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SLIGONIAN



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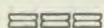
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Washington Missionary College

HARVEY A. MORRISON, President

Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

James Leland, Editor

Myrtle Brown, Associate Editor

OUR PROGRESS

IT SEEMS but a few days since we were looking forward with pleasure and anticipation to the opening of the college year. Time has slipped by so rapidly that we can hardly realize that the larger part of the year has passed, and we are now making plans for the closing exercises of the school. Our office mail is a terse reminder of the fact that not only are we nearing the closing of another college year but that the opening of the next year is not so far away, for we are receiving letters almost daily from individuals that are looking toward W. M. C. for 1924-25.

I have just received letters from two students in California, several from Texas, aside from a large number in our immediate territory, making inquiry about the coming year. This is a small indication of the interest that we see manifested in Washington Missionary College. A year ago we hoped that we would have a large increase for the year 1923-24. Our increase was nearly twenty-five per cent. If we should make the same percentage of increase for the next year, it would bring our enrolment up to 400, or a little more. A year ago we were making plans for extensions and enlargements. A large number of individuals were employed last summer working on these plans. We have them now practically completed, and everything is in readiness for those that come to us in 1924. Better equipment in science laboratories, new equipment and enlargement in our industrial shops, a splendid home economics equipment, en-

larged facilities in library, greatly enlarged dormitories, dining room, etc. This together with the location of Washington Missionary College makes it an ideal place for young people to come for their college education. The opportunity to come in close contact with those returning from our mission fields, and the close association with the leaders of the denomination is indeed a splendid asset. Our highest purpose is to interest our young people in the larger and higher things of life. The spiritual tone, the missionary spirit, have grown into prominence, and we anticipate the best for 1924. Fortunate indeed is the one who has this opportunity. If it does not appear to be yours, put forth extra effort and claim it as your own.

HARVEY A. MORRISON,
President.

BECOMING WISE

THE progress of going through school is merely an exchange era in one's life. It is a process in which the individual exchanges the vacuum-filled cells in his cerebrum for cells filled with gray matter. It is a revelation, at which time he finds, much to his astonishment, the small capacity of that little pint container on the top of his shoulders. It is then that he is brought face to face with the fact that that all-knowableness, which made him the leading star in the little jerk-water hamlet, or the captain of the Debating society in the Up-town Alley Hall, is an unnecessary element in college

life, and must be rooted out and cast aside before he can be numbered among the pious Seniors and Alumni. The preponderate realities are forced upon him: He must not only cultivate his mind, but must also have it grubbed, hoed, harrowed, ploughed, and raked.

During college life many discoveries are made. Greatest among these discoveries is, no doubt, when Freshman meets Freshman, and they both find out, for the first time, that the number of wise men in the world is two instead of one. The longer he remains in school the broader must this concept become. His first generalization is plucked in full bloom and he is forced to accept second generalization: That there are many whose mental capacities are not so far inferior to his. If he stays in college long enough, even this second generalization will be nipped in the bud; not only to be replaced by a third; That, after all, man is not so wise; and when put to a test, there are few things he really knows. In fact, he cannot prove he really exists; he merely has the rest of the world accepting his existence by faith, because of the disturbance he is making in it.

More than that, college life prepares a man for the job in which he wishes to engage. There is one fact, however, that many persons overlook in this phase of college life. A course will not necessarily put him at the top of the ladder of success. When he finishes school and enters life, he will have to begin at the bottom and work up, as if he had had no education. He is not a full-fledged professional when he finishes school. His training should have proved to him whether he was a square or a round "peg." Then, when he finishes, he will have merely to look for the kind of work that suits his nature. The greatest, and yet most

common, mistake in life is trying to force a "square peg" in a "round hole." Everyone cannot be a doctor; nor can everyone be a minister, or a lawyer; but each must do the work he likes best, and which "likes him best."

Friend, if you have never finished school, have you ever thought of re-attending? Has the thought of sitting in the presence of the givers of wisdom ever entered your mind? There is nothing that can replace the days of college life! The august presence of the teachers is pleasing. That effulgent emanation of wisdom that continually pervades the atmosphere about them is an inspiration! If you have noble aspirations, and are not in the right "hole," why not number yourself with the students of W. M. C. next year? J. L.

"MORRISON'S PILLS"

Thomas Carlyle, in discussing economic conditions of England in his day, and the necessary measures to remedy these unsatisfactory conditions, said it would be a fine thing if someone could feed England some Morrison's Pills, thus ameliorating the life of the Englishmen; but he further states that such is impossible, for "earth's pharmacopoeia" does not contain a pill suitable for such needs. However, W. M. C., unlike England, does not have the misfortune of lacking in such pills.

When a man's physical machinery starts to "misfire" and the individual organs, with one accord, take a vacation, the man becomes somewhat mentally agitated and seeks the where-with-all to coax the organs "back on the job" again. He somewhat feverishly calls in a doctor to examine him. All through the examination he inquires, nervously, "Doctor, is a blood vessel

(Concluded on page 20)

YE COLLEGE DAYS

WE OFTEN hear the remark, "My school days were the happiest days of my life." How much truth in the statement, for school days are happy days, and how we miss the daily routine from "rising bell" to "lights out" when summer vacation comes! How fondly we treasure the recollections of feeds and hikes, of college rhetoric debates and physics lab, the boys' reception and the annual picnic, that five-thousand word thesis "due Monday" or the semester exams!

