

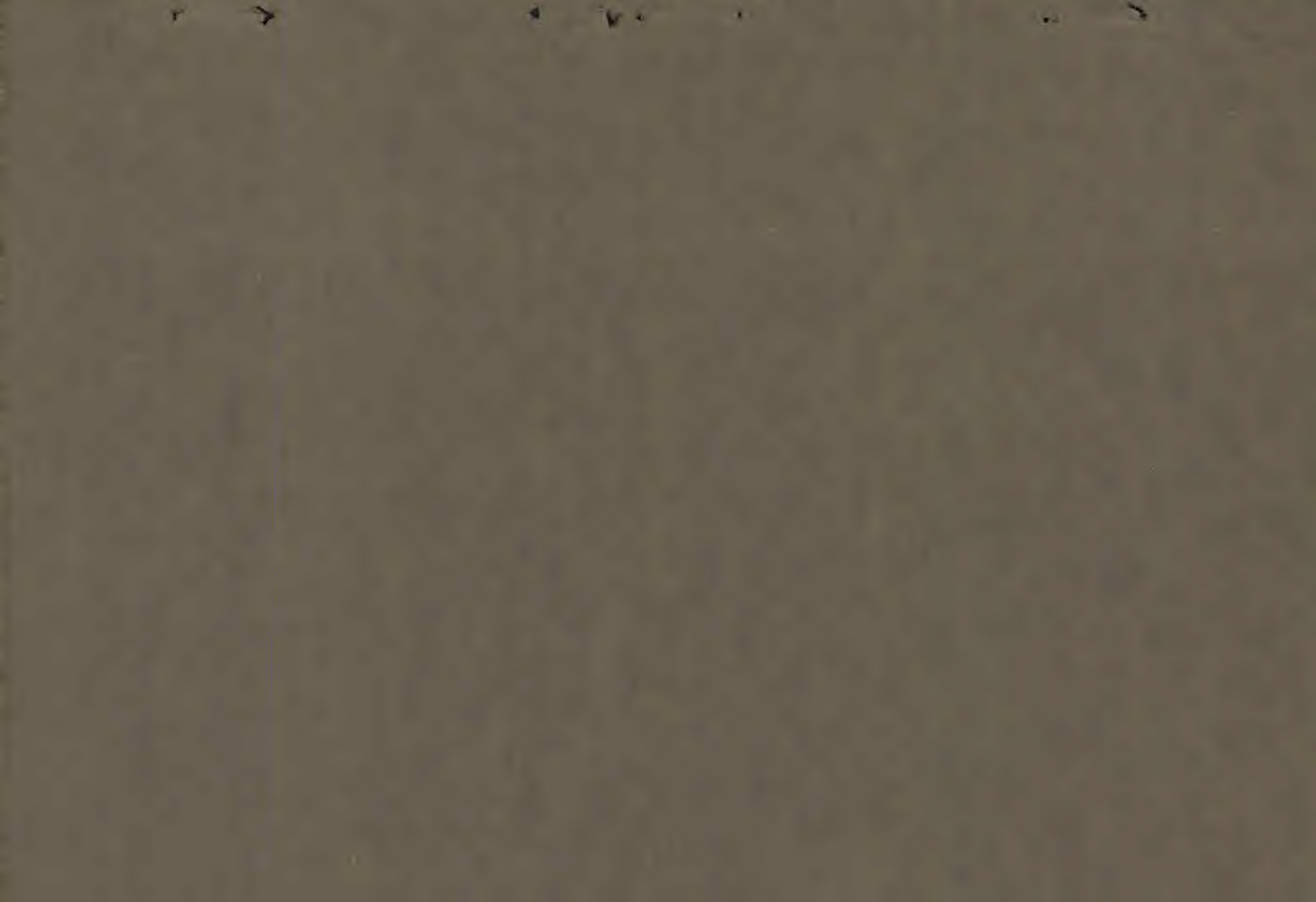
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*THE "SLIGONIAN"*  
*wishes you*  
*A HAPPY NEW YEAR*

# THE SLIGONIAN

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

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## CONTENTS

FLIGHT OF TIME.....	3
WAR EXPERIENCES.....	4
NEW YEAR IN JAPAN.....	7
NEW YEAR IN CHINA.....	8
"THE NEGLECTED PROVINCE".....	10
WHAT SHALL I DO WITH 1921?.....	11
'TIS MIDNIGHT.....	12
THE OLD YEAR.....	12
WHO IS AN EDUCATED MAN?.....	13
RESOLUTIONS OF A COLLEGE STUDENT.....	14
ADRIFT.....	15
EDITORIAL.....	16
THE BREAKING POINT.....	18
NEWS.....	21

1921

# THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. V

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., JANUARY, 1920

No. 4

## FLIGHT OF TIME

JULIAN C. GANT

NO one can hinder time in its flight. An indescribable sense of awe fills us as we think of our inability to retard or to accelerate the flight of time. The only thing within our power is to make the proper use of this talent as it passes swiftly by.

Another year has rolled away, and has taken its place on the pages of history. Although there is no difference in that portion of the earth's orbit over which we pass at midnight, December 31, yet as that moment approaches a sense of solemnity grips us. Then we quickly survey the twelve months that have passed. No power in heaven or earth can change the record of that old year. Not only is it written in those books of remembrance in Heaven, but indelibly it is impressed upon the minds and characters of each individual. Solemn thought! God may forgive, and he may change results, but the record stands. Those thoughts, whether good or evil, have left their paths upon the brain. Those words, though lightly spoken, have had their effect upon speaker and hearer. Those acts, perhaps unthinkingly done, have found lodgement in the lives of others. The battles have been won or lost. Whether progressive or not, whether victorious or defeated, we have viewed the past.

Shall we, with our face turned back, grieve because of past mistakes or be-

cause of opportunities that we have let pass by? If we have not made the advancement we think we should, shall we lament the fact that we cannot live over again the past years? No! A New Year is before. Seize the opportunities that it has in store. Shall we forget the past? Never! It serves us well as a foundation upon which we may build. Our mistakes serving as warnings along the way, and our victories and successes as stimuli shall spur us on to greater things by the power of God. There are new experiences for each. What the year 1921 holds for us we know not.

