

THE SLIGONIAN



Vol. IV

OCTOBER NUMBER

No. 1

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THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. IV

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., OCTOBER, 1919

No. 1

THE HABIT OF HELPLESSNESS

B. F. MACHLAN

WE are living in a habit-forming world, and well would this be if the habits formed were only those which develop right character, and tend toward a successful life. The habit of prayer, the habit of study, the habit of independent thinking—these and many others of like nature aid one in reaching a standard of manhood which assures a successful career in any chosen line of endeavor.

There is, however, a habit, indulgence in which can result only in utter failure. I speak of the habit of helplessness. This habit usually manifests itself early, grows rapidly, and, by the time the possessor has reached his majority, has become fixed. It is easily recognized by the first symptom—the “dodging of responsibility,” “the effort to unload on to somebody else.” The average man can, without difficulty, readily diagnose a case.

It has been said that “a small remnant of mankind carries all the rest on its shoulders,” and that “for every man of means, or influence, of power to help, there are ninety-nine ready to lean on him.”

To determine whether you are one of the ninety-nine, consider well the following questions:—

Am I, in business, letting others do all the thinking and planning?

Am I, when my wheel strikes a rut, content to let it remain there?

Am I doing only that which is required of me?

Do I manifest a real, live interest in my work?

Am I, during my leisure hours, broadening my mind with good reading?

Am I satisfied with the sporting page and the general gossip of the daily newspaper?

Am I studying merely to obtain a degree, or am I studying to fit myself for a life of Christian service?

Am I permitting father and mother, without the slightest assistance from me, to do all that is necessary to make home cheerful and comfortable?

Am I allowing my friends to give me a position in the social world, or am I carving out a place for myself?

Am I letting “um” do it, or are “we” doing it?

As you apply this test, remember that every item in it is the result of habit.

If your habits are wrong, change them. Don't be a “leaner.” Accept responsibility. Cultivate strength. Do your own thinking. Formulate, with the aid of good counsel, your own plans. Execute with steady purpose. Develop your will. Then will you in due time take your place in the small but select company of the world's helpers.

“S. O. S.”

OLIVE SEVERS

WHO can doubt that the world is in commotion? Who can deny that the wild seas of worldly ambitions and selfish advancement are running high? Verily the tide is coming in. However, there has been launched and christened a ship to brave the storms, to shelter those on board, to nourish and aid those who take refuge in her. It is not a ship to lie in harbor calmy basking in the sunshine, fanned by cooling breeze; for it bears on its prow these letters, S. O. S. It is the vessel which answers the call of distress; its wireless is kept keyed to the exact pitch; and its captain, crew, and passengers, loyal to their post, answer willingly and cheerfully the call for help.

Perhaps this vagary is perplexing to some; but if you will follow the story closely, I am sure you will catch its importance to *you*.

The ship has been rigged out for work. Its captain, Professor Lacey, with keen insight and clear foresight, has confidence that the ship will bravely sail the seas. He has asked each of the passengers to provide himself with a small pamphlet which is to be studied seven days in the week. Then once a week, on Sabbath at 9:45 A. M., the voyagers are questioned on what they have studied. Furthermore, a card of honor bearing a blue seal, is to be given to each one who appears on time at this questioning. An extra red seal is attached if he has studied his pamphlet each day. (May we not say this is worth striving for — not for the card alone, but for the knowledge obtained thereby?)

Associated with the captain are two pilots guiding the ship carefully to its goal. Mr. Kenneth Gant steers straight for the perfect attendance mark, urging each one to feel responsible for his own presence and for the presence of his neighbor.

Mr. Howard Shull sees that we do not lose sight of those for whom we answer the S. O. S. call. A vessel in distress needs material assistance; and through Mr. Shull's efforts, our good ship will make for this goal, that the mission lands where other little ships are answering the call, may have material assistance.

Lest we forget what is actually taking place, Miss O. Severs, Miss Alice Miller, and Miss Mable Cassell are stationed as reporters to render a strict account of what is going on.

Nor do the passengers lack the means of expressing their joy and happiness, as each week, they gather together. Mr. Albert Chaney supplies the music at the piano while all join their voices in praise under the able leadership of Mr. Dietel.

The task is a large one, and consequently assistant officers have been given charge over the divisions which have been made among the passengers. At present there are twenty-four divisions of seniors, under the guidance of Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Gant, Mrs. Beuchel, Mrs. Resseguie, Miss Schilberg, Miss Chrisman, Miss Mable André, Miss Annabel Orr, Prof. Lewis, Prof. Salisbury, Dr. Field, Prof. Kimble, Prof. Morris, Mr. André, Mr. Owen, Mr. I. C. Pound, Mr. Schuberth.

(Continued on page 18)

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

THE COLLEGE FRESHMAN

H. EMORY WAGNER

AFTER one has attended college for three or four years and has carefully noticed the various types of individuals who come and go from year to year, it is interesting to come aside and rest awhile, and reflect upon the indelible impressions which have been received during this time. Many things flit through one's mind in these moments of meditation. Thoughts which are light and amusing as well as those that are weighty and serious, play hide and seek for precedence. However, today my mind turns toward the College Freshmen, a most interesting and amusing set of individuals of numerous species. I say interesting, because freshmen are real flesh and blood—excepting possibly their heads—and each one is a subject worthy of the most serious study by any up-to-date psychologist, for many a phrenologist has found more bumps on a freshman's head than he has had explanations to offer. I say amusing, for joke-proof Englishmen have been caught chuckling merrily at the freshman in his various roles,—which is infallible proof that they are a laugh-provoking set at times. It would be unfair to review more than two classes of these folks who are under fire at this time. Let us examine class number one.

This boy has been reared in a good, rural Adventist home where all the

traditions of the fathers are known and much discussed. His ideas of "our schools" have been hazy. Very likely he is under the impression that any one who has spent a year or two in one of these institutions has been immersed in the immortal fountain of knowledge, whose waters in turn bubble forth unceasingly from within the one who has been exposed to their enchanted washings. Heretofore, he has attended the village high school where the "wisdom of the Egyptians" is taught. After a long summer on the farm, September rolls around and with it comes this boy's freshman year in college. And in dramatic spirit, good-byes are exchanged, and he is gone.

Upon arriving on the college campus, a feeling that has been growing in his soul ever since leaving home, comes to a climax. His heart begins to beat more rapidly. He feels strange. He is overawed as he comes within the shadow of the main building, and he comes near doing what Luther did when he saw for the first time the dome and towers of the proud metropolis of Rome. He inquires as to the whereabouts of the boys' dormitory, and is directed, as he thinks, in police fashion, to the building. As he passes on toward his destination several strange people pass him. He feels sure that they are eyeing him suspi-

ciously, and he wonders what he has done. As he nears the dormitory, he has a peculiar sensation,—a feeling which I imagine an Italian lace peddler experiences when he is standing at the gate of what appears to be a promising dwelling for a large sale, but whose porch is decorated by a thoroughbred bull dog, who seems to be cherishing a disgusted attitude toward him. However, the freshman musters all his courage and enters the forbidding portals. There he is welcomed and shown to his room.

