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NOVEMBER

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THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. VI

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., NOVEMBER 1921

No. 2

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“Instead of confining their study to that which men have said or written, let students be directed to the sources of truth, to the vast fields opened for research in nature and revelation. Let them contemplate the great facts of duty and destiny, and the mind will expand and strengthen. Instead of educated weaklings, institutions of learning may send forth men strong to think and to act, men who are masters and not slaves of circumstances, men who possess breadth of mind, clearness of thought, and the courage of their convictions. . . . It fortifies the mind against evil. Instead of some master passion becoming a power to destroy, every motive and desire are brought into conformity to the great principles of right.”

THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. VI

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., NOVEMBER 1921

No. 2

A GOAL: 300 STUDENTS IN W. M. C.

A Conversation Between Right and Left Columns of Columbia Hall

WELLS E. BEMENT

“DO you know, Brother Column, I just enjoy seeing the students come in. It’s so lonesome here in the summer.”

“Yes, September is one of the happiest times of the year for me. As we see the young people gathering in from the different states to obtain an education for the work of God, we can feel grateful that we are the supporters of such an institution.”

“But do you know there is not nearly the number here that should be. I was wondering when they gave us a station here on this front porch how long we would have standing-room, and this is the third year and we have not been crowded yet. You see we draw academic students from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia, and college students from all the eastern United States. I’m sure there are hundreds of young people of our faith in that vast territory who should be at Washington Missionary College. I do wish our young people would realize that this institution belongs to them, and enroll three hundred strong.”

“Perhaps, being a little hard of hearing, you did not catch what President Cady said to Dr. Salisbury the other day. In substance it was this: The field had been thoroughly worked and bright prospects were in view. He

expected at least three hundred students, and anticipating an increase, had provided a faculty which can instruct thoroughly more than that number. Doctor said, ‘Let them come; the more the better.’”

“No, I didn’t hear that, but I did hear the members of the Students’ Association on coming out from one of their meetings last May cry, ‘Three hundred students for W. M. C. next year! We can do it if we try.’”

“What a happy, contented company they are, aren’t they? If the young people out in the field only knew what they were missing, nothing could keep them away from here. Faculty and students together seem just like one large family.”

“And they haven’t given up their ‘three-hundred-goal’ yet? No indeed, and the register shows 280 enrolled, which is thirty more than last year at this time. I believe they will attain their goal yet. Success is the reward of perseverance you know.”

“We need them all right. A few Sabbaths past, when Elder Daniells was speaking in chapel I heard him say, ‘Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest.’ He said the harvest time had come, but the field was great and more laborers were needed. I could

(Continued on page 13.)

THE SHEPHERD OF A THOUSAND HILLS

(A farewell to seek and save the lost sheep)

PROF. H. S. PRENIER

THE background of hills was a beautiful green animated by scattered flocks of grazing sheep and cattle. All nature was aglow with spring freshness; even the dumb animals were refreshed after the early rains which brought new life to field and stream.

"The cattle on a thousand hills are mine," the young shepherd said. This was true, for he was not only a shepherd of long experience, but also a junior partner, and part-owner with his famous father in the great "Anathoth" and "Idumea" estates.

He had roamed over his thousand hills, not here alone, but in far countries. Just a little while before, he had said, "I have other sheep besides these which do not belong to this fold, I must lead them also."

The mystery of his great love that made him chief-shepherd was his willingness even to die for his sheep. How often had he led and nurtured his helpless flock and carried a lambkin or two pressed to his bosom! The spirit of the great Out-of-Doors had endowed him with a sympathy and tenderness that made him beloved by man and beast. He it was who would brave the night in search of a stray sheep, who would go over cragged rocks, risking his life in the darkness. At other times he would lie awake at night to protect the sheep from wolves and lions that crept up from the thickets lining the west boundaries of the estates.

This sheep-owning squire-lord had

fraternized with his men, and had been one with them; he had walked throughout the country and traveled the dusty roads with them so long that had he become life of their life. They looked to him as the chief-shepherd of sheep.

It was early that night as they sat around the camp fire that this shepherd of a thousand hills was bidding farewell to his comrades. He had said, "Soon ye shall see me no more." They were amazed at his words. They embraced him in Oriental fashion and kissed him again and again. Some looked forlorn; some were sighing and sorrowing, a few who seemed deeply moved were vainly trying to control their tears.

The glowing embers from the slowly dying camp fire added a touch of warmth to an otherwise cheerless scene.

"I go," he said. The bitter sorrow of parting caused them to be heedless of the promise that quickly followed:—"I will come again." Instead of cheer, their hearts were troubled; the brows of several darkened; the low murmuring each to each swelled into a common heart-throb. The tears started again as his name passed from lip to lip. *Jesus—Jesus*. Oh, what volumes were expressed in that exclamation! Never was there a parting like this for never was there a Shepherd like Him.

"I must go," He whispered. "Show us the way and we will go," cried out

(Continued on page 16)

AUTUMN BY THE SLIGO

VESTA JEANETTE JORGENSEN

Come take a stroll today with me, for Sligo
scenes are fair to see,
Where dreams are live and true.
The path goes down the hillside steeps and
through the valley's purple deeps,
Right to the water's edge.
Green-margin'd pools of water still mirror the
trees on every hill;
Sweet autumn odors scent the air, rich
autumn colors everywhere;
And, Oh, the sky is blue!

THE students of Washington Missionary College have a wonderful privilege when the burdens of school life become heavy. We can slip away to the restful retreat which Mother Nature offers down by the Sligo. Last Sabbath afternoon the call of the autumn was in the air, and I slipped a book under my arm and followed the call along wooded paths. Lay aside your books and papers fellow-student, and follow me in your imagination as I try to describe some of the wonderful attractions of the autumn.