Now with courage and good cheer shall we not face the future? The details of the coming year are unknown, yet without doubt we stand upon the threshold of the greatest opportunities this world has ever known—opportunities of self-forgetful service to humanity. Along with the opportunities come the heaviest responsibilities and the most difficult problems. We are face to face with the most compelling hour since Christ hung upon the cross. We must be awake to the challenge, and form our lines for bigger things than ever in the past. These are times when it is easy to be a pessimist unless we are connected with God who only can solve the problem of the world need. The world is full of restlessness and strife. Forces have been let loose which are threatening.

Nineteen twenty-one, as we face this situation with its vast field of opportunity and privileges, what shall we do with thee? With courage, good cheer,

and faith in our ability to conquer in the name of Christ, we now consecrate our lives to the solving of the problem of humanity's needs.

## WAR EXPERIENCES

[THE following is a partial verbatim report of a talk given to the student body, Friday evening, December 4, by Elder P. Drinhaus, president of the West German Union Conference. Elder Drinhaus came to America with others to attend the Fall Council:]

IT is a wonderful thing to preach to others, but it is a more wonderful thing to test out the same truth in your own life. In the summer of 1915 I had to test out the thing that I had preached to others.

I was taken into the service in 1915, and I can assure you that it was not without much prayer to God. The first privilege that I had was that I was allowed to remain in the vicinity of my own home as a recruit. Usually a soldier was often sent to the other side of Germany. Each week I could go home for the Sabbath and minister to my church and go back into service on Sunday. The wonderful part of it was that more was done with the church in these two days than was done previously in seven days. I was preacher for two days, a recruit for five. The term of recruit usually lasts ten weeks in Germany.

In my company there were a thousand and three men. A call came for a thousand of us. I was one of the three that were left. Then soon, the other two were taken. It was God's hand that caused me to remain behind. I spent nine months in my home town as a recruit. Every Sabbath and also on Sun-

day I could preach to the church—can you imagine how the church felt from Sabbath to Sabbath? Every Sabbath morning they looked to the door to find out if I was still at home and could come to church. When I appeared, it was in fulfilment of the intercession they were making for me. I had to perform the very best of service when I wanted to leave on Sabbath. Sometimes I would lay my weapon down when they were drilling, and pray that God would put it into my mind what I should do in order to have the Sabbath off again.

During these nine months, being a soldier was really play work. I went into camp after this. Then I made four attempts to obtain work for the service of the wounded. Four times it was refused. The soldiers were first placed in recruiting stations six or eight miles from the front. I made another request for the care of the sick, and this request was sent to the Kaiser. I thought that God must cause me to succeed in my desire. It was the earnest prayer in my heart that God would not allow me to actually take part in this bloodshed.

Preachers had no exemptions in Germany, as the preachers in this country had. I had gone thus far with God's help and his grace, but now the service of arms was before my eyes. I thought that God at this time would cause my

prayer for service for the sick to be answered. We must, and do, ask for definite things in prayer. This petition was returned from the Kaiser after four months, and was denied. They thought I was a coward. They said I was perfectly well and perfectly strong, and must go to the front.

In the meantime, however, God showed me another way. Through the censorship of letters that we had at that time, I became acquainted with a lieutenant, who was the censor. This lieutenant was a pastor, and was to be a chaplain from the state church. He asked me to what church I belonged. When I told him that I belonged to the Adventist Church, he was greatly disappointed. It was, in his eyes, only a sect. But he desired to learn to know me. I visited him at times. And God showed me that I was to be an instrument to help him. He, as a theologian, had a thousand questions about the Scriptures, and about a godly life. And in our Bible studies, he learned to pray just as a simple, faithful child. We became friends and called each other brother. Then I was permitted to see how God used me as an instrument through whom God could use him. Through his instrumentality, I obtained an old barn in which I might hold Bible studies. Through money provided by him, I obtained many Bibles which I gave out among the soldiers. I was permitted to do the work of a chaplain while I was a recruit.

One day, the captain had me come to the front. He told me that if my petition was refused, then he would retain me here until the end of the war. Said he, "You are to see to it here that the soldiers become orderly people." And that was just my work as a preacher. I was a preacher, only in another dress. When I marched with the lieutenant

through the streets, I had great respect and esteem from the whole regiment. When the Kaiser refused my petition, I said to myself, "I don't need William any more." If one trusts to man, it means failure, for that is not the right thing to do.

After seven months, all recruiting stations were disbanded. That was the great battle of 1916. The recruits were all ordered to this great battle. I didn't wish to kill, but there seemed no alternative. The lieutenant, however, knew my need. He respected my opinion, and at the last moment, he sent to the general and asked that I might remain with him. Of course, that could happen only under a certain form—that I was to become his attendant. He first said, "You cannot be my attendant, you cannot clean my shoes." I told him I would rather clean shoes than to shoot. So I became the attendant to the lieutenant, and this position was no more than a bootblack. But he never allowed me to clean his boots—he got other soldiers to do this work. I was his companion. Now I had five months of the finest time of the war. No officer had anything to command me, and the lieutenant never told me anything, so I was the freest man in the world.

You can imagine what I did in these times, especially on the Sabbath. I went up and down the front and marched five or six hours. I sought out all the brethren I would find along the front. It was before the battle of Verdun. Every house was destroyed, and we lived in the cellars of these houses. I read and studied the Bible with the lieutenant, and during this time we read and studied the Bible from the first to the last page. When the cannon roared so that we could not sleep, we read our Bibles. We had peace down there as if there had been no war. When I met the brethren

at the front, I had Bible studies with them on Sabbath. All these brethren had different work than bearing arms. For instance, one was a baker, another a shoemaker, another a tailor, another a cook, and none of them had to bear arms. That was in answer to the prayer of hundreds of our people. Our brethren sought to be a light among the other soldiers.

I received in those days the iron cross without having spilled a drop of blood. The telephone message came that the French had torn up our railroad, and a big munitions train was coming. The captain asked who would go and flag it. Now this was not to be a joy walk, there were shot and shell falling all around us. I wished that some one would go. Then something said within me that my time was now. And because I rescued an ammunition train from destruction, I got the iron cross.

Forty days later, I was wounded in the wrist. This did not prove serious, and after nine months spent at home, I was again called to the front. Previous to this time, I had not shot at a man, but a trying experience of eight days soon came.