Having arrived late in the afternoon, the supper bell rings before he has time to unpack his luggage. He hastily prepares his toilet and goes to the dining room, where he is confronted by a long bread line. The boy meekly and haltingly falls in behind the crowd. By the time he has secured his meal, practically every one else is seated. As the freshman half-staggers out of the serving room in search of a place to sit, he is conscious of the fact that some one is looking at him. Even though there may be only one person looking in his direction, he is sure that every eye is turned toward him. He begins to feel for his tie,—yes, it is there. He looks at his coat,—certainly it is buttoned properly. He is sure he washed his face. But for the sake of safety and to save further embarrassment, the boy chooses a table next to the wall where no one is sitting, falls into a chair with his back fast to the wall, and gluing his eyes to the table cloth, eats his food in silence.

Supper being ended, our freshman walks out on the green velvety campus. He sees a small group of young men standing in a circle. They are evidently having a jolly time. He

walks up a little closer and listens. "A pretty poor bunch of seniors this year, how about it, Bill," pipes one voice. "Leave it to us juniors to put it over on them," says another. Our freshman starts, turns half around, and takes a good, long look at the group. Are they really and truly "sure enough" juniors and seniors? Are they the boys who know the very year, day, and hour the world was created; are they the fellows who can tell one what time in the morning Adam breathed his first breath; are they the scholars who know what kept Methuselah alive so long? He is awakened from his day dream by one of the boys in the group saying, "Hello, Mr. Newcomer, glad to have you with us." What should he say? He is afraid to speak, for fear his verb will not agree with the subject of his sentence in person and number. But after a moment's hesitation his joy overcomes his fear, and he breaks out in an avalanche of talk, and before he realizes what has happened, he has told the history of his family from the time of his great grandfather, whose name was "Dennis," in the civil war, down to the present time. Having thus emptied himself, he wends his way to his room, feeling perfectly satisfied with his first day in college.

But every freshman is not of the type just mentioned. There is another kind who hails from a small town. Perhaps he has been quite popular in his home town. It may be that he was president of his class in high school last June, and as he comes upon the campus wearing a Kuppenheimer suit and a flashy necktie, coupled with a look of extreme self-satisfaction one might think that Julius Cæsar was

entering Rome in triumphal procession. He has no trouble getting acquainted, even though he does experience some difficulty in keeping acquainted some times. Inasmuch as he was a big frog in a little pond back in his home town, he takes it for granted that nothing can carry on unless he is the prime mover. He is convinced that nothing turns up unless he is the turner. When his associates discuss scholastic attainments, he is on hand to chime in, "Oh, I'm a blockhead," but hoping all the while that they all will denounce his humility and assert their confidence in his faultless scholarship. This freshman is an authority and the last word on all questions, whether they be political, scholastic,

social, or religious. Somehow he has been the recipient of a special revelation on all subjects, so that as far as he is concerned, "there is nothing new under the sun." However, such a boy usually learns better after a while. If he does not, it isn't the fault of his comrades.

All that remains to be said is that either type of freshmen spoken of in this sketch is interesting to observe, — not only interesting to the psychologist and phrenologist, but to the one who enjoys the study of the evolution of human nature. And as has been said, it is a mental treat to call to mind in reflective moments the various types of freshmen, two of which have been briefly mentioned.

IMPRESSIONS GAINED IN FRANCE

EDWARD MITCHELL OF THE A.E.F

IMPRESSIONS gained on foreign soil are always many and varied.

This is doubly true on a visit in time of war. Everyday life has its characteristics, distinct and indistinct, in times of peace; but in times of war and invasion, only the strongest features come into bold relief and show the metal of life.

From the readings of history in early school days up to the time of camp training activities, many ideas of a definite character regarding France have formed in the minds of the average American young man. Some painted scenes of exquisite delight among the French flower beds of the perfume districts. Others reared

vineyards of ripening grapes. Still others depicted villages having cozy homes, whose inhabitants were devotedly influenced by black gowned priests. Also visions of smartly dressed people were entertained.

In the early days of the war came stories of ruins; French streets devoid of men; women and girls replacing men in industrial pursuits. Such were some of the acquired ideas we Americans who were destined to "go over" took along with us.

It was on one dismal morning amid a pouring rain, accompanied by a chilling wind that we received a blow to such notions at Cherbourg. Instead of seeing wretched faces and

streets void of men, we saw men and women everywhere hurrying to work with happy countenances and mirthful greetings. Hundreds of men, women, and children stopped to wave a greeting or to give the lads in khaki their first "Bon Jour." Even a guard in charge of a detail of German prisoners snapped his gun and bayonet to a welcome salute. Everywhere there was a spirit of dominant cheer and optimism.

There were days, if ever, for depression. The Boche was very near Paris. The beautiful city of Rheims was destroyed and still within shell-fire of the German artillery. Where did this cheerfulness come from? This unanswered question deeply impressed the boys who were yet to taste of real war.

Soon other changes came to these treasured impressions, and we viewed in silence deserted ruins where formerly dwelt happy families. Imagine our fanciful flower gardens and vineyards growing in devastated fields and wastes of barbed wire. Instead of neat rows of vines, there is a trench,—not a neatly cut street in the ground, but a trench similar to an abandoned sewer ditch with its sides caved in by incessant rain. The trees are shot down, only their stumps remaining. Fence posts are lying everywhere. All is desolation. Still, regardless of all this, there is a French peasant plowing near by. Again comes the impression of confidence in victory.

We push on and meet with new realities. The American troops pour

into a former French town which has just been evacuated by the Germans. Are the French saddened by their experience? Perhaps, but they forget all, and vie one with another in greeting their deliverers. The French show their gratitude in many little ways. They chat incessantly in broken French and English, and ask questions entirely foreign to their immediate surroundings. They seem to forget that they are lightly clad and wearing but the thinnest of patched clothing. Even the cold and damp wooden shoes do not dampen their spirits. They tell of this hotel or of that church or store that stood nearby, which were local wonders. What matchless imaginations they must have to forget present discomforts! Can this but help to impress on all their indomitable courage? In partly ruined villages, in lonely army barracks and camps, one is impressed by the presence of the same spirit.

French civilians and soldiers alike believe in ultimate victory. Is it merely because they hate the Germans, or fear oppression? No! It is because they love liberty. "Liberty for all and forever" is their motto. They love the freedom such as our forefathers called upon them to vouchsafe. Truly, Liberty, thou art a pearl of great price!

New impressions came after the signing of the armistice. Victory is an accomplished fact. This same courage inspired by confidence is now needed for reconstruction. The French have it. They will succeed.

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

MARK HAGMAN

THE truth of the old adage, "Smile and the world smiles with you, weep and you weep alone," is nowhere more clearly self-evident than in college life. Everyone admires the optimistic student, whether rich or poor, slim or stout, short or tall, handsome or homely, wise or foolish. But where is the person who enjoys the visit of a pessimist, or as we more often call him, a grouch, whatever his other characteristics are? He not only does not enjoy life himself, but sees to it that no one else does while he is around. The only time he makes us glad is when he leaves our presence.

