



The Sligonian

Christmas
Number

Volume Nine

Number Three

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THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. IX

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., DECEMBER, 1924

No. 3

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

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Entered as second-class matter December 20, 1916 at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of Congress of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1918. Terms: One dollar a year. Make all remittances payable to The Sligonian, Takoma Park, D. C. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance, or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given. Advertising rates furnished upon application.



The Close of the Campaign

THE campaign is over. Its results mark a new era in the subscription files of this school. Never before have the results of one campaign reached such high numbers. Over nine hundred new subs is a fact worthy of mention. In fact, to be rather frank, we are proud of ourselves and our results. For three busy weeks students were going from house to house in quest of subs; letters were flitting hither and yon throughout the United States, and some to foreign lands; pens were busy disposing of ink while Uncle Sam's men were rushed by W. M. C. students buying stamps and sending brief, pointed missives to friends, relatives and churches. School spirit and loyalty soared high while boys and girls were endeavoring to put our school organ in the hands of over a thousand people.

The day the campaign closed, November 25 at 12:30 P. M., teachers and students laid aside the textbooks and classes and all participated in an old-fashioned, rousing outdoor picnic. The brisk, chilly, November air was altogether conducive to alert activity; but when one tired of his exercises and sought repose, three crackling bonfires offered warmth and comfort. In this way an appetite was kindled for the sumptuous dinner that was served on the picnic grounds. Parker house roll sandwiches, baked macaroni, and mashed potatoes, with hot cocoa and butter-scotch pie offered sufficient inducement to distract attention from all other pursuits. Even the sailing of the huge and bulky ZR3 over the

grounds did not rob "the bread line" of any of its members.

There was a lull in the program immediately after dinner until enough ambition and energy was aroused among the picnickers to engage in Pump Pump Pullaway, Three Deep, Last Couple Out, Flying Dutchman, Tug 'o War, and other vigorous games. The following day moans and groans might be heard from the participants in these games, as they compelled a lame muscle to perform its duties.

The prizes were given out in chapel Tuesday, December 2. The first prize, a German silver base, painted china shade, table lamp was given to Miss Inez Young who turned in 63 subs. The second prize, a set of bronze Lincoln bookends went to the leader of the girls' team, Miss Maude Brooke, who turned in 24 subs. The third prize, a Duofold fountain pen, was won by Harmon Splitter, who had receipts for 21 subs. Calvin Pyle, leader of the boys' team, came in for fourth prize, a special Sligonian pennant, with a total of 20 subs.

Now that the campaign is over and the subscription list is fat it is the aim of the editors to give their subscribers all, if not more, than they expect. We hope we can make the paper so indispensable to you that you will want to become a life subscriber. We are waiting for any ideas or plans you may have to make this aim come true. It is hard for us to always tell what you want, so feel free to pass along to us any new thought that will build up the paper.

J. L.

To the Subscribers:

To those who have cooperated with us by subscribing to THE SLIGONIAN, we wish to extend our sincere appreciation. We wish you to continue cooperating with us by making this school year a good "Sligonian Year." Our motto is to please our Patrons.

The Campaign Committee.

Vacations

VACATIONS are strange creatures. It's pretty hard to get acquainted with them. One seldom meets any of them, and if he does, they don't linger long after an introduction. For instance, just the other day I came across one of their number. It so happened that the introduction took place about six p. m. on Wednesday, November 26. Well, he seemed like a friendly old chap. We struck up a pretty nice acquaintance almost before either of us knew who it was we were talking with. Or rather, I was just starting to get acquainted with him, and kind of turning over in my mind what a nice friend he could be to a fellow like me. I was beginning to pat him on the back, and tell him how nice it would be and how much he would enjoy life if he'd only stick around awhile. He looked upon the suggestion with an air of favor and said he thought he would try it.

I began to tell others about the friendly attitude of our visitor. Many were of the same opinion as I. We decided to get together on the proposition and show the old fellow a real good time. And who could be more capable than we. So, in we started. We took him to our homes. We introduced him to our parents and friends. We took him down to the "Y" in the city for a swim. We gave him a good night's sleep. On Thursday morning we invited him to join in for a few games of tennis. Shortly after noon we brought him in the dining room, and if he had been in a king's place he would not have been treated better. We gave him all he could eat, and then we gave him some more. We tickled his ears with speeches and readings and music, and we tickled his palate with pie, and ice cream (and thoughts of turkey). On Thursday night we took him over to the gymnasium in Columbia Hall to a program. We treated him as good as we possibly could on such a short acquaintance. He was invited to several parties. He could attend only one. On Friday morning he slept as late as he

desired. Some say that he didn't arise until 12 m. On Saturday night he joined whole heartedly with us in playing informal games in the dining room. He seemed to enjoy our company. On Sunday afternoon we took him down to see the Mayflower, the President's yacht. He declared it a great boat and expressed his desire to take a cruise on it some day. I assured him that I would proceed to make such arrangements as quickly as possible. I am sure he will enjoy such a trip.

And then, along about four or five o'clock the old fellow began to get grouchy. Just kind of discontented like. You know how people get sometimes. We began to wonder what we could do to insure his comfort. We wondered if he had eaten too much. We wondered if he had had enough sleep. We wondered if he had been exposed to the weather too much. Everyone was called to the rescue. Many things were suggested. We tried all of them. They failed. He became more discontented. He said he must go. Then, as we were just wondering what next we could do for him he turned himself around and walked away just about six p. m. on Sunday, November 30. Since then he's no where to be found. We've looked all over for him.

Some one said he mumbled something about coming back around the end of the year if he took such a notion—and we still wanted him. I never heard him say so, but as for me and my house, I hope he did say such words. He left us in a helpless state, anyway, and we're hoping he'll so arrange his time that he can stay a little longer at his next visit. I'd rather like to have him as a permanent friend. We all need friends at times. S. U.