During these eight days, I was in the front line before Verdun. Just before me lay the French. On the right of me were machine guns and cannon. In my hand there was a large gun; in my belt were bullets. But in my heart there was an earnest and deep prayer that I might never harm any person. But the command was that when I saw something moving, I was to shoot.

I said, "I cannot shoot. I do not have an enemy in the world. That man never did me any harm. And even though he had done me harm, I would not shoot him." I can tell you that the children of God do not feel that they have enemies

in the world. I believe that our only enemy is sin and the devil.

The officer said to me, "Drinhaus, you are no longer a preacher. You must become a soldier." I said to him, "I feel just like a preacher here in the camp." He let me go, and said no more. I must say that during those eight days I fired no shot at the French, neither did a shot reach me; but we received all the more artillery fire. From these experiences I can tell you how one feels in the face of death. You cannot, perhaps, picture to yourself what cannon fire means. There is a fire which we call drum fire. That is, five or six cannon shots in a second. During the first minutes a person cannot think at all. He has no control of his person. He perspires and freezes in the same moment, and when he begins to think again, he prepares himself for death. You must imagine that these cannon balls go twenty feet into the ground.

This is one brother's experience. He said, "In the drum fire, I took my Bible out, and I said, 'Dear Lord, if I must die, let me die with my Bible in my hand. Thy word has been my guide in life, let it be my guide in death also.'"

In the gatherings after the war, dozens of young people would arise who had been in the drum fire. In all the congregations, persons expressed the same ideas. They said in these hours, that if God would give them life for another day, that day would be dedicated to the service of God. In these hours more young people consecrated their lives to God than ever before. Women arose in these meetings and said that they continued at home on their knees with their children, and they prayed that if God would bring back the father from the war, their household would be consecrated to God

*(Continued on page 17)*



# MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

## NEW YEAR IN JAPAN

W. Y. KAMODA

WITH the incoming of the last month of the year in Japan, preparations for the great New Year festival begin. Since the Japanese do not observe either Thanksgiving or Christmas, the celebration of the New Year combines these three great festivals.



After the house cleaning has been attended to, which is an elaborate affair, even with the small amount of furniture there is in the Japanese home, the preparation of food for the festival has to

be begun. The most characteristic dish is *mochi*, which is a preparation made of steamed rice beaten and pounded. This is so distinctly the festival food of the Japanese that whenever you see *mochi* in a home of your friend, except at New Year's, and ask him from whence it came, you are almost certain to be told that it was a present given to him in celebration of a birth or marriage.

When the *mochi* is completed and put away to await the festival day, the matter of decoration receives attention. At every gate is erected some token of the season, even if it is but a bit of pine stuck into the ground. Elaborate decorations are prepared by specialists, and are made up of a wisp of straw, oranges, lobsters, holly leaves, and dried persimmons, together with bamboo leaves and plum blossoms. These are set up at the gate according to certain formalities. Orange stands for progress; lobster, long life; while bamboo and plum blossoms mean endurance or good health. All these things, therefore, are supposed to be either effective in keeping off evil spirits or are symbols of good luck. The family shrine receives the most care and special attention.

The celebrations in January, for which December has been one long preparation, begin with the first beam of the New Year's sun which brings in a season of

unrestricted joy for both young and old. On the first day all members of the family are up before dawn, and assemble in the best room of the house to enjoy and celebrate the return of another year. At this time an exchange of greetings takes place, which has to be gone through with great formality of manner even between brothers and sisters.

Next the children are taken with their parents to make New Year's visits to their friends, and to offer them *omedeto*, congratulations. They enjoy this greatly, as in their newly made kimonos—which they wear from morning until bedtime without rebuke—they ride in a jinrikisha from house to house. In every garden and public place little girls, their faces freshly covered with white paint, are seen playing shuttlecock and battledores,

while the boys play with their tops and kites. Guests come and go, bringing congratulation to the family, and often gifts for all. The children's stock of toys is thus greatly increased, and the house overflows with the good things of the season.

Old folks stay at home and play games. This is the only time throughout the whole year when girls and boys, young and old, master and servants, meet in one room and play together without any class distinction whatever.

For about one week the festival lasts, but the festival spirit remains throughout the whole month, promoting fun and amusement of all kinds. While this is a time of great happiness for the Japanese, they begin to plan for the coming year before the period of festivity closes.

## NEW YEAR IN CHINA

H. J. DOOLITTLE

NEW YEAR'S in China is the grandest festival of the year. The Chinese month is based on the phases of the moon, and so the end of the old year and the beginning of the new occur about the middle of February of our calendar. It is the one big sabbath of the entire year, for the Chinese have no weekly period of rest. Thus the weary ones and the ceaseless toilers gladly join in welcoming this joyful time. In many ways it well may be likened to our Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas and New Year's celebrations all combined. Only instead of lasting one day, the celebration continues for several days. The laborer ceases to toil, the shopkeeper locks his

shop, schools close for a month, all work is stopped, and in its place are scenes of eating, drinking, merriment, and general gayety. Everywhere the doors of the homes are bedecked with red paper streamers bearing the character "*Fu*," which is a wish that the New Year will bring the inmates and all their visitors happiness. Drums are beaten, flags displayed, while fireworks lighten up the darkness of the nights.

New Year's day also has a unique bearing on the age of the Chinese. They count their age from New Year's and not from their birthday. For instance, if a child was born on the last day of the Chinese year, he would already be called

a year old, in that his age is reckoned from last New Year's day. But on the next day after his birth, it being another New Year, he will be called two years old. And so to know the age of a

humor. In the courses served him, the Chinese are very careful to include some very sticky candy. This is done so that his lips and jaws will become so stuck together that he will not be able to render



A FLESH-HOOKING PARADE IN CHINA

Chinese it is necessary for one to know the month in which he was born.

Another strange custom in connection with the festivities of the Chinese New Year is that of the worship of the god of the kitchen. He is worshipped in the form of a small paper image, having for his temple abode a niche in the wall of the kitchen chimney. There by virtue of his position (sometimes a rather smoky one) he is intimately acquainted with all the faults of the family of which he is supposed to keep a record. Five or six days before New Year's, according to the superstitious belief of the Chinese, the kitchen god returns to heaven to present his annual report to the Pearly Emperor. On the supposed day of departure a sumptuous feast is prepared for him to get him in good

a report of the family faults that he has witnessed in the home during the year.

