

The Sligonian



TO OUR PARENTS

To you who have guided us
Whatever betided us,
This issue we print.

Words that our hands have penned
Convey you the thought we'd send:-
Our love till your journey's end
Is yours without stint!

March

=

1925

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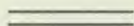
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MOTHER LOVE

J. NATHANIEL KRUM

Before I saw the world with tear-dimmed eye,
My mother loved me as she does today;
Before I walked in tedious manhood's steps,
She moulded all my plans for life's rough way.
She gave her strength, her patience, and her time
That I might be a man upright and true;
She helped me with her kindly words and prayers,
Always to love my tasks, and right to do.
She kept me near her bosom, when the storms
Beat round me, and would feign have dashed me down;
She brightened all my days with pleasant smiles,
And on her face I ne'er discerned a frown.
A mother's love will last while worlds remain,
Unchanged until the end: it stays the same!



What He Means to Me

HAROLD SHULTZ

MY earliest recollection is that of my being carried through a flower garden in Japan in the arms of my father. As he carried me along, I would say, "What's that," and he would tell me the names of the flowers, and explain as best he could, to a two-year-old, the life history and purpose of the beautiful plants. As I grew older, he would explain the various mysteries of nature to me, and tell me the "reason why." I loved him as my teacher.

A few years later, as I came more into contact with people, I learned of the great social economy of this planet—that some things I couldn't do, and many others I shouldn't do. Whenever I got into trouble, I came to father with my tale of woe, and he would help me, in his kindly way, show me my error, and suggest a way of reconciliation. I loved him as my counselor.

Sometimes, when traveling, we would come to dangerous places in the journey. Then it was that he took my little hand in his strong, capable one, and immediately I was inspired to step forward courageously, nothing

daunted. Once, when far from home, in a strange land, a terrible storm arose. Then he put his arm around me, and said, "Do not be afraid, father will take care of you." Magic words! His presence drove away the very thought of fear! How I did love my protector!

As I grew older, and began to see in a different perspective, wondering as to the causes of things, it was my father who pointed me to the Great Cause of all, and taught me to speak to my Father in Heaven, and to commune with Him. He taught me the Bible, God's word to man, and of how Christ died for me. My soul thrilled with rapture, and then it was that I began to realize a father's love for his son. I loved him as my shepherd.

Now I am away from him, but still every week, I receive his messages, full of hope, courage, and good advice. I can now see his life, as he has lived it, and his purpose for me. Do I love him less? Ah, no! More and more, as I commune with him, I love him, as a man.

Why I Love My Father

RONALD W. SPALDING

MOST natural of any friendship in heaven or earth is that which exists between parents and children. The love between God and man is greater and stronger on God's part, we are told, but it can never be as natural nor as mutual here on earth as that existing between father and son, between parent and child. We see, we hear, we move, in the presence of each other, day in and day out; we know each other's peculiarities; we, as children, depend upon our parents for our immediate existence. But we see, we know,

we depend, on God, entirely through faith. Neither can friendship outside the family ever be so close as our family ties. Therefore, my love for my father is first of all natural.

And yet, everyone can give that as a reason for loving father and mother. Fewer, though, can say that their parents understand and sympathize with them, remembering the impulses, desires, and inclinations they had when growing up. Few have a father who, like mine, is willing to take the time and trouble to live over with his son the struggles,

disappointments, and sorrows, as well as the ambitions, triumphs, and joys, of childhood and youth, and in so doing, gently, tenderly—but surely—pilot the ship of life into the broad ocean of usefulness. Many a time after a hard day's work has my father stopped to play a game with me or perhaps to tell me a story, and by so doing has kept me out of mischief or has taught me a lesson when I thought he was only entertaining me. Many an all-day hike has he taken with me, and many the secrets of nature have we searched into together. And we have come to understand each other as no one else but God understands us. I love him because he understands me.

As the days and weeks pass and problems come to me, I know that I can take them to him and he will help me with them. He, next to God, is my best, my truest adviser. My friends may help me, they may give me good advice, but as they cannot always understand me, sometimes I cannot follow it; then I go to my father, who can always understand me and help me. He will give me the best ad-

vice, for he has been over the road before me, and he, of all my friends, loves and trusts me most. And so I love my father because he is my truest earthly friend.