Let us consider the optimistic student a few moments. This student never knocks, but always boosts. He seems fairly to radiate smiles and goodwill. It matters not at all how rainy the day is, nor how many days it has been raining; he still continues to radiate sunshine and joy to all around him. He always brings with him the greatest panacea for human troubles and ills in existence,—smile, a smile that does not wear off. His hearty "Good morning" brightens up the spirits of many a student and helps him face a hard day's work with renewed courage and energy. Even the most confirmed pessimist is influenced by meeting him, and may even admit that things are not quite so bad but that they might possibly be worse.

In every happening the optimistic student sees something to be glad about. He looks beyond the dark cloud just in front of him, and sees the

silver lining. He always looks on the bright side of everything. If there is no bright side, he proceeds to polish the dark side and brighten that. Of course, there are things that he does not like, but instead of letting his mind dwell upon these, he thinks about the many other things that do please him. Perhaps he does not like Modern European History, but finds the subject necessary to complete his course. Even in this he is glad when he finds that the class meets only three times a week instead of five. Thus he sees that even this history class is scarcely more than half as bad as it might be.

When the optimistic student faces a difficult lesson, or any other difficulty, he says, "I'll try," then goes ahead,—and he usually succeeds. The hackneyed phrase, "What's the use," is not to be found in his vocabulary. He believes not in fate, luck, destiny, or predestination. He knows that pluck wins, and that predestination is the doctrine of only the failure. Somehow, the pessimist, who fails, seems to find consolation in the expression, "Just my luck; I couldn't succeed anyway." The student who expects to fail will usually succeed in fulfilling his expectations.

The optimist is the leader in every line of activity. He succeeds in college, and will succeed in the more severe tests after college. He is the one who enjoys life, and at the same time accomplishes things in the world.

Here's to the optimistic student! May we have more of his kind!

WEEP BY YOURSELF

RUTH SCHRIVER

THE pessimist! Who is he? Where did he come from? What is his mission?

The very sight of this enemy of happiness brings a sour taste into our mouths, as some one recently said to me. At the very mention of him we all shudder and shrink, for he is the enemy of all that is true and good, and all that is worth while in life. He is the one who sees no good in anything, and discovers the worst in everything. He is that selfish, envious grouch, who dislikes practically everyone. He thinks very few have any use for him—and he is right. Let us look for a few moments into the lives of some of these pests. (Pest is merely a short name for pessimist.) One of our sensitive young ladies is walking down the street. She passes a friend who is absorbed in thought so deeply that perhaps she fails to see the sensitive one. Now her feelings are hurt.

"That friend is horrid," she asserts, "She saw me, but deliberately ignored me. She thinks herself too good to notice me." So this unfortunate young woman broods over this until her mind becomes so poisoned with evil thoughts that her face begins to show worry, her complexion becomes sallow, her mouth hangs downward, she cannot eat, and so indigestion usually sets in. These are the natural results, physically, that follow such perverted mind states.

This is a very sad condition for an individual to get into, but it is sadder still for those who come in contact with her. Instead of a cheery smile, she wears a scowl, and the weary friend, who is in need of a comforting word, is only driven to further grief and sorrow at the sight of such a fellow creature.

No matter how bright the aspect of life, the pessimist can always see its gloomy side. If he sees a snow white dog prancing around thoroughly enjoying its doggishness, he will look and scrutinize the poor little creature until he discovers a big black spot on him. Then, with a satisfying grunt, the pessimist will pass on. He is always on hand with his "ifs" and "buts." He always carries a pail of cold water with him, ready to dash it on anyone who shows a streak of optimism. Whenever he wishes to see a perfect man, he goes to his room and takes a ten-minute gaze into the mirror. Then, with a satisfying sigh of relief, he goes out again to note the imperfections of poor fallen man.

Is there such a creature in W.M.C.? If so, he had better start for the "tall timbers" before his presence becomes widely known, for there is enough college spirit around here this year to freeze out any pessimist that ever walked a college campus. Avaunt, ye rebels of happiness! You are out of place!

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS MOBILIZE

MERLE SILLOWAY

IN chapel on the second Friday of school it was announced that the W. M. C. division of the Missionary Volunteer Army would be formed the next Sabbath. The registration office at Columbia Hall was to be opened at four o'clock and closed at five in the afternoon.

On Sabbath the hall was crowded; even the seats in the gallery were filled. The registration officer, Professor Sorenson, and his assistant Mr. Victor Deitel, with their corps of workers, took charge of the division. Prayer was offered that each one present might enlist in the army.

The call for volunteers was made, and one hundred and fifty signed their names to the registration blanks. Then to the strains of the march, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," the volunteers marched to the registration desk, and read their pledges in unison. After all had taken this oath of office, and the dedicatory prayer had been offered, service pins were given to each soldier.

An officer, Mr. Mattison, who received his training in the Southwestern Junior College, and who has just returned from foreign service in India, told the young recruits of the activities of the army in that field. After seven years of guarding the station against Indian raids, helping

to quiet uprisings and, perhaps subjugating the natives, Mr. and Mrs. Mattison and their two children have returned to this country on a furlough. Accompanied by Mr. Morris, they sang, "I Love to Tell the Story" in one of India's vernaculars. Mrs. Mattison and Mrs. Lowry also from India, were dressed in the costumes of the high and of the low class natives.

As the soldiers were dismissed, they felt the presence of the Commander-in-chief of the army, who has promised to be with them in training and in battle.

The W. M. C. division is divided into regiments, each one with a special year of training before it.

The foreign service regiment, lead by Professor Morris and Mr. Beem will study the foreign fields, and the officers located there.

The Bible workers' regiment under Miss Orr and Miss Morris will give instruction from the "Inspired Book on the Great Conflict," without the understanding of which no soldier can expect to win. The Missionary Volunteer training regiment is the officers' training corps of the army. The officers in training are directed by Mrs. Ressiguie and Mrs. Chaney.

The Christian help regiment, under the direction of Mrs. Beuchel and

Miss Spencer will employ nurses, seamstresses, carpenters and all-round soldiers to relieve the suffering of the needy in devastated battle fields.

The literature regiment will distribute reading matter pertaining to the army in cantonments and homes, to disabled soldiers, and those wishing to become soldiers, or interested in the army. Professor Smith and Mr. Butcher will direct in this.

The correspondence regiment will do the clerical work for the army and will be led by Professor Foote and Mr. Taylor. They still send literature to all who desire information concern-

ing the rules, standing of the army, and Commander-in-chief.

The ministerial or chaplain regiment, under the direction of Professor Lacey, will give lectures outside the training grounds. Already halls have been offered, and invitations received for chaplains to speak.

The troops who volunteered expect a vigorous training this year. They look forward to the day when their enlistment on earth will be over, when they will march in final review past the great Chaplain, and hear the words "Well done."

THE KING'S GREAT HIGHWAY

J. A. GUILD

THE faculty and students of Washington Missionary College were happy to welcome Elder R. D. Quinn and Dr. D. H. Kress into their midst to continue the helpful and spiritual meetings which they had been conducting at Takoma Park. The first meeting of this series was conducted by Elder A. G. Daniells in the college chapel on Friday evening, September 19. We were impressed from the first that the Spirit of God was with us.