Yet, with all the pleasure of the present there is always anticipation of a Commencement sometime in the future. For after all, we come to college that we may learn to be useful and happy all our lives. The days, weeks, months, and years are the many wheels in a great machine which smooths and polishes the lives of boys and girls. Educating young people is much like finishing a piano; the inner mechanism may be ever so good but one would hardly buy it in the raw, unfinished mahogany case. Just so before girls and boys can be most useful, before they can find their place in the world they must go through the sandpapering and polishing processes.

If you would know the "whys" for a college training read Mr. Campbell's article entitled "Education" in this issue. There is just one additional comment that I would offer: by studying statistics we learn that co-eds stand at the top of the list for happy marriages, which fact proves that during the years spent in school something constructive is done along the lines of teaching young people to interpret and sympathize with human nature, and not only that but how to understand and "get along" with individuals.

Would you cultivate in your garden of memories a wealth of joyful reminiscences?

IN MEMORIAM

Kenneth Reginald Angrave Lacey was born in Healdsburg, California, on his father's birthday, November 15, 1903; and died in his father's arms February 28, 1924. He fell asleep peacefully, trusting in Jesus as his personal Saviour and with an assured hope of a blessed immortality through Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

His sorrowing relatives,—father, mother, an elder brother, and two sisters,—mourn his death, but with a grief that is glorified with the happy expectation of meeting him again in the morning of that glad day when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." A large circle of sympathizing friends and acquaintances also mourn his death.

Kenneth was a boy of fine principles and character. He scorned everything that savored of the unworthy or the ignoble; and early set himself to achieve a high standard in his studies and manual labors. His teachers all testify to the uniform excellence of his scholastic efforts; and his energetic devotion to his physical toils, by which he earned the means necessary to keep him at college and maintain a financial independence, was probably a contributory cause to his breakdown on the very verge of manhood.

About the beginning of October last, he was found suffering with a form of nephritis, which was thought at first to be acute but soon found to be chronic. All that the highest medical skill and loving care could do to check the progress of this insidious disease, was done, but unavailingly.

Several weeks before his death, Kenneth gave himself to the Lord in simple trust, writing on the flyleaf of his "Steps to Christ" the words, "This morning I gave my life to the Lord, so that He can use me as He sees fit. May I ever be faithful to Him."

Would you build into your structure of experience, the kind of material that will make you efficient in service and therefore happy because you know yourself a success?

Come to W. M. C., and in addition to the benefits of an education in a Christian co-ed college you will find many educational and cultural advantages existing only at the Nation's Capital.

M. A. B.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Confessions of a Vocal Artist

An Interview with Prof. J. W. Osborn

Reported by Roy Williams

TO HAVE a large black cat assist in a vocal recital is exceedingly novel, to say the least. But it actually happened at one of my first public appearances in Washington.

It all took place at a ministerial effort held in Georgetown by some students of W. M. C. The program was arranged, and it was decided that I should give a vocal solo just after the opening of the meeting, singing two verses of a well known selection.

The audience had gathered and the meeting was opened. Then my time came to sing. As I took my place at the front of the rostrum I noticed just before me in the second row, next to the center aisle, a gray-haired elderly lady dressed in the quaint full clothes of days gone by. She wore an exceedingly voluminous skirt of black broadcloth, and a short jacket. On her head was one of those insignificant black bonnets which we see in pictures of grandmother's day.

While I was singing the first verse, the swinging door at the rear of the room opened and a large black cat sedately entered. Pausing a moment to look around it stalked up the aisle in the most dignified manner that a cat can assume. As it neared the rostrum a series of mournful me-ows told the audience that the solo

was now a duet, with the cat carrying the melody.

With difficulty I kept on, hoping some kind providence would interfere. My assistant rambled on, till he was at the side of the elderly lady's seat. At this point the old lady turned, and seeing the cat started "shooing" and "scatting" at the irresponsible animal. I breathed a sigh of relief, as the animal beat a hasty retreat.

The second verse was started with a feeling that all was well and that the day was saved. I determined to thank the kindly soul, at the end of the meeting, for her timely interference.

I looked toward the far end of the room, and was startled by seeing the door move very slowly. Fascinated, I watched as a small black nose came slowly through the opening. My friend the cat insisted on favoring us with an encore.

With caution, he entered. Hesitating just a moment to see if all was well, he again resumed his former dignified manner, and with tail erect, proudly marched down the aisle a second time, to the tune of my solo.

My former deliverer had been on the lookout to see if the cat returned. She rose indignant, as the cat, engaged in voiciferous vocal exertions, came toward her. The elderly lady flew into action

when the disturber had advanced far enough. With a sweeping flourish of her long black skirts, she charged down the aisle toward the black intruder. Grasping her skirt firmly at the sides she shook it, at the same time stamping her feet, and "shooing" and "scatting," as loud as she could.

The cat fled, precipitately, one might say. It was a headlong rush for safety from the black-clad avenger. The race down the aisle to the door was won by the cat and it left us for good.

Needless to say the effect of the vocal solo on the congregation was absolutely nil. I stumbled through the last chorus as best I could and sat down just as the old lady proudly returned to her seat and sat down with the satisfied air of a returned Crusader.

THE HAND AT THE CROSSROAD

THEO. G. WEIS

When the street of life is crowded
With the freight of earthly care;
All the joys of peaceful living
Swept away by mamon's glare.
Naught in nature that can guide you;
Naught in friends to cheer you on,
You are crushed to utter ruin,
Life to you has lost its song.

In the dust of desolation
You are sinking all alone;
God, your Refuge and your Keeper,
Changed His heart of love to stone.
Clouds are dark, the sun is hidden,
Not a beam of hope for you;
And the loved ones of your household
Turn against you—are untrue.