It was a beautiful day for walking; the air was clear and mellow and all the hills around were glowing with a wild riot of autumn colors. These big trees, clad in their autumnal garb,—the rich red of the maple and the oak, the mottled golden yellow of the hickory, the flaming sumac,—all were silhouetted against a deep blue sky. Here and there a big fleecy cloud completed a picture which no artist could reproduce on his canvas. At each turn in the trail new wonders unfolded. At times the sunlight sifted gently through the trees, almost casting a sacred halo over the wooded hills.

What a fitting place to spend the Sabbath, close to the heart of nature and God!

The low, sweet music of the Sligo dancing over the rocks was the only sound to intrude on the quietness. The water would cease its song for a moment and lose itself in some still, deep pool which mirrored the mossy rocks and the big trees bending over it, then rush on its way again.

It is in surroundings of this kind when we are alone and still, that we learn some of the greatest lessons of life.

THANKSGIVING

LILLIAN BOYD

Thanksgiving day is coming,
The day we love so dear;
We'll thank the Great Redeemer
For blessings of the year.

Thanksgiving's always full of cheer
In college homes these days;
Happiness, free to choose its path,
Sends to hearts its golden rays.

Why should we not be happy?
Why not? In school are we
Preparing for the Lord's command
To go o'er land or sea.

We're thankful for the mercies,
The joys and pleasures, too,
That fill our lives with sunshine
And make school days seem few.

SCHOOL PROVERBS

MARGUERITE V. BOURDEAU

An ill-prepared lesson, a cough, and envy, cannot be hid.

There's many a slip twixt the head and the examination paper.

" 'They say so' is half a lie."

An excuse in time, saves nine.

All talk and no work makes teachers grow weary.

Laziness travels so slow that all his notebook work overtakes him.

The course of the "bluff" never did run smooth.

All are not gold that titter.

To speak ill of one's school, dishonors one's self.

"Each bird loves to hear himself sing."

Count not your credits before they have the faculty O. K.

Study and high grades are inseparable companions.

Perseverance accomplishes all things—even to carrying water in a sieve. If you wait till winter it'll freeze.

Be slow in choosing, but slower in changing—studies.

||| A strolling student gathers no learning.

An idle student is the devil's play-fellow.

"Spend not all you have; believe not all you hear; and tell not all you know."

Early to bed
Early to rise—
The faculty think
This course is wise.



ON THE WAY TO A COLLEGE EDUCATION

GLADYS E. ROBINSON*

BREATHE deep and expand—this is what the Normal Department has done this year. You can believe this when you see the entire first floor, with the exception of the former business office and the present office of the SLIGONIAN, devoted to this enterprise.

If you arrive about nine-fifteen some morning you will be attracted by children's voices singing "Golden Rod and Asters," and as you cautiously open the door of Room 17 you will find Mrs. Latham singing with the sixteen children of the Primary room. You will not fail to notice the beautiful window boxes, and the interesting pictures on the windows and the wall. You really ought to stay and hear the first-graders tell the stories of Creation week which they love.

Across the hall you will see another roomful of happy faces. Miss Schultz is training them in habits of studiousness and industry. It is evident that the pupils in this room are learning the lessons of application and concentration in their work.

At about ten o'clock, from the other end of the hall you will see a long line of boys and girls from the Grammar room. They feel quite exclusive this year, for it is the first time that it has been possible for the seventh and eighth-graders to have a room and a teacher of their own. Do they enjoy school? These are a few remarks which may be heard almost any day:

(Continued on page 16)

*Miss Robinson is Normal Director of the College this year, and her department occupies nearly the entire first floor of College Hall.

THE GIRLS' HOUR

ESTHER READ

IT is six o'clock. A bell rings! Like magic, girls emerge from different buildings, and all go in the same direction. Why do they wear such pleasant expressions and where could they be going? They all seem so happy, and they have a good reason to be so. They are on their way to the girls' parlor to enjoy a delightful program just among themselves. Yes, they have one of these gatherings in the seclusion of their parlor every Sunday night from six to seven o'clock, and they call it the "Girls' Hour."

Varied and interesting are the programs that are conducted during this hour. Problems of interest to all girls are discussed. Occasionally the whole time is spent in music and thus the talent of the home girls is enjoyed by all. Current topics are discussed and many helpful things are learned. However, not all of the hours are spent in such a serious way, for sometimes the evening is spent in games and general recreation.

All the girls declare that they thoroughly enjoy this hour, and we know that it will prove uplifting in our dormitory life.

Wisdom is the ability that God gives a man to do the right thing, at the right time, in the right place, in the right way.

—M. E. CADY

"Quiet manners are a mark of good breeding."

"He who loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping."

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

OUR HARVEST INGATHERING PULSE

A SYMPOSIUM

MONDAY afternoon at three o'clock, my brother and I started out from W. M. C. to solicit funds for foreign missions through the Harvest Ingathering Campaign. It was a warm, clear autumn day, and the atmosphere was invigorating. Our courage was good.

On our way down my brother suggested that we set our goal for this year. Last year, our goal was thirty dollars, and we went over the top. But this year we thought we would not set any material amount as our goal:—that is how much money we should receive. We have been feeling a burden for soul-winning, and when we realized that the Japanese people can best be reached by us, we decided to make this our goal—to visit every one of the Japanese residences in the city and leave a copy of Present Truth at each, at the same time soliciting funds for missions.

The first place we visited was our dentist. He gave us three dollars last year, so we thought we would give our first request to this man. We succeeded in receiving the amount we suggested to him, then we made our way to the Japanese Embassy. At the Embassy we were treated with courtesy and kindness. How much do you think we received? Ten dollars was

what we had received last year. But to our surprise and joy five dollars was added to the amount received last year. When we left the Embassy we had eighteen dollars. We were greatly encouraged by our first attempt so we pressed on. We visited a few more homes during the afternoon, and by the time we reached home, my brother had twenty-four dollars in his pocket.