I love my father for I know that he always seeks my eternal welfare. I can see in the background, as it were, of all our relations one with the other, that deep-set and burning desire to lead me to the source of all true love, to our heavenly Father who gave His only Son that we might live. And as I meditate on my father's love for me, I think I get a closer glimpse of my heavenly Father's love for humanity—the greatest, the noblest, of all love.

Because my father loved and cared for me from the beginning of my days it is natural for me to love him; and as he understands and sympathizes with me, giving me advice which is much needed, and which no one else can give as well as he, my love for him grows stronger as time passes. Yet, most of all I love him because he is a Christian father, one who can lead me onward, upward to the land of love.

To You, Mother

GEORGE GUSTAFSON

DEAR Mother:

Tonight I have been thinking of home, and especially of you. I know you must be lonesome as you are all alone now. Mother, I wonder how you must have felt after the last of us had left home. You only had us when we were dependent on you and caused you worry and great anxiety. We left after you rendered to us these years of unselfish service and made sacrifices that we might have the best. Now you are left alone. Is this the life of all mothers?

Mother, tonight my heart is too full to talk. I have had a busy day today, but I want to write you before I do anything more, before I prepare my lessons for tomorrow's classes.

I have not written you the long letters that I should have, but it seems as though school days are so busy, and when I have written to you I have only opened a few bits of news. So tonight I am going to take time to write you a long letter.

Mother, I know what you are thinking about now. You are thinking about your boy. You are always thinking about and planning for me. Your life has been one of an unselfish service for me and it seems as though I have done nothing in return.

Do you remember the time I received my new jackknife and a pair of gloves? The gloves were sewed together. I used my new knife to separate them. My little hands were

too stong, as I had enough force left after cutting the string to cut my face with the same stroke. I remember how I cried and became angry at the knife and threw it away. You took me up in your arms and soon had the wound dressed; then you pillowed my head on your breast and rocked me to sleep.

There was the time that we had scarlet fever. After one of us got well the next one contracted the disease. I remember how you nursed us children day and night, never thinking about yourself. There were the other sicknesses and accidents that we children had. It seemed as though our house was a hospital, sometimes. Some one getting sick or hurt all the time. I know all these things tried your courage and patience.

I still remember the time brother and I decided we should smoke. We tried to keep it a secret but we were not smart enough. You learned of our secret. You did not become angry with us for smoking, but you talked it over with us in such a wonderful way, showing us the great mistake we were making. So even to this day I have never had the desire to smoke. This and many other lessons you taught us—to be honest, upright, and to respect womanhood. Your heart has been my school room. It is the lessons that I learned at your knee that stay with me throughout life.

Do you remember when I first had my desire to become rich? How when you gave me some nickels I went out in the yard and

planted them. I expected that nickels would grow just the same as the seeds you planted in the garden, and that I would have a nickel tree.

Mother, those and many other things I could tell you tonight as I sit here all alone in my room. I can see the old house on the hill where we used to live, the creek that ran near-by, also those two pine trees in the back yard in whose branches we used to place the bird houses that we made for the birds. I can see all our toys strewn all over the yard. It is through these things that I see that all along you have hovered and watched us. I wonder how a boy can grow into manhood who does not have the love of a mother. You stood between me and temptation as a sacred shield. Your love is never exhausted, it never changes, it never tires. I may be unsuccessful in my studies; the world may be indifferent to me; the new friends that I make may prove false; but I know you will never forget me.

I wonder where I would be tonight if it were not for your help and encouragement. My past, my present, and my future, I owe to you—to that care-worn brow of yours, to those roughened hands of yours. So let me tell you, mother, as I sign my name to this, that I love you with a tender love—a love, not for today alone, but for all my life; a love that keeps me clean and every whit a man. Remember, that though far away and now a man, I'm still

That little boy o' yours,
George.

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Appreciations

THE name of mother is eulogized the world around, but that of father seems to have been slighted in this respect. Why shouldn't he come in for his share of praise and honor? His place in the home is no less important than mother's. The Bible which says, "Can a mother forget?" also says, "Like as a father."

Happy is the girl who finds the companionship of a big brother in father as well as a chum in mother. BULA R. BOTSFORD.

The strongest, most enduring, and most beautiful thing in the world is a mother's love. Let us thank God for His greatest gift to us—our mothers. REBA WILLIAMS.

When I think of God's many blessings to me the first and greatest that comes to my mind is that of the good, Christian parents who have cared for me and directed me in life.

MABEL COLBY.

Mother! Words cannot express what her name means to me, but it is best told by the one who said, "A friend is one who knows all about you and loves you just the same." Mother is just such a friend to me.