At the chapel period the following Monday morning, Elder Quinn opened the meeting, taking as his text Isaiah 49:11: "I will make all my mountains a way, and my highways shall be exalted." He made a very practical application of these words, showing that our pathway will lie over mountains of difficulty; and drew an important lesson from the experience of the children of Israel. Instead of

going into the promised land by a direct route, God found it necessary to lead them by the way of the wilderness and Mt. Sinai. These experiences all came to them for the perfecting of character.

The application of the lesson was timely and forceful. It is high time that we cease murmuring and fault-finding, and that we make all our mountains of difficulty a way to higher ground; "for our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." 2 Cor. 4:17. Whether we have spiritual trials or physical afflictions, we may glory in them, for his grace is sufficient for us.

The meeting which took hold of the hearts of all in a signal manner was the one held during the chapel hour on Tuesday morning. Elder Quinn told us how God had been striving with him

for years before his conversion; how his father had tried to get him to come home, give his heart to the Lord, and go to college; how at a camp meeting in North Dakota he had surrendered his heart to the Saviour, and afterward had gone to Battle Creek College. In the meetings there the Lord's Spirit was given in abundant measure, and Elder Quinn with others was enriched by the grace of God, and consecrated himself to a life of service.

These personal experiences and their application especially impressed the heart of everyone present. All seemed to be of one accord, and a holy solemnity filled the place.

Before the close of the meeting, Elder Quinn made an appeal to all to come forward and reconsecrate their lives to the Master. As we sang "Lord, I'm Coming Home," the students began to move forward, and while the singing continued, all but three or four gathered around the rostrum. Professor Lacey offered a touching prayer, asking that God's blessing be bestowed upon us. We felt that it was good to be there. Every countenance expressed the joy and peace which comes through full surrender.

We regretted that Elder Quinn and Dr. Kress were compelled to leave so soon; but let us pray that the power of God may rest upon these workers for further service. Moreover, let us pray for ourselves that the spiritual uplift received at the beginning of the school year may abide with us, that we may through faith in our mighty Captain, continue to add the Christian graces to our characters, in order that we may minister to our fellow men, and daily come off victorious in the glorious warfare for truth and right.

BOOKS OF THE BIBLE

ON Saturday evening, October 11, Professor H. Camden Lacey began a series of lectures on the books of the Bible which promises to be of much interest and value. The address was an introductory one, emphasizing the need of wider and more comprehensive Bible study. Among some of the thoughts presented were the following:—

Jesus Christ is the central theme of the entire Bible, unifying in himself the messages of the Old and New Testaments.

The supreme value of the Old Testament is its revelation of man's need of the Christ of God. The Pentateuch tells the story of sin and salvation, and breathes a sigh for a Priest; the historical section unfolds the record of anarchy and authority and voices a cry for a Prince; the poetical and prophetic division reveals the experience of ignorance and the need of instruction, and sounds a call for a Prophet. But neither Prophet, Prince, nor Priest is found there adequate to meet man's great need, save in type and shadow.

In the New Testament all our need is supplied by the riches of glory in Christ Jesus. The five historical books present Jesus himself, God's final prophet for man. It is the story of the initiation of his ministry and teaching, and its continuation through his body, the church. The epistles reveal Christ as God's priest for man, ministering in his own person in the temple on high and in the temple on earth in the person of the Holy Ghost. It is the story of divine propitiation and intervention, with its re-

sources and responsibilities. The one prophetic book—the Revelation—unveils the Lord as God's Prince for man, crowned the Sovereign of the new universe as the final reward of his redemptive sufferings. It is the story of Christ's victory, of his ultimate manifestation and administration.

The focal point of the whole revelation is the cross of Christ. Only by the way of the cross can the Priest mediate. Only on the cross can the Prince regain his rule. Only through the cross can the Prophet declare his final message about God and man. The science and song of the redeemed throughout the eternal ages will be Jesus Christ and him crucified.

Therefore, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Gal. 6:14.

SCHOOL LIFE IN INDIA

THE new school term opened the first of July, after a two weeks' vacation. We have an eighth class this year for the first time since I came here. An eighth class in India studies Algebra, Geometry, Physics and Physiology. There are seventy-five boys on the rolls at present, of whom nearly forty live in the dormitories.

We are glad to have with us as a teacher this year Brother Admantha Howard, who since his conversion here some four or five years ago, has been receiving special training at Lucknow and elsewhere. Brother A. Paul is also assisting with the teaching this year in addition to studying in the school. Aside from these we have one Christian and three non-Christian teachers who have been with us before.

All the dormitory boys attend Sabbath School regularly and also a number of the village boys. All the boys study Bible in day-school. They seem to take a good interest in their Bible studies and Sabbath School. There are those who have expressed their conviction that Christianity is the true religion; and there are others who deep, down in their hearts, believe. Our heart's desire is that these high-caste Hindu boys may have the courage to take the step which means so much to them.

I have enjoyed visiting the villages nearby, helping the people in their physical ailments and pointing them to the Way of Life. I regret that, at present, my work in the school is too heavy to admit of my doing as much of this as I should like."

FLOYD W. SMITH,

Dwarikhal, Garhwal Dist., India.



COLLEGE FORUM

A RE-BIRTH

FRANK R. WOOD

DURING the first days of October something took possession of the students of our college. It was as if some mighty power had been instilled into the air. Unseen, though it was, yet its presence was indisputable. A sudden hush swept over the college; not a blank, inexpressive quietness, but one that bespoke concern and deepest meditation. Faces fairly beamed with inspiration, and eyes were steady and penetrating. Steps quickened. The students went about their duties with marked precision as if stimulated with renewed enthusiasm. What was it? What had taken hold of them that all minds seemed turned decidedly toward a single thought?

Soon, groups of students were seen collecting about the campus. It was evident something was asserting itself. Headed by an older member, one small company disappeared into a room near by. And there, behind a tightly closed door in that small room, our college was virtually born again. College spirit had won the day. Plans were made whereby expression could be given to that which had so possessed the minds of the students. As a result it was announced that a mass meeting would be held in chapel on the night of the fourth. The notice was met with strong applause since it

meant an opportunity to exhibit what had now grown too great to be suppressed much longer.

At eight o'clock Saturday night, the student body filed into the chapel and sat waiting with expressed anxiety for the meeting to proceed. Mr. Latham, former president of the student's association took the chair. Immediately arose a loud, hearty applause. A new era for the college had truly begun. Following the usual program, prayer was offered and the college song was sung. Before further procedure, Mr. Latham was elected chairman pro tem. Then the question was put before the body, "Shall we have a students' association?" And the program which was, "Freedom of Speech," was announced. The writer was granted the opportunity to light the match to the stored up energy of the assembled body. As he spoke, truly there burst forth an unquenchable flame of college spirit from the hearers that was destined to create anew the college. No sooner had the speaker taken his seat than others sprang to their feet in rapid succession to pour forth their loyalty and support to Washington Missionary College. There were students from other schools who had joined our ranks. They too entered earnestly into the program. The

audience was especially moved when Mr. Kamoda a new student from Japan, made a most appealing speech in behalf of the movement. Political, financial, and social reasons were given by various speakers stating why we should have a students' association.