Of course we went out again yesterday, and had a splendid success, obtaining eight dollars. This brings our amount up to thirty-two dollars. We are very glad to think that Present Truth will visit every Japanese home at this time. Although what we have done is small, yet we feel certain that with the Lord's help, the seeds we have sown will surely germinate and take root, and finally bring forth a rich and abundant harvest. Let us put our shoulders to the wheel and try to reach our goal of twenty-five hundred dollars.

LOIS KAMODA

Mrs. Guild, her daughter Thelma, and I were members of Mr. Clarence Taylor's band. We went by auto to Pennsylvania Avenue, and from there, we went to visit some of the Chinese laundries and restaurants of the city. In going to these laundries and res-

taurants I first asked for the people's names and then introduced Mrs. Guild and the little girl. After passing the "time of day" with them with a smiling face, I began to tell them of the Harvest Ingathering work,—that we were from W. M. C. and were visiting all the Chinese people in the District of Columbia. I told them that we were trying to help our people in China by raising funds to send more missionaries to them. I told them of the four hundred million people of China who are thirsty and hungry for the word of God. I could see their faces brighten as I told them of the work that our missionaries are doing and I found that they were only too glad to give to this worthy cause.

I was indeed sorry that I was unable to secure any Chinese literature. I was obliged to use the English Harvest Ingathering paper, which none of them could read. In order to show that I am an honest man so that they would not think that I was trying to rob them, I wrote my Chinese name on my card, assuring them that all the money they gave went directly to the mission field without a cent of it going into my own pocket. This greatly impressed them, and they gave liberally.

One of our calls was at the Mandarin Chinese Restaurant. It being quite early in the morning, the owners had just arrived. I asked for the manager, and he came down from above. After the preliminaries of introducing, I told him all about our work, and he kindly gave us two dollars. He then sent us up to see the cook who was on the third floor. There were two cooks there, and we received a dollar from each of them.

After leaving the restaurant, we went to Chinatown. Here we visited a Chinese grocery. The manager was very glad to see us and liked the little Chinese girl very much. He gave us three dollars besides giving the little girl a present of a half pound of "hi Chee" nuts.

Then we went to another Chinese store. Here we met a well-educated man who was manager of the store. I told him of my work, of having attended school in Canada, Berrien Springs, and of my present school. He seemed greatly interested in our work. Mrs. Guild talked to him in Mandarin for a long while, and he finally gave us three dollars. His friend in the store also gave us one dollar.

In the morning and afternoon, we visited fifteen Chinese restaurants and a few laundries, without having any Chinese papers. We just talked, and they trusted us with the money. The Lord certainly blessed us and helped us to raise \$50.00 on that day. We worked hard and returned home about ten o'clock.

I ask the prayers of you, brethren and sisters, that I may be able to carry this Third Angel's Message to my own people in North America and China.

DILLIE SUN.

To say that working in the Harvest Ingathering campaign this year is a real joy expresses but mildly the sentiment of the loyal students of W. M. C. Even though the weather was cloudy on the appointed day, October 18, we started out for our territory with smiles, grit, hope, and a prayer in our hearts for divine guid-

ance that we might rightly represent the school we love as we secured funds for the heathen in darkness.

I had some pleasant experiences, nothing unusual, but just the kind that make one feeling like sticking to it. I tried to appeal to the hearts of those whom I met, by telling them of the needs of the heathen and the work which we, as missionaries in training, were trying to do, and the response was cheering. I received a number of donations by soliciting on the street. One man to whom I explained my work seemed deeply moved and gave me a dollar. A policeman went to the bother of getting a bill changed in order to give something. But the best of it was, that, as he gave it to me he said, "I'll read that paper." My violin teacher, an old German professor, gave me two dollars, and seemed deeply interested in the work. A doctor gave me a dollar, saying, "I'm not much of a missionary man. My wife usually attends to those things but I'll give you a dollar."

All these experiences tend to encourage me to keep on working. It pays to set a high goal and then never to think of stopping until you reach it.

ETHEL BOYD.

"It pays to work all day," I say. We had worked hard until four o'clock with only a little over four dollars to show for our labor. We were tired, and about ready to quit. The few remaining houses on Sixteenth Street were too large to be promising. The lady of the house would either be out or resting, so we thought. The last

mansion proved to be the Polish Legation. I gathered courage and stepped into the office, asking for the gentleman in charge. (I didn't know his title.) The young man at the desk gave me a seat and went to call the Minister. He came, greeted me cordially, listened to my few remarks, and almost to my surprise, gave me a crisp five dollar bill. Does it pay to finish your territory?

M. LUCILLE SMITH

A certain business man asked me to wait three minutes in order to give me one minute to speak to him. I spoke just thirty seconds when he interrupted me and said: "How much do you want?"

"One dollar," I answered. Without hesitation, he handed me one dollar and said: "I'm glad you came, and I'm glad to give."

A busy teacher asked whether medical ministry was mentioned in our work. She was interested in it, and upon being convinced that we gave prominence to medical work she handed me a dollar.

One gentleman pleasantly entered into conversation with me, and though he stated that he didn't care much about religion, he gave me five dollars, apologizing for not being able to give more.

In a minute's talk with a busy physician I asked him for ten dollars. He immediately wrote a check for that amount, remarking that he was glad to do something to help in this work.

PAUL HENNIG

IN THE CANVASSING FIELD

G. E. WHITE

WE see God's guiding hand everywhere. The beauties of nature all around remind us of His goodness and care. But God's hand is seen guiding in the lives of men, as well as in nature. Especially does He work through those who are humble and faithful workers in His cause.

And anyone can be used if he will but connect himself with the "Dynamo of the Universe." Let him first have a burden for souls and a willingness to serve, and God will do wonders through him.

While thinking of these things I had reached the summit of a mountain ridge. I set down my canvassing bag and looked around. The fresh morning air was invigorating and I felt inspired to do great things for the Master. Looking down into the valley at my left I saw a mining town nestled on the banks of a rushing stream. However, the road I was traveling turned sharply to the right, and as my eye followed it I could see that it would lead me a mile out of my way. But as it finally led to the town, I decided that it was my only course.