JOSH BILLINGS once said, "I used to get at the big end of the log and do all the lifting; now I get at the little end, and do all the grunting."

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—*Selected.*

Present World Entanglements—Part II

The Calm Before the Storm

DR. B. G. WILKINSON

APPARENTLY the nations, at last, are moving forward to some amiable basis of agreement whereby in their estimation the danger of a World's War will never rise again. I say apparently; for this is the hour above all hours, when we must differentiate between appearances and reality. Apparently the sun rises in the morning; in reality, it is the earth which turns on its axis. Apparently we are nearing the hour when war will forever be abolished; in reality the nations are engaged in a feverish race to see which will come out the most prepared.

If the League protocol carries we can look for a few years of prosperity. And it seems difficult to see how the nations which agreed in that momentous document, as we discussed in our last article, can honorably draw back now, without achieving some marked step toward abolition of war and the introducing of a new era of prosperity. They can not go forward under the same terms and in the same name, but for awhile, go forward they must. For it was to be "in such an hour as ye think not, that the Son of Man cometh."

In the meantime England has ordered a battle fleet to the Mediterranean waters. She had one there previous to 1904 but withdrew it in 1904 because she considered her relations with other powers, especially with France, so satisfactory that it was unnecessary to keep it there longer. The return of her warships to that lake is significant. It betokens her fears of those powers whose ambitious plans threaten her empire. For at the eastern end of northern Africa is the Suez Canal, that tiny thread which binds the homeland base to England's India Empire.

All along the border, where the Mediterranean washes Africa and Asia, can be seen

the rising Mohammedan frenzy. At the north-western corner of the Dark Continent is Spanish Morocco, or rather was. For the past few years the Moroccan Riffs, a fierce Mohammedan tribe, have met and defeated Spain until Abd-el-Ibrine, the chief, momentarily awaits the surrender of Spain and the recognition of Riff independence. As the Riff territory touches the Mediterranean on the north and the Atlantic on the west, England fears that the collapse of Spain means the seizure of the country by France, or new fuel thrown on Islam frenzy.

South of the Riff triangle and running from Atlantic seaboard to Mediterranean shores is France's African Empire. This territory, with an area half the size of the United States and containing 35,000,000 people is the hope of France. Here she expects to recruit her armies to such an extent as to offset Germany's greater population. The distance of the northern part of this territory from the main port of southern France is about that from Buffalo to New York. Should the dream of France come true in hoping to make this empire solid for herself, it would be but a short time before English hold in Egypt and the Suez Canal would be threatened.

East of France, in Tripoli, is Italy, the Italy which dreams of reviving the glory of ancient Rome. In fact Italy considers the Mediterranean an Italian lake. East of Tripoli is Egypt.

Over and above, however, the partition of Moslem northern Africa between Spain, France, Italy and England, is the fact of the rising Mohammedan consciousness. This great fanatical world is drawing together. Over 225,000,000 believers stretching from Morocco to India are (*Continued on Page 20*)



Stranded

RUTH A. MICHAELIS

THE West Virginia camp-meeting had just closed, and I was making ready to return to my post of duty. When along came some friends of mine, who were driving home in their car. Since they passed through the town where I was then located, they said I might just as well ride with them. And I can assure you there was no trace of reluctance in my acceptance of that offer. For there is nothing I enjoy more than an auto trip in summer.

We soon started on our way after the customary preliminaries of a motor trip were looked after. Since the roads on the West Virginia side were very rough we decided we could make better time if we crossed the river and continued our traveling on the Ohio side. But when we reached the place where we had planned to recross the river, we found the road closed. Here we were told we had to make a long detour, before we could come to another bridge which spanned the "Beautiful Ohio."

This would bring me many miles from my destination. So it was thought best for me to cross the river by ferry and take the train. While I was on the ferry I saw the train coming. And just as I stepped from the boat and hurried toward the station the train pulled out.

Stranded! was the word that came into my mind as I stood there in the middle of the track with my suit case in one hand and my umbrella in the other, looking after the departing train. I did not know how near or how far I was from the town where I was canvassing, nor if I had money enough to get me there. For I had loaned quite a little to my

canvassing partner, who was to come the next day. I did not even know at that moment the name of the town where I was. If some one had asked me my own name right then, I might have said, "Sallie Jones."

It was just a little place, the kind where the ticket agent closes up shop and goes home between trains. This he was doing as I went in to ask him when the next train was due. "Five seventeen," was his answer. Two o'clock and the next train wasn't due till five seventeen. What was I to do? The next thing I asked was the name of the town. "Friendly," he said, and looked at me as though I was a modern Rip Van Winkle for not knowing the name of such an important place. "Friendly! Well, here is where I see how friendly it is" I thought. So I picked up my suit case and walked up the first street I came to.

There was a lady sitting on one of the porches who looked quite friendly so I asked her if I might leave my suit case there. I then told her how I had missed my train and had to wait till five seventeen for the next one. I found her a most gracious and motherly woman, who kindly asked me to stay with her till train time.

As we sat there on the porch I told her of our canvassing work; also that I was working for a scholarship to go to college. Immediately she became very interested to know more about it and asked me what denomination I represented. I told her all about our work, our publishing houses, sanitariums, and schools. She seemed very much surprised for she told me she had *(Continued on Page 11)*

Our Health and Our Work

H. W. MILLER, M. D.

IT WOULD be as hard to estimate what the Health Message has been to this cause as to try to reckon what the gospel has done as a factor of civilization. We know that it was in the purpose of God that this message of the gospel of health should accompany the preaching of the word, and that this people will never be made ready for translation without it. It seems clear that more is expected of a people who are to be prepared for translation than for those who pass through death and undergo a resurrection, and so we find abundant provision has been made for the perfection of the remnant people, and as an important aid to this end, the wonderful light of health reform has been entrusted to us.