Then, my friend, in your misfortune,
Turn to God in earnest prayer;
You have come to life's great crossroad,
Watch the hand that guides you there.
Not the path you have been traveling,
But decisions that you make,
When you come to life's great crossroad,
Will for you your future stake.
Take His nail-pierced hand in thine
Take His nail-pierced hand in thine
And with cheer at life's great crossroad,
Follow Him, for He's Divine.

BEHIND THE GATE IN THE LIBRARY

AND this is the library." We hope the visitor is duly impressed by the sight of studious bent heads, packed bookshelves and the ominous silence that pervades the room. These last three phrases represent an ideal library from an exterior viewpoint. Unfortunately the ominous silence does not pervade indefinitely, nor the heads remain bent—except together. Until we get an addition to the library however, the bookshelves will no doubt continue to overflow.

Inasmuch as quietness is the first law of the library, it is the painful duty of the custodian to see its execution, in spite of animated preparation of debates, industrious co-operative trig. students, the hilarious reunion of old friends, and extemporaneous Senior class meetings. We wish the little hand bell were installed once more on the desk. Its cheerful rebuke would save so much energy on the part of the custodian in charge.

"Where is the morning's paper?" "Does the library subscribe to the *Atlantic Monthly*? It's not on the rack." "Would you please get me nine-two-four-point-twenty-nine B sixteen, or four-six-nine B nineteen?" "Do you have a ruler?" "What makes it so cold in here?" "Is there an elastic in that drawer?" "Please give me that blue book right there." "Well, *why* can't I come in' just look on the shelf?" These varied queries are gladly fulfilled but we are a bit puzzled at the confident request such as, "The Book is 'Mosheim' I think—something like that. That's all I got of it. Maybe that's the author."

Laboratory work accompanies the custodian period, such as checking books on the shelves and locating the missing. Some books, unfortunately, are entire strangers

to the library, not having been returned from their summer vacation. Some others might be classed as "shut ins," being covered with a surprising amount of dust and shielded from the curious by a musty cobweb. Mosheim was fortunately rescued from this state.

Reference books are the greatest cause of grey hairs on the heads of professors, librarian and students, excepting those who are the peaceful possessors. It is astonishing how unconscious these individuals are of holding the books when reminded they are overdue. DOROTHY BARTLET.

Broken Hearts

THEO. G. WEIS

MY GOOD friend, the editor informed me sometime ago that he desired a write up on the "effects of examination week." Writing for magazines of course is my hobby. I would just as soon write as eat. I realize too that such a subject as "examination week" is a very essential topic, at least for a school magazine. But the idea of the subject being forced upon me without any leeway whatsoever, seemed severe. I remonstrated, yes, I rebuked him for even suggesting it to me. But he wouldn't listen.

This subject of "effect of examinations" could of course be dealt with in an infinite number of ways. Probably I should write upon how it affected the teachers, or how it affected students in general, or someone in particular. I could tell of general results of examination week or the like. This article could be entitled "bulging skulls" and it might fit. It might be called a big "A" or a big "F." But I have chosen the subject of "broken hearts." Probably the very title will add a touch of romance to this undesirable subject. Of course I will be severely criticized for doing this, and even the editor will question my ability as a journalist (in which he is justified). "Broken Hearts" of course always remind us of some sad hap-

pening of the past. Flashes of bereavement return to our memory and, in vision as it were, we hear the last strains of the "Dead March" in "Saul." Probably some minds will go back to some sad event that ended a worthy friendship, others to a time which ended a class attendance and resulted in an "F." Both of course are romances of their kind. They bring broken hearts and make Handel a very dear artist to us just because of one part of his so famous opera. If broken hearts have anything to do with examination week some hearts must be cracked wide open. Some are heartbroken to think their teachers were so good to them, and others are grief stricken to think they were so severe. If some had their way some of the doctors and professors would be held up for cruelty to dumb animals. (It's of course human nature to blame some one else beside yourself.) Our professors, knowing this, are able to evade the question easily. We sure have no drought of exams—we have showers of them. Honestly my teachers take delight in dishing out the most heart-breaking grades that I have ever seen. Considering myself such a very smart fellow, I seldom study until the night before exams and then I just burn the candle on both ends and sleep on books, etc. If

my observation has been just, there are others in this "student world" just like me.

Of course a healthy man is not scared of such a minor event as an examination, so why study. Any man can withstand one exam a day. But when you have a line up like—Algebra, history, chemistry, language, all in one day, and in chapel the announcement is made that you will have psychology test that afternoon and observational astronomy that night why it breaks your heart. The night before you had been to a party and had just the dandiest time. Why you had forgotten there were books and you really considered yourself quite a student. Then here come those exams and spoil it all. Of course you simply can't take six exams in a day, why the teachers are in the wrong to require such an unfair thing of you. So you rush to Professor Damsgard and you firmly beg for algebra to come a day later. He'll of course just smile and say, "You're supposed to know it, there's no need of cramming." Then you rush to Professor Werline to see if he won't listen to your plea, but he is just as sympathetic and unmovable. You go to Professor Llorens and he smiles and says, "I'll give you I." Of course that stops all talk. You insist

upon your way and "carry on" to higher authority. You file your complaint at President Morrison's desk. You're accosted like this—"Aren't you prepared?" "No!" "Haven't you studied?" "No!!" "Well, that will have to be looked into. I think you had better be assigned a regular study period. You'll get your lessons better then, won't you?"