After I had gone some distance I felt impressed to return to the summit of the mountain. This I did, believing that as I was striving to do the Lord's work, He would direct my steps.

On reaching the summit I met an old mountaineer and his son coming along the ridge of the mountain. Upon speaking to him I found him quite talkative. Finally I told him my business, and when I showed him my prospectus, he pulled it from my hand and eagerly searched its contents. As

I explained the prophecies that pertain to our day, and the second coming of Christ, his face radiated with joy. He ordered a book in the best binding.

Before leaving him he showed me a short cut to the town in the valley. On following this path, I met in an open field, a woman who became intensely interested in my work. She thanked me for showing her such a "Bible" as she called it, and ordered one of the cheaper bindings.

Such instances are the visible workings of God and I am thankful to be used by Him even in a small way.

"Education should give one the ability to say, 'I can.'"

"Don't stop; leap the barriers you cannot level."

"Give your smiling co-operation to others. You don't know how profound or opportune may be the help you give."

A GOAL: 300 STUDENTS IN W. M. C.

(Concluded from page 5)

not help glancing at this map of the world in the hall and wondering when all the millions which it represents will be warned."

"I only wish we could enjoy the advantages afforded the young people of our denomination, but alas, our lot is fixed. We will be faithful in the work that is accorded us, and while standing here, earnestly pray that God will put it into the hearts of many young people to embrace the opportunity that is theirs of attending W. M. C."

AN EVENING OF MUSIC

SATURDAY evening, October 22, a home talent recital was given in Columbia Hall. The enthusiastic audience was composed of students and visitors from the neighboring institutions, the Sanitarium, the Review and Herald, and the General Conference. Washington Missionary College is favored this year by having a stringed trio as one of the new musical features of the college. This trio was composed of Professor Lehman, 'cello; Robert Edwards, violin; and Professor Osborn at the piano. The program was opened by two selections from the trio; *Elegie* by Atherton, and *Warum* by Schumann. These selections were especially enjoyed because of their quietness and beauty of melody. Mr. Madison, a talented violinist from New York, now a student at the college rendered several numbers which were characterized by their brilliancy and richness of tone quality. He played *Fantasia Caprice* by Vieuxtemps, *Oriental* by Cesar Ciu, *Waltzing Doll* by Poldine, *Nocturne* by Chopin, *Souvenir* by Franz Drdla, and the *Sweetest Song of All*. Mr. Stone rendered the following numbers: *Waltz* by Brahms; *Danse Negre* by Cyril Scott, *Scotch Idyl* by MacDowell and *Rhapsodies, Nos. 6 and 11* by Franz Liszt. Especially enjoyed was the quaint, beautiful *Scotch Idyl*. This recital by no means exhausts the home talent of Washington Missionary College, and we hope soon to be favored with another pleasant evening of music given by our teachers and students.

RADER-GRAMS

“LET is the greatest word in the universe.”

“All that man can do is to discover God's infallible laws and LET those laws work for Him.”

“Discover means to take the cover off—if you can locate it.”

The Bible is most scientific. It says ‘Eternal Life is,’—not thinking—calculating—doubting—discussing or studying Christ or God, but is ‘to KNOW God and Jesus Christ Whom He sent.’ To KNOW—that is all that the word science can mean, KNOWLEDGE.”

Above are a few of the splendid thoughts dropped by Dr. Lyell Meyers Rader, chemist from Chicago, who spoke to us in chapel Friday, October 28. “Chemistry isn't a profession, it's a disease. It will dominate if given a chance. We constantly harp on glorifying, but God cannot glorify until we magnify, and that is the work of the chemist.”

“Moses was a chemist,” was one of Dr. Rader's startling statements. He then told how Moses burnt and ground up the golden calf and mixed the powder with the water for the Israelites to drink. This liquid had the appearance of blood, and is the symbol of blood in the mineral kingdom. Dr. Rader is the only chemist since Moses who has learned to mix gold in this way, and he showed us a bottle of the liquid which he had with him. It had all the appearance of blood.

The students felt it indeed a privilege to listen to a man learned in science, who has at the same time a living faith in God and His word.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

ARE THESE PRIVILEGES YOURS?

EDYTHE DETWILER

THE faculty and students are happy to see such a large attendance at school this year, and we are eager to let everyone know of the many privileges and opportunities that are ours in W. M. C.

Regarding these privileges from a student's point of view, at once the Students' Association comes to my mind. Some newcomer may say, "Of what value is the Association? It seems as though that is all I have heard about since coming to school."

It is not long, however, until that person becomes familiar with it and is eager to become one of its loyal members. By joining this progressive body he unites himself to a large friendly family. There is a common interest and benefit which each one shares. College spirit? Here is the place where it is fostered.

No doubt it is the purpose of every one who attends our college to be of service to others in some way. In order to attain this ideal we must improve the talents that God has entrusted to us. In this respect the Students' Association acts as a laboratory. Here opportunity is given to demonstrate our oratorical, musical, literary and athletic ability.

I must tell you of the Music Society which has done so much for the school.

This society meets every two weeks for a program given by the members. At these programs current events in the musical world are discussed. From time to time, public recitals are given by capable members, and under the auspices of the Society, artists furnish entertainments.

Then, too, the active student is always interested in athletics and proper recreation. The Athletic Society is a live one and to every member it affords opportunity to develop his physical nature.

I must not fail to mention the social side of student life. Socially our Association is not a minus quantity. Good-fellowship weeks, hikes, and programs are some of the pleasant occasions we will never forget. In our "Get Acquainted Week," each one wore a little badge with his name written on it and thus we were introduced to each other and became acquainted much more quickly than we could have otherwise. Hikes, like the one to Burnt Mills, a beautiful old spot a few miles from the school, put new life into the students and made them more ready for work the next day.