The real test of the genuineness of the college spirit manifested, was made in a later meeting under the new administration. A call for money! The constitution stated that the fee for membership would be one dollar and a half. Would there be a material response to the requirement? Truly, the life of the association depended upon it. The campaign for membership was launched. Miss Shriver, eager to speak for the girls, sprang to her feet and unhesitatingly pledged the full support of all her comrades. Immediately, Mr. Gant, representing the boys, was standing, zealously promising the unreserved loyalty of all on his side. Then, in a spell of unbounded enthusiasm a challenge was made to the girls that the boys would double the number of members secured on the girls' side. The challenge was accepted, and the fight was on. Blanks were hurried to all on both sides, and in a few moments pledges were made and collected. Marked silence ensued as the names were counted. Loud applause rang from the girls as it was announced that they had won with an excess of twenty names. At once followed a more thrilling scene. Mr. Gant, undaunted, waved a hand full of dollar bills in the air as a further challenge to the girls. It was not in the girls to be outdone. Magically, there flew up on their side a veritable green

cloud. This was answered in still greater response from the boys, who were eager to redeem their defeat in members. Membership totaled one hundred sixty-nine, and collection one hundred sixty-eight dollars cash, in this first campaign. Increased membership and money pledges were made certain for the near future.

The visitation of the first days of October had played its part. From it the students' association was born, and college spirit has found a dwelling place. At present the organization stands two hundred twenty-five strong and has to its credit one hundred seventy-five dollars. It faces a most promising future. The College is destined to reap priceless fruits from the association. The students are bound together in unity by it, and student activities are so systematized that no effort to attain to higher ideals and reforms of all kinds, as affect our College and students, need be lost. It will mean growth for our dear Alma Mater in numbers, intellectual standing, and spirituality.

SANITARIUM GRADUATION EXERCISES

THE graduating exercises for the nurses of the Washington Sanitarium were held in Columbia Hall, October 1, 1919, at eight o'clock. This was the first class of nurses to enjoy the privilege of holding their commencement in the new college building.

Columbia Hall, built of white stucco, is one of the most imposing buildings on the campus. Leading up to the front of the building is a broad flight of steps. On entering the large double

doors one sees a spacious hallway. Directly opposite the entrance is the stairway leading to the second floor, where the library and most of the classrooms are to be found. On the wall at the foot of the stairway is an oil painting of the ocean which is called "The Pathway to the Mission Field." On each side of the hall is a door leading into the chapel at the rear, of which is the balcony. The walls and ceiling are done in stencil work of delicate colors. The ceiling over the rostrum has a good imitation of the blue sky with fleecy clouds floating in it.

The chapel in Columbia Hall needed little decorating for commencement, so only a few palms and ferns were arranged on the rostrum. The class motto, "Others," made in crimson and gold, which were the class colors, was placed at the edge of the rostrum, between two baskets of crimson and gold flowers.

The undergraduate nurses marched in single line from both doors in the front of the chapel, meeting in the rear, and forming an aisle down the center through which the graduates marched to their places.

Dr. Wilkinson of Washington, D. C., who gave the address to the graduates used the class motto as his subject. He revealed a breadth of meaning in that one little word showing the great good that could be done for suffering humanity if it were kept always before one. He also said that things should be done whole-heartedly and with a will as though one knew what was to be done, and should do it with the right motive always before him. Dr. Wilkinson then cautioned the graduates not to become, as he termed it, artificially inspired by letting the glit-

ter and follies of this world get into their lives and blot out the good that was growing there.

Martha Greutman, one of the members of the graduating class, read an essay on the development of nursing since the time of Florence Nightingale.

The diplomas were presented by Dr. Miller, superintendent of the Sanitarium and Hospital. Those to receive the diplomas were: Nellie Porter, Alice Stone, and Leah Daily from Pennsylvania; Ruby Hawkins, Kansas; Flossie Wilbur, Colorado; Lois Philips, West Virginia; Bernice Lakie and Dora Gunderson, Michigan; Evelyn Harvey, Florida; Grace Shull, New Jersey; Martha Greutman, Maryland; and Edith Kimber, New York.

Most of the graduates have gone to their homes for a few weeks vacation, after which they will go out into the unknown and take up their duties of laboring for "Others."

AMY BROOKE.

LOYALTY

TO be a loyal student in W. M. C. means that one must be a member of the Students' Association; to be an active member in the Students' Association means that one must be a booster for the college paper; to be a booster for the college paper means that this same individual must be eager to write, and to solicit subscriptions for THE SLIGONIAN. This standard is more than met in the student body of Washington College. We stand together with one determination to work, not as knockers but as boosters, not as leaners but as lifters,

not as cynics, but as panegyrists. Our one aim and slogan is construction not destruction. Each one of us as students feels so closely affiliated with the ideals of the school and the association that he believes the work would fail without him. We feel that the enterprises of the association are our own; we will enthusiastically undertake responsibilities, that greater efficiency may be attained in all our school activities. A successful school year is sure to be ours if we intensify our school spirit as the year advances. And today THE SLIGONIAN stands upon a more solid foundation than ever before because now it is backed by the students' organization where every member is a SLIGONIAN Booster.

L. W. H.

"S. O. S."

(Continued from page 4)

Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Latham, Mr. Sangster, Mr. Guild, Mr. Jennings, Mr. Julian Gant, and Mr. Bement. A Spanish class increases the number to twenty-five.

Those of intermediate age are not forgotten. Mr. Wood, with the assistance of Miss Herbst, Miss Silloway, Miss Huguley, Mr. Hagman, and Mr. Taylor, faithfully looks after their welfare; and the younger children under Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. John, Mrs. Dimock, Miss Walters, and Miss Macpherson enjoy their work, so that even the lambs of the flock are not forgotten.

A story this, fraught with deep meaning, and worthy of your investigation. The S. O. S. ship is going

through the waves, it will answer the call. Can you afford not to be on board? If you do step on, remember you are then a commissioned officer; for such is each passenger. Your part is to be at the wireless stations continually to catch the call of need, and to be present at Columbia Hall in your appointed place, each Sabbath at 9:45 A. M., with your lesson studied each day and with your collection in hand. It is your business to help someone else to see the need of coming.

Shall we not all work together for the Sabbath school On the Sligo, and unitedly say to our ship as she sails along, "Fare well?"

OUR BOY

There arrived one Saturday evening,
With the rays of the setting sun,
A tiny, twaddling infant
Whose life had just begun.

His first faint cries so feeble
Became stronger as time rolled on.
Now he's a lively youngster
In fact—a full grown son.

His name—shall I disclose it?
Is one you'll surely admire,
'Tis Washington College Spirit
A name backed up with power.

We enjoy his presence amongst us.
He fills us with courage anew.
He makes no bold assertions
But watch what he will do.

—JAS. E. LIPPART.