You're defeated! you're broken hearted. You must take all those exams and flunk just because you went to a party and forgot to study.—Sad world!

About this time spring fever catches you and you feel as restless as a bird only not so busy. You hate to go to the dormitory and the preceptor requires your presence. You receive another lecture on aimlessness. It's a severe world to a dodging man. You must agree, there is some truth in my bit of philosophy—One thing we all hate to do—study.

Remember this, figs don't grow on coconut trees, neither do "A's" on lazy hours. But roses will grow on rose bushes and broken hearts on stolen hours. Be your aim lowly or high, you can have one hundred per cent success if you believe in God and the eternal unit—an hour.

Education

V. H. CAMPBELL.

THE function of education is to prepare for complete living." (Spenser.) Education is defined as being the total of the qualities acquired through individual instruction and social training which furthers the happiness, efficiency and capacity of the one educated.

It may be roughly divided into three types: Book Education, that is reading,

studying, and schools as we commonly understand the term; Life, or the education that comes from living and doing; and the third a combination of these two.

If we consider book education we find it falls short of what a complete education should be. Its inclination is to foster lack of self-reliance, of good judgment, of initiative. It lacks adjustment to the stern

realities of life. Often there is no harmonious development of the mental and physical—no manual deftness. As Pope puts it, "Bookfull blockhead ignorantly read with lots of learned lumber in his head."

Pope must have had in mind one like the Englishman who had engaged Pat to row him across a large lake. "Pat," he said after they were well started, "did you ever study calculus?" "No," answered Pat, "I never did." "Well, Pat, did you ever study chemistry?" "No, sir," answered Pat. "Well, Pat, you have lost the half of your life!" After a few minutes Pat glanced over his shoulder, and seeing a summer storm coming said, "Sir, did you ever study how to swim?" "No, Pat, I never did," he replied. "Well, sir, you have lost the whole of your life," said Pat.

Actual experience or learning by living is better than mere instruction. Knowledge is Power; providing it is the right kind of knowledge at the right time. If you come face to face with a burly giant seething with anger, who draws back his fist ready to annihilate you in a single blow, how much good will it do you to know that this arm is drawn back because of the selective activities of the cortical cells, which in turn are governed by the subjective and objective conditions of association and attention that are influenced by previous concepts, idea in mind, purpose, etc., etc.? Nor is it likely that you would want to discuss the economic situation of Europe no matter how well informed you might be. Rather, what is needed just then is a practical knowledge of how to meet a difficult situation.

On the other hand if we consider education gained by living, we find it falls short in several ways. There is a lack of com-

plete mastery of the subject, of knowing all there is to know about it. It necessitates learning by your own experience, rather than by the experience of others. There is a lack of knowledge of any phase of the subject that has not been met with in personal experience, that causes the new or unexpected to handicap, in a measure, the one so educated. Further it conduces to a narrow and illiberal viewpoint of life, and a lack of vision of the things beyond the daily routine, a failure to see the higher and nobler things of life.

But in the combining of the two, each supplies what the other lacks. Work and study, practical and theoretical, make for the fully-developed, well-rounded man, who is justly entitled to be called educated, and who is ready to take his place in the world and be of service to his fellow men.

TYPES OF STUDENTS

[This article was written by request. The author's name is not given—also by request.—EDITOR.]

THE Worker. This kind selects his professions with great care. He is looking for some one that he can work. He appears to be greatly interested in the recitation, until he is asked questions, and at times remains a moment after class to express his great appreciation of the subject. When he was in the grades he used to bring an apple to the teacher. Now he finds he can save the apple and yet obtain the same result. He does not need to study. The teacher is profoundly impressed by his great interest and methods in minor matters of preparation.

The female of this species is really more effective than the male, and more numerous. No teacher can resist the engaging smile and pleading voice as an appeal is made for a "B." She really needs the "B"

to get enough honor points, and some of the other unfeeling teachers have had the temerity to give her "C's" and "D's," when she deserved all "A's" and "B's." So it is really an appeal for justice to make up for injustice.

The working student has many ways of plying his trade. At the right time he starts a discussion in class on one of the teacher's favorite topics. This is generally effective, though somewhat old, and some of the teachers have even caught on to the trick. Many other secrets could be divulged, but the writer desires to work them himself and premature publication might put some of the teachers on guard, and thus spoil the plan.

The Droppers. This one species of student wants to carry twenty-seven hours of work every semester. He knows he can do it. Why, that is nothing. He can do it and work four hours every afternoon and nine on Tuesdays. To cut him down to sixteen hours is really a crime. He is wasting his time doing so little when he could do twice as much. At last a compromise is made on seventeen hours and he goes away grieved with the stubbornness of the registration committee. The following week he tries to get permission to drop a three-hour class. Not that he could not do it, but health, you know, is very important.

Some students are experts in this line. They drop everything from chapel to department. Some drop Ancient History, because the dates go backward. Others find penmanship too hard and take up Latin instead. Dropping is a great indoor sport with them, especially popular around examination time.

Others of this same species are affected in a peculiar way. Apparently they are possessed with a mania for finding places to

drop money. They have discovered that they can drop out of class for several days and that the cost is only a dollar or two. Hence they proceed to spend their money in this economical and profitable way. They can also dispose of a few dollars extra by being late in their period settlement. Such opportunities they do not overlook. If they should put all this money in the Sabbath school collection, the envelope might burst. Such a calamity is entirely avoided by this simple method.