Nor do we neglect the spiritual side. Bands are organized to study the needs of the different mission fields. Each

member attends the band studying the field in which he is most interested. Moreover we take an active part in soliciting funds for these fields through the Harvest Ingathering Campaign, and there is not one person who isn't encouraged to do his part by being united with the enthusiastic members of the Association.

Young man, young woman on the homestead, we need you here. We need your ideas, we need your enthusiasm, we need your co-operation. Above all, God has a special work for you to do: He desires you to prepare yourself for His work. Come, take the lessons scheduled for you and line up with the loyal members of the Students' Association.

TO A COLLEGE EDUCATION

(Concluded from page 9)

"Miss Acton, please may I stay after school and work a little more arithmetic?"

"Miss Acton, do we have to go home now?" (at 3:30)

"May I come early in the morning and do some studying?"

Never was there a greater demand for teachers, and a need represents a call. In following the profession of teaching you are in a definite way following the example of the Master. Is it fair to the children of the denomination that they be instructed by those who know nothing of the principles of Christian teaching? We invite you to obtain your preparation with us.

THE SHEPHERD

(Concluded from page 6)

an under-shepherd. Jesus said: "I am the way." He was not like the weather-beaten sign-boards of the valley

roads that pointed the way only, with never a step toward the hills. He did not beckon away to say, "You go!" but He said, "I go, I am the way, you follow Me."

The prints of His footsteps led down, down, down from the precipitous heights, down to where His struggling, wounded, lost sheep lay. Although Himself Lord of universal wealth, He lived among the lowliest, fraternized with the most sinful and untoward, forbidden environment. Although men and cattle on a thousand hills were His, although Squire-Lord of creation, He was willing to drink the bitter cup in extreme soul anguish and in fearful terror, to endure the baptism of fire to save just one lost sheep.

The scene changed. The Chief-shepherd lay stricken, the sheep were without a shepherd, and an untold sorrow spread abroad among the under-shepherds. Their great love seemed overcome in mourning. Only a day had passed since their demonstration, and now their Shepherd was all alone in the midst of wolves! The very sons of Belial beat Him while He lay there helpless; lions of the Jordan jungle roared their threatening to devour Him. Wild bulls of Bashan swept down upon Him in their mercilessness.

"But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. . . . All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way: and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

May the God of peace that brought again from the dead that great "Shepherd of the sheep" help you, my young brother, sister, to vision the cost of your redemption. He, *He died*. He died for *you*, for YOU, YOU.

THE DISCOVERY OF JEAN CASTLE

MILDRED WARNER

BUT she always makes me feel so funny, girls." Beth Hilton was sitting on the bed in her cozy room in the dormitory. All of "the girls" were gathered there. Beth's room was the meeting place of the clan and each evening they gathered there to talk over the affairs of the day. They were all present now: Lillian Emory, Elaine Freeman, the twins Nita and Rita Bennett, and Constance Brown. They were sitting on all the available chairs, and the twins, finding no place left, were seated on pillows on the floor. A heated conversation seemed to be going on in which everyone was trying to take part.

"She always acts so superior and sort of cold that I never feel like being nice to her," complained Constance.

"And it wouldn't be so bad," Lillian contributed, "if she weren't really so brilliant and clever as she seems to think she is."

"I have certainly tried to be nice to her," said Nita resignedly, "but just this morning as I was coming down from breakfast, I met her and said 'Hello Jean' just as nice as anything and she looked at me just as she does and said, 'Good morning, Miss Bennett.' I for one am ready to give up."

"I think so too," said Beth spiritedly. "If she doesn't want to be friendly, I am sure she needn't."

Beth was the acknowledged leader of the group and her word went a long way with her followers, so this time they were ready to agree with her. But Elaine looked up with a little frown between her eyes. "You know girls," she said slowly, "I hardly

think that that is fair. She may have some reason for being so aloof, and maybe if we treat her just a little more friendly for a while she will unbend."

"Maybe so," Beth replied, "but I doubt it, and I am tired of trying to be nice to an iceberg. Now shall we or shall we not ask her to be chairman of the committee for our entertainment?"

"She surely is better fitted for the position than any of us are," admitted Lillian, "so—"

"Oh, there go the lights," cried the twins in unison, "We'll have to hurry and decide one way or the other."

At last it was agreed that they should ask "the princess" as they called her, to serve as chairman of the committee which was to arrange for the program to be given in honor of the president of the school. Then the girls all scurried off to their respective rooms.

The subject of the debate was at this particular moment a far different girl than they knew. She was crying broken-heartedly into her pillow. Jean Castle was thinking over the day. It seemed to her that she would never get to be friendly with the girls, and she had to admit that to some extent it was her own fault; but she *would not* have them prying into her affairs, and she was so afraid that they would find out about Roland or maybe they already knew about him and were pitying her. At last, completely exhausted, she fell asleep.

The program was a great success.

(Continued on page 23)

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

COLLEGEDALE

HELEN JEANNE SAWERS

HAVE you never known of a place that owed its very existence to faith? Then read of "Collegedale." It's a wonderful place with a wonderful history.

It is nestled among the hills of Tennessee—out where the soul grows big, and where every day brings new revelations of a God who delights in beauty and quietness. There is inspiration, power, and steadying strength in the hills and that is why "Collegedale" means so much to those who have been there.

"Yes," I hear you say, "It's the people that make the place." As a people they are literally "faith-ful." That "faith knows no defeat," has always been proved true by them. Never has a campaign failed. They always go "over the top" with enough left over to start something else.

Well do I remember when the students undertook to raise enough money to finish the girls' dormitory. The closing day of the campaign came and still there was a large deficit. The president called a meeting that night and quickly the needed sum was raised. How? By self-sacrifice and faith. And it has always been so. In Sabbath School offerings, Harvest Ingathering campaigns and missionary work, "Collegedale" holds an enviable re-

cord. So far, the high standard she has set has never been lowered. She stands forth as an example of what a group of consecrated teachers and students can do when they all work together whole-heartedly for the good of the institution.