But of all the strange customs of the Chinese in the celebration of New Year there is one that we might well emulate. It is that before "turning a new leaf" they make sure that the "old leaf" has been properly balanced by the paying of all their accounts in full to date.

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CAN you not almost hear the ringing of the bells as you look at the cover of this issue?

The SLIGONIAN wishes to express to Miss Etta Spicer its appreciation for the beautiful and artistic design, and for the time which she spent in making it.

## “THE NEGLECTED PROVINCE”

ETHYL R. TAYLOR

IT is commonly understood in our missionary bands that when we speak of “The Neglected Continent,” we mean South America, but who will know what is meant when we make a plea for the “Neglected Province”? Only one day’s journey to the north of this College lies the great mission field of Quebec, where “the harvest indeed is plenteous,” but the workers, alas, all too few.

In studying the pioneer work of the missionaries in foreign lands, we are moved with wonder at the instrument of God’s providence in opening the way for the last message. The British and Foreign Bible Society is this instrument, and right faithfully it is working now among the Catholic zealots of Quebec, leavening with truth, by the distribution of God’s word, the whole lump of pseudo-Christian fanaticism of that unfortunate land.

The worker for the Society has many difficulties to meet. First is the language. In a greater part of the province, especially where bigotry is most rampant, French is the only language understood by the people, and it is necessary for the Bible colporteur to at least be able to make his appeal for the Holy Scriptures in that tongue, and to have a simple working knowledge of the idioms used by the people. Another disadvantage is the climate. With short summers and long, hard winters, the man who keeps at his work for eight or nine months of the year must be no shirker of hard tasks, nor one to fear the keen bite of the frost as he trudges with heavy grips from door to door, walking many miles over rough frozen ground in order that all

may have the opportunity to accept the Word.

Last and most difficult of all is the hostile attitude of the people, stirred up thereto by the priests. Their religion, paradoxical as it seems to a Protestant, forbids the reading of the Word of God! Still, in spite of such “lions by the way,” the light is being placed in many, many homes in that land, and by that light we trust many may see the truth which our canvassers may bring to them, but the need for more and yet more such colporteurs is very urgent.

In the “*Canadian Union Messenger*” we have often read the reports of Argyle Taylor, who is the most diligent agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Quebec. He tramps hundreds of miles every year selling French Bibles. Through cold and through heat, favor or persecution, he plods sturdily on, determined to reach every honest heart that he can.

He has often been assaulted by angry Catholic mobs and hurried off to jail, suffering many times actual physical injuries from the enraged people. Arriving at the jail, he placidly waits until he can get into telephone communication with the Secretary of the Bible Society for the Province, who, armed with the law which permits the sale of their books, communicates with the mayor and orders his release. In the meanwhile Mr. Taylor has been far from idle. He talks and prays with the prisoners in the jail, the officers, the warden, the policeman, and all who call upon him, and in almost

(Continued on page 22)

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

### WHAT SHALL I DO WITH 1921?

THE new year, beautiful, fair, and untainted—what a wonderful gift! I am almost afraid to touch it for fear I shall mar its pure white pages with unsightly blots, as I have the year just passed. But I must profit by my mistakes; and instead of having each page a blank, I must head every one with "success." As I turn each day-leaf I would have recorded, in letters of gold, not great deeds alone, but smiles and words of kindness to aching hearts; little deeds of sacrifice that cost so little and mean so much to those who receive them; and most of all, a deeper experience in the love and fellowship of the One who "went about doing good."

EDYTHE DETWILER.

DURING the coming year I intend to get out of life the best that there is for me. Looking back upon the past year, I can see many failures and mistakes; these I intend to use as stepping-stones in making 1921 a successful year. I will fill my little corner as a Christian, student, or worker in God's cause, no matter what circumstances may arise.

FLOYD E. WALLEKER.

As the dawn of another New Year approaches, it brings to my mind resolutions which were made last year. I cannot say I am satisfied with the way in which I carried out my good intentions, but I am not going to look to the

past. I will strive to make the year 1921 an ideal year, and the best year of my life. I want to have a higher ideal in every habit of my daily life than ever before, and be able to crown the close of this New Year with success!

ELLA MAE IVENS.

OUR years should be years of constant advancement, and if this is not so, we are sure to retrograde. This year I am resolved: first, to make the most of my opportunities, which may come only once; second, to do my very best in little things, knowing that it is the little things that go to make up a character; third, to improve the spare moments, knowing the value of time.

VERNA BERYL BOTSFORD.

Nineteen twenty-one—how strange it sounds, and how quickly the past year has gone! What can I do with the New Year to make it successful? First, I shall make it a busy year, for time is too precious to waste. Then I must work more for others. Thus I trust my New Year will be successful—helpful for others, and happy to me.

ETHEL LONGACRE.

Go on! for thou hast chosen well. Let W. M. C.'s watchword be "Advance!" Advance in every line, to make 1921 the best year, and W. M. C. the best college

in our denomination. The poet Lowell offers a worthy slogan:

"They must upward still, and onward,  
Who would keep abreast with truth."

HARRY HUGHES.

Nineteen twenty-one—what shall I do with it? The very thought of 1921 suggests a nearing of the events mentioned in that famous song, "The Crowning Day." Idealizing the subject, to my mind it is not what I will do with the year 1921, but how far may I, with the blessing of the Lord, progress in this onward movement—the carrying of the "gospel to all the world in this generation." The year 1921 is to be a year of service in my life, and the key to be used in the achievement of success is prayer; what Christ found necessary I cannot, and will not, do without. To the work, to the work, for a successful year!

J. C. HANNUM.

### 'TIS MIDNIGHT

**T**IS midnight, and in darkened space,  
The dying year breathes out its last;  
No mortal man its life can trace,  
'Tis one great volume of the past.

An angel's pen the record kept  
Of when we smiled and when we wept.  
And even when we wearily slept,  
The angel stayed, his vigil kept.

The book is closed and side by side,  
Good deeds and bad, its pages hide.  
Oh, could mine hand but wipe away  
The record of each careless day.

The past is gone—I must forget,  
I bow my head with lashes wet;

'Tis vain to grieve—the future bright  
Looms up from out of life's dark night.