In this health reform message is an inexhaustible store of knowledge on health betterment, supplementing as it does the code of health regulations given us by Moses, as also the instruction of Christ and the prophets. We of this day have advantages over any previous generation in health possibilities.

The tendency from the beginning has been a gradual decline in the length of the life span, physical vitality and endurance. A decline from nearly a millenium of years to an average length of life of about twenty-five years as recorded today. From such an inheritance, those of this generation have the possibility, by careful living, of never dying, or of living until the coming of Christ and from thenceforth throughout eternity.

The deliverance of the children of Israel has frequently been called to our attention as an illustration of the deliverance of the ransomed people at the coming of the Lord. The Lord had given Moses through inspiration rules of living as are today recorded in the books of his writing, pertaining to quarantine regulations, general sanitation; personal hygiene, including diet, housing, etc., and these principles were evidently taught with great

diligence to the people before they left Egypt. The people were spared the plagues, with the exception of the first three. They underwent a preparation for physical fitness to withstand the trials of the journey that would be required of old as well as young, and as they passed through the Red Sea it is stated of them in Psalms 105:37, "He brought them forth also with silver and gold, and there was not one feeble person among their tribes."

This preparation accomplished results such as have never been seen upon this earth since that day, when a company of people numbering millions had not one feeble one in their midst. We can imagine it would have been a very trying thing if that people had had to make their journey through new and strange lands encumbered by a large group of invalids. No less, and perhaps considerable more will be required of those who are expecting translation in regard to the clearing up of their physical maladies and perfecting themselves for translation.

We are told on page 44 of "Counsels on Health," "When He comes, He is not to cleanse us of our sins, to remove from us the defects in our character, or to cure us of the infirmities of our character, or to cure us of the infirmities of our tempers and dispositions. If wrought for us at all, this work will all be accomplished before that time. When the Lord comes, those who are holy will be holy still. Those who have preserved their bodies and spirits in holiness, in sanctification and honor, will then receive the finishing touch of immortality. But those who are unjust, un-sanctified, and filthy, will remain so forever. The Refiner does not then sit to pursue His refining process, and remove their sins and their corruption. This is all to be done in these hours of probation. It is now that this work is to be accomplished for us."

(Continued on Page 18)



'Bout Christmas

REBA C. WILLIAMS

WHEN the frosty air brings the spring into your step and the roses into your cheeks, you begin to think 'bout Christmas. When the cold wind makes you button up your coat and the snow crunches under your feet with a musical tinkle you begin to think it must be 'bout Christmas. When the stars shine through the crystal blue of the icy heavens like tiny eyes and the moonlight drives away all the darkness with its silver radiance, then you know it's 'bout Christmas.

When father comes home with pockets overflowing and bundles under each arm but doesn't let you help unwrap them, thoughts flit through your mind 'bout Christmas. Mother has such an air of secrecy and keeps so many places locked. She burns her candle late and doesn't even hint what she's done. You can guess, though—'bout Christmas. Brother and sister come home with packages and tell-tale sparkling eyes. You dare not ask questions because it might be something 'bout Christmas. They help Mamma and are so good. My how they do mind, 'bout Christmas! Even baby brother doesn't cry and tries to be so good so Santa will come 'bout Christmas.

Your old friends seem lots dearer. Even the new friends are nearer, 'bout Christmas. You forget your little "squabbles," all your slights and miniature troubles, 'bout Christmas. The shop keepers seem like dear friends the strangers of the street, like new friends. Even the grouchy old maid unbends, 'bout Christmas.

People aren't so selfishlike 'bout Christmas. They don't pull down their window shades so

the passers-by can't see the coziness and cheer inside 'bout Christmas. They think about how well the "little folks" next door like cookies. They even think about the poor 'bout Christmas. Even the little tots throw crumbs from the door for the birdies 'bout Christmas.

The trains are full of people going home. They push and jostle some 'bout Christmas. But no one seems to mind. They just laugh and even find a joke in standing up 'bout Christmas.

If all these signs were not enough there's a feeling in your heart that tells you it's 'bout Christmas. It just feels like it's going to burst 'bout Christmas. You think of all the things you have to be thankful for. Your folks, your home, the friends about your door all just seem to be a part of heaven's treasure store. And your heart just overflows with joy and cheer 'bout Christmas.

I often wonder what the heathen do without Christmas. They can't be thankful for they don't know anyone to thank for Christmas. They don't know how heaven's richest joy was given to earth in a little boy the first Christmas. I think we ought to tell them the glad story, and begin by telling them 'bout Christmas. Just think what a happy world this will be when everyone knows 'bout Christmas.

Now when these signs all come your way, the Christmas weather, the warming of old friendships and the making of the new, don't wonder, just enjoy the best part of the year. Smile to yourself and whisper low, just so your heart will hear, "It's 'bout Christmas."

Prize Articles

"A man has but one moment of life to call his own. The moment just passed into the score of Time's count, the moment which the hand of the clock tremble over, a hair's breadth yet to go, they are no man's to claim. The one is gone forever, the other may mark the passage of his soul. Only this moment, this throb of the heart, this half drawn breath, is a living man's to claim. The beggar has it, the monarch can command no more."

Have you won a prize in these contests? They are offered for your benefit, and we are waiting for your article. The topic for the January Prize Articles is "My Favorite Pastime." The winners for the December topic, "My Use of Time—a Confession" are:

First Prize

BRYAN VOTAW

I WONDER how you expect me to tell the absolute truth in a confession like this, without even coloring my story so that it will in some way make excuse for me, and thus not throw upon me the discredit I deserve? I doubt that you really expected so much, but nevertheless I shall endeavor to paint the whole story in its true colors.