EMMA IVERSON.

Mother, the dearest on earth! What would our world be if it were not for mothers? We must not forget our fathers either. Let us pay our tributes to them now, in kind words, acts, and deeds.

MAUDE AND ETHEL MILLER.

Mother, at home in your rocker, I want you to know that I know what a wonderful mother you are. I want to tell you that now I can see what your life has been through years of service and sacrifice. Mother I love you, I love you, and shall love you always.

J. B. CASH, JR.

Mother—Oh, just the thought of her causes every fiber of my being to vibrate in unison with the will of God. It harmonizes thus, for she is the one who first showed me the glorious reward of living a pure, upright, Christian life, such as is taught in the Word of Him whom we cannot see.

H. B. WHITCOMB.

My mother means to me all that stands for the happiness in life, the joys of friendship, the benefits of unselfish love and devotion, and the faithful example of the life of a beautiful Christian. MARY TOLTAMUS.

In appreciation of a dad who has always been my greatest source of inspiration, a real friend and a true pal—one who was ever a boy among boys and a king among men.

EDWARD GENGE.

"The sweetest face in all the world to me,
Set in a frame of shining silver hair,
With eyes whose language is fidelity:
This is my mother. Is she not most fair?"

BERYL LOOP.

Nearly everyone knows a mother's love, but few can appreciate the unselfish love of my mother. Nothing was too difficult to do or too much cherished to be given up for others.

DOROTHY MCCHESENEY.

"Higher than the highest human thought can reach is God's ideal for His children." I am indebted to the influence of my childhood training for respect and love for God's ideals.

ROBERT COWDRICK.

"Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Mother has faithfully taken care of me, and I want to show my love for her by holding up before others daily the standards she has woven into my life. EDNA MEINHARDT.

What do mother and father mean to me? Infinitely more than mere words can express. There is so much that might be said of their untiring love and care, but I think all may be summed up in these words: they are my truest friends on earth.

FLORENCE NUMBERS.

My mother is one who cares for and loves me no matter what I do. She shares my joys and sorrows. None other could ever fill her place, for she is all the world to me.

AMELIA SCHULTHEISS.

My mother! Ah, I can say it with pride! She, by her unyielding faith, her self-sacrificing devotion, her unfathomable love, is a never-failing inspiration to an unselfish, noble, God-fearing life.

VICTOR H. CAMPBELL.

The whole realm of poetry and song could not express my mother's love for me, and all she asks in return is my life filled with service for my fellow man.

BESSIE MORGAN.

There is no other name on earth that I hold in such loving remembrance as that of my mother. I can truthfully say with Lincoln, "All that I am or hope to be I owe to my mother."

HAZEL BRENT.

When I am discouraged or lonesome, a talk with mother makes me feel that life is worth living after all. I do my best at home, at school, at work—for mother.

RUTH CONARD.

My mother, by sounding the depths of your maternal love it is made possible for me to see the pure enthusiasm in the happiness of others and the sure vision which guides your every action and attends your every counsel with the purest of wisdom.

EUGENE ANDERSON.

WHY I AM INTERESTED IN THE SLIGONIAN

I AM interested in THE SLIGONIAN first, because I am interested in the girls and boys at W. M. C. and their work. Their work is building characters which will enable them to labor successfully in God's cause. How fortunate are the girls and boys who get their education in schools and colleges where Christ is held up to them as their example, and where they are taught daily to consecrate their lives to Christ, and have godly teachers to guide and direct them in developing Christian characters.

I am interested in THE SLIGONIAN secondly, because I like to keep posted on the school life in general. I enjoy reading of the activities of school life, and of the many endeavors being carried on by the students in our college. It reveals the training of the youthful vigor, zeal, and courage which God has chosen to aid in the advancement of His cause.

I enjoy the articles in THE SLIGONIAN for they have such good morals, and are so inspiring to all who read them. A member of our church, a subscriber to THE SLIGONIAN, spoke of the articles as being so good, saying how much she enjoyed them. It would be hard for me to say just what part of THE SLIGONIAN I like best. I enjoy every article I read. The efforts put forth in writing these good articles are a preparation for our youth to enter the Master's service.

MRS. W. E. YOUNGBLOOD,

Columbia, S. C.

"Through the years we have had the care of a wonderful mother and father, too. They have shared all of our burdens and made home one of the brightest spots, in the world. They are the home's forget-me-nots. Flowers may bloom around the door just as they have always done, but home is not home if there isn't a trace or sound of dear old dad and mother."

