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Hail! The New Staff!

A NEW ship is built upon the foundations of keel blocks; and, when the hull is complete, braced by the ways. When the ship is ready to be launched the ways are removed, the keel blocks and slides are greased, and a tug boat starts the massive bulk for its initial plunge. A breathless pause as spectators tremble lest the ship capsize, a speedy swish as the keel plate skids over the greased blocks, a mighty spraying cataract as the ship divides the waters, even as the Red Sea was divided for the Israelites, a little pause as the ship settles itself like a huge leviathan, and it is then a vehicle for carrying human cargo on the world's seas.

So the new Sligonian Staff has been launched for the purpose of carrying the cargo of words, poems, emotions, activities and events of college life to the many passengers of its vehicle, THE SLIGONIAN. Its travel may be over rough billowy waves and it may at times cruise sedately along the shores of Surplus Copy Lake. To the members of the new staff the members of the old staff unselfishly relinquish their keys, and cordially invite them to partake of the work which the old staff has endeavored to carry thus far.

To the editor we leave the joys of working cooperatively with his fellow editors. We pass on to him the problems of satisfying all classes and all ages with the material that monthly fills the columns of his paper. We generously impart to him the joys of satisfying all his assistant editors by conceding continually to their every wish. To him we herewith bequeath that element in an editor's life that make him majestically serene.

To the associate editor we would leave the charm of devising the plans and idiosyncrasies of journalistic production. We would re-

lease to him the opportunity of convincing the editor that his own ways are right and should be adopted. We herewith leave with him our wishes and sincerest hopes that he will help to make our paper what we planned and aimed it should be.

To the literary, missionary, and alumni editors we leave the privilege of gathering in each month sufficient copy to keep the editor puzzled as to its use. We wish them our keenest wishes that they may develop their respective departments, even as we have so aimed to do. We leave to the literary editor the problem of making literary geniuses out of mathematical "sharks". We leave to him the problem of transforming out of an incoherent, uninteresting conglomeration of heterogeneous verbosity an interesting, coherent, portion of rare literature. To the missionary editor we bequeath the joys of persuading ex-missionaries that their experiences are invaluable to his department of THE SLIGONIAN. But to the alumni editor we pour out our entire sympathy that he may use portions of it to convince the alumni that they should loyally lay aside their cares and tell their undergraduate fellow students the sorrow they experience because they can not again walk the immortal halls of their Alma Mater.

To the other members of the staff we herewith bequeath the office and its duties. We hope they will not be robbed of too many Saturday nights' programs because of work in the office. To them we leave the problem of collecting choice morsels of news; of keeping the subscription file beyond the cruel arm of destructive criticism; of maintaining an office worthy of commendation; and of continually keeping enough, but not too many, papers on hand for emergency.

To you, new staff members, we, the members of the old staff salute!

J. L.

Playing Truth

WE were seated around the table in the college dining room seeking for a means whereby we might entertain ourselves. We were big and little, old and young. Someone suggested that we play a game while we waited for our "turn" to come, at which time we would proceed to receive our nourishment for that part of the day. Sure we were ready to play a game! What would it be? A suggestion came—"Truth". Yes, some one wanted to play "Truth". "Well, how do you play such a game?" we questioned. We soon knew. Someone would start by asking each one a question, then when he had finished, the one next to him could ask each one a question, and on around. And the person questioned must answer truthfully! So, we ventured forth upon this game of "Truth". Now, there are certain persons in this world who do not respond so readily to certain questions. We meet such persons everywhere. We meet such questions at all times.

"How old are you, Miss ————?" So ran the first question. "That's none of your business." So ran the answer. The whole thing was rather embarrassing, but we were supposed to be playing "Truth", and here was one who did not want to play. The questioner concluded that he had made an unsuccessful beginning but thought he would try the next person. The response seemed to be very good. We were beginning to find out things we had been wanting to know for a long time.

After a while, when the interest had slackened somewhat, our host spoke up and said, "Wouldn't it be a great thing if the whole world would play 'Truth' all the time?" (Quick as a flash my mind flew to the Editorial columns of my paper, of your paper, of our paper. And perhaps that's why you're reading these lines.)

But, say now, seriously, wouldn't it be a great thing if the world would suddenly start playing "Truth"? Just suppose that each person would take every other person into his

confidence. There would be no more whispers, no more secret societies, no suspicious, questioning looks on our faces, and no more "getting by" in class work.

'Tis said that ministers' sons are much worse than the children of any other people. President Wilson answered the statement by playing "Truth". He said they were as good as any other children, and the only reason they were considered worse was that people noticed their actions more and expected more of them than they did of others. And that applies to men in all high offices. They must live straight lives because they have to play "Truth".

Let's all join in the game until our lives in themselves are a veritable truth! S. U.

Life

Life lies before you as a rosebud, Friend, which holds within its closely folded petals your future and your destiny. One petal has opened—you have seen its beauty, marked its fragrance, noted its enchanting influence on your soul, and you await with eager anticipation the opening of the next furled petal to the light. At each important moment of your life another petal will yield its secret, and the rose will gradually reach its full.

Will the full blown bloom be as perfect as the bud? Will each petal, as it gives itself to light, be the exquisite creation of which the Master first made plan, or will the bloom be tinged by browning blight, or withered by a devastating heat, or bruised and crushed by some sore misfortune?

Friend, you are the gardener of your rose. You can make it as you will to make it. Nothing save sin can tinge the petals which He causes to grow perfect, nor blight that delicate tissue of the rose, nor bruise and crush that tinted filament. Sadness cannot; discouragement cannot; difficulties cannot nor can the Devil himself mar one petal of your rose. The tears of sadness and sorrow will but make your rose more beautiful, for there is no flower that grows but is enhanced by the pure dew which Heaven gives to lend an added brilliance and a new glistening radiance to its purity.

Live, Friend, your every thought, your every word, your every deed, so that as your rose of life unfurls its petals to the universe, no blemish may be found, but only fragrant purity, from which the world may gather strength anew, and become a better place to live in for your having lived. And then, at the marriage supper of Christ Jesus, the Father will gather your flower, that its roseate hues may be mingled with the roses of other lives to form the hymeneal bouquet of the Bridegroom when He comes to claim His own.

W. H. J.

Washington, the Nation's Pride—No. II

WORLD FAMED MEMORIALS

W. H. JERVEY

HOW fitting a commemoration of the man who gave America to the world is this monument! Standing at its base the mind falters in its endeavors to comprehend the massive proportions, the great height, the enormity of this obelisk, but, sweeping from its path all thought of the preponderate bulk, the austere simplicity of it, as a tidal wave, engulfs the attention and leaves the beholder mute in silent admiration of this monument to George Washington. Destitute of ornate embellishment, the shaft towers its five hundred and fifty-five

feet of height into the stratas of air, but till it reach to the sky itself it must needs be below the ideals of this man; until its thirty-six feet of foundation masonry have been broadened and deepened to include the bed rock

of a veritable microcosm it will be less sure, less firm, and less solid than the principles of this man; till its marble facing become more pure in texture, more spotless in color than the eternal snows upon the everlasting hills it will remain an inadequate representation of the morality of this man. Though the fifteen foot walls of this structure render security and warrant endurance, yet of greater endurance is the fame of this man. Sooner will this marble pile resolve itself to dust, or lie a mass of shattered ruins, with the memorial tablets placed therein by States and organizations trampled under foot, or the "Laus Deos" inscription of its aluminum tip be a by-word among men, than will this land forget her "Father."

And from its summit what vistas are expanded! Directly before the eyes, as they face the east, the Capitol's glittering dome nestles amongst the green of the trees in its garden-park; on the left, the White House rests, distinctly outlined against the background of lawn-clad slopes; on the right, the shimmering waters of Potomac sever land from land, and, as an argent ribbon, meanders seaward; at the rear lie the mirror of the monument and the Lincoln Memorial. At this high altitude there is lent a little of

the prescience of our Washington, and, as the landscape stretches away beyond the verdant avenues and magnificent buildings to the empurpled hills in the distance, with the blue sky of Freedom as the upward view, and with the Capital



Lincoln Memorial

City, the forward view, there is typified in miniature—the United States of America.