"Time is the stuff that life is made of;" and I have had a lot of that stuff,—twenty—but I shall not tell the rest of it, for that would be entirely off the subject, as this is not to be a confession concerning age.

I must admit, in beginning, that as I look back up the stream of time to the place where I first found entrance into this world as a very small boy of zero years, that at least one-half the potential of that stream has been utterly wasted. That may sound like a strong statement, and may even cause some of you to look upon me as a worthless creature, but since this is a confession, I must tell the truth, whatever the consequence. You have seen an old mill dam, where only a small portion of the stream was turned through the mill race, so that its stored-up energy could be utilized in grinding the wheat, while the major portion of the stream was just pouring over the wide dam, doing nothing but splattering on the rocks and making a noise;—that is a fitting representation of the way I have spent most of my life.

But I must leave the dead past, for I know you are more interested in the present, as it is not so much what a man was as what he is, that counts; and the present is for accomplishment, while the past is only for admonition. I am now trying to heed the lesson of

the past, and thus turn the rest of life allotted to me to good account, but I find it hard to break the habits of years.

Now for a brief outline of my present program. I attend school twenty-two hours, teach eight hours, work at my regular occupation about twenty-three hours, and am *supposed* to study thirty-four hours, each week. As to what I do with the rest of the week I feel that no one has a right to ask, except my wife—and possibly my English teacher, in case I do not bring my theme in on time. But of course you know without my telling you, that several hours are consumed each week with such unnecessary actions as eating, and attentions to my own person, and then I, being a married man, must devote a little time to my companion, which I must confess is much more of a privilege than a duty. Then I sleep about forty-nine hours each week, but Thomas Edison says that twenty-eight is enough for any man, so possibly I am wasting twenty-one hours there. There are also numerous little duties about the house which I believe the man should perform, and they require a little time. Whatever of the secular days of the week is left I spend in glorious idleness. As to the Sabbath, I shall make my confession to God concerning that.

Now you have heard my confession, which is true in so far as it goes. I hope the sentence will not be "death by hanging," or by any other means. My fate is in the hands of the judges, and I shall abide by their decision.

Second Prize

JAMES C. TREFZ

AS I seriously reflect over my use, or perhaps I should say abuse, of time, a multitude of regrets flood my memory. Have

I really wasted the substance that life is made of? Have I made the best possible use of my moments and my years in preparation for my life's work? Have I always kept uppermost in mind the attainment of some noble ideal, and have I faithfully devoted my time to the attainment of that ideal? Just here is where my confession applies.

As my mind travels back over the years I remember that I had ideals—high ideals. Of course, I knew that some day I would be a great man; that some day my ambition would be realized; but, much to my regret, I did not take time or trouble to think definitely. My view was obstructed. Like the child that I was, I knew that I wanted something big, and I knew that it would mean hard work to get it, too. But why didn't I get busy utilizing my time and every effort toward the accomplishment of my purpose? Well, I don't know either, but that is just the point.

All around me I see various types of young men which I briefly classify into two groups. In the first group are those who have attained at least to a small degree of success; who have settled the question of their life's work, and have already begun to reap the benefits of their efforts while comparatively still in their youth. In the other group are those who have ideals—yes, they have beautiful dreams of prosperity and success—but before they get started on their life's work, before they really find themselves, they are already advanced in years, and their outlook on life is gloomy.

In the first group are those who have had a definite aim, a fixed purpose; they knew what they wanted and made every second count toward the realization of their purpose. In the second group are those who probably knew what they wanted and those of this group who as yet had no definite aim in life—all had ideals and hoped that somehow the future would bring them success; but they failed to act. Time meant nothing to them then, for they slaughtered it; and all too late

in life they found themselves, and have attempted to live over those earlier days, with the result that their success is only mediocre.

In my own life I regret most of all those years in which I have made the least progress. Now that I ought to be at least beginning my life's work I am just beginning to definitely plan it. What is the matter with me? Have I been dreaming? I have cheated myself! I lived in the future and forgot that time is a robber. I thought that youth was the time to enjoy life, forgetting that true happiness and satisfaction are gained only by diligent labors and the attainment of a worthy ambition. So now that I have at least partially learned the lesson of the conservation of time in my more advanced years, although I do not think I am very ancient yet, I am trying to make every second of time count, in an effort to still overtake my already tardy success.

* * * * *

Stranded

(Continued from Page 7)

never heard of Seventh-day Adventists, except for one time she had read of them as a group of people who had looked for Christ to come at a certain time, and had their robes all prepared to meet Him. She had thought them a group of fanatics. But before I left she had an entirely different opinion of us. On leaving I gave her a copy of "Steps to Christ," for which she thanked me kindly and wished me God's blessing in my work. Afterwards I received a letter from her and sent her some of our literature.

This is but one of my many and varied experiences in the canvassing work. But from this you can see how God, sometimes in strange ways seeks out those of a sincere heart. For perhaps this lady would never have had the right conception of us and our work if I had not been stranded in this town called Friendly.

The Scope of our Service

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Over one hundred "Orangeman" gathered at 5 p. m., November 16 at Central Hall, where a banquet was given by the boys of North Hall in honor of their continued success in the Sligonian Campaign. The men on the faculty, as well as all the resident boys had been invited, and together with the dormitory fellows, they seated themselves at the two long tables that had been arranged for the occasion. After a series of rousing selections by the orchestra, the banquet was served. Mr. Venen presided as toastmaster, and a number responded to the call of the hour with lively campaign speeches. Mr. Bacon struck the keynote in his speech. He said "The biggest question is not, which side is going to win in this campaign, but what are we individually doing to make W. M. C. a bigger and a better school."