Away all fears! I'll start anew.

Away regrets, and memories, too!  
The New Year is a happy time;  
The past is gone—the future's mine.

RUBY SHELTON.

### THE OLD YEAR

**D**EAD leaves are falling to the ground,  
The old year fast is dying,  
The north wind has a moaning sound,  
'Tis Mother Nature crying.

"The days were few and all too short,"  
Methinks the wind is saying,  
"For men found time to work and play  
But had no time for praying.

"Old Year, wilt thou not tarry here?  
O let me now improve thee,  
Nor go on record as thou art,  
Thy days and nights reprove me."

Methinks the wind shrieks, "Nevermore  
Will come our yesterday;  
Tomorrow, too, is veiled by mist  
But man may claim today.

"So get thee up! Put armor on!  
The New Year standeth by!  
Alas for me! My time is short.  
I bid the world good-bye."

The Old Year bowed his hoary head,  
The North Wind sighed, "Alas."  
The New Year stands and beckons me,  
The Old Year now is past.

GRACE E. LATONA.

# COLLEGE DEPARTMENT

## WHO IS AN EDUCATED MAN?

(From a Chapel Talk by Professor Cady)

WHAT are the earmarks of an education? We cannot tell from the appearance of a man how much history, science, mathematics, or how many languages he has packed away in his brain cells. On this subject the Scriptures say: "Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? Let him show." Men are apt to ask what diploma a person has, what course he has finished; but God says, "Let him show." Courses of study should not be undervalued, however, for Paul said, "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." He remained true to God because he had "fought a good fight." Who is an educated man? "Let him show" out of a good life of good works, and possessed of meekness and wisdom.

James has pictured for us both the false and the true educations, giving seven characteristics of each. The false "wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish," and full of strife, envy, confusion, "and every evil work." A man who has these in his life, whatever degree he holds, is not educated in God's sight. On the other hand, "the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." This is the education that God gives. Any man or woman who has it will win.

The higher one climbs on the mountain of knowledge, the wider will be his vision. Instead of feeling proud he will say, "How great is God." He will be anxious to enter the university of heaven. In the school of God here on earth we receive degrees as well as in the school of men. The degree Born Again is worth ten thousand times ten thousand more than any B. A. we know. The greatest M.S. is the Mastery of Self. The man who is not master of himself is not educated. To be master of self is the hardest problem known to men, but there is power in God to help. The M. A. degree is all right, but Mastery of All things is better.

"But of all the foes we meet,  
None's so apt to turn our feet,  
And to draw us into sin  
As the man we have within."

He who has control of appetite, ambition, love of pleasure, love of the world and self, will have no difficulty in conquering mathematics and science. The Ph. D. is an honorable degree, rightly earned, rightly estimated. It comes from a Greek word meaning "lover of wisdom." But the man who has God's Ph. D. is a Doctor of Philadelphia, or brotherly love. Our Elder Brother came down from heaven to show us how to live. He said, "A new commandment give I unto you, That ye love one an-

other; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." And one cannot call himself educated unless he has love in his life.

It is no easy work to reach these high

ideals that God has set for us, for we will have to pay the price of success. But in striving each day by God's help to do our best and to overcome the evil in us, we will find life a joy, a pleasure.

## RESOLUTIONS OF A COLLEGE STUDENT

MARGUERITE BOURDEAU

RESOLVED: If I break a resolution, to make a better one.

RESOLVED: That if I must speak ill of my neighbor, I will go into executive session with myself.

RESOLVED: To avoid intellectual colic by never cramming for exams.

RESOLVED: To shorten the days and lengthen my life with laughter.

RESOLVED: To dispense with the intelligent look which is intended to cover a poorly prepared lesson.

RESOLVED: That if I don't know anything, I will refrain from giving wordy evidence of the fact.

RESOLVED: That when I let out my hat band, it will not be to make room for more vanity, but for more sense.

RESOLVED: Not to try to get anywhere by sitting on a guidebook.

RESOLVED: Not to let my happiness spoil by hoarding it.

RESOLVED: Not to be two-faced; it is no sign of being double-brained.

RESOLVED: To improve study hour; an ounce of study is better than a pound of excuses.

RESOLVED: Not to be like the letter "p," first in pity and last in help.

RESOLVED: That after investigation, my brilliant recitations shall not prove to be all frosting and no cake.

RESOLVED: Not to have the kind of pride that keeps me warm, and chills others.

RESOLVED: To quiet down and practice sobriety. "Rattle brains always make the most racket."

RESOLVED: To have my feet on the rocks rather than my head in the clouds.

RESOLVED: Not to judge a man by his chest measurements; the expansion may be due to hot air.

RESOLVED: Never to skip classes when the teacher is not there.

RESOLVED: Not to show my temper by losing it.

RESOLVED: To keep up; the person who depends on "making up back work" frequently has to "back up" in his work.

RESOLVED: Not to mistake my classmate's good grades for "luck" when they are really due to study.



## ADRIFT

F. L. CHANEY

CARELESSLY, thoughtlessly, heed-  
lessly, needlessly,  
Saw I four lads drift away on the tide;  
In the cool morning air  
Glowed their fresh faces fair;  
Joyous they go, and they sing as they ride.

Thoughtfully, earnestly, prayerfully,  
tearfully,  
Pled them their friends as they pushed  
from the pier.

"We will come back to land  
When we have tried our hand  
Out on those billows, and we have no  
fear."

Peacefully, placidly, lazily, noiselessly,  
Floats their gay bark on the waves with  
a will;

Rocks so deceitfully,  
That there's no eye can see.  
Lie just beyond in the waters so still.

Laughingly, jokingly, boisterously, mock-  
ingly,  
Point they with scorn to the man on the  
shore.

He has been warning them.  
Tells them to turn again;  
"Rocks are ahead!" shouts he out as be-  
fore.

Silently, stealthily, glidingly, speedily,  
Shoots their frail skiff on before the  
fresh breeze.

"Ah! this is life," they said.  
"Let us go straight ahead,

We shall enjoy what *we* wish and *we*  
please."

Moaningly, sullenly, growlingly, roar-  
ingly,  
Sweeps down a storm in the wake of  
their craft.

Look! see the lightning flash!  
Hark! hear that grinding crash!  
Gone are those skippers who mockingly  
laughed.