Let those who feel the need of an inspiration, of a fresh endowment of patriotism, of a rekindling of the spark of Americanism, ascend this monument by either its elevator or the nine hundred steps of its circular stair, and from its summit see with the prophetic vision of a Washington the Union of which they are citizens!

Turn now from the monument of him who gave America to the world to that of him by America given to the world. Yon plain, yet beautiful structure confines within its marble walls, "as in the hearts of the people for whom he saved the Union", the memory of Abraham Lincoln. There is no edifice in

Washington more grand than is this temple. Grand, not in point of its ornamentation, not in point of the fineness of its sculpture, but grand in the harmonious proportion of length and breadth and height, a proportion which justly typifies the character of the man.

In form it is a Grecian temple with a colonnade of fluted Doric columns—one for each State in the Union when death claimed him—thirty-six in all. Within this colonnade is a central hall, wherein is seated in the chair of state, French's colossal statue of the Savior of the Union. Enter! and with uncovered head stand and behold the likeness of the man whose death knell caused a world to mourn! On his right hand, 'graved in the wall, read his Gettysburg address; on his left, his speech at his second inauguration; and imbue, while opportunity is yours, a little of the spirit which pervades this fane—this spirit of loyal devotion, this spirit of self-sacrifice, this spirit of loving kindness—in all, this spirit of Abraham Lincoln!

This temple stands alone, apart from other commemorating structures, even as in life the man stood alone, separate from the mass. Behind it flow the limpid waters of that Potomac which one time marked the boundary of North and South, a boundary which by his life-blood he expunged. Before it rise the monument to Washington, and, farther in the distance, the Capitol itself. Though in his life by many unappreciated, yet in his death, he receives a never ending tribute.

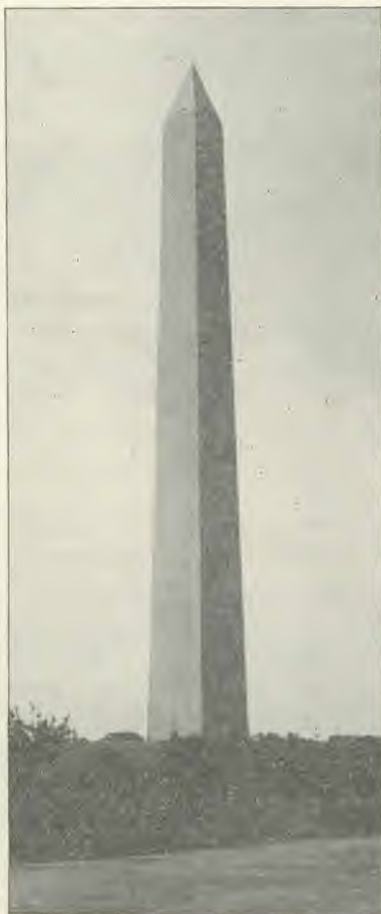
He has left his footprints not upon the "sands of time" but upon the "rock of ages". He has left an influence which yet flows outward, and, as the pebble-started circles on the calmness of a lake, it still continues to expand, until there are few tongues or nations "where his voice is not heard".

Turn once again, from the monument of

this man to the Arlington National Cemetery. It is here that is seen the Memorial Amphitheater. A beautiful piece of workmanship it is, fashioned after the style of the Roman amphitheaters, and built to accommodate the thousands which attend the services of Decoration Day. At the court on the east of it is the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, with always a wreath kept fresh upon it. There is nothing remarkable in the aspect of this tomb, nothing of beauty, nothing of note; there is lacking even one word of an inscription, but within it lie the remains of an Unknown Soldier, the type of the Unknown Dead who gave their lives for the cause of the land they termed as theirs.

Surrounding the Amphitheater, and stretching away as far as the eye can see, are the graves of the

ones who died in the wars of this nation. The simple slabs of stone, bearing only the soldier's name and number, and the name of the State from which he came, arranged in military formation, in straight rows and avenues, are visible in every direction. There in their different sections, sleep the general and the private, but to all alike the fa-



Washington Monument

miliar tattoo of the drum is still, for now—

"No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horns nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms."

They rest on the hillsides overlooking the Potomac, and could they see, before their eyes would be flung on the far-spreading horizon a panorama of surpassing beauty. Across the river the Capitol is clearly seen; so also are the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument, with the hundred and one places of interest which cluster around those spots. They rest on the hillsides close to the heart of the nation into whose blood *their* blood has been transfused—and this



Arlington Memorial Amphitheater

Nation, in return, pays them her homage.

The sight of this endless "field of the dead", this silent army thirty thousand strong, is as haunting as impressive. Company after company the slabs extend, until, lost to the mist-obscured eyes, they disappear in the distance. Unknown! Dead! Oh, the tragedy of war! Though there is accorded the dead the highest tribute that a country

has within its power, and though the valor of the mighty men must ever be a theme of song, yet there is a constant longing for the land—

Where they need no
monument to mark
For the true there
never die,
And no tomb of the
"Unknown" there will
be;
No graves to cause a
sigh.

The Greatest Asset—Loyalty

ERNEST PARRISH

LOYALTY is an essential to all humanity. They could not exist without it. It is probably impossible to find a man who does not possess this quality in some form at least, and the greatest men have been men whose loyalty to the cause they espoused was unwavering and defiant.

More specifically, this characteristic of humanity forms the determining factor in the success of an institution. It is the very life-blood of such a one as is dedicated to learning. If loyalty is not a strong force in the student body, any signal success for their alma mater is impossible. Even in athletics the team must stand together faithfully and dependably, and when they do so amid cheers and shouts of loyalty when the game rages fiercely, the balance of power will rest with the side whose spirit is steady and strong. Loyalty

to a cause in the utmost degree makes it invincible; Abraham Lincoln proved that.

The greatest and most formidable enemy of this spirit of life is criticism. Find a school whose students are spiritless in its behalf, where strong measures are required to preserve discipline, which is realized only in a sullen way, like a fire smoldering but ready to blaze at the first breath of air, and there you will find a school where fault-finding is rife. The faculty will be upbraided behind their backs, sometimes insulted openly, and trouble ensues. A suspicious atmosphere pervades all. Those who should associate in harmony and peace, helping each other, regard one another in a hostile manner instead. If it were sifted out completely we would find the case of it all to be criticism—a lack of loyalty.

The Set of the Sail

FAYE NOTHESTINE

"One ship sails East, another West,
By the self-same winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sail, and not the gale,
That determines the way they go."

SO MANY are like the sea captain starting on a voyage without any sailing papers or charts. The captain may have a well built, fast ship. He may have a well-trained crew, and he himself may be a skillful navigator, but if he does not know for what port he is destined, his speedy ship, able crew, and personal skill are of no avail.

No man will arrive unless he has a fairly distinct idea as to where he is going. You can steer a ship that is moving, every part of it brought under the power of some impelling force, even if it is headed wrong it can be turned about. But you can do nothing with a ship that is drifting. It simply lies subject to every wind and wave. There is a sea of opportunity for the young man who is possessed with a purpose. But those human derelicts who are just drifting along, riding the tide of Fate will surely wash on a reef.

The real purpose, the firm set of the sail for a single goal organizes the elements of a man's life for effective action. A pile of steel filings on the floor of a foundry, may be fine in quality, they may weigh a ton when placed on the scales, but unorganized they are of little value. Organize and weld them into a shaft, attach one end of the shaft to an engine, the other to a screw propeller and it will send a mighty ocean liner from New York to Liverpool in five days. Bring all those bits of steel under the organizing power of a purpose and they become effective. In like manner a mind, a heart, a soul, is nothing more than a mass of thoughts, and wishes, impulses and desires, longings and aspirations, until by the power of purpose all these are brought into unity and made effective in their thrust toward some worthy end.