Then there are the vesper services held every Friday evening. Somehow God has used those services to His glory, for there is no other influence in the lives of the students so wonderfully strong and sweet. The troubles and doubts of the week slip away, and peace, God's peace, settles down over the school for the day of rest. Does it pay to pray earnestly in simple faith, for one's room-mate or friend? I don't have to answer, for one Friday evening that person quietly took his stand for Jesus, and as I look back over the years I spent there, the happiest, most sacred memories cling around the vesper hour.

So friends, let us work for "Collegedale" and pray for it too, and have the pleasure of seeing it a strong factor in this Message.

"In character, in manner, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity."

"I will go anywhere, provided that it is forward."—*David Livingstone*

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

This is how Dr. Arthur T. Pierson would answer you

EDUCATION is from the Latin verb *e-duco*—"to lead out." We educate the mind not by loading the memory with new facts or massing together items of knowledge, but by disciplining or drilling the mental powers, leading them out into a true development, fitting them for use. "Education is not a dead mass of accumulations, but power to work with the brain." The nearer man approaches to a truly great culture the more will the very vastness of his acquisition, like the massiveness of St. Peter's Church at Rome, be lost in the perfection of his mental symmetry.

He is an educated man who has learned how successfully to use his own faculties, so as to make the hand cunning and skillful in work, the tongue instructive and persuasive in speech, the pen attractive and effective in composition. Whether or not he may have been born with an inspiring and brilliant genius; whether or not he may have been coursed, in the antique chariot of classic studies, round the curriculum of a collegiate culture—if, by patience and perseverance, he learns, like Franklin, to draw forth the subtle fluids of thought, and with them flash intelligence across the night of ignorance, and startle the unthinking with the shock of intellectual life, he is an educated man, and has reached the goal of mental culture. Milton defined education as "that which fits a man, justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, to fill any office in private or public life, church or state." No man's preparatory training is complete until he is ready for service, prepared to use his brain with power. It is unwise to unduly hurry into those activities which, for effectiveness, demand studious discipline; for, as Milton said again, "I care not how late I come into life, only so that I come fit."

To be an honest student, if it be only of God's unwritten book of nature, is to expand and ennoble the mind. The contemplation of the starry heavens led Kepler to exclaim with rapture: "O Almighty God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee!" How can he continue to have a small, weak mind who, walking along the milky way, treads the path of the infinities and eternities? The wisest and best of Books encourages and exalts all true culture, teaching us that it makes our "sons" as "strong" and beautiful "plants grown up in their youth," and our "daughters as polished stones,"—the uncouthness of native talent shaped and softened by the tools of education into beautiful symmetry.

—Taken from *Life Power*.

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THANKSGIVING

YEARS ago our forefathers instituted the custom of Thanksgiving. They were not rich in this world's goods; they lacked the luxuries and conveniences of our day, yet they felt constrained to set aside a time to thank God.

Following the example of these men, we each year celebrate Thanksgiving Day. But there is danger that this celebration may resolve itself into nothing but a selfish feast. Perhaps you do not feel in the thankful mood. Things may not go along as smoothly as you would like. Lessons are hard-

er than you had anticipated; they hold you to your tasks day and night, with little opportunity for recreation. Perhaps you feel that you have not made the friends you might have; perhaps you feel that other students are cold and distant. You may have to work long hours between study time to earn the money to help pay for tuition. So you may be tempted to think you know of nothing for which to be thankful.

A very good way to stimulate the thankful mood is to do some supposing. Suppose you had been forced to stay away from school altogether this

year. Suppose you had had to remain on the farm, in the office, or at home. Then you would say, "How happy I should be if I could just go to school and prepare myself for some useful place in the Lord's work."

Many young people are saying just that today. Some of us have said it in the past. But now we are indeed the favored few. Happy indeed are we to attend a Christian school, to mingle with God-fearing young people in the beautiful surroundings of our college. This Thanksgiving may we appreciate our blessings and show our thankfulness to the Giver of all good by improving every opportunity for advancement that school-life offers.

G. L.

INGATHERINGS

AUTUMN is a season of ingatherings. Crops are harvested and put up for the winter. Young people resume their school work, "gathering in" to enjoy the privileges of student life. The living green of the woods is transformed into delicate shades of superb beauty, and nature gathers in her harvest.

For a number of years W. M. C. has had a most interesting ingathering of funds for world-wide missions. We have not forgotten that many of those who have gone from our friendly circle are now devoting their talents, their vitality, their very life to service for mankind in mission fields. Because of an intimate relation with the fields beyond, we gladly respond to the call, and engage heartily in the Harvest Ingathering work.

We are interested in meeting people who are not acquainted with our college, and in telling them of the missionary work of our school. Our friends have been very loyal to us, and they desire to have a part in helping to send our graduates to needy mission lands.

Two years ago W. M. C. launched an effective campaign, receiving gifts amounting to over \$2,000. Each year since has meant progress. This year a goal of \$2,500 has been agreed upon, and students and teachers are eager to see this goal realized.

But the financial side of the campaign is not proving to be the all-absorbing feature; rather, an interest is being aroused to help those who need help, and to do practical missionary work. This campaign with all practical work of this kind is a vital factor in our student life. It is a training of inestimable value. Therefore we have joined unitedly to make this year's Harvest Ingathering a success.

H. B. H.

"Is it hard for you to begin a new piece of work? Dash in. After the first dash it's easy. Don't fear a thing because it is new; don't despise it because it is old."

"The real force of a man's character must be measured by its weakest place."

"Not wealth, but the ability to meet difficult conditions, is the measure of a man."