NEWS ITEMS

THE RESPONSE

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Arthur Albright, Ethel André, Myrtle Arkebauer, Mabel Bartlett, W. E. Blosser, Bula Botsford, Marguerite Bordeau, William T. Bowen, Charles Boyd, Ethel Boyd, Vera Brooks, E. A. Brown, Stanley Brown, Walter Brown, Orville Carl, Phyllis Cary, Albert Chaney, Donald Chaney, Elmer Clifton, Edwin Coyl, Harold Coyl, Elmer Cross, Paul Davis, Blanche Detwiler, Edythe Detwiler, Samuel Dickerson, Virginia Dix, Robert Edwards, Tillie Ertel, Walter Fields, L. Allee Flanagan, Myrtle Evelyn France, Clarence Frost, W. Henry George, J. S. Glunt, J. A. Guild, Helen Haas, Harry House, H. S. House, Christine Hook, George A. Huse, M. F. Iverson, August Kaelin, Gladys Kime, Samuel Kime, F. D. Kirk, Herbert Lacey, Kenneth Lacey, Vivian G. Lacey, James Leland, Maude Lockwood, Ethel Longacre, Nora G. Martin, Glenna Mears, Alice Miller, Edmund E. Miller, Ruth Miller, Edward C. Mitchell, F. Ruth Mitchell, Elizabeth Neall, Helen Newcomb, Virbrook Nutter, Carl Olson, Mildred Overacre, George Owens, Edna Patterson, A. E. Phillips, D. W. Phillips, Ruth Phipps, Hazel Pickard, Chlora P. Pierce, Dorothy Plummer, Golden S. Rambo, William Rambo, Ivan Richmond, Mabel Robbins, Marie Rogers, Wilbur Roggenkamp, Ethel Sanderson, Joseph Sangster, Otto Schubert, W. S. Scott, Verle Slade, J. C. Slade, R. E. Slate, Agnes Sorenson, Maude Spencer, Will Spicer, Everett Stone, Lewis Thompson, Roger Tinsley, W. W. Tinsley, J. Genevieve Town, Annie Walter, Willard B. Walters, Mildred Warner, Mrs. W. H. Warner, H. A. Weaver, Ruth Wilcox, Eugene Williams, Amy Woodruff.

PENNSYLVANIA

Robert Arnold, Thomas Beamesderfer, George Blake, Orville Brady, Edna Brill, Claude Buss, Joseph Cash, Roy Eckert, George Evans, Mary Glenwright, Joicy James, Reta

Jones, Robert Jones, Beatrice Lewis, Katherine Lewis, James Lippart, Clyde Newmyer, Ruth Ovens, Bess B. Reese, Gertrude Resiguie, M. H. Riemann, Frank Robbins, Joseph Schultz, Myrtle Schultz, Paul Shakespeare, Lorena Stone, Clarence Taylor.

NEW JERSEY

Sophie T. Backofen, Wells E. Bement, Arthur Bierwirth, Grace Bryan, J. I. Butcher, Jennie Mae Coursen, Cecil Hirst, Della Herbst, Fred Herbst, W. W. Jennings, Raymond Kraft, Mildred Macpherson, Julius Matson, Frank Nowald, Mary E. Paul, S. Taylor Powers, Howard Shull, John C. Shull, Louise Whitcomb, George White, Mable White.

OHIO

Martha Bloom, Mable Cassell, Eugene Chapin, Denver Coleman, L. E. Eusey, Lowell Fritz, Mark Hagman, Curtis Mount, Ruth Shriver, Warren Schaefer, Earl Smith, Wallace Smith, Edwin Walden.

NEW YORK

Mrs. George Baroudi, Amy Bennett, Lloyd Dean, Alvin H. Johnson, Edward M. Jones, Joseph Kuperberg, Gabriel Kupjian, C. Victor Lindsay, J. D. Martin, L. A. Martin, W. L. Place, George Simkin.

MASSACHUSETTS

Verna Beryl Botsford, Harriet L. Mason, Annabel Orr, Blanche Palmer, Anna Rydan, Linton Severns, Lorene Standish.

VIRGINIA

Cameron Carter, L. Ruth Douglas, Mildred Stuart, Frank Wood, Earl H. Wood, Melvin Shorey.

COLORADO

Ilo May Gant, Leah Gant, Kenneth Gant, Julian Gant, George Patterson.

MARYLAND

James Ekstrom, Leonard Fehlauer, Freida Greutman, Harry Hughes, Louis Lucien Thomas, Katherine Tippet, H. Emory Wagner.

TENNESSEE

Grace Burchard, Wilhemina Dortch, Lona Minter, Willis VanVoorhis.

WEST VIRGINIA

Jessie Bailey Cochran, Isa Lang, Lillian Mansell.

MICHIGAN

S. Ellen Klose, Harry H. Morse, Warren Orr.

INDIANA

Lela H. Beuchel, Ralph Crabtree.

DELAWARE

Myrtle Bradford, Morris Jester.

CUBA

Jose Lloréns Mira, Juan Rey Rodriguez, Jose Melero Nuñez.

IOWA

Victor Dietel, Edna Hanson.

CALIFORNIA

T. M. Beem, Mrs. T. M. Beem

ILLINOIS

Norris Aldridge.

MEXICO

Alfred Cooper.

CONNECTICUT

Julia M. Collier.

REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

Lovel Crawford.

MAINE

Iver Iverson, Gladys Willman.

JAPAN

William T. Kamoda.

WISCONSIN

Arthur Paulson.

VERMONT

Merle Silloway

GUATEMALA

Fernando Jiron.

ALABAMA

Margaret Phillips.

KENTUCKY

Helen E. Cully, I. C. Pound.

FLORIDA

Helen Gould.

RHODE ISLAND

Daniel J. Manton.

TEXAS

Lenoa Wilibel Huguley.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

W. L. Latham.

Wedding Bells

Two of our recent graduates were called to fill positions in the Shenadoah Valley Academy. This resulted in invitations being issued from the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Rogers to the marriage of their daughter, Minola F. Rogers, to Professor Cecil Ross, August 27, 1919. Professor Ross was Editor-in-chief of THE SLIGONIAN during '17-'18. They have the best wishes of all in their walk through life.

Let the wedding bells ring out especially loud when two of our own W. M. C. students are married. Mr. Daniel Mitchel and Miss Marie Tanzyus form the happy pair.

Faculty Reception

ON the first Monday evening of school we had the opportunity of becoming acquainted. The Faculty received, in a long line extending along the four sides of the gymnasium, the students of 1919. The facial muscles set in a constant smile, and the tired arms vigorously exercised for an hour, relaxed as we went to the chapel and listened to an interesting program.

Professor Machlan gave a welcome address and Kenneth Gant and Miss Mabel Cassell, as representatives of the students, responded, welcoming a new school year. The old students welcomed with cheer the reading by Mrs. Caviness, and the new students learned to appreciate her talent. The vocal solo by Mrs. Gant, and the violin solos by Mr. Anton Kaspar were greatly enjoyed by all. We like to get acquainted.

Professor Werline Addresses Students

PROFESSOR WERLINE, secretary of the educational work in the Columbia Union Conference gave a stirring talk on W. M. C. School Spirit at chapel, Monday morning, October 13. His motto "Down with the Knocker," shows that he is a booster of W. M. C.