Men who spring into public notice such as Roosevelt or Wilson, are apt to be spoken of as lucky men. But if you were to sit down and converse with the so called lucky men you would discover that the glory, which you imagine has come so suddenly, is the result of a slow and gradual evolution; the result of a steadfast, never swerving determination to reach their goal. We may call it genius, but even that alone does not account for their success out of our sphere. For every man is born for something. It is a man's duty to find out what God has qualified him to do; and do that; all of that; that all the time; that with all his heart and some day he too will be crowned with the appellation of genius. To realize one's grit, to develop it fully, to bring it to the completest fruition is at once the full triumph of one's individual self and the most supreme service one can render to mankind.

There are those who discover the channel of their talent yet lose their course because of imaginary handicap. Such curse Fate, and lay their failure to some condition or obstacle which to them was insurmountable. For some this excuse is poverty, but Henry Ford, one of the greatest financiers the world has ever known, was miserably poor. Some lay their failure to environment, yet how few have had worse surroundings than the noted author, Charles Dickens, who turned the disadvantage of environment into the key to success. Some fail because of ill health, but recall how William III, tortured by splitting headaches, rode **resolutely** at the head of his troops in campaign after campaign. How with death knocking at the door, Robert Falcon Scott's stiffening fingers wrote on at his undying story, "till the Antarctic cold stilled his heart, and stopped his pen forever." Even physical disability is no plausible excuse for failure.

Thirty years ago Professor Campbell was performing a laboratory experiment which resulted in an explosion that almost instantly destroyed his sight. Instead of thinking that life held nothing for him, asked nothing of him, now that he was blind, he went on with his work as scientist and director in chemistry. He has conducted research work in regard to iron, steel and cement. He has published over sixty scientific articles and books that have been invaluable to the industries concerned. He has now become director of the department of chemistry in the University of Michigan. There is no circumstance in life that may not be turned into a virtue or a victory. The man with the weak body is often blessed with a broad brain. Nature is forever seeking to balance herself and in this attempt of nature to secure a perfect equipoise, man has ever a chance. All he needs is normal capacity and the will to succeed.

Many careers which appear brilliantly successful are in reality blank failures. Mr. Harvey G. Wells points to the lives of Lord Northcliffe and Lloyd George and pronounces them tremendous "failures." Not because Lord Northcliffe died in a phase of mental eclipse or because Mr. Lloyd George fell from office and power. But because they desired nothing permanent in life, they gave nothing permanent, they had no creative drive, no refractory standard. Their lives have been lives not of achievement, but of infatuation. Lord Northcliffe had unequalled ability, he had many natural gifts, he took no pride in them. He desired only to gratify his vanity.

Lord Northcliffe came into prominence when a new and great public was in need of a new press to give it information, light, and leading. He gave it the commonest matter it would stand. He might have created a great public organ of expression, a new power in the state. He in reality created a group of papers which is a propaganda on cheap and stale ideas and still, though its influence is dwindling, a danger to the world.

Now compare with such success of appearance the life of Lincoln or Lord Bacon. These men were no more gifted, no more capable than Lord Northcliffe or Lloyd George. But their lives were guided by a purpose and the determination to realize its fulfilment. This is real and living success. Wealth, notoriety, place and power are no measures of success whatever. The only true measure of success is a ratio between what we might have done, on the one hand, and the thing we have done, the being we have made of ourselves, on the other hand.

The man who works for applause will never get enough of it to satisfy the cravings of his heart. But the man who works because he is inspired by a great principle will have a satisfaction that will bide by him to the end of his earthly life. To such a divine principle we owe every invention, every discovery, every great deed, every truly successful life.

"Like the winds of the sea are the way of Fate;
As we journey along through life,
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal
And not the calm or the strife."

[Given as an ideal chapel talk before the rhetoric class assembled in chapel—EDITOR.]

Who of mankind has not felt the revivifying influence of a mother's tender caress that soothed some imaginary or real sorrow, or the equally revivifying inspiration of her "gentle love-pat" that caused a little blister to appear somewhat suddenly on the anatomy, and having felt it, does not look back thankfully on mother's training?

The March issue of THE SLIGONIAN will be dedicated to the mothers and fathers. It will echo the students' sentiments towards the "home folks. *Be sure to get your copy!*

Present World Entanglements—No. IV

WORLD-WIDE UNBELIEF, ITS GROWING MENACE TO CIVILIZATION

DR. B. G. WILKINSON

THE American people are headed toward evolution and behind it looms up a terrible menace to American institutions and in consequence to world civilization. Liberty is the fruit of Christianity and of Christianity only. Atheism does not and cannot believe in the separation of church and state.

The Scripture foretold the following astounding facts as signs of the approaching age: firstly, great increase of knowledge; secondly, denying the miracle of creation; and, thirdly, a strong delusion upon those who receive not the love of the truth.

To the prophet Daniel the angel said, "Seal up the book even to the time of the end; many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." That we are in the time of the end when knowledge should be increased, it is only necessary to state the oft repeated saying that the earth has made more progress in knowledge in the last fifty years than was previously made since Noah's day.

That this knowledge would lead men to use the glare of scientific achievement to blind us to the exalted nature of righteousness, Peter foretold of these days when he said, "There shall come in the last days scoffers, saying, Where is the promise of His coming. For this they willingly are ignorant of, that by the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water."

How can the rising generation escape the atheism of denying the miracle of creation? Here comes an important publication saying that the writings of Lenin, Trotsky, Marx, Engel, etc., have been and undoubtedly still are used as textbooks, or a prescribed reading in classes or clubs in Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, Yale and many other colleges. These men are the avowed champions of evolution, of a socialism which will destroy the American Government, home and church.

Many fathers whose gray hairs would go down in sorrow to their grave if their sons should embrace Bolshevism, nevertheless send their boys to colleges where evolution and atheism, the religion of the Bolsheviks, are taught. Paul declared that when the coming of the Lord was imminent, God would send men strong delusion because they received not the love of the truth. A wave of pagan ideas, de-Christianization of education and depravation of morals is sweeping over the country. The League for Industrial Democracy, formerly the Intercollegiate Socialistic League, already has its lecture course of 1925 mapped out to send its propagandists to leading colleges and universities.

Here comes to our desk *The Proletarian*, a sixteen-page journal, printed in Chicago, on whose rear page, three books for children are advertised, well adapted to show that man was once a wild animal and that many babies are born with tails. A great crusade is on to overthrow as Leon Trotsky said, "This rotten capitalistic country." Many in prominent positions, thousands among the people, are duped; are deliberately or knowingly party to this objective. The Constitution is in danger. Wherein they depart from God, the leaders of the nation shall be held accountable.

Beholding therefore this threat to the Christian civilization and, therefore, to the Government of the United States we are under the bonds of the greatest obligation to uncover, to expose and to resist this menace. The non-Christian civilizations of the East and the Medieval Christianity of Europe has shown itself incapable of meeting the foe. The United States stands the strongest if not the only remaining bulwark of Christian civilization. We are therefore under most solemn bonds to separate ourselves from all unbelief and to secure others to do the same.

WILL AND THE MAN

V. H. CAMPBELL

I AM glad that rooms have windows, especially rooms that overlook a college campus. Nowhere is life more vigorous, more active, or more in a state of flux—remoulding, reshaping, rebuilding than the life one sees from a college window.

There is a man just passing the window who last year was on a farm, (that age-old builder of men) today is in college, tomorrow will be in the front line trenches of life. What is more interesting—and more instructive—than to watch the development of men coming in college and in the new environment finding the place their capabilities and qualifications make for them.

They all have talents in one line or another, they are all reasonably intelligent or they would not have reached the college grades, the great majority are strong, healthy mortals—alike are they in many respects, but what a difference in their will to do, that quality that takes a man, often of lesser talent and places him on top.

"The favored few that nought on earth can stop
Who win because they will to reach the top."