Carelessly, thoughtlessly, heedlessly,  
needlessly,  
Some of our lads drift away on sin's tide.  
Fair now may seem their sky,  
All calm their boat may lie  
On the blue waves of their life's ocean  
wide.

Thoughtfully, earnestly, prayerfully, tear-  
fully,

Plead we with you to take heed where  
you sail.

Out on life's ocean wide,  
Go not without a guide,  
Christ the dear Saviour will never you  
fail.

Strong are the currents that run in the  
shoals,

Where sin's great rocks lie concealed by  
the tide,

Go not without a chart,  
Dare not to make a start,

Till you have charted your course with  
the Guide.

# THE SLIGONIAN

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TAKOMA PARK, D. C.

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LOOK up, lift up, and lend a hand." What better motto could be adopted by the students of W. M. C. for the year 1921 than this?

As we review the year 1920 and see, perhaps, many failures, we are inclined to dwell on the past, and to become discouraged by our mistakes. But look up! Look to the Man who was lifted up even as the serpent was lifted up in the wilderness, that he might, through his sacrifice, save and exalt all who would come unto Him. The eyes which are upward turned will not see past mistakes, nor see the faults of others.

He who gains the experience of looking up will gain that experience which will

enable him to lift up—lift up his fellow men. He can encourage the discouraged, bring hope to him who has no faith. He can, by his life, be an uplift to those who have not learned of Him, and teach others how to look up. His exemplary life will help to lift his school to a higher plane; his participation in Students' Association activities will help build up this organization; his co-operation will help to lift the burdens of the Young People's Society.

The man who has learned to look up and lift up will lend a helping hand. That may mean serving as assistant superintendent of the Sabbath school, helping a fellow student with a difficult problem;

or it may mean going to a mission field, and with one hand holding God's hand, rescuing men from drowning in sin and degradation. Such a man will have learned the lesson of unselfishness and sacrifice. He will have learned the secret of success in life.

Let us make this the first of our New Year's resolutions.

R. W.

IT is a unique privilege that the students of Washington Missionary College have had in hearing the experiences of our German brethren told by men who had been through severe trials and tests and had seen the hand of the Lord guiding them. While the war meant defeat to the Germans as a nation, yet to the Seventh-day adventists in that country it meant victory, and now Germany enjoys religious liberty.

Before the war the children were compelled to attend school on the Sabbath; canvassing required a license and this was frequently denied our colporteurs; evangelistic work was carried on under the greatest difficulties, often a religious service being made to have the appearance of a social gathering that it might not be broken up when the house was searched by the police. However, God's hand is still dealing with the nations and when a government oppresses its people, God causes its downfall. So from the horrors of a terrible war and revolution Germany has emerged with a more liberal attitude.

All over Europe Catholicism is weakening, and the way is open for the third angel's message. Workers are needed, but with the peculiar requirement that they be German-speaking American citizens. The work may be largely done in the various small nations of central and

eastern Europe through an interpreter, but in these countries one rarely finds a person who speaks English in addition to his native language; however, there are many who speak German and their native tongue. Help must come from America, all Europe is looking for help from America, but the workers must be able to speak German.

The providence of God has opened a way. Are you looking for a field for service? This land so long bound by Catholicism is now waiting for you. Men were ready to go to Europe to fight in the nation's cause; shall we hesitate to go in Christ's name?

L. S.

## WAR EXPERIENCES

*(Continued from page 6)*

more than ever before. Those are the experiences of the war which helped us in the church. Our brethren became more consecrated to God than at any time before.

In these eight days of which I spoke previously, I set my mind to ask the captain for different work—telephone work. When I came back, the lieutenant came to me before I went to the captain, and he said to me, "You must become my secretary." Can you imagine how heaven seemed open to me? Really, brethren and sisters, I cannot express to you how it rejoices one to witness the working of the hand of God. Yet I must say, the greater love I received from God, the more unworthy I felt. I put down the weapon and took the pen in hand until the end of the war. So for three and a half years, I had to be a soldier, but I did not have to shoot a single person.

# ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

## THE BREAKING POINT

BY AN ALUMNUS

A LINGERING grip on the door knob, entrance to my Alma Mater, my hand drops, and I am shut out. Shut out from what? From a life of preparation. What am I to face? A life of application or service. I turn my back upon my Alma Mater, and stand facing two other doors. One has written above it, "Service for Humanity," and the other has above it "Service for Self." Thoughtfully I linger in front of the two doors wondering which to enter. First impulse moves me to enter the door of Service for Humanity, but hesitation gives time for argument. Why can I not enter the door of Service for Self, get wealth and then give to humanity? By doing that I can have all I want and give also, and thus serve myself and humanity as well. Without listening to the reason of the other side, I rush through the door of self-service, and at once find myself so thickly surrounded by enticements and get-rich-quick schemes that I become engrossed, and all thoughts of any other door of service are blotted out. As to giving to humanity, it is never convenient. What loose coins are on hand find their place in some new developing scheme that promises more profit. Thus on and on the days pass, evolving new schemes, and I become feverish in my search for those I can best depend upon to net me the biggest profit; my thoughts are almost entirely commercialized.

But what do the days bring forth? Money? Yes, plenty; but how much do I need? Only that necessary to bodily comfort. That is absolutely all. There is no joy, but apprehension in the balance. What is it that is forever hanging over me? It hunts me by day, and haunts me by night. If I meet with success in any project, the joy of success is drowned by a brooding attitude that oppresses me. I take account of myself, find that I have practised strict honesty, yet I am not free from that smothering oppression. Nowhere I go do I find freedom, peace of mind.

Time and again I wonder if I have entered the wrong door. I go back and face the two doors again. A mighty struggle ensues. Which shall I enter? I have tried the one and found everything to please self, but there was no peace of mind. I reconsider and conclude that the door I had entered did not afford the life I had trained for. A certain truth had been revealed to me—a truth I believed, and down in my heart wanted to live, and felt it my duty to live and reveal to others. I discover consequently that I have been living inconsistently. How can there be peace of mind?

With determined steps I enter the door of Service to Humanity, and there I find freedom and peace of mind.

