BROTHERS

PLATE AND WINDOW

GLASS

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES

734 THIRTEENTH STREET, N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.



EYES EXAMINED GLASSES FITTED

Dr. Shefferman

EYE SIGHT SPECIALIST

719 ELEVENTH STREET, N. W.

Washington, D. C.

*Students of W. M. C. are allowed
a very liberal discount*

WE ARE NOW READY WITH OUR
FULL LINE OF FALL GOODS. WE
ARE PREPARED TO FILL YOUR
NEEDS IN STYLE AND QUALITY

*Our Own Made Suits Pressed Free
of Charge*

Steam Pressing, Dyeing
Cleaning, and Altering,
Ladies' and Men's Garments

S. GOODMAN

Near Post Office, Takoma Park, D. C.

Phone Columbia 1683

COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

E. B. THOMPSON

Photographic Supplies

Developing and Printing

Stereopticons and

Lantern Slides

Enlarging and Framing

Rented Slides shipped anywhere

741 ELEVENTH St., N. W.

PHONE, MAIN 6350 WASHINGTON, D. C.

Castland Studios



914 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

Ford Building
Wilmington

218 N. Charles Street
Baltimore

1107 F Street, N. W.
Washington

Please mention THE SLIGONIAN when patronizing advertisers.

Large and Small Checking Accounts

¶A great many people hesitate about asking a large bank to accept a modest initial deposit with which to open a checking account, for fear of being met with a refusal.

¶This bank realizes that small accounts often have the habit of growing, and that a large number of small accounts is usually preferable to a smaller number of large accounts aggregating the same total of deposits, for the reason that they enlarge the bank's circle of friends and customers.

¶If you are desirous of opening a modest checking account, a cordial invitation is extended to you to call and personally meet our officers, all of whom are easily accessible.

The Riggs National Bank

OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

<i>Capital and Surplus</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$3,000,000
<i>Resources Over</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$27,000,000

"If it's made of PAPER—you can get it at Andrews"

Fine Engraving

ORDERS for social, school or business engraving of conventional or special character are invited. Years of experience and excellent facilities assure prompt work of extraordinary beauty, and our charges are invariably reasonable.

College Supplies

MAKE ANDREWS your headquarters for school and college supplies. We buy in large quantities and assortments that facilitate getting precisely what you prefer—whether it be a loose-leaf book or a set of drafting instruments. And large volume of sales at small profits means the lowest prices to you.

R. P. ANDREWS PAPER COMPANY

727-31 13TH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRANCHES: NORFOLK, VA.; YORK, PA

Please mention THE SLIGONIAN when patronizing advertisers.



The Service of an Electrical Research Laboratory

The research facilities of the General Electric Company are an asset of world-wide importance, as recent war work so clearly demonstrated.

A most interesting story tells of the devices evolved which substantially aided in solving one of the most pressing problems—the submarine menace. The results attained in radio communication, special X-ray equipment for field hospital service and many other products, for both combatant and industrial use, did their full share in securing the victory.

In the G-E laboratories are employed highly trained physicists, chemists, metallurgists and engineers—experts of international reputation. These men are working not only to convert the resources of Nature to be of service to man, but to increase the usefulness of electricity in every line of endeavor.

Scientific research works hand in hand with the development of new devices, more efficient apparatus and process of manufacture. It leads to the discovery of better materials, which ultimately make happier and more livable the life of all mankind.

Booklet Y-863, describing the company's several plants, will be mailed upon request. Address Desk 37

Some of the General Electric Company's Research Activities During the War:

Submarine detection devices
 X-ray tube for medical service
 Radio telephone and telegraph
 Electric welding and applications
 Searchlights for the Army and Navy
 Electric furnaces for gun shrinkage
 Magneto insulation for air service
 Detonators for submarine mines
 Incendiary and smoke bombs
 Fixation of nitrogen
 Substitutes for materials

General Electric
 General Office Schenectady, N.Y. **Company** Sales Offices in all large cities 95-140B