How the indomitable will of Paul rings out in his "This one thing I do, I press on toward the mark." How typical of Grant are his, "On to Richmond." "I purpose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." The motto of Peary that carried him to the top of the world, "I will find a way or make one," expresses the quality that carries a man to success.

It made Demosthenes; it carried Edison through thousands of experiments to achievement; it brought Lincoln victory after many defeats; it is God's gift to man that rightly exercised gives greatest glory to him.

God wants no puppets, no figure heads, but whole-souled, whole-hearted men who will throw their heart, soul and body into the battle and with all their will say, "This one thing I do."

BACK IN '16

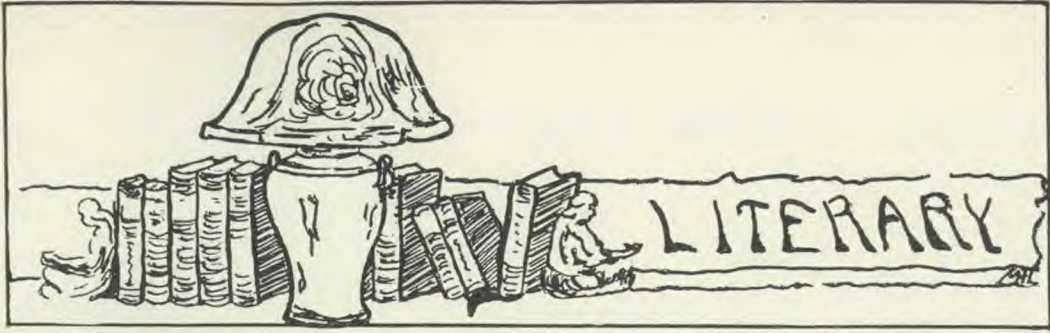
LECLARE REED

WHEN you and I were struggling with the problem of learning Algebraic "pie" to the fourth decimal place or the location of Washington, D. C., and Peking, China, the students of W. M. C. were aspiring to help make their college a greater "Gateway to Service." But how were they going to do it. One thing certain, they must cooperate. "Only crazy people don't cooperate" wrote one student. The students from Lancaster, having had some experience in student work, suggested the establishing of a permanent organization. So one day in chapel back in '16 a committee was appointed, just such a committee as we often appoint today. But that appointment marked a milestone in the progress of W. M. C., for it formulated a constitution, providing for The Students' Association and a school paper.

Notice I said "a school paper," not THE SLIGONIAN. Did you ever wonder how this paper could be named after so small a stream? I used to wonder if the Sligo was larger back in '16, or if it grew larger on downstream. Of course, it is a charming creek but do you know that they had more trouble, according to a note in the first issue, in naming that baby-paper "than if it had been a baby-boy."

After a great contest Prof. C. C. Lewis, who long before had stood, with other pioneers, looking down from the wood-covered hill, on that little Sligo and planned great things, thought of "Sligonian." His broad experience had taught him not to despise small things.

Now that they had the Students' Association and THE SLIGONIAN—what next? First, as Dr. Lewis of White Memorial, first editor of THE SLIGONIAN, explained to me, they were going to build up their paper. Soon out came an issue whose first words were "Boost! Boost! Boost what? See pages five to ten." Those students back in '16 were starting a campaign! and it was for a new chapel! Just listen to them, "Who (*Concluded on page 25*)



Washington, the Man

ALFRED MONTREAUX

WITHIN the lapse of the last century and a half, intercepted from the flight of time, there has arisen the mighty commonwealth known universally as the United States of America. One hundred and fifty years ago, and the greatest nation of earth was an undreamed of entity, her latent resources, her future possibilities, her destined greatness as yet in the state of embryonic existence. This is an era unparalleled in the history of the world. No other country of earth has made such advancement: advancement from the state of abject colonization to that of recognized supremacy; advancement achieved through the coordination of the united citizens of a United States—not through the terrorized acquiescence of a sword-frightened multitude. A comparison of this period of time with any other span of similar duration would resemble the comparison of the flight of an eagle with the flitting of a moth.

Let us pause and consider for a fleeting moment the events which transpired at the inception of this country. Listening intently, there falls upon our ears the barking of the guns which "were heard around the world" when the Concord farmers dared to resist King George's authorized militia. The echoes of those shots still ring in every vale and glen of proud Columbia, the one word, "Liberty!", "Liberty!", "Liberty!".

Then follow as a galaxy of heroic battles, shining as stars in the midnight of the American Revolution, a Bunker Hill, a Charleston,

a Brooklyn Heights, a White Plains, a Brandywine, a York Town. And of what consequence were these conflicts? Through them there was established from a mere handful of unrepresented, taxed colonists a democracy "of the people, by the people, and for the people"; through them was the right of a Freedom purchased which is ordained of the living God to be the norm of human liberty; through them was founded a Union indissoluble, a Country inseparable.

But whose was the hand that guided this ship of state through the wind and wave of an uncharted sea—a sea whose billows threatened at every gust to swamp the straining vessel and send her as a derelict upon the main of life, a witness to the impossibility of the quest of man for freedom? Surely not that of the Continental Congress sending out its confusing commands from New York or Philadelphia. Surely not that of the legislatures of the thirteen colonies. No, it belonged to none of them. That hand was the hand of Washington.

It was the cool tact, the sagacity, the generalship of a Washington which saved the American cause. It was the love, the gentleness, the magnanimity of a Washington which won for him the good will of the land. It was the combination of these both which made a Washington to be the "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

In the heart of the city that bears his name, a marble shaft rears its head into the blue of the vast serene, a (*Concluded on page 25*)

The Price He Paid

THEO. G. WEIS

"My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
 The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.
 Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies
 Fallen, cold and dead."

—Whitman.

WHITMAN knew far too well, when he wrote those immortal lines, the heart-aches and sorrows the Ford Theater incident had caused. In his own soul the poet felt what thousands felt. Men wept who had never wept before. Strangers read sympathy in each other's eyes. "Their common manhood had lost a kinsman." Stand by with the poet and again observe as out of the dark and dreadful shadows of night's uncertainties crept the hateful hand of the assassin. The path had been cleared by careful plotting and shrewd planning. Every obstacle had been put out of the way. See the villain move! See him slip from shadow to shadow underneath the dim glow of the theater lights. Up the stair he sprints unwatched, unnoticed. Evil must do its work while conscience gives it time. Rush, traitor! Hurry thy victim to his doom. He nears the door leading to the president's box. He finds the door unguarded. Watch! He pauses at the entrance. The play has started. He gazes at the crowd. Such fear creeps over him as never crept over man before. His inner self urges him to repent of that awful deed but he draws himself together. He enters the box like a demon mad. A shot! a scream! the murderer leaps from the box to the stage and, Oh—"But, I with mournful tread, walk the deck, my captain lies fallen cold and dead."

It's the price he paid. Lincoln had served at his God appointed task the best he knew how, and thus he was rewarded by one of his own countrymen. But it is always so in the course of human lives. A thing is never ap-

preciated until it's gone. Kindnesses are never thanked for until the kind bestower has passed away. Who among the boys, with whom Lincoln worked in those back-woods log-cabin days, thought of him as you and I do. What lawyer with whom Lincoln struggled before the justice bar ever thought he would some day be the immortal "Abe". But such has destiny appointed, so has God in His providence overruled. Let us honor him as the man who saved the United States. How could we ever forget the care marked face that on fields of Gettysburg spoke those lines that will forever remain a part of our literature.

We can pay no greater tribute to the man Lincoln than to be loyal to the country to which he was loyal and for who's future he paid so dearly.

Finally:

"So always firmly he:
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient and in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.
 Great captains, with their guns and drums
 Disturb our judgments for the hour,
 But at last silence comes:
 They are all gone and standing like a tower
 Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise no blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first *American*."

—Lowell.

"We have room for but one soul loyalty and that is loyalty to the American people."
 —Roosevelt.