## NEWS ITEMS

### WEEK OF PRAYER

WELLS E. BEMENT

I THINK I can truthfully say that no Week of Prayer has ever been looked forward to by our school with more anticipation and realization of its need than the one just past. Several weeks before both students and faculty were making preparation for the event, to make it the happiest and most beneficial of all the year.

Elder Daniells was with us throughout the week and rendered excellent help. Every evening Elder Daniells spoke to us of world conditions, taking in turn the political situation, the industrial, the moral and the religious. Surely the world is in a terrible condition; and viewing the situation from these different viewpoints, we question with the prophet, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" There is but one panacea for the diseased condition of earth,—the gospel to the world and the coming of our Redeemer. This fact was forcibly emphasized. These studies were followed by a powerful talk on the commission of evangelizing the world and our personal responsibility.

At chapel periods Elder Daniells delineated some beautiful characters of the Bible. Ruth was brought to the crisis of her life when she was called upon to decide whether she would go back to her heathen friends and relatives, and resume the idolatrous practices of former years, or whether she would go with Naomi to Judah. She unhesitatingly decided upon the latter course, saying, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God;" and that nothing but death would separate them. Esther, at the time of a great crisis for the people of God proved true to her people and her God by risking her life to petition the great king of Persia in

behalf of the Jews. Joseph, by his own course of discipline, gained the position of first after Pharaoh on the Egyptian throne. These examples of fidelity, trustworthiness, and strength of character were indeed, inspiring.

The student body, for the week, was divided into prayer bands. They met in the various rooms for a half hour before chapel each morning. In these bands was manifested the earnest desire of the students to stand right before God and to be ready for their appointed work.

Many personal victories have been gained as a result of this devotional week, and a marked spiritual advance has grown out of our intimate communion with God through this period.

THE music studio proved to be too small for the piano students at the Mendelssohn program of the Mozart Musical Society.

The background of the first number was given by Miss Severs in recounting the history of Elijah as brought out in Mendelssohn's great oratorio, "Elijah."

This prophet, as represented in the oratorio, having fallen asleep with a prayer on his lips that he might die, was comforted by the Angels' Trio written for women's voices. This was rendered by Mrs. Gant, Mrs. Beuchel, and Miss Cassell, and revealed not only God's dealings with man, but how music may be made to speak to the human heart.

Those taking part on the program were Mr. Lippart, Beatrice Lewis, Blanche Detwiler, Maude Spencer, Julia Collier, Reta Jones, Vesta Jorgenson.

All expressed themselves as feeling greatly benefited by the time spent with this master of music.

NEAR the close of every six week's period we hear mysterious mention of the "Eats Committee," the "Entertainment Committee," the "Decoration Committee" and from time to time see very busy young men whisking about with an air of crushing responsibilities laid upon their shoulders. What can it all mean? Thus we wondered at first, but now it is all explained. There are compensations after all, for the dormitory dwellers. After all preparations are made on the evening appointed, study proceeds as usual till nine o'clock, then the bell rings, and all the boys go down to the assembly room which is a transformed place under the artful craftsmanship of the Decoration Committee. Such was the scene the evening of November 23, when the boys had their second "off night" since school began. After enjoying a laugh over some light-hearted readings, playing a brisk game of wits, matching team to team in rapid calculation contests, and listening to some inspiring violin music, the boys were ready for the lunch which was served by the "Eats Committee." How good those apples did taste!

DECEMBER 1 during chapel period Mr. George Hossfeld, the world's champion typist, gave a demonstration of speed on the Underwood typewriter. "Concentration and rythm make accuracy and speed," he told us, and then proceeded to demonstrate by writing accurately 137 words a minute while he replied to questions which were asked him. By writing the word "called" twenty-six times in ten seconds, or the time it took to correct one mistake, he showed how it is a saving of time to write accurately. Again we looked on in amazement as he wrote at the rate of 110 words a minute while Professor Foote dictated the material! From familiar matter he wrote at the marvelous rate of 236 words per minute! A unanimous showing of hands showed Mr. Hossfeld that his time was appreciated and gave him a hearty invitation to come again.

MR. MARK HAGMAN was a welcome visitor at W. M. C. Thanksgiving week. He came from Philadelphia, where he is pastor of one of the large churches.

DECEMBER 2, during chapel period, the Young People's Leaders' Band gave a good program. Mr. John Ford, leader of the band, introduced the different speakers of the morning. Mr. Weaver told us of the great necessity of working for the young people. After Mr. Weaver had convinced us that the young people should be worked for, Miss Glenwright told us of the ones who can most advantageously work for them. We all listened attentively as Mr. Harding told of the great field which lies before us in this work, and we decided to do our best while here in school for the young people of W. M. C.

DID you ever have a professor of whom you thought a great deal, who later engaged in other work than teaching, and then came back and gave a talk in chapel? Weren't you glad to see him, though? That's the way the old students felt November 29 during chapel period when Prof. O. M. John spoke. He showed what an opportunity it is to become enrolled in one of our schools, and urged the students to have an aim in life. The wisdom from above is that which is to be sought, and not earthly wisdom. We hope Professor John will come and speak to us more often.

TUESDAY, November 23, the hearts of the students were touched during chapel period by the appealing talk which Elder A. H. Williams gave on the work in India. He told us that the work there is ready for workers, and that traveling is easier and less dangerous than in the olden days. The hearts of many burned to answer the call as Elder Williams spoke.

A COMPANY of six girls gathered at the home of Miss Evans Saturday night, November 20, and spent an interesting evening trying out their culinary art. As a result, some delicious candy was made and, needless to say, eaten. They wished that such occasions might happen more often.

SEEST thou a man with a fallen countenance? Know, then, that again the six weeks' examinations are on, and ye students are pegging away with might and strength!

SOME students look on chapel as a thing to be endured, a time during which to study, or a chance to write notes to their neighbors. Such students, however, forgot their wrong conceptions of what chapel is, when Miss Lacey gave us a glimpse of what her talented musical society is capable of. That we might get into the spirit of the program, Mr. Kamoda read us a sketch of the life of Schubert the man of whom it has been said "every-he touched turned to music." Not a sound was heard from the students as Vesta Jorgenson played "Serenade" with the rare skill she possesses. Violin music lovers appreciated the "Ave Maria" which Mr. Edwards rendered so beautifully. Miss Mildred Douglass needed no introduction as she sang the "Death of the Maiden" and we all listened enraptured. At first we wondered what the victrola was doing on the platform, but we were soon set at ease when Schubert's beautiful "Unfinished Symphony" was played. By closing our eyes we could imagine a whole orchestra was playing. An earnest invitation is extended to Miss Lacey to give us another chapel period filled with so much interest.