The Industrious Kind. This kind leads a busy life. Social duties press heavily upon them. Doings, dates and day dreams keep them occupied almost night and day. If it were not for his studies he might accomplish much more, but getting his lessons sometimes interferes seriously with his real object in coming to school. Even the meal has been known to be hurriedly disposed of that some important tete-a-tete might be attended to. This type of student is also very self-sacrificing. He is willing to give up a study-evening very much needed, with the consequent poor grade next day, that he may be of inspiration and help to some struggling artist like Galli Curci or Paderewski by attending their recitals. Such sacrifice and self-effacement should really be more appreciated than it is.

WORK

THEO. G. WEIS

When you are traveling
 Traveling on Life's weary road;
 When things are trying,
 And you're lifting alone on the load;
 When clouds are blackening,
 And thunder storms hang over you,
 'Twont pay to stand there idle dumb,
Dig in: work! and sunshine will come.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by Ray Kimble

The Vision Regained

WHAT a wretched day it had been! Everything seemed to go wrong. It had been twelve hours of confusion: everything of an unexpected and unusual nature had turned up, patients had seemed demanding and irritable, and we had to just rush in order to get the regular work finished and to provide for the unexpected happenings. At the close of such a day one always is left breathless, and worn out, physically and mentally. Even that is not all—for three long hours of classwork followed. Our studies are interesting, but after such a day when its confusion and discord are still resounding in our ears, and the mind seems too tired to make any effort whatever, it is hard to absorb the knowledge that is being placed before us. The end finally came, however, and as I walked slowly to the Nurses' Home the question came to me, "Is it worth while? Does the fact that one is a trained nurse, able to relieve suffering humanity, compensate for these three years of supreme effort of body and mind?" I almost doubted it; but I tried to put the thought from my mind, for I knew I was simply tired, and that the quiet and rest of my room would soon restore my equilibrium.

I was again disappointed, for the dormitory was not quiet that night. A radio across the Sligo was rendering a beautiful violin solo; besides that, I heard a lively march being played on the piano, and the

strumming of ukuleles in different rooms; a violent discord was produced. Inside there was perceptible the buzz and murmur of many voices, with here and there a burst of laughter. Snatches of conversation drifted to my ears. It was the news of the day as each one had seen it, with what this person had said, and what that one had done.

After I had reached my room and closed the door, I could not even then rid myself of that feeling of discord and confusion. It was still clinging tenaciously to me. What was the matter? I myself had many times contributed largely to that buzz of talking and laughter. If not that, I usually liked to sit in my room and listen to the different voices and sounds, but tonight all was different. I wished, as I lay down, to forget everything in the oblivion of sleep, but even that was not granted. The thought insisted on returning. "Does it pay? Is it really 'worthwhile' to spend three years in training to be a nurse?"

The lights went out. The murmur of voices gradually died away, and the big house was at rest. A silver moonbeam stole in through the open window and shone upon my bed. The cool night breeze refreshed me, and I felt strangely calmed. I bowed my head a moment in a heart-felt prayer to God for the peace which had come to me. Then I seemed to be carried off in a deep swoon. I looked up—was it real? Yes, an angel stood be-

fore me, his face like a shining light, and his flowing robes and sweeping wings gleaming in the moonlight.

"I have been sent from the throne above to help you find the vision which you have lost," he began in a clear, sweet voice. "Come with me. You shall see many places ere we return."

Together we were borne out on the soft, cool, night air. I was not alarmed. In some way it all seemed a matter-of-course, and I felt strangely happy.

We appeared to be standing at a central point from which many roads led. Each of these roads was filled with people—some rushing, others loitering, some happy, others sad. The angel looked at me with his deep, piercing eyes, and with a sweep of his arm including all of these roads, he said, "This mass of humanity is your people, the ones who make your work 'worthwhile.' That you may see more clearly we shall travel with them for awhile."

We turned down one of the paths. The air grew hot, stifling, and unbearable. Tall buildings loomed before us. They were literally jammed one against the other, and were disreputable looking. Children swarming through the streets, men lounging at front doors, women and babies on fire escapes trying to get a breath of fresh air, sounds of quarrelling and cursing, offensive odors, signs of degradation, disease, and sickness on every hand plainly indicated that we were in the tenement section of the city. The angel looked at me, and, although he did not speak, I realized he was mentally asking, "Is it not 'worthwhile' to relieve such wretchedness as this?"

We passed on to a crowded city school-room, where the teacher was vainly struggling with the problems of hygiene, as well as with the education of her children; on to a mansion where young people,

apparently at the top of the ladder of health, were gayly dancing. At this last place, in answer to the questioning look in my eyes, the angel spoke: "Yes, these young people need you as much as anyone, for although they are in the best of health now, they are ignorantly wearing themselves out in the pursuit of pleasure. They need your example of a 'worthwhile' life." We traversed many of the long wards of the hospitals—bed after bed with its weary sufferer, face after face, white and deeply furrowed with pain, sometimes bravely cheerful and patient, sometimes glum and morose. The country next came to our sight, where, in spite of the purer and clearer atmosphere, through ignorance, sickness and death prevailed. We passed through home after home where death was lingering near as a result of improper care.

We turned our steps back. I realized without being told what changes a true, consecrated nurse could bring into these scenes of life. I rejoiced for the vision which had buoyed me up before we returned. I was again seeing my work in its true light.

Before leaving, the angel turned and said, "Remember just one thing, The spirit of true nursing is a gift from God. After the gift of Christ to the world, God's most precious gift to mankind was mother-love. In that same class comes the spirit of nursing; for God fills the true nurse with a mother-love for suffering humanity."