A Selected Roll Call

RUSSELL B. JAMES

MARY lived on a beautiful RANCH in one of the Southern States. It was well situated. A VAST-WOOD covered a large portion of the estate, through which flowed a winding BROOKE, whose waters flowed into the WEST-BROOK, and thence through a low MARSHY place into the river. In the lowland could be seen many plants of the LILLY family while the banks of the stream WER-LINED with BERRY bushes and brambles. Although an occasional WOLFE was seen it was considered a MINOR matter, as the man on the place was a brave and GOOD-MAN, and he SHOTWELL. In view of such a good FIRING ability, it was SCHEER folly for a wild animal to show himself. The swamp was inhabited by various feathered fowls, DRAKES and bull-FINCHES being the most prominent.

PRIOR to this, Mary's father had been a BREWER and as most men of this trade, had laid by a considerable fortune. But now as it was NIX-ON the drinks he had retired and purchased this lovely PLACE for a good PRICE. His home was situated almost in the center of the estate. The house was painted WHITE with green blinds and trimmings. It was surrounded by an orchard which contained mostly ORANGE and apple trees with a few BARTLETT pears here and there.

Occasionally Mary's father would LEASE out sections of his land; and one of the men who was occupying a fourth-acre section was a blackSMITH by trade. There were two or three children in his family and they used to play with Mary's younger brother around the old brewery. The old building was now being used for a storehouse for farm implements and other miscellaneous articles. The ground outside was still a deep BROWN where the immense PYLES of COLE used to be that were used to supply heat for distillation. Inside was a COYL or two of rope that the

children used to LOOP over the cross beams and swing on, two or three empty TARR barrels, an old MILLER's grindstone, a STILLSON wrench, some PLUMMER's tools, tackle for any one who would take a notion to become a FISHER, a two-bitted block SPLITTER, and some old beer kegs which the MASON had said would bring about as much CASH as would be the ASHWORTH if you BURNS 'm. The STONE in the building was good solid granite and the beams and rafters were of solid oak WOOD, which would last, BARRING all accidents, until ZINK turned to gold.

The old smith, who, by the way, was a German, used to do considerable of his work in a makeshift shop back of his house and here the children used to come and watch. He used to stagger occasionally and one of the boys said once, "What have you been drinking, you act GROGGY?" "Don't you be a SIMP-SON. I'm chust getting old and MEINHART-DON stan oop like she used to. Ven I was a young man I used to eat blenty of BACON and could work all day an it can't TUCKER me oudt, and now somedimes I can't take a big vagon and more and TIPPETT ofer like I used to, and too somedimes it gifs me a CRAMP in mine arm to swing big iron MALLET all day, you bet."

One of the younger of the blacksmith's daughters was always finding something to BALL about. They would have to take her and WHEEL-ER around, or let her play with the old smithy's watch which appeared to be the first rather than the LAST-INGERSOLL ever put out; or the final treatment to pacify her was to take KRUMS of GRAHAM crackers soaked in milk and feed her.

Large NUMBERS of friends used to visit the estate, and among these was the son of a TAYLOR who lived in the WARD designated as B in the nearest (*Concluded on page 21*)

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When We Change Tables

PROMISE KLOSS

THERE are several events in the course of student life at W. M. C. which recur with the regularity of a program clock and which are looked forward to with mingled feelings. The receiving of grades, the handing out of the bills, and the changing of tables might receive honorable mention, with the emphasis on the last. Perhaps you will doubt that anyone could receive a bill with mingled feelings, but there is an element of anxiety to know just how one does stand financially, and then there are a few industrious students amongst us who delight in surprising their parents by working more than their "hour a day" and of course find pleasure in announcing this fact by sending home their statements.

However, what I started to talk about was "When We Change Tables." This happens once every six weeks, on the Sunday following the Tuesday when the bills come out. Somehow a peculiar bond of friendship grows up between those who daily surround the same table for six weeks and the last few days before the transition are filled with table celebrations such as parties, hikes, and feeds, by those who are eager to make the most of the few remaining meals together. The time spent at the table also lengthens perceptibly, especially on the last Sabbath, when there are no bells to call to work or worship.

At last the fateful Sunday arrives. The ringing of the first dinner bell finds many already in the dinning room going from one table to another to discover where their names are and to see "who's at my table." The usual hum grows merrier as special friends are discovered at the same table, and reunions are effected between those who have spent some previous six weeks together.

Did I say the usual hum grew merrier? Yes, it does sometimes, but, sad to say, there are times when the hum grows rather sad, and

we hear mournful groans and moans instead of joyful sounds. You see, its just this way—my name appears on the same list that Sally Jones' does—and we don't just agree on every little point, at least she doesn't fix her hair the way I think it ought to be fixed, and I like to wear the red sweater that she hates, to the dining room. So, in view of this fact why should we be made to sit together?

Of course there are tables, and tables, a table signifying the combination of folks who surround the carpenter's masterpiece, so the salutation with which one greets his friends after this event is probably, "How do you like your table?" "Fair," "pretty good," "fine," or "great," are the answers most frequently heard. While there may be occasionally one who avails himself of Mrs. Montgomery's offer to change anyone to another table who desires, there are very few who are thus willing to announce their dissatisfaction, so they decide to learn the lesson of adaptability, and be congenial with whatever persons or circumstances with which they may be associated.

So before many days have gone by we find out which State each of our little family is from, whether he likes one glass of water, or four, and what dessert he likes best; all in all we are glad we have such an interesting table.

Doing a thing just to see it well done, is a master motive; the biggest stimulant under the sun!—WEIS.

Temptation, poverty, adversity, is the very discipline necessary to develop purity and firmness.—White.

It is better to trust and be deceived than to suspect and be mistaken.



South America, the Land of Opportunity

VIRGINIA HOEZEL

TODAY in this great work which is being finished, there are opportunities which have never existed before. From South America, the continent of opportunity and progress, comes a call for trained workers to enter one of the most promising fields in missionary effort in the world.

The decadent and corrupt condition of the Catholic Church, the unbelief and utter indifference to spiritual things are a challenge to our young men and women to take to them the saving gospel of Christ. Roman Catholicism, as practised in many parts of South America is a dark and degraded form of Christianity, and the people are in the darkness and corruption of the middle ages.

South America is a land of enormous resources, and is developing in material things at a tremendous rate. It is a continent of liberty and large aspiration. The percentage of illiteracy is very high, and superstition, her heritage received from Spain, is still prevalent. However, education is making headway there, for the people are eager to learn, and superstition is losing its hold upon their minds. Within the last fifteen years the outlook has changed. All the republics have decreed full religious liberty, and Bible workers, colporteurs, doctors and teachers are wanted there and they are doing a vastly important work.

One of the greatest factors in the evangelization of South America is the colporteur work. The publication of papers and tracts in Spanish and Portuguese arouses interest, and, on the whole, the colporteurs explain them to willing ears. The message has been widely circulated in all the languages of South America and is being welcomed every-

where. The scattering of our literature is very important.

In education South America is a land of opportunity, for the people are eager for education. A number of church schools have been established which are doing a quiet, but vastly important work, and natives are being trained to give Bible studies, and take the Word to new fields.

Among the agencies for spreading the truth, none is more important than the work of the medical evangelist. Often the missionary finds that the only practical way of obtaining entrance to the hearts of the people is through the ministry of healing.

Now is the time for young men and women to pursue the study of the Bible and foreign languages, preparatory to entering the mission field. It is essential that they speak the language of the people for whom they labor, so that they may be more efficient workers. Two years study of a foreign language in college saves two years of preparation in the fields, and brings the message two years nearer.

At present there are 12,505 Sabbath keepers in South America. The Third Angel's Message is rapidly being carried to the people of a once neglected continent. Their faces are toward the sunrise, and not the sunset.

HE who thinks he can, can; he's canned who thinks he can't.

THE scholar who cherishes the love of comfort, is not fit to be deemed a scholar.—*Sel.*

THE wise bird is one who has seen much, heard a little, loved a lot—but says nothing.