A group of students and teachers went sight-seeing November 28, in the city. They went through the Bureau of Engraving, White House, Monument and many other places of interest.

The students who remained at the college during Thanksgiving vacation spent Saturday evening in Central Hall dining room playing games. A hike had been planned for the evening, but the briskness of the weather somewhat changed the plans.

Benjamin Anderson, a student of W. M. C., underwent an operation for appendicitis. He is back in school now, and although a little pale, we are pleased to learn of his favorable recovery.

November 17 to 23 being set apart by the nation as Education Week was observed at W. M. C. by chapel lectures on "Constitution," "Patriotism," "Illiteracy," and "The Teacher and Student."

An India reunion was held at the home of Elder J. S. James, Saturday night, November 15. About thirty were present, all of whom had formerly been in India. Elders Spicer and James gave talks on the work at the time when they were missionaries there, and Elder Cormac told his present day experiences.

J. W. Hayes writes that he is acting as "call boy" in the Sanitarium at Loma Linda for this six-week period. J. W. finished the pre-medical course here last spring and we feel sure he will make a successful "call boy."

Miss Iris Bryne has undergone an operation for goitre and appendicitis. Although still convalescing, we are glad she is with us again.

The night before Halloween, the girls working at the General Conference office met at the home of Gwendolyn Lacey. Could you have seen and heard them you would never ask, "Did they have a good time?"

Dorothy Stowe's mother has been visiting here for several weeks while Dorothy is convalescing from a broken ankle.

"Will Outlawing War Succeed?" was the subject of a stirring sermon given by Dr. Wilkinson in the Belasco Theater Sunday night November 23, in the city. This was the first of a series that is to be given on the vital questions with which the world is now confronted.

The first snowstorm of the season occurred Sabbath, November 15.

What do the gold chevrons and the ribbon badges mean which are seen on the girls' sleeves and on the boys' coat lapels? Why, nothing but that each girl with a chevron has turned in five subs and each boy with a ribbon badge has turned in three. Such ornaments drew quite a bit of attention just before the close of the campaign.

Thanksgiving dinner at W. M. C. was one that will long be remembered. Although gray clouds overcast the skies during the entire day, a cheerful body of students and teachers assembled Thursday at 2 p. m., to enjoy the splendid repast that the matron, Mrs. Montgomery, had prepared for the occasion. The waiters and waitresses were dressed in Puritan attire with cuffs and collars of immaculate white. Professor Anderson offered thanks for the blessings that had been so bountifully bestowed upon the school during the year. The dinner was served in three courses to the students and teachers who were seated around the two long tables which were pleasingly bedecked with model Puritan cabins and pumpkins. During

the course of the meal the guests were entertained by a number of extemporaneous speakers. Music was furnished by several students who played the piano and cornet respectively. Toward the close of the program Miss Kathryn Youngblood and Professor Bickett favored us with some humorous readings. As the day was fast drawing to a close everyone assembled around the piano and sang "God be with you 'till we meet again," as an appropriate ending for so pleasant a gathering.

Two tables in the dining room were occupied by eighteen "Michiganders" one night in November. It was a grand old reunion of the Michigan students and nurses.

On November 15 you could hear words like these around W. M. C., "How is this weather for you?" "Rather brisk, I'll say." "Two girls were talking in this way, "Didn't you almost freeze last night?" "Well, I surely did until about 4:30 A. M., when I awoke my room-mate by putting cold feet on her. Between us we then aroused enough ambition to get some more covers."

For several weeks work has been going forward in Central Hall to finish the rooms on the second floor which are being converted into cozy apartments. The painters are busy putting on the finishing touches and soon the apartments will be ready for occupancy.

The News! Our morning, noon and evening cry; day after day repeats it 'till we die. News is the manna of a day. Here it is! Good news! May be just a bit of sad news, but "up-to-date news"!

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man in days of yore
Could say, when he a story told,
"I've heard that one before."

But no one can say anything about
THE SLIGONIAN News either:

It's "the very latest."
Frothy unseen bubbles
Round our classroom play,
Our scholastic troubles
This "News" will laugh away.
So here we write it
Hope you'll like it.

Those who have joined our student body since the middle of October are: Robert Cowdrick from Graysville, Tennessee; Sidney Tobias from Mt. Vernon, Ohio; and Queene Minor from Brockwayville, Pennsylvania. They are taking the usual interest in school activities.

WEDDING CHIMES

A pretty church wedding took place Monday evening, October 27, when Miss Margaret Overacker and Mr. Oren Sutter were married in the Takoma Park Church. Dr. B. F. Bryan performed the ceremony in the presence of a large group of friends.

A home wedding took place when Mr. Leslie Eva and Miss Alga Swanson were married Thursday evening, October 30. Miss Swanson is a graduate nurse from the Washington Sanitarium and Hospital.

A wedding of interest to many was that of Miss Zoe Lewis and Mr. C. L. Belu on October 22, at Takoma Park. Elder Robinson performed the ceremony at the bride's home, where only a select group of friends and relatives were present.

Conspicuous in the senior department of our Sabbath school every Sabbath is the device made by Professor Gage to show us where we stand. A large white dial three feet high is lettered 1 to 13 corresponding to the Sabbaths of the quarter. Divisions of our one-thousand-dollar goal are placed at each Sabbath to tell us where we should be on our goal. Around the outside of this are the figures for our membership. Two large hands are on the dial, one pointing to the current Sabbath, the other to the membership figure, and lettered on the dials each Sabbath are the attendance, daily study and offering. One can see at a glance what our Sabbath school is doing.