FROST BITES

The appeal of a rich and mellow harvest moon could not be resisted Saturday night, so the faculty allowed the students to take an old-fashioned hike. At seven-thirty, one hundred young people, assembled in front of Columbia Hall all eager to start. Soon, a long line of students with Dr. Salisbury at the head, began to wind its way along the banks of the Sligo. The sound of laughter was like music on the still night air. The happiness of the evening was increased when all joined in games giving opportunity for vigorous exercise.

October 20 proved too fine a day to keep the South Hall girls in. After securing automobiles to accommodate all the girls, we rode through Rock Creek Park. The drive was beautiful, for the leaves were of every imaginable color, — red, yellow, brown, green, etc. We picked some of the prettiest of them to decorate our hall with. It was hard to have to come home finally, but we felt that we could study better for our afternoon's outing.

Prof. Lacey who has just returned from a tour of the Orient, spoke to the China Mission band, Friday evening, October 13. Prof. Lacey told the members of the band of the three-fold preparation necessary for a would-be missionary. A sound physique is very important, for a missionary sent home on account of poor health means money wasted in the mission treasury. To meet the objections of highly educated and intelligent followers of false religions, the gospel worker must have a well-informed mind. But above all, unless the missionary has a firm hold on God, he will be unable to stand up against the heathen darkness, and will fall a prey to temptation. Now is our opportunity to develop these three sides of our nature, and to prepare for efficient service at home and abroad.

“We'll now have reports from the leaders of the different Harvest Ingathering bands that went out yesterday,” said President Sevens, addressing the highly expectant group of students gathered in chapel Wednesday morning, October 19. After all the leaders had reported and we found we had over \$800.00, opportunity was given for personal testimony. Some had found it hard rowing the day before. Mr. Dillie Sun, our student from the Far East, told how he had visited the Chinese restaurants, and had succeeded in raising \$50.00. Miss Lois Kamoda told that she and her brother had as a personal goal to visit all the Japanese-speaking families in Washington. Every student was enthusiastic and glad when we were promised another field day. We just know we're going to reach our \$25,000.00 goal this year!

That the teachers of W. M. C. know how to show their students a good time was ably demonstrated Saturday night, October 29, when they gave an entertainment in the gymnasium. The room was decorated with leaves and cornstalks, and the lamps were shaded with colored paper. A short musical program was followed by several intellectual games, and all present declared that the evening had indeed been both enjoyable and profitable.

These glorious autumn days we all love to be out of doors and enjoy nature. Realizing that our Sabbath days have been rather overburdened with meetings, the faculty has changed the Missionary Volunteer meeting from Sabbath afternoon to every other Friday night. But although the meetings are only held every other week, the members work faithfully every week, and every day in the week that opportunity presents.

An unusual birthday celebration marked a very interesting meeting of the Missionary Volunteer Society, Friday evening, Oct. 21. This day was the seventy-seventh anniversary of our Message. Mr. Stearns reminded us in a very earnest talk, of the devotion, the consecration, the unselfishness, and intense spirituality of the early pioneers. He pictured to us the feelings and hopes of these early Adventists just seventy-seven years ago, as they waited for their Lord to come. He inspired us to make as deep a consecration in our lives as these men had. After a call to consecration by Mr. Johnson and Mr. Carter, many testified to their purpose to devote their all to the great Cause that these early pioneers so heroically furthered.

North Hall parlor is looking more home-like since the new curtains have been put up and the other attractive additions have been put in.

Will October 17 soon be forgotten? Hardly! Especially by the boys of North Hall, for it was on this eventful date that the North Hall inmates entertained themselves in their newly furnished parlor. In addition to recreation, games, and music, some light refreshments were served, making the evening homelike and enjoyable.

The Christian Help band did some splendid work on Sabbath afternoon October 22. Professor Wolfkill took four of the young men to Rockville where they gave away about 300 of last years' Harvest Ingathering papers. The members of this band surely are working!

We have word from China of the arrival of a little stranger, Howard Jr., to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Shull. Mr. Shull is a graduate of W. M. C., being a member of the class of '20.

THE DISCOVERY OF JEAN CASTLE

(Continued from page 17)

Jean had such a distinguished air that she impressed her colleagues with her ability, and besides she really was talented along many lines and had great ability as an organizer. Her part of

the program was the most highly applauded, and due to her untiring work the whole entertainment was one of the best the school had ever given. She was congratulated on all sides, but she did not seem to lose any of her haughty air and was as aloof as ever.

A few nights later the girls were again gathered in Beth's room, discussing, among other things the program which was now past. Suddenly there came a sharp knock at the door and the preceptress quickly came in.

"Have any of you girls seen Jean Castle?" she asked anxiously. "She went out for a walk this afternoon and has not come back yet, and there is such a storm coming up that I am afraid she will be caught."

The storm which had been gathering all afternoon suddenly struck the building. The windows shook and the rain beat upon them with such force it almost seemed that they would be broken. The trees moaned and the wind whistled around the corners of the building. The girls looked at one another with startled faces. If Jean were out in this she certainly was in a bad predicament if not in real danger. "You had better have her bed ready," said Mrs. Stone as she hurried out to give orders for a searching party to find the missing girl.

About an hour later the searching party returned, carrying the half-drowned Jean. She had been walking without thinking much of where she was going. Too late she had noticed the approaching storm. She had started to turn back and hasten homeward, but in a few moments the storm had broken and she was caught in the midst of it. When the searchers found

her she was drenched and almost unable to go any farther.

They carried her to her room, put her to bed, and called the doctor. Then began a long seige of sickness for Jean. Pneumonia set in. Several times the doctors came from the sick room with grave faces and could give the girls waiting outside no encouraging statement. They did not need Elaine's unselfish nature to make them friendly to Jean now. On the night of the crisis they sat in Beth's room, a white-faced little group, thinking of their recent coldness to the stricken girl, and reproaching themselves bitterly. Then and there they made a firm resolve that if Jean were allowed to live they would be her friends. They knew she wanted to be friendly and was lonely, for during the time when the fever had made her unconscious she had said over and over again how lonely she was.