THE CALL OF THE HOUR

NAOMI KRUM

ON THE strong, venturesome shoulders of the youths of today rests the greater share of the burdens, the brunt of the battle, of carrying to a glorious and speedy culmination this last message of warning and mercy—The Third Angel's Message—to a dying world.

Sacred history is dotted here and there with the life histories of strong, consecrated, determined youths who have stood staunchly for truth amid great opposition, and who have been the means, by their life example as well as by their speech, of upholding the loving Saviour of fallen humanity. Outstanding among this group are the lives of Joseph, Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah. Joseph, while yet a young man, because of his integrity, was advanced to the position of ruler over all Egypt. The acquisition of this important public office did not quench the fire and zeal for missionary enterprise kindled within his heart early in youth. To the thousands of Egypt he stood as a lighthouse dispensing guiding rays of Truth to the weary toilers on sin's hard way.

Daniel and his companions, through their unquestioned allegiance to early training, made known the God of Israel to the multitudes of Babylon, and to the image worshippers on the plains of Dura. God saves and blesses those who put their entire trust and dependence in Him.

Never before in the history of this earth has the challenge to missionary endeavor been so irresistible, so overpowering, so persistent as today; and never has it demanded such a thorough preparation, such a deep consecration and so large an easure of stick-to-it-iveness amid opposition on every hand. We face a violent, striving humanity that disregards the two divine institutions instituted at creation; we face reckless, disobedient youths who are hard on the downward way; we face a world that believes the most subtle, most momentous delusion ever invented by the en-

emy of our salvation and foisted upon his followers—a peace and safety cry—when God has predicted only war and desolation. And why these conditions? The Word of God has been rejected. His Spirit has been resisted, and consequently, man, by following the promptings of his carnal heart, is willfully, ignorantly working out his own destruction.

It is no time to despair, to sit idly by with folded hands. Our young people have not taken this attitude, but rather, the "call of the hour has been answered by the coming of the man." Young men and young women in small groups here and there are going steadily forward with the one purpose in mind of carrying "the Advent message to all the world in this generation." And there is no end to the ways in which, through God's grace, this aim can be prosecuted.

Washington Missionary College has a large, well-organized band of missionary Volunteers. Special groups for the promotion of specific duties have been formed. They are: The Bible Workers' Band, the Ministerial Band, the Literature Band, and the Sunshine Band. The Ministerial and Bible Workers' Band members are receiving real experience in connection with the effort that is being carried on in the city of Washington by Dr. B. G. Wilkinson. The Literature Band is weekly carrying the "Present Truth" series into hundreds of homes in the suburbs of our Nation's Capitol; and its efforts have not been unproductive of results. The Sunshine Band is carrying the voice of praise, the beauty of flowers, the cheer of vigorous youth into the dark rooms of sick and lonely patients, and affecting a real, visible change for better, both physically and spiritually.

We realize that we have fallen far short of answering the multitude of opportunities that constantly present themselves on every hand, but the promises of our Leader give us new courage and we press forward, doing all that we can to hasten the coming of the day when our race shall have been run, the battle won, and we shall be ushered into the presence of the Almighty bringing our sheaves with us.

REVIVAL MEETINGS

ROBERT E. COWDRICK

A REAL feast has been going on in Takoma Park lately. Beginning Friday night, January 2, and continuing until January 14, Elders A. G. Daniells and Meade MacGuire conducted a most helpful series of meetings in the Takoma Park Church. Two services were held each Sabbath, and one every night except Saturday night. Although intended primarily for the Park people, especially on each Sabbath quite a few W. M. C. students attended the meetings.

As Elder Daniells brought to us the messages concerning the remnant church our hearts rejoiced that we were living at this time, and were permitted to be connected with this movement. At the same time we were led to sense deeply the necessity of that vital connection with heaven, because it was shown clearly that the remnant church is to do a mighty work for God,—and amid trials. Elder Daniells again and again voiced his gratitude for the spirit of prophecy and urged the importance of having spiritual experience commensurate with this divine instruction.

Elder MacGuire's burden has ever been the "Victorious Life,"—not in theory, but in actual experience. We realized more than ever how exhaustless is the science centered around the Cross. The true relation the Cross should bear to each of us was made very clear, especially one night when Elder MacGuire went into detail, showing just what it meant to be crucified with Christ.

The Christian life always brings certain problems to young people, so Sunday night of the second week, we gathered in the Review and Herald chapel for a separate meeting. Formality was set aside, and a spirit of freedom in asking questions on points not quite clear made the meeting very profitable as well as interesting. It was decided that the young people should meet once more in the chapel the following night. Practically the whole evening this time was spent in considering questions that had been handed in.

A Selected Roll Call

(Concluded from Page 15)

city. He drove around in a STEVENS roadster, was fairly well off and on the whole was considered a good CHAP-IN the surrounding parts. Another frequent visitor was a rich widow from the north, AND-ER-SON and her daughter, who was as pretty A-DAMSEL as you could find anywhere. This son was what you would call a HANGER-on of the rich old widow's, and it was well known that he was after the HART of the YOUNG lady.

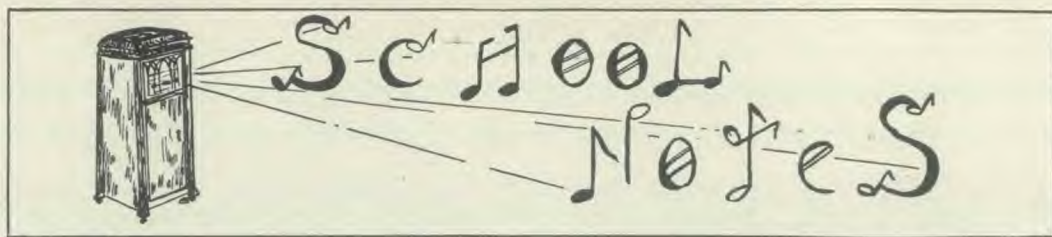
Mary was already enGAGED to a fine young man, and was a little worried about her friend whom she knew was full of YOUNGBLOOD and high spirits. "WILLET last" she thought and wondered whether or not it would be best to WARN-ER. Finally she decided "Oh WATT's the use," because it would be a shame to leave her absolutely LOVELESS, and even if he was trying to STRING-ER along she would have to live and learn.

But one KNIGHT when the two girls were out walking and STARR gazing, Mary saw a NEW-COMB in her friend's hair which had been given her as a present. And she took the opportunity to speak to her of what she had been thinking.

Her friend answered in like manner, "SHAW you must think I am a NUT-TER something. I GRANT that he has money and a car, but I can REED him through like a book, and I'm WEIS enough to know that there's as much difference between him and me as there is between WRIGLEY's spearmint gum and Martha Washington candy. So just STOWE that in your head. Don't worry, there won't be any wedding BELZ in the PARRISH ABBEY even if he NEALLS down at my feet.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than material force; that thoughts rule the world.—*Emerson.*

"Character is developed by doing things difficult enough to cut line in a man's soul."



Behold Ye New Staff and Association Officers!

Now that the second semester has begun, the new officers of The Students' Association have taken office. They are as follows: President, William Belz; Vice President, Miriam Gilbert; Secretary, Maxine Ross; Assistant Secretary, Elva Snider; Business Manager, Harold Lease; Treasurer, Irvin Harrison; Assistant Treasurer, Frances Ball; Editor-in-Chief, Sanford Ulmer; Associate Editor, Haynesworth Jervey; News Editor, Mary Helen Tresslar; Literary Editor, Ruth Michaelis; Missionary Editor, Nathaniel Krum; Alumni Editor, H. B. Hannum; Art Editor, William Edwards; Advertising Manager, Paul Westbrook; Circulation Manager, Benjamin Anderson; and Faculty Advisor, Prof. J. W. Osborne.

Professors Thiel, president of Southern Junior College, and Isaac, of the Southeastern Union Conference, addressed the student body at the chapel exercises of January 13.

"Save electricity" is the slogan adopted by the college, and both boys and girls are having a contest in electrical economy.