The Halycon Club of South Hall has now evolved. It is a society prompted by the greater needs of the girls over the loosely correlated activities of last year. Built on the foundation of the desire of sixty-nine girls, we believe it will achieve its purposes. Its organization comprises a president, Pauline Hart; four vice-presidents; Iris Bryne, religious; Mary Trovinger, glee club; Maude Brooke, athletics; and Helen Edwards, social; secretary, Francis Ball; treasurer, Maude Mason. Each vice-president has two assistants. The plans of the club are quite extensive, but it is preferred that mention of them be deferred to later dates when they can be reported as events.

The first two lectures by Dr. Wilkinson on "World Issues" given as chapel talks, stirred the students to active meditation on the conditions of the world at the present time. These were the first of a series he will deliver; we look forward to the future lectures with anticipation.

The people of W. M. C. and the community were entertained on Saturday evening, November 22 by Miss Ada Ward, the little English woman lecturer. She brought to us a picture of English life and customs. After being reminded of the many comforts and conveniences of American life, we were content to call America our native land.

"We're off!" On the evening of November 19, the girls of W. M. C. enjoyed a hike and supper given by the inside girls to the outside girls. Aside from a short pause at North Hall and also one at Dr. Salisbury's home, the group of girls were not long in reaching the bonfire which was near Professor Grant's. Of course it wasn't long before the refreshments were served and after that, speeches were in order. They were supposed to be stump speeches, but the stumps were in the fire helping to give us light and heat. Boys, just try to find out what we did then—until we gathered in front of Professor Grant's to bid him a "cheering" good-night. After stopping at President Morrison's to let him know where we were and how we stood, we stepped lively on to North Hall. Did we receive a cordial reception? Well, maybe we did, but we have our doubts. Not to be out-done by their horns, squawkers, etc., we raised, or rather lowered, our voices in giving them some of these: "When you're up, you're up; when you're down, you're down; when you're up against the girls, you're upside down." "So we'll stand up for you boys just as we always do. They're taking a vote for the losing bunch and we're standing up for you."

When our preceptress, Miss Gibbs, left the worship room Sunday night November 16, it was announced to the girls that the preceptress and preceptor needed a change of scenery and that the girls would slip into the boys' worship room and the boys would slip into the girls' and surprise Miss Gibbs and Professor Marsh. This was successfully accomplished the following evening, and we were satisfied that it was wholly a surprise. We thank them for the good impromptu talks.

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Real Opportunity for Students

Mr. Irvin Harrison was given a happy birthday surprise Saturday evening November 1, when three couples gathered in the parlor to give him a birthday party.

The Sligonian Campaign picnic was held on the afternoon of November 25. After the results of the campaign had been broadcasted, the boys and girls entered heartily into the appetizing dinner which was served. To complete the picnic many games and other amusements were enjoyed.

The owl, a wise bird, knows a lot
Of wisdom tried and true,
Not only does he know what's what
But also knows who's who.

The "ZR3" now the "Los Angeles" sailed over the city November 25, the day it was christened by Mrs. Coolidge.

A number of students are working in the city with our books in the afternoons and thus helping to pay their way through school.

Mr. Mertie, one of our Takoma Park neighbors has just returned from an extended trip of nine months in Alaska. He has been doing research work for the government.

"My brother is so scatter-brained he claims that Ingersoll wrote the Watch on the Rhine."

A freshie asked a soph if daylight savings is a trust company.

An academic asked a freshie if a bucket shop is a hardware store, or if a football coach has four wheels.

Student riding dinky: "Why are we riding so smoothly now?"

Conductor: "We're off the track."

It was a long time since the dear late preacher had visited our local Lutheran church, but one Sunday he reappeared in the pulpit. Even the most strenuous among the congregation smiled, however, when he began his sermon by saying, "Dear friends, It is indeed sad to see here so few of those faces with which I used to shake hands."

The Famous Fifty Presents The Song of Hiawatha

Scene I—Childhood of Hiawatha
Gitche Manito blesses the nations
Nokomis teaches Hiawatha
Hiawatha learns of nature

Scene II—Manhood of Hiawatha
Hiawatha visits Mudjekeewis
Mudjekeewis blesses his son
Hiawatha visits Arrow-maker's home

Scene III—Courtship of Hiawatha
Hiawatha woos Minnehaha
Minnehaha follows Hiawatha
Music, "By the Waters of Minnetonka" Leaurance
(Mrs. L. R. Marsh)

Scene IV—Death of Minnehaha
The visit of the Spirits of the Departed

Famine and Fever stalk the land
Minnehaha dies in delirium
Music, "An Indian Lament"
..... Dvorak-Kreisler
(Robert Edwards)

Scene V—The Coming of the Missionaries
The men of Prayer come with the Book of God
The departure of Hiawatha

The Song of Hiawatha by Longfellow was presented by the boy's club, the "Famous Fifty," of North Hall, on Saturday night, November 15, in Columbia Hall.

No doubt we all appreciate this poem written by the most beloved of American poets, but to see it with our eyes and to hear it with our ears greatly deepens our love for the Song. Five hundred people had their love thus deepened as they watched and listened to this play.

Music that put one in just the right mood for the play was rendered by the college orchestra, before the first scene. Then, upon the scene appears a massive Indian, with war paint on his face, and mystery in his eyes. Behind him is the forest. Around him are the wigwams. Above him is the sky. And there, with folded arms, his deep voice thunders forth the message that the warriors of the nations are coming to a council.

Out of the forest the warriors come, with tomahawks, clubs, and implements of war in their hands, and vengeance in their eyes. They wildly stare at each other. Their great god, Gitche Monito suddenly appears in their midst. He asks them why they have the war paint on their faces and the looks of vengeance in their eyes. He implores them to cast away their spirit of war, wash the war paint from their faces and live together as brothers. They heed this counsel and smoke the peace pipe. He does not leave them without promise of help and that is in the form of a prophet,—our Hiawatha.