Improvements at South Hall

WHEN the girls arrived at W. M. C. this year they were pleasantly surprised to find that their home, South Hall, had changed for the better. The seemingly useless steps, which have been removed from the back porch and from the side facing Columbia Hall, have been replaced by a railing. The porches have been painted, the hall decorated with a coat of cream and tan, and the "ancient" red carpet replaced by linoleum. And the girl's parlor has a new piano, new paper, and some beautiful hand paintings, lent us by Mrs. Williams. These, and the portraits of Professors Shaw and Machlan, which hang in the library, were painted by her son Lewis, a graduate of the Corcoran Art Gallery.

Marshmallow Roast

THE Sligo students claim to know why we have moonlight nights. On a recent Monday evening, over twenty students gathered together, and then proceeded to a marshmallow roast in the woods. Games were played until a fine bed of coals had been prepared by Mr. André. After that no one knows where the evening went.

Prayer Bands

Three weeks after the opening of school the student body was organized into the customary prayer bands for the year. A fair indication of the spiritual tenor of the school can be gained from the fact that all were glad to dispense with the regular chapel exercises on Wednesday of each week, and to gather in small companies to seek the Saviour for the baptism of his Holy Spirit and to sing praises to his name.

There is a heartfelt desire on the part of many that this prayerful spirit may continue throughout the year, and that we shall not stop with these appointed gatherings, but that the Spirit of God may impress us as students to gather frequently in small groups in our rooms or other places to seek the blessing of the Lord, and claim the promise that where two or three are gathered together Christ will be in their midst. If the Lord will be pleased to send upon us this spirit of seeking after him, we may expect to see such a revival of primitive godliness among us as is absolutely essential

for God's people to possess in order to meet present day conditions in the world and to finish the Lord's work in the earth.

Review & Herald

In the making of books there is no end. True, yet with the producing of books, the Review and Herald can produce missionaries as well. Mr. and Mrs. Dyn left for China to assist in the publishing work there.

The Review and Herald lost some of its best workers when Brother and Sister Jones and Brother and Sister Scott left for India as missionaries. They spent some time visiting friends before taking their steamer at San Francisco. Their steamer was delayed five days because of strikes. Although a quantity of mail arrived for them on the day the steamer was supposed to sail, yet they exercised self-control in not opening even the most interesting looking parcels. Mrs. Jones, although not from Missouri, had to be shown that the water in the Pacific was cold.

Proof that the bindery is talented in music as well as in binding books, was demonstrated in the sacred entertainment given by them at the home of Mr. Spear on Wednesday evening, October 8.

The new addition to the Review and Herald is progressing so rapidly, that it is about time to cut through the thick wall of the main building to join the two. The manager is looking for a way to accomplish this without stopping work in the bindery.

At last the cafeteria club has been organized, with 115 members. All members are hoping against hope that Thanksgiving dinner will be served in the as-yet-unbuilt cafeteria.

The Periodical Department has enlarged its quarters now, and the stenographers of the department are occupying what was formerly the Gold Room; thus securing the longed-for elbow space for operating their typewriters.

Advantage has been taken of attending the night school at the College by a large number of Review and Herald employees. The first night fifteen enrolled in the Commercial Department. The fifty per cent rebate on tuition must be the attraction.

THE SLIGONIAN

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TAKOMA PARK, D. C.

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AS we leave the old staff room, we take a glance backward once more at the old familiar place. We sigh — partly a sigh of regret, but mostly of delight. Yes, a delight that the new staff can not appreciate, for their appreciation is just one year ahead. At first glance we see the old desk which is filled with manuscript so rare. On it is the editorial pen, inspired with true college spirit, waiting in its tempting manner to beguile the incoming staff. There beside it lie the remains of the old blue pencil that has had to work so hard to veil the glowing errors of college students. Yes, there is the electric light all ready for use; but more used than that is

the old oil lamp with wick burnt short and chimney smoked; and if you notice closely, it is tagged, for fear the incoming staff will remove it as useless junk; "Editorial special, to be used after the lights are out and all are in bed and quiet."

Next, there is the hard wooden office chair, as tempting as an ancient rock, slightly turned toward the open door waiting for its next innocent victim. On top of the desk is the bulging letter file, filled with advice, requests, grumblings, complaints, sarcasm, and slams galore. To one side is the indispensable waste paper basket, filled up, crammed down and running over, with articles written

during classes, at chapel time, and between blinks. These are the product of freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors, and alumni. Some are too deep, some too shallow; some very broad, covering a range from the old family cat to the Pacific ocean. Some have the three parts of a well written article, while others are beyond dissection.

We step out and close the door and write upon it, "Welcome, welcome to the new staff, and success attend you.

KENNETH GANT, *Editor 1918-19*

THE newly appointed officers of the Students' Association and the present staff of THE SLIGONIAN wish to express their appreciation for the good work done, and the advancement made by last year's officers. It is

through such earnest endeavor on the part of our predecessors that this paper has found its place among our leading college publications.

The student body of 1919-20 believe ourselves the happy "victims" of this inheritance, and wish by this means to assure our readers of a deep interest in everything that shall contribute toward its improvement. In our efforts to maintain the high plane of intellectual excellence already attained by THE SLIGONIAN, we trust that its practical worth may not be lessened.

Formation of plans for the improvement of the magazine, as increase in the size, etc., has caused some delay in the first issue. The management and staff, however, trust that the results of their efforts in this line shall in a measure compensate for this delay.

NEWS ITEMS

(Continued from page 19)

Field Notes

Miss Stone, a graduate nurse from the Washington Sanitarium, has been engaged to teach the church school at Cumberland, Maryland.

E. L. Parish and wife are engaged in teaching the Ramah church school in southern New Jersey. Brother Parish was a member of the class of '17.

Professor and Mrs. E. F. Dresser are teaching in the conference intermediate school at Schillington, Penn. The school there is employing three teachers during the present year.

Miss Kathryn Snider is teaching church school at Toledo, Ohio. The Junior Society of this school set a goal of \$100 for Harvest Ingathering, and reached it in three week's time. They are after more.

Mrs. Ida Tiney-Farley, of the 1916 Class, visited old friends and classmates in Takoma Park recently. She and her husband are engaged in evangelistic work at Norfolk, Va. Brother Farley will be remembered as a member of the first Washington Missionary College class, 1915.

Professor Kimble of the Science Department is erecting a bungalow on Flower Avenue.

Miss Winifred Silloway, who is teaching the church school at Baltimore, spent the week end with her sister, Miss Merle Silloway.

Professor C. C. Lewis has kindly consented to conduct a public speaking class this year.

Dining Hall, which in former years has been used as a girl's dormitory, has now been appropriated by the boys. With

the able leadership of Mr. Kenneth Gant as preceptor, we look forward to a good year.

The Orient has sent us Mr. William Kamoda from Kobe, Japan. Mr. Kamoda speaks English well, as the result of studying the language three years in his native land.

We are glad to welcome in school Messrs. Mira, Nuñez, and Rodriguez from Cuba.