A Gala Evening with Mrs. Holt

About fifteen of the girls working at the General Conference office spent their Christmas eve at the home of Mrs. H. A. Holt. The evening was filled with songs and readings.

Professor and Mrs. Harry Morse from the Temple Academy, New York, were in Takoma Park during the holidays. Mrs. Morse had her tonsils removed at the Sanitarium. Both are graduates of W. M. C.

Alumni Hold Business Meeting

The Alumni Association of the college held its second business meeting of the year on Monday, December 29. We look forward to seeing more of their plans in actual existence.

Professor and Mrs. John Hottel from Shenandoah Valley Academy, were here for a few days during the vacation.

New Sabbath School Officers Elected

The new officers of the Sabbath school have been elected for the second semester and they took up the work the first of the year. They are as follows: Superintendent, Prof. R. W. Bickett; Assistant Superintendents, Miriam Gilbert and Fred Rahm; Secretary, Paul Starr; Assistant Secretary, Maude Brooke; Chorister, W. O. Belz; and Pianist, Francis Johnson. We believe these new officers will give us a lively Sabbath school.

One Semester Past! What Next?

Who would believe it? Half of the school year has passed. Mid-year exams have come and gone. The week of exams was a busy time around W. M. C. Remarks such as these could be heard in the halls: "Well, how did you come out," said one. "Oh, I came out the door all right" was the reply. "You know, I just couldn't think of the answer to the seventh question." "Yes, there is always one question that takes the joy out of life." With the exams over and our New Year's resolutions before us we are all determined to do better in every way this next semester.

Radio, Electricity, Mystery, 'N everythin'

The third number of our lecture course was given by Mr. Burnell Ford, noted science lecturer, Saturday night, January 17. He showed us the many wonders and mysteries of electricity.

The Board members of W. M. C. met here on January 13 and 14 to discuss the various matters concerning the college.

Holiday Nuptials

Many of the old students will be interested to know that Miss Sammie Walker of Graysville, Tennessee, and Mr. Paul Eckenroth of Reading, Pennsylvania were united in marriage at Reading, during Christmas week. They will make their home near Reading.

Miss Marlon Wilcox, a former student of W. M. C. was married to Mr. Benjamin Hohensee on New Year's Eve in the city of Houston, Texas, the home town of the bride.

W. M. C. Is Snowbound

The city of Washington was blessed with the largest snow it has had in three years time. It is now the middle of January and we are beginning to believe the snow which fell New Year's Eve is going to be hard to get rid of. One may see the results of active labor with the snow by looking at the large snow man standing on the campus.

Many of the students attended the pageant, "The Birth of Christ," which was given at the First Congregational Church in the city. It was quite representative of the Bible times.

Several students living in the Park gave some enjoyable parties during vacation. Those of us who went home must have missed several good times.

Miss Dorothy White, Professor Robison and Mrs. Gage, Normal Directors of Emmanuel Missionary College, Atlantic Union College, and Washington Missionary College respectively, met at this college during the holidays for a conference with Professors Neff and Russell and Mrs. Flora Williams, all of the General Conference, to study the curriculum of the elementary schools.

A truckload of W. M. C. students went on the annual visit to the Catholic monastery Christmas eve. This was new to most of the students, but there were some who had attended the Christmas other years.

Christmas Eve at South Hall

Christmas night found many of the students in South Hall worship room where there was a lovely big Xmas tree, as well as a real, live Santa Claus. As on other Christmases, he had gifts for everyone and we were indeed sorry to see him depart for another year.

Skating Brings Smiles and Lame Limbs to Many

Skating was exceptionally good during vacation. So many of the afternoons as well as evenings found a good representation of W. M. C. students at the reflecting pool enjoying a sport that is generally of short duration in this part of the country.

The New Year Given Royal Reception at W. M. C.

New Year's Eve, all the dormitory students gathered in South Hall worship room and played games while waiting for the New Year to arrive. At a quarter of 12, about twenty of these merry-makers started for a hike through the snow which had been falling heavily all evening. En route to the Park, the whistles blew and shots were fired and everyone knew we had launched into the New Year. Who knows what it will bring forth?

The dormitory students as well as outside students enjoyed the march held in the gymnasium Tuesday evening of vacation. Professor Hannum's music surely puts the march in one's feet.

John McCormack via Radio

The radio is a wonderful production of science as was discovered by the students of W. M. C. Thursday night January 1 as they gathered in South Hall to listen to John McCormack and Lucretia Bori. These concerts are to be given every other Thursday evening as an experiment by the Victor Artists Company to ascertain just how much real classical music is appreciated by the general public.

President and Mrs. Morrison Entertain

"President and Mrs. Morrison are going to entertain Saturday night! Be sure and be there!" When our president and wife play host and hostess, respectively, one may prepare for a good time. The evening was a perfect success. Everyone had a fine time and will be certain to accept all future invitations of this nature. We are surely surprised at the capability of Bess Willett to become "horse" on short notice, and really "our Mary" Trovinger does make a lovely "Ma-ma doll," doesn't she?

Jingle bells, jingle bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh how fine it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!

And it's true too. Mr. Dixon's car was converted into a horse for one evening and away we skimmed over the snow in a sure-enough "open sleigh."

Parents and Visitors at W. M. C. During Holidays

Several of the students were very glad to have their parents with them during vacation. Mrs. Youngblood from Columbia, S. C., visited her two daughters, Gladys and Katharyn. Mr. Campbell was glad to have his mother with him during the holidays. Mr. Geeting also enjoyed a visit from his father.

W. M. C. was popular with visitors during the holidays. Some of them were Miss Olive Bryne who visited her sister Iris; Miss Myrtle Schoonard visited Miss Catherine Tippett; Miss Alice Casey visited friends; Miss Dottie Franklin visited Miss Winona Casey; Mr. Ralph Mosely visited his brother Charles; and Mr. Warren Harding and his sister visited Elder and Mrs. Votaw.

January 9—Snow is falling again. The coat is now two layers thick including that which fell on New Year's Eve. Many are enjoying the sleigh riding on slopes about the campus.

Many of those belonging to W. M. C. enjoyed the march which was held in Columbia Hall Gymnasium on Saturday evening, January 10.

More Caution Next Time, Please

A bricklayer working on the top of a high building accidentally knocked a brick over with his foot, which unfortunately landed on the head of a negro who was passing by.

"Be careful, boss," the darkie shouted at the top of his lungs, "you done made me bite mah tongue."

SOUTH HALL REMINISCENCES**The Candle Service in South Hall**

On the evening of December 20 the girls worship was very interesting. The candle service was held, which was a new thing for most of the girls. Several vocal numbers were rendered, after which two members gave short talks on how we should let our light so shine to those about us. A large candle furnished all the light necessary and after the talks each girl took a small candle and lit it from the large one. Then a circle was formed around the room, each one with arms crossed holding the hand of the other. To close we stood in solemnity and sang "The Tie that Binds."

Miss Gibbs Sends Girls Home with Farewell Party

Our preceptress Miss Elsie Gibbs, gave the girls of South Hall a nice farewell party before separating for vacation. As we entered the parlor at nine-thirty p. m., our eyes brought to us the full realization that Christmas was near. The decorations were beautiful, and the songs we sang and readings we heard were in perfect harmony with the occasion. After that refreshments were served, and we all gayly chatted while we ate the remains of the pop-corn. Of course every one had a good time.

We are glad to have Miss Grace Lee back with us again. She was at the Sanitarium for a slight operation during the early part of the vacation.

We are glad to welcome the return of Miss Edith Bruce who went home on account of illness. She will be in school this semester.

Elder Clarke, president of the New Jersey conference, spoke to the girls while here to attend the Board meeting.

We are sorry indeed to hear that Miss Mary Lewis will not be able to return to take up her classes after Christmas. Mary will be a "missing quality" from this dormitory. We wish her success in her school work at home.

HAPPENINGS IN NORTH HALL

A fire department is being organized by the boys and we anticipate some real lively drills in the near future.