So Hiawatha comes to view as a child at the knees of his grandmother, Nokomis. He learns many things from her concerning nature, the stars, the birds and the beasts.

And then into manhood steps Hiawatha. Handsome, stately, graceful, strong, swift, and loved by all. He goes for a visit to his father, Mudjekeewis, the west wind. Because of the wrong Mudjekeewis had done the mother of Hiawatha, a fight ensues, neither are hurt. Hiawatha goes back to Nokomis.

The time has come for him to marry. He is urged not to marry with another tribe. But, believing that it will bring a spirit of peace between the two tribes, he takes for his wife Minnehaha, laughing water, of the tribe of the Dakotahs. The beautiful maiden leaves her father, the ancient arrow-maker and follows Hiawatha. Through the air the strains of music float as "By the Shores of Minnetonka" is sung. Then the beautiful maiden is brought to Nokomis who is well pleased with her.

Then slowly, but surely, desperately and keenly, comes the raging of the fever and the wasting of the famine. As if they came to touch no other, they lay hold on Minnehaha. Hiawatha rushes into the forest for food. He cries to the great God to give him food for his dying Minnehaha. As Minnehaha nears her end, she gives a sudden call for Hiawatha. He hears it in the forest, but when he reaches the wigwam, his Minnehaha is dead. Downward he falls beside her and once more through the air there float the strains of music as "The Indian's Lament" is played. Minnehaha is taken into the forest for burial.

Soon the white men come to the tent of Hiawatha. They come as missionaries and are welcomed by him. Then he departs and leaves them with his tribe to be cared for and heeded. Thus endeth our Hiawatha.

The amount realized from the play was about \$200. It will be used as a benefit fund by the "Famous Fifty" for the boys' dormitory. S. U.

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Our Health and Our Work

(Continued from Page 8)

We must expect that the Lord is going to specially bless His people in the health preparation, and that His people will not obtain such wonderful results perhaps, due to the hereditary weaknesses that have been transmitted to this generation. On the other hand, the Lord will not perform a miracle to restore the man or woman to perfectness of physical being except that individual is living up to the best light and knowledge of health reform which it is his privilege to gain, because the Lord cannot perform miracles for those who are either willingly ignorant or willingly disregard the laws of life and health. We know that the possibilities of health betterment are exceedingly great through living in harmony with the laws of life.

I have seen illustrations of many individuals with leaky hearts and weak, flabby muscles, developing into athletes, and other individuals with a tubercular lung who have developed strong lung power. In other cases where individuals have very low resistance to disease and bacterial growth, they have been built up until they could resist the usual infections causing colds and fevers.

Today the greatest safeguard to life is carefulness in living. It is not proved that those who are naturally robust are those who live to the greatest age, or who attain the most marked accomplishment, but rather those, many of whom have started out crippled in the beginning of life, who have learned to care for their health and who study the laws of health so that they can avoid disease. There has been great headway made the last fifty years in the development of the knowledge of the cause and nature of disease, but such study is of advantage only to us as we take the necessary heed to the dangers about us and seek to make use of such information by correct living.

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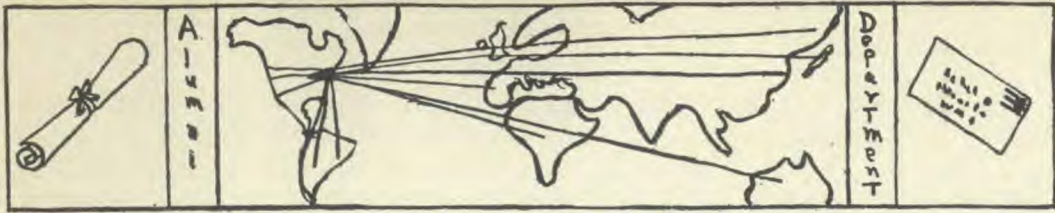
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Alumni of W. M. C. in Loma Linda

Theodore S. Kimball, '24

IT WILL possibly interest many of the students at Washington Missionary College to know what kind of a representation their Alma Mater has here at Loma Linda. There are in the freshmen medical class the lucky number of thirteen who claim W. M. C. as their Alma Mater. By name these are:

Russell M. Arnold, '24

Roy Eckert, '22

Lester Fish, '23

Theodore Kimball, '24

Howard Morse, '24

Floyd Neff, '24

Clarence Holcomb, '24

J. W. Hayes, '24

Robert Jones, '24

Roy Parsons, '24

Hollis Russell, '24

Everett Stone, '23

Nellie Thompson, '23

That makes the freshmen class made up of over one-eighth Washington students. In the second year class there are five from Washington:

Julian Gant, '22

George Harding, '23

Thomas Zirkle, '23

Carl Larson, '23

Charles Wolohon, '23

The freshman class has an advantage offered to but very few students and that is the privilege of a cooperative course of education. The class is divided into two sections, one working while the other studies. In this way the student can be practically self-supporting as well as get a more thorough and practical education along medical lines.

Although this is a new experiment in medical education, we have all reason to believe that it will be a tremendous success.

There is a very high spiritual tone about the institution, and the needs of the mission fields are constantly kept before us, giving the incentive to greater work.

We can but assure the success of every one coming here with the full determination to prepare for a part in God's vast vineyard.

Christmas in Early England

IRVIN HARRISON

NO COUNTRY has entered more heartily into the observance of Christmas than England. From the earliest date this festival was celebrated with great ceremony. In the time of the Celts it was principally a religious observance but later they also added to it mirth. They came to the festivities in robes made from skins of brindled cows and wearing their long hair flowing and entwined with holly.