---

"FOR what is your life?" was the startling question Elder F. H. Robbins put to the student body at chapel December 7. It is indeed a serious question. We have the power of making or marring our life. The choice is with us! A look or a word may change a whole life. With such truth-filled sentences ringing in our ears, we resolved to live better lives, and make wiser use of our time while at W. M. C.

---

To get the full benefit out of any undertaking a thorough preparation is necessary. As the week of Prayer drew near the girls of South Hall were glad to welcome in their midst Mrs. E. E. Andross and Mrs. Cady who gave them uplifting talks on how to receive the most out of the Week of prayer.

---

DECEMBER 20 our Annual SLIGONIAN campaign was started with enthusiastic speeches from several students. Is your subscription about to expire? If so please renew at once, for we are after subscriptions, and need yours to complete our list. *Renew now.*

MISS HARRIET MASON spent Thanksgiving week visiting Ruth Douglas in Virginia. She came back feeling fine for the examinations which were the menu for the week.

### REVIEW AND HERALD NEWS

DECEMBER 5 Elder L. A. Hanson spoke to Review and Herald employees during chapel period, telling them of his experiences while in Europe. Many were the laughs and chuckles heard as he told how he had, through mistake, sat on the tomb of Pope Pius the Sixth, and how nervous the guide became. Although the company had "one on him," yet he thought he was just about even with the party when Elder F. M. Wilcox was found to be in a resting attitude before the tomb of Leo the Tenth, and it appeared as if he were praying there! All of Elder Hanson's experiences were interesting, and we hope he will come back and tell us some more very soon.

---

At last! The long-looked-for has happened, and we have finally secured enough to buy the silverware for our cafeteria. To say that Review and Herald employees are jubilant is putting it mildly, for we no longer have to give banquets, entertainments and lectures, nor do we have to sell doughnuts, stuffed dates, and lemonade. It will only be a matter of a few days before we will be eating with real silverware now, and the food will taste so much better!

---

THE Canadian branch of the Review and Herald is now almost completed, and in the next two weeks we are expecting to see the *Canadian Watchman* put out by the new press. It surely is encouraging to see fruits from our labors so soon!

---

THE Review and Herald lost one of its valuable workers when Mr. Kenneth Gant with his wife left on December 14 for eastern Canada. Mr. Gant has been doing editorial work in connection with the *Review and Herald*. He will now take up evangelistic work. We shall miss them.

## SANITARIUM

OF all the good things! Why, it made one think he was home to see the tables spread with all the savory food, which fairly made your mouth water at the sight of it! The heads of departments of Washington Sanitarium indeed enjoyed a real feast on Thanksgiving Day when they were entertained so royally. In the afternoon a unique and interesting program, consisting of music, recitations, and games, was enjoyed by the assembled Sanitarium family.

To some it may come as a surprise, but the rest of us were expecting to hear of the marriage of Mr. O. C. Barrett and Miss Grace Swingle November 25. They left at once for Mexico City, where they are planning to open up a dispensary and treatment-rooms. Their many friends wish them a happy honeymoon across the Mexican border.

Two more of our girls have left, Miss May Prior, to fill the position as head nurse, and Miss Nellie Apsley, to have charge of the bathroom, at Boulder Sanitarium.

MR. E. G. FULTON, Dr. Miller and a few heads of departments of the Sanitarium went to Baltimore, December 3, to visit and look over the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

MRS. ALDRIDGE, formerly of Battle Creek Sanitarium, is now assisting Mrs. Brown as matron of Washington Sanitarium. We always welcome new members to our family.

### "THE NEGLECTED PROVINCE"

*(Continued from page 10)*

every case arouses so much interest in so unusual a prisoner that he sells each one a Bible. After a few hours, perhaps a day, in prison, he starts out again with fresh courage in God's leading, and again storms the citadel of ignorance and superstition.

Once, on returning to the city of Quebec from a long trip out among the villages of the Gaspé peninsula, he found the Catholics had burned his little home to the ground. Other workers have had the same experience. Nothing daunted by even this hard blow, he changed his residence from the city to a little country village where the majority of the people are Protestants, and went on with his work.

Who will heed the call for workers for this field? It will take strong faith and much unselfish devotion to the Master's work, but the reward of seeing souls saved as the result of such labor—is it not worth the cost?

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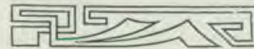
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## How Large is an Atom?

**A**TOMS are so infinitesimal that to be seen under the most powerful microscope one hundred million must be grouped. The atom used to be the smallest indivisible unit of matter. When the X-Rays and radium were discovered physicists found that they were dealing with smaller things than atoms—with particles they call "electrons."

Atoms are built up of electrons, just as the solar system is built up of sun and planets. Magnify the hydrogen atom, says Sir Oliver Lodge, to the size of a cathedral, and an electron, in comparison, will be no bigger than a bird-shot.

Not much substantial progress can be made in chemical and electrical industries unless the action of electrons is studied. For that reason the chemists and physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are as much concerned with the very constitution of matter as they are with the development of new inventions. They use the X-Ray tube as if it were a machine-gun; for by its means electrons are shot at targets in new ways so as to reveal more about the structure of matter.

As the result of such experiments, the X-Ray tube has been greatly improved and the vacuum tube, now so indispensable in radio communication, has been developed into a kind of trigger device for guiding electrons by radio waves.

Years may thus be spent in what seems to be merely a purely "theoretical" investigation. Yet nothing is so practical as a good theory. The whole structure of modern mechanical engineering is reared on Newton's laws of gravitation and motion—theories stated in the form of immutable propositions.

In the past the theories that resulted from purely scientific research usually came from the university laboratories, whereupon the industries applied them. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company conceive it as part of their task to explore the unknown in the same spirit, even though there may be no immediate commercial goal in view. Sooner or later the world profits by such research in pure science. Wireless communication, for example, was accomplished largely as the result of Herz's brilliant series of purely scientific experiments demonstrating the existence of wireless waves.

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