Jean lived; and the girls spared no effort to do everything they could to make her convalescence pleasant. They kept flowers in her room; they brought her dainties to eat; and every day at least one of them went in to visit her. Jean unbent under the spell.

After all, she thought, "Why not tell them all about it and then maybe I will feel better." They were so good to her and she did want to be their friend.

For their part the girls all agreed enthusiastically that she was a dear. "I knew she was nice if we only knew

her," said Elaine. Beth hugged her. "You are the only friendly one of us," she said. "The rest of us are the most hateful creatures I ever saw."

At last the day came when Jean was allowed to sit up and receive all the girls. They all filed in: Beth, Lillian, Elaine, Constance, and the twins. Standing in mock ceremony beside her bed Beth started to make her little speech, but Jean interposed.

"Girls," she said slowly, "I want to tell you something. You have all been so lovely to me and I have been so horrid to you I want to tell you why I acted so. I know there is no excuse that really counts, but I thought there was and I was so unhappy. My brother Roland has been rather wild, but he is good-hearted. Truly he is. He associated with a group of richer and wilder boys than he, and to pay off some of his debts, he took some money from the bank where he worked. He was caught and put in prison and I just couldn't get over the shock of it. When I came here to school I imagined that everyone was thinking about it or would find it out or something. But he will soon be out and then I know he will do right. Girls I do want you to like me and I am so sorry that I acted cold."

Beth leaned over suddenly and kissed Jean, then said, "Jean, we are here to form a new association, namely, the 'Perfect Seven' and *you* are going to be the perfect seventh."

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

AS OUR TEACHERS SEE US

ALBERT L. CHANEY

THERE is a little booklet published containing advice to college students. Along with some valuable information on the most approved methods of "bluffing" and the fine art of "cramming" for "finals," there is much space devoted to the varieties of professors to be found in the average college, and the ways in which to handle them successfully. Some, it says, are to be distinctly avoided, for they have an uncanny knack of discovering the victim's lack of knowledge.

It seems too bad for the benefit of teachers that there has not been something written along a similar line with respect to students. Most teachers have to gain their insight into human nature by long and sad experience, but they eventually find there are about as many types of students as there are professors.

In the first place you may be surprised to learn that nearly all students work. Of course they may not all work for the same ends. There are those who work for credit and who try most conscientiously to follow out the advice given in the above mentioned booklet—blissfully ignorant of the possibility that the professor has met one of his kind before. They waste much mental energy thinking out devices for obtaining a painless educa-

tion. If you are looking for real mental effort, try cramming for an algebra examination after having neglected class work for six weeks!

Then there are the students who work for grades. Among them are the faithful students who can recite whole paragraphs and passages, *en bloc*, from a text book on physics, awakening in the teacher mingled feelings of pity and admiration. Needless to say such students save the teachers much trouble in formulating questions. Some of them, however, make up for it in other ways, for example, in tracking the teacher outside of school hours for minor details of assignments, for they have the mistaken idea that grades are based upon carrying out the teachers requirements with exactitude.

Of course there are students who do not seem to work at all, either for credits or grades. I do not see why they should pretend to be students, for any penalties inflicted along the line of grades do not seem to disturb them in the least. Fortunately, these latter are few and far between.

Once in a while we find a student who, although he appears to be engrossed in day-dreaming or worse misdemeanors, always reserves sufficient of his attention so that he sur-

prises the teacher by the extent of knowledge absorbed.

There is another well-known type of student who endeavors to furnish amusement for the class, and generally with little success. The real humor of the class usually arises from unexpected sources.

Now I suppose you would like to know which kind of a student a teacher likes best. It is not always the most brilliant student who is apt to be over-conscious of his attainments, nor yet the student who brings a tale of woe of how much time he has put on the assignment. I think the average teacher likes the average student best, not necessarily the student with an abundance of knowledge, but one with a willingness to work, and with some idea of what he wishes to learn. In this class belong the majority of students, and this is indeed fortunate, for that is what makes teaching so enjoyable a profession. The student who endeavors to give a reasonable amount of his attention in class and a little outside will be sure to awaken a favorable reaction on the part of the teacher.

SANITARIUM

The annual alumni banquet was held September 27. About eighty persons were served. We were glad to welcome twenty-one new members of the class of 1921. We know they will all prove loyal members and work for W. S. H.

October 14-17 ten members of the class of '21 took the state examinations at Baltimore for registration. May success attend their efforts.

The new addition to the hospital annex is nearing completion.

CHEERFULNESS

"Cheerfulness is a small virtue, it is true, but it sheds such a brightness around us in this life that neither clouds nor rain can dispel its happy influence."

"A grave man is endured, a sorrowful man is pitied, and a morose character is detested."

"A solemn face used to be considered a mark of piety. But today true religion is reflected in bright faces. Morality is not a sad condition, but a happy one."

"The deep thinkers are by no means self-secluded grouches. Thought comes of vigor, and it invigorates in turn. The best and wisest things are said and written by men and women who mingle joyously with others."

"Why think it necessary to look upon a melancholy disposition as meritorious? It may well be regarded as a nuisance."

"Why should we think that we are promoting our interests in this world or commending ourselves for the next by an exhibition of melancholy?"

"And yet intense solemnity is about the only morality or religion in a large part of mankind even today."

"Cheer up!"

"Nature has made a sense of humor a distinctive mark of humanity. Man is the only animal that laughs."

"The dog, who smiles by wagging his tail and would laugh if he could, has a better nature than the man so melancholy that he would not laugh if he could and could not if he would."

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wear

Silver Lenses
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¶ When you have printing to do, job or otherwise, call COLUMBIA 4027, ask for the manager of the Printing Department, making your wishes known, and they will be most courteously and promptly attended to.

¶ Mail samples of your wants with full particulars and we will cheerfully give estimates.

**Quality
Quick service**

Washington Missionary College Press

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