With the coming of the Saxons more revelry reigned and their observance surely must have been a jolly sight. They would spend several hours eating, drinking and making merry. As they were large eaters they always provided for themselves an abundance of food. Besides flesh, fish and fowl they had many vegetables as well as raspberries, strawberries, plums and apples. Along with this they always were supplied with cider or something

After everyone had eaten they played games much as our children play today. These games have been handed down to us from the Saxon times.

When night came and the windows no longer admitted the light of the sun, long candlesticks dipped in wax were lighted and fastened into sockets along the sides of the hall, then the bards, as the poets were called in later days, sang of the gods and goddesses or of marvelous deeds done by the men of old. Outdoors huge bonfires burned in honor of Mother Night, and to her also peace offerings of Christmas cakes were made.

It was the Saxon who gave to the customs of the Celts the pretty name of mistletoe meaning a shoot or twine of a tree. There was jollity beneath the mistletoe then as now, but then everyone believed in its magic powers. It was the sovereign remedy for all diseases. It seems to have lost its curative power now, for the scientific men of the present time fail to find in it any beneficial medical qualities.

Later on when good King Alfred was on the English throne there were greater comforts and luxuries among the Saxons. Descendants of the settlers had built halls for their families near the original homesteads and the wall that surrounded the home of the settler was extended to accommodate the new homes until there was a town within the enclosure.

Christmas within these homes was celebrated with great pomp. The walls of the halls were hung with rich tapestries, the food was served on gold and silver plates, while the tumblers, although sometimes of wood, were often of gold and silver also.

In these days the family dressed more lavishly. Men wore long flowing ringlets and forked beards. Their tunics of wool, leather, linen and silk reached to their knees and were fastened at the waist by a girdle. Usually a short cloak was worn over the tunic. They bedecked themselves with all the jewelry they could wear; bracelets, chains, rings, brooches, head bars, and other ornaments of gold and precious stones. Women wore their best tunics made of either wool woven in many colors or of silk embroidered in golden flowers.

Those were the days when time and money did not play such an important part in everyday life, and the people could easily afford to spend some time in luxurious enjoyment. Today so much time is not spent in preparing for Christmas, nor during Christmas.

Present World Entanglements

(Continued from Page 6)

preparing for that great world event which we know, from the prophecies, soon must come. Significant of its imminence is the anxious care bestowed upon their Islam possessions by France, Italy and England. The European nations feel the necessity of drawing together. Hence the League of Nations. We are now in the last great period of peace, not long to endure before the outbreak of a time of trouble (Dan. 12: 1) such as never was known. Then cometh the end.

What Matters the Time?

EDGAR WRIGLEY

WE SHOULD not be cynical to the Christmas spirit because the time of Christ's birth is unknown. What difference does it make when He was born? Why quibble over the time? The event is the outstanding fact. Very small is the man who clings tenaciously to his coppers and refuses religiously to say "Merry Christmas," because he knows Christ was born at another time of the year. Anything that makes men better is good. Let us not do away with the end because we cannot see the logic of the means.

The sincere celebration of our Lord's birth is a worthy practice whether we remember Him with December twenty-five or any other day. There has never occurred a more important event in the history of mankind than the bestowal of heaven's supreme gift. Without Him the world was hopelessly lost in the darkness of sin. But through infinite mercy Christ was sent to earth as a beacon light to reveal to men the ideal life.

Giving is a most worthy expression of the ideal life of love and service. Without it the highest love could never be revealed. In fact where there is no giving there is no love. God loved supremely and He gave the greatest gift. Coleridge says, "He prayeth best who loveth best, all things both great and small. The great God who loveth us, He made and loveth all." The gracious Father does not exclude strangers and sinful men from sharing His bounties. They are sent to earth for the benefit of all. The loving human heart who gives impartially at the yuletide season is surely reflecting the glory of heaven. There is not a more opportune time to give to the needy than during the chilly days of late December.

On the twenty-fifth day of the twelfth month and every other day, let us honor Christ and express before heaven our appreciation by giving the best of our lives to the humanity for whom Jesus was given.

THE COURT OF HOURS

W. H. JERVEY

I stood at the bar of the Courtroom—
The Court was all crowded with folk,
The Judge, Father Time, with his gavel
Beat hard on the desk ere he spoke.

The Jury was twelve chosen Minutes,
Each from a town far away,
And the plaintiffs, the misspent Hours
I had wrongly used yesterday.

The Jury had come to attention—
The Judge looked me square in the eye
As he read the charge against me
And the plaintiffs came up close by!

The first one, wee little Six A. Emme,
With tears in his eyes as he spoke,
Said that I stayed in my bed for an
Hour or more after I fully awoke.

The others began to pass their claims:
Signor Eighto Clockin de Morn
Made the charge I had used him falsely
In spending much time to adorn.

Mr. E. le Ven, for a season
Belated his soreness of head,
And claimed I had tried within his time
To "cram" for the school-work ahead.

Then Two Past Noon, and his brother, Three,
Messirs Four and Five P. Emme,
Brought up their charges, with P. M. Six,
To show how I loafed all through them.

Not even one Hour, from dawn unto dusk
Would speak a good word in my cause
Till the short little man called A. M. Ten
Gained his feet and said in a pause:

"During my life he *was* studious,
To the teacher his answers came quick.
He studied and listened intently
All during the class of Rhet'ric.

But even *his* eloquent speaking
Evoked but a laugh from the Court,
While the Jury brought in its verdict:
And, "Guilty" was in the report.

And then, with a voice as the thunders
The Judge, Father Time, read my fate,
But the only words that reached me were:
"Yo-u-u, Willie!! It's gettin' late."

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