I Looked up, my visitor was gone.

The sun streamed in my window and the rising bell awakened me. I realized that I had been dreaming, but, oh what a precious dream! Is it "worthwhile"? Yes, a thousand times yes. It is worth all the years of hard work and trials, to be capable of receiving this heritage from God.

JESSIE L. THOMAS.

OUR OUTLOOK

AS STUDENTS of W. M. C. we need to keep in mind the fact that Christ has some definite place for us to go where we may work for Him. In this world there are opportunities for each one of us which none other can fill as good. It may be in the remote corner of the earth such as South America, India, Africa, China, in the islands of the sea, or it might be right here in the homeland, that the Lord has a task for us to do.

The Master needs workers. He can use every one of us. Wouldn't it be wonderful if every one of the students of W. M. C. this year was to take an active part in spreading this message to all the world? How quickly the word would go.

Take, for example, Pundita Ramaboi, the Brahman widow, who gave her life for the women of India. Probably no other person has done so much for the women of India as Ramaboi has. She was the first Indian woman to be distinguished by the title *Pundita*, which means teacher. She came from a high class Brahman family. Her mother was a child-bride, who saw the cruelty of child-marriage. The girls of India are usually married before the age of nine. If their husbands die, they are cursed and never permitted to remarry. They are said to be the cause of their husband's death. Ramaboi married at the age of twenty. At the age of twenty-two she was left a widow with a babe. She studied in Oxford, and then came over to America for financial support to carry on the cherished plan of helping Indian women. She was received with enthusiasm and returned home to start the school which she located at Matak, near Bombay and about thirty miles from Poona.

If this converted heathen could do so much for the Master, how much more ought

we to do for Him. We are living in the last generation of this earth's history, what a privilege it is to be able to help carry the gospel to all the world. We have the word, let us live up to it, and give it to others.

BESSIE RAMABOI SHAW.

WHEN A MOSLEM BECOMES A CHRISTIAN

WE ARE more thankful than ever that we live in Christian America instead of Moslem Damascus, since we listened to the pathetic story of Doctor Allah, who addressed the students at the chapel exercises one morning.

Doctor Allah was one of the seven priests at the great Mohammedan Damascus. In his zeal for what he believed right he forbade Gypsy Smith the freedom of carrying on missionary work in that city. A few words, a tract, and later Doctor Allah himself was a persecuted Christian.

Disdained by father, hated by former friends, imprisoned—he bore all as a true Christian. The fury of the Mohammedans increased. His wife and two children were brought before him. The nails were torn from the fingers of his pleading daughter! He remained firm. The daughter was ruthlessly scalped and her brains torn out! Finally Doctor Allah was released, but his wife and baby were imprisoned in a windowless cell where they still are, according to the last report he had from his friends.

Although torn in heart and longing to see his dear wife and baby, Doctor Allah presses forward steadfastly in his new-found faith. In sincere earnestness he requests the students to pray for his wife and baby, for his unconverted mother and his Mohammedan countrymen.

LECLAIR REED.

NEWS NOTES

Edited by Dorothy Plummer



A "SHINDIG"

"Dear student, friend and schoolmate,
Your presence is desired
At a good old-fashioned shindig,
With enthusiasm fired.
'Tis two eves before St. Patrick's
And O'im shure it will be foine
So laive yore books and bring yourself
And I'll promise one foine toime."

—Your Campus Friends.

WE WENT. From the moment we entered South Hall until our return home, we were in an Irish atmosphere. Irish costumes, Irish names, Irish games, and Irish songs were all in order. After we entered South Hall we joined a line which was wending its way into the reception room. Here we were each instructed to take a slip of paper from a container, on which was written an Irish name, the name of the family to which we would belong. Being a Murphy, I was directed to the parlor, where Mrs. Murphy (Miss MacPherson) was waiting to take us on a tour of inspection through the dormitories and dining hall. If the perfect order everywhere evident that night is characteristic of everyday life, we have an exceptionally commendable group of students! On the wall of each room was pinned a profile of the occupants of that room. Our pilgrimage was varied by games, etc., in the parlors and worship rooms. The potato race, and sessions of the "honest court" were of particular interest. And what is better than an Eskimo Pie and orangeade to tickle the palate? Our journeyings ended in the chapel, where Pro-

fessor Marsh conducted an enthusiastic "sing." If our "Campus Friends" give another "shindig" soon, we will be there "with bells on."

So the students, friends, and schoolmates,
Whose presence was desired
At that good old-fashioned shindig,
With enthusiasm fired
Two eves before St. Patrick's
Did find it very foine
To laive their books and bring themselves;
And they shure had one foine toime.

CHARLES BOYD.

DR. OTT

ON THE evening of March 8 the students and friends of Washington Missionary College assembled in Columbia Hall for the fourth number of our lecture course. Dr. Edward Amherst Ott, noted lecturer and psychologist, held the attention of his audience well as he delivered his interesting discourse, "Sour Grapes." The topic discussed was a modern version of the text, "The Fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."—Eze. 18: 2.

Witty stories, combined with an abundance of thought material soon absorbed the interest of everyone. Upon reflection it does not take us long to realize the good that is being accomplished on the American platform today by lectures of the caliber of Doctor Ott. The two hours passed quickly and we look forward to our next year's course with expectations of once more hearing the man with a message who entertained with "Sour Grapes."

Miss Virginia Allen, a former student of E. M. C., visited Miss Kern, the week-end of March 1. Miss Kern is living in the Home Management house and seems to thrive on the management part of it.