From the original "Fifty" who organized our boys club, our number has grown until it has almost reached the seventy mark. Several boys are already here for the second semester and more are coming.

Mr. Glen Geeting reports some very interesting experiences in the canvassing work which he is doing in the city during the afternoons.

Professor Irwin gave an interesting talk during evening worship a few days ago. All were interested in his stories of "The Immortal J. N." and "Johnny Appleseed," two men who used their talents; one in preying upon humanity; the other to bless humanity.

Weighed in the Balances and Found Wanting

A mock trial was conducted recently by the "Famous Fifty" club. After trying the cases of negligent members of the club and deciding as to their eligibility to vote or hold office in the forthcoming election of officers, court was dismissed. Refreshments consisting of doughnuts and punch completed the program.

You might be interested in knowing the subject matter of one case discussed. It is against the law of the club to accept any member having the name of any part of an animal. Mr. William Bacon had applied for membership in the club, and there was a question on his

name being that of a part of an animal. He had two lawyers to represent him in his appeal and the club had two lawyers also. A "hot" discussion took place for quite a while, but the final decision of the jury was to have the name of Mr. William Bacon changed to that of Mr. William Protose, so he would be eligible to membership in the club. This was readily attended to and now we have at W. M. C. a young man by the name of Mr. William Protose.

"Famous Fifty" Club Presents a Gift to W. M. C.

On Monday, January 13, Mr. Harold Lease, president of the "Famous Fifty" of North Hall, was given a short time during the chapel exercise to tell us the history of their club. His closing remarks addressed to President Morrison told of the happy remembrances and beneficial support obtained from W. M. C. by the "Famous Fifty," and to further express their appreciation he presented to the college chapel a beautiful Bible. We will be reminded of this presentation in years to come as we see the Bible resting on the pulpit.

* * * * *

FROM THE NORTHWEST SIDE OF THE CAMPUS— SANITARIUM

Christmas Carols Heralded at the Sanitarium

Another Christmas has come and gone. Classes were suspended for two weeks and many of the student nurses took advantage of this opportunity to go home for the holidays. On Christmas Eve the Sanitarium family met in the Sanitarium gymnasium. There was a short but excellent program followed by a loud jingling of bells and the entrance of Santa Clause himself, who went to the huge, beautifully decorated tree which was loaded with presents for every member of the family, and gave out the presents. Early Christmas morning carols were sung in all the buildings and on every floor.

It's the Early Bird that Gets a Live Y. P. M. V. Society

The Young People's Missionary Volunteers of the Sanitarium have the distinction of meeting at an earlier hour than any other society in the denomination. We have our meeting every Tuesday morning at seven o'clock at the regular worship hour. Miss Morlarity and Miss Watts are the leaders. At our last meeting, Mr. Erich of the class of '24 occupied the time. His subject was "Preparation for Power." We felt that this talk was timely and all were benefited by it.

We were pleased to have Elder Daniells and Elder MacGuire with us recently and are looking forward to a series of meetings to be held here by them.

Elder Montgomery spoke to us in worship several mornings ago.

We are glad to report that Mr. Perlie Henderson who underwent an operation a short while ago is doing nicely. The marches held at the gym every Saturday night do not seem natural without him at the piano. But we greatly appreciate those who have assisted in the playing.

Elder H. H. Votaw is a patient here at present. He has undergone an operation. He has our sincerest wishes for a quick recovery. He has resigned his Government position as Superintendent of Federal Prisons, to which he was appointed in 1921.

It is not often that Washington favors us with a great deal of snow and ice. The members of our family have not been slow in taking advantage of this opportunity and several groups have gone skating and coasting.

Miss Morey's mother who has been visiting her daughter over the holidays has returned to her home in Olean, New York.

Several of the girls surprised Miss Verle Slade on her birthday. The Ukelele Club entertained and refreshments were served.

Doctors Williams and Miller made a recent trip to Mount Vernon, Ohio.

Professor and Mrs. Osborne entertained recently at their home on Flower Avenue. Each guest submitted a New Year's resolution, a prize being given for the best. Miss Ilene Yeargin won the prize.

Professor Farley, a graduate of W. M. C. has recently accepted the position as chaplain of the Sanitarium.

And Still They Will Wed!

Weddings are a very usual, though grave sequela of graduation, although the symptoms begin insidiously before that time. The condition is characterized anatomically by definite cardiac lesions, and clinically by close associations of certain persons together. Although the prognosis is grave, most people survive. The latest to succumb were Mr. Otis Erich and Miss Julia Cunningham, both of the class of '24, who were married Christmas Eve.

Miss Fern Warner and Mr. Stanley Sanburn were united in marriage at the home of a friend in Takoma Park on the evening of December 23. Elder Westbrook performed the ceremony. The two young people are connected with the Sanitarium and College.

* * * * *

A LITTLE MORE OF LIFE

Good Reason!

Carl Montgomery—They're not delivering any more mail to Cleveland.
Twila Nixon, of Cleveland, Ohio—Why's that?
Carl—He's dead.

Had to Follow Directions

Elder James was amazed one hot summer day to behold his son perched upon the top of a ladder against the house and wearing three enormous overcoats.

"What on earth are you doing, Russell?" he demanded.
"Just going to paint the house," explained Russell, exhibiting a paint pot and brush.

"But what are you wearing all that clothing for on a hot day like this?"

"Have to, according to the rules on this can. Says here, 'To get best results, put on three heavy coats.'"

His Complexion Didn't Matter

"Hab you any medicine dat will purify de blood?" a colored boy asked a druggist.

"Why yes," answered the druggist. "We have a good sarsaparilla at one dollar a bottle. It purifies the blood and clears the complexion."

"Well, boss, can't you gib me somethin' for about fifty cents jes, for the blood? I don't care much about de complexion."

A Willing Gift

The doctor coughed gravely. "I'm sorry to tell you," he said, looking down at the man in the bed, "that there is no doubt you are suffering from small-pox." The patient turned on his pillow and looked up at his wife.

"Julia," he said, in a faint voice, "If any of my creditors call, tell them that at last I am in a position to give them something."

And Wouldn't You?

One of our neighboring farmers hired a young fellow living nearby.

At his customary rising hour of 4:00 A. M., the employer got up, dressed, lit a lantern and went forth to start the chores. He fed the stock, milked three cows, split some wood, and, single-handed, ministered to the chickens, meantime filled with wonder, which turned to disgust, at the unaccountable tardiness of his employee.

At ten minutes after 5:00 o'clock, when the first pink streaks of dawn were reddening the eastern sky, the new hand came round the corner of the barn.

The farmer dropped the fork he was wielding and stared long and hard at the tardy one.

"Wall," he asked in tone of heavy sarcasm, "whar have you been the hull forenoon?"

Back in '16

(Concluded from Page 12)

was it that inaugurated, planned, and are conducting a vigorous campaign for the benefit of The SLIGONIAN, to increase its circulation and make it a welcome friend in every home? The students." Now listen to this boost, and then you boost, "Who was it that saw the 'war prices' advancing in the dining room, and, not to be beaten, raised a \$5,000 pledge to \$7,500, when the original \$5,000 had not yet been reached? The students! Do you think we'll reach our goal? Ask any of the students!"

The fight was on. Boost what? Boost for the new college building! And they did boost! Ask them or look at Columbia Hall.

Washington, The Man

(Concluded from Page 13)

witness which shall show to the passing generations the devotion and love in which we hold his name. But yet a greater monument exists to furnish evidence of the imperishable greatness of this man—the Union—the Union whose symbol is the Stars and Stripes, whose land is the home of the bravest on earth, whose cry is the paean of freedom, whose motto, "In God we trust."

Soon shall we reach the day of his birth, the 22d of February, and as we draw apart for the brevity of a second to meditate upon the life of this American, even as we pause to view his greater monument, America, let us weave *our* strand into the wreath of grateful memory which a nation lays upon the tomb of him, George Washington.

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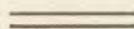
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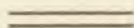


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