Mr. Read N. Calvert, of New York City, who has recently been discharged from the Navy, is the latest member at Dining Hall.

South Hall girls have had a number of visitors lately. A large party of relatives and friends came down from Patterson, N. J., to spend Sunday, October 5, with Miss Della Herbst and her brother, Mr. Fred Herbst.

Mr. Merrit Macpherson spent the day, recently with his sister, Miss Mildred Macpherson.

Miss Katherine Tippett enjoyed a visit from her mother over Sunday and Monday.

We are glad to have Miss Mildred Stuart join us after two years of experience in church school teaching.

Relieved of her work as Bible teacher, Mrs. Williams is the preceptress in South Hall. After her long years of strenuous work in training four sons, we feel sure that she will enjoy the "relaxation" of mothering thirty-eight girls.

Mrs. Beuchel from Lancaster Junior College has taken Miss Owen's place as sewing teacher.

Miss Laura Patterson, a former graduate, is assisting Miss Margaret Phillips in the model church school of the Normal Department.

Mr. Julian Gant has taken Mr. Foster's place as night watchman.

Miss Mable Cassell and Miss Margaret Phillips have secured rooms in Dr. Kress' home.

Dr. Lauretta Kress is conducting a physical culture class this year.

Mr. C. S. Corkham from New Orleans, La., is our cashier and accountant this year.

Mrs. R. T. Brooks and daughter, Vera, have moved here from South Lancaster, Mass.

Mr. Brooks was foreman of the construction of Columbia Hall.

Elder F. M. Wilcox is taking a much needed rest at the Boulder Sanitarium. He is also attending the Fall Council which is being held there.

Miss Mabel Cassell is assistant librarian this year.

Mr. John Shull has taken "Bud" Fisher's place as head janitor of Columbia Hall.

One of the latest additions to Columbia Hall is an incline built for the accommodation of the patients at the Sanitarium.

Mr. Wolfe our "all-round" man is building a home on Flower Avenue.

The book store is being conducted by Mr. Howard Shull in connection with the business office.

Although South Hall has a nice group of girls, and there are numbers rooming outside, W. M. C. needs more. Come!

Miss Ilo May Gant, who is seriously ill, has been moved to the Sanitarium.

The girls are glad that a ditch has been dug from South Hall to Columbia Hall, not only because of the steam heat they will secure, but also because the lights on the first floor are connected with the porch lights and cannot be turned off. What a queer feeling not to be left in the dark at ten o'clock!

Mrs. Chaney, director of the Normal Department, recently underwent an operation at the Sanitarium.

H. S. Weaver of Mt. Vernon began his work as superintendent of the College Press at the beginning of the present semester. He has a good force of workers, and plenty of work to keep them busy.

Among those who have taken up work in the Business Department recently, we note, M. F. Iverson, Arthur Gibbs, W. E. Blosser, Samuel Dickerson, Harold Butler, J. G. Slate, George Huse, and Miss Amy Woodruff.

Mr. O. E. Thompson stopped off on his way to Oakwood Junior College, to visit friends and relatives here in Washington.

Mr. King spent a few days here before leaving for home.

Mr. Corkham, the new bookkeeper, is living at Stratton Cottage.

Mr. Wagner, of Baltimore spent the week-end with his son H. E. Wagner.

Mrs. Bement, from New Jersey spent the week-end with her husband here in school.

Stratton Cottage is being used as a boys dormitory under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. George Owens.

Professor Morris and family have secured rooms at Mr. and Mrs. Sangster's home.

Mr. and Mrs. Mattison, returned missionaries from India, have gone to their home in Keene, Texas, but expect to return to W. M. C. soon to attend school.

There is no end to what W. M. C. graduates can do. Miss Gladys Machlan is now a proof reader in the Review and Herald Publishing Association.

There are about twice as many boys as girls in the home this year—and still they come. Have you answered "present" yet?

The girls, though surpassed by the boys in numbers, are not lacking in school spirit. At the Students' Association meeting, Tuesday morning, October 7, the girls in the homes gave the boys a decided surprise. The young men had planned to make a great show with ready dollar bills, when called upon to pay their membership fee. The girls, not willing to be outdone, triumphantly waved their greenbacks on high.

Once again North Hall doors swing wide, swinging oftener than ever before. The hall is crowded, with three in a room in some cases. There are many to enjoy our new improvements. We have a home in every sense of the word, and do not hear the slam of a door on every corner as in times past. All use the main entrance.

We are all rejoicing over the prospect of sleeping porches, since the steps of the porches were taken away last summer.

We are glad to have Doctor Field with us this year, as preceptor. He has studied extensively in Europe and it seems as though he majored in the study of boys' minds.

W. M. C., keeping pace with the latest ed-

ucational standards, has adopted at the preceptor's suggestion, the wonderful code of ideals placed by Columbia University in the Horace Mann School. Profiting by the wonderful success of the trial, Dr. Field has revised, and is endeavoring to make improvements, in advance of the initiative attempt of Columbia. He has placed as standards, desirable traits of character, and analysis with an incentive from a psychological basis. These are known as the Washington Code of Ideals, and have already placed W. M. C. on the map. Even the whole denomination is thinking it over.

We are glad to welcome with us once again, Messrs. Eckert, Evans, and Chapin, who have been ill at the Sanitarium.

The boys of all the dormitories meet in the spacious parlor of North Hall for evening worship, except Sabbath evening when worship is held in Columbia Hall.

We extend a hand of welcome to the fine representation from Mt. Vernon Academy.

A number have just returned from the canvassing field, rejoicing over their last summer's work and the way the Lord has blessed them.

Sabbath school officers elected for the ensuing year are: H. C. Lacey, superintendent; Messrs. Kenneth Gant and Howard Shull, assistants; Miss Olive Severs, secretary; Misses Alice Miller and Mabel Cassell, assistants; Mr. Victor Diétel, chorister; Mr. Albert Chaney pianist; and Mr. Frank Wood, superintendent of the intermediate division.

The Literature Band of W. M. C. is ready for the winter's campaign. Already a number of ministerial students have used "The Watchman" as an entering wedge into fifty homes. One young man found the new book, "Epidemics", of interest to the people in Washington. Beside our activities, a regular program will be arranged. The purpose of this program will be to keep us full of fire and zeal. Experienced students and workers will address the members from time to time. If any member of our school has not joined a band we can only say, "Come and join the Literature Band."

The Sanitarium

Both the Sanitarium and hospital are running to their fullest capacity at the present time.

A number of government workers are here regaining their health, lost during the strenuous years of the war.

The annual alumni banquet was held in the Sanitarium dining-room on October 2. A sumptuous course was served, after which the class of 1919 was received into the organization.

Misses M. Roth, C. Currier, E. Elliott, A. Hill, and M. Zerbe were the first of the second year's class called upon to take up the work left by the senior class.

The basement of the annex has been fitted up as an office for a superintendent of nurses, a classroom and a modern demonstration room.

At the Junior-Freshman reception the Juniors ushered the new probationers into the course by presenting each member with a green and white badge, symbolizing their greenness to things medical.

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