Miss Lavinia Miller had as a recent week-end visitor, Miss Elizabeth Davis, of Goucher College.

Fire! Fire! South Hall fire drill March 13. All saved.

News from way back: but did you all know that Ivon Davis was married? February 19 at 8 o'clock she was married to Mr. Theo. Barrett, at her home. Of course we congratulate them.

Miss Blanche Hunter of our Music Department scored a huge success with the Washington public when she played in concert with the Army Band, Thursday evening, February 28, at Central High School. We were all proud of her when repeated applause brought her forward with Leader Stannard, with whom she shared the honors. Miss Hunter has the honor of being the first pianist to play with a band accompaniment.

Miss Mabel Vaughn received a short visit from Mrs. Edmund Hardin, of Grafton, West Virginia.

On the morning of February 19 we could tell that there was something in the air, and at chapel time we found out what it was. The Students' Association has decided on a number of athletic teams and to aid the competitive side of the matter we were given the choice of being either a Blue or a White. As soon as we can find some goals the girls are anxious to form the much desired basket ball teams. May the goals soon appear!

Great grief in South Hall. Max's pup was assisted to the Happy Hunting Grounds for dogs by some of our tender hearted pre-medics.

Myrtle Neff, who was a student here formerly, is now employed in the R & H.

Senior Picnic! Can't you just see them walking sedately around with a dignified shoe box full of dignified sandwiches? Also a dignified chaperon who admonishes them with dignity when occasion warrants? A person would have to have a good imagination to see all this with the party that went on the senior picnic held March 30, to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. They found out that this was where a history-renowned battle was fought

during the Civil War days. After a day of games, eats, sight-seeing and riding they returned to Washington and are still telling us about the won-der-ful! time they had.

Ssh! Mildred Overacker has had a birthday. Truth will out, they say, so when Thursday night, March 27, rolled around, a party of her friends "accidentally on purpose" called—to find out how old she was. Did we find out? If we did we wouldn't tell, so we will just tell you that we had a fine time during the evening of games and music. Already we are looking forward to next year.

A surprise hike was given to the girls of South Hall by their preceptress, Miss Gibbs, one Wednesday evening, not so long ago. Equipped with marshmallows and chestnuts they sang as they walked until they reached the place where a fire was built and the nuts and candy toasted and eaten. Everyone was better able to study for the walk and vote for another such evening in the near future.

Where were the students when the lights went out? Some were stumbling over chairs and boxes in the halls, others, more fortunate, tactfully preceded their peregrinations with a candle; while those that could find their way down to the worship room, listened to a talk on "Optimism," by Professor Osborn.

Miles and miles of smiles played on Miss Mildred MacPherson's face when her father visited her the week of March 23.

The people on the Potomac are firm believers in prophecy now. "As it was in the days of Noah,"—floods and rushing torrents of water—so it was all along the banks of the Potomac, after the heavy rainstorm of March 28. Those that will remember the island on the Maryland side of Great Falls, will have to picture it entirely inundated now.

Our Associate Editor says, "What is home without a mother?" So she had her mother with her during the week of March 23.

One of our students thinks it's heaps of amusement to shoot a pistol out of the window while a half-frightened woman is screaming, "Murder!" But the boys of North Hall, who chivalrously came to the rescue of the heroine, in their pajamas and bath robes, don't think it quite so amusing.

Dr. Lauretta Kress has been giving a series of five lectures to the girls during the worship period.

Sanitarium News Notes

Miss Hanger was called home suddenly because of the illness and death of her father. We are glad she is back with us again.

Miss Abray and Miss Place are back at the dormitory after undergoing operations.

The new part of the Sanitarium is nearly completed. Many of the bright and cheerful rooms are now being occupied.

Alumni News Notes

Mr. Lindon L. Lockwood '18 and his wife, Olivia Boettcher-Lockwood '16 are spending the winter in Takoma Park. They came to visit Mr. Lockwood's parents. Their home is in Battle Creek, Michigan.

Marion Brooke '17 was a recent visitor at the College. She is a loyal Alumnus, willing to lend her influence for W. M. C. She brought a cheering message from the South.

Madge Miller '16 recently spent a week with her sister, Mrs. Alice Kimble '16. She is connected with the Greater New York Conference. Frank Wood '20, Harry Morse, Mrs. Alice Miller-Morse '19, Martha Bloom '22, are also working in this Conference.

"I am planning to attend W. M. C. next year. I did not know it was such a good place to go to school until I had my talk with you." This is what one prospective student told one of our Alumni, recently. Another graduate of W. M. C. reports three students coming next year to take their places here. What is W. M. C. according to you?

Morrison's Pills

(Concluded from page 7)

bursted?" "Has my heart stopped, Doctor?" "Oh, Doctor, am I going to die?" The Doctor, being a wise and experienced physician, soothes his perturbed spirits, gives him a pill to take every so often, and promises to call the next day. When the next day arrives the man is all well; he phones and tells the Doctor so; the case is dismissed—except the bill.

Thus it was W. M. C., becoming a bit disquieted about its welfare, started taking Morrison's Pills. The result was striking! Its spirits immediately revived—that old apparition of Frank Wood's where he saw the death and burial of school spirit did not come true. New activities were taken up. Now, the school has become physically more "corpulent." The addition of new appendages to its several parts makes it appear more of an educational center. Its enrolment has increased, and the students are more active and industrious. Its "organs are back on the job" again, grinding out material of real worth to society. Say friends, let me recommend Morrison's Pills. Come and try some of Morrison's Pills yourself, and enjoy real educational health!

J. L.

BELLS

THEO. G. WEIS

Ere the day begins to break,
And from slumber you awake;
Ere the cock the morning tells,
Comes the buzzing sound of bells.

And they buzz the whole day long
That same old dreary song,
Makes you tired—if nothing else,
That buzzing sound of bells.

Be it work or be it play
Be you solemn or be you gay
To keep you timed there swells,
The buzzing sound of bells.

So it goes the whole day long,
They ring a half a dozen strong,
They bell you in, they bell you out
Like a fire horse or signal scout.

And when at last you're blessed
To drop your weary bones to rest,
Accompanied by the fire yells
Comes that hateful sound of bells.

E A S Y

Senior Campbell—"Say, can you tell me how I can find the chemistry room?"

Soph. Gilbert—"Sure! Ask somebody."

—The *Washington Post*.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Edited by Mrs. J. N. Kimble

Two Questions for W. M. C. Alumni to Answer

I HAVE visited my Alma Mater frequently during the past two years. During this time many improvements and additions have been completed. These have made our college a stronger institution of learning. On each visit I have found my Alma Mater possessed of a better spirit of cooperation and satisfaction. This spirit has been fostered through a better dormitory life. To my mind the additions to the respective homes have been most urgent and highly resultant. Previous to these changes the college home department could not accommodate more students than could many of our academies. This condition could not continue. More room was imperative. The additions were built, involving great financial obligations.

The first question therefore for us, as alumni to answer is, *What are we doing to help lift this financial burden?* We often read of what other alumni are doing for their schools. What are the three hundred alumni doing for their Alma Mater? I believe the graduates of an institution should lead out in a definite way in school enterprises. Are we encouraging the church, soliciting private subscriptions, and reaching into our own pocketbooks? Why should not the alumni of Washington Missionary College set a definite amount to be raised to help pay for the improvements of their college?

The second question is, *What are we*

doing to help increase the enrollment at our college? Can we name young people who are there because of our influence? We are proud of our college. The educational advantages are unsurpassed by any of our institutions. Let us talk of W. M. C. more and get other people to talk of it more. The best way to accomplish this is to influence more young people to attend the college. Why should not each alumnus turn at least one student (preferably college) toward W. M. C. for 1924-25?

To accomplish these services for our Alma Mater, we need to form a strong alumni organization. I had the privilege of helping to draw up the alumni constitution and help organize the Alumni Association of W. M. C. But this organization has not functioned in any definite way. Why not have an alumni homecoming for W. M. C. to take place at the end of the present school year? At this time we could form a stronger organization, and lay more definite plans to help the school that has rendered such valuable service in our behalf.

JOHN Z. HOTTEL,

Class '17.

Dear Alma Mater: It was indeed a great privilege for me to attend the recent Columbia Union Conference quadrennial session at Takoma Park, the first week in February. For months I had thought and

dreamed of it and the reality was far more pleasant than the sweetest of dreams.

After a long, twelve-hour ride over hilly West Virginia, the backbone of the Appalachian Mountains, and through the heart of sunny Virginia, my train finally pulled into Union Station. The trip on the street cars seemed almost as tedious as a whole day's travel, while the "Dinkey" furnished more than its usual array of motions and rolls.

A hasty bee-line to North Hall, a hurried clean-up and I made my way to the Dining Hall. Here my first surprise awaited me—the fine new addition to the dining room. How homelike and attractive! My second was the good eats. They were good last year but they are even better this year. It was not because visitors were there, for more than one student told me they had good eats all the time. Mrs. Damsgard surely knows the way to the students' (not alone the boys') hearts.

And what a fine class of students they have this year. I spent a week in North Hall and during that time observed at first hand that W. M. C. has a superior class of young men this year. If they had been on their good behavior while scores of workers were about the tension would have snapped, for boys will be boys. At no time were they conscious that they were under close observation and not once did they slip. It was my privilege to speak to them in worship and they gave me a good hearing. On several other occasions I met with them and it was always the same spirit of worship. The motto that actuates everything has undoubtedly made its impression not alone upon the mind, but also the heart. It is: "Remember the golden rule and always be a man." Professor Marsh takes the lead by precept and example. Nowhere was there a spirit of strife or rowdyism.

The young ladies were just such girls as their fond parents always wanted them to be, womanlike, well poised and cheerful. The new addition to their dormitory is beautiful and there is no reason why one should get homesick in South Hall.

The chapel service was a feature that I could not well miss. The same spirit was here that characterized everything about the institution. A wholesome, elevating atmosphere seemed to pervade every nook and corner. How I wished it were my privilege to go back and live those scenes over again!

I was pleased to note the prosperous and well equipped printing office and to know that about twenty-two students were working a good portion of their way through school here, and that the volume of business has almost doubled the last year under the guiding hand of my friend, Mr. C. H. Taylor.

It was indeed a rare pleasure to meet again the friends of former years and to live over in mind at least those happy, earnest years, 1919-1923. Those two reunions of the class of '23 are among the most happy of my short visit.

And lest I tire you, Dear Alma Mater, I must close. Yet it seemed to me that there was an atmosphere, an unseen presence, that hovered around thee, and ever present was the thought, it pays to invest in young people for they will bring in great returns in souls won for the kingdom of God. Recognizing the difference between this and former years, it is my wish that this year will be the best in the history of the school, not alone in enrolment, but spiritually, mentally, and in every way, and that each succeeding year finds it still on the road marked "Progress."

A loyal son of W. M. C.,

JAS. E. LIPPART,
Class of '23.

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