Washington, the Nation's Pride—No. 3

THE TREASURY OF THE UNITED STATES

F. H. RAHM

THE massive four hundred fifty by two hundred fifty foot building, with its two hundred rooms on each floor, is a fit home for the institution which sends forth the "life blood of the nation." Many regret, however, that the architect's desire to have the treasury building erected on more spacious grounds in keeping with its dignity and beauty, was not realized. The story goes that the President, Andrew Jackson, became weary with the long delay. One morning he stuck his cane into the ground and said impatiently, "Build it here." Here, it has been standing for nearly one hundred years.

Visit with me first, the office of Colonel White, the treasurer. He is the custodian for all bonds deposited by national banks. He also holds in trust all obligations of foreign governments for money advanced during the war. New United States currency is issued by the treasurer and upon it appears Colonel White's signature.

An assistant tells us, "The Treasurer of the United States is charged with the receipt and disbursement of all public moneys. During the calendar year, nineteen twenty-four, there were thirty million checks totalling about six billion dollars paid by this office. That means an average of one hundred thousand checks each working day with a value of nearly twenty million dollars. Just recently Congress appropriated fifty thousand dollars for a certain investigation by a congressman. We opened an account with him to that extent, and he began immediately to check on it. That is just an example of the thousands of disbursing accounts we have on our ledgers all the time."

Now we enter the cash room. Here are a large number of tellers redeeming currency. But come back of this long line of cashiers into one of the vaults. A bag of gold money

is handed to us, worth only five thousand dollars; "But," says the guide, "it weighs enough to sink a man. This vault contains fifteen million dollars in gold and silver," remarked the keeper, "but that is only Uncle Sam's pocket change. Across the way, you notice another vault, which is not open to visitors. It contains about nine hundred million dollars in reserve gold certificates. Perhaps once in your life you would like to experience the millionaire's thrill. Now you are holding in your hand two million dollars in actual gold currency. Not a large handful, is it?" Observing our growing interest, the speaker adds, with a twinkle in his eye, "Visitors who call tomorrow, will be given a new bill worth ten thousand dollars, to keep as a souvenir." But—a second thought reminds us that tomorrow never comes.

An intricate system of guarding is maintained at the treasury. Enough arms are stored away to supply a thousand men in a short time.

Of course we know that coined money is made in mints located in other cities, while only the paper money is made at Washington. The Bureau of Engraving, a sub-division of the treasury employing 5,127 people, two-thirds of whom are girls, prints daily eighteen million dollars of all denominations. Fifty-two hands handle each note. The process requires thirty days for completion. After the notes are ready for circulation they have been counted fifty times. Each bill costs the Government about one and one-third cent. At the close of the day, if any mistake is discovered, every employee must wait until it is found.

Next we are piloted through the redemption division. Here are sixty-four women who are the most expert counters of used money in the world. They were promoted to

this division after becoming experts in counting new money in the Bureau of Engraving. Our guide explains, "They studied the genuine in order to detect the counterfeit. Although counterfeit money comes in almost every day, the experts seldom fail to recognize it. If one piece should be passed by unnoticed, it would be deducted from the counter's salary."

All money coming from the banks to this department, is divided into two classes, "fit" and "unfit." The former is put back into circulation while the latter is destroyed. Before the war, soiled money was washed, but this practice has been discontinued. Now, all money that is mutilated in any way, worn, torn or soiled, is put into a large steel sphere called a macerator, in which it is ground to pulp. This pulp is carefully sifted and examined to make sure of thorough work, and afterwards sold at forty dollars a ton. The ladies in our company are interested to learn that the Butterick Company utilizes much of the pulp in making dress patterns.

Each day two million dollars in currency is destroyed in this way. On the lid of the macerator are three large Yale locks. The keys are kept by the Treasurer, the Secretary, and the Comptroller of the Currency. These three, with one or more representatives of the banks sending in currency to be destroyed, must be present to see it placed in the macerator. The same persons, or their deputies, must return to unlock the macerator and inspect the pulp.

Finally, we are directed to one of the unusually interesting corners of the building. Here we see some of the most skilled work done anywhere in the Government. "This is our 'King Tut,'" explained the superintendent. "A woman in the West placed fifty-seven dollars in a glass jar. The room where her money was kept was destroyed by fire. Afterwards, she found the melted jar hermetically sealed, containing the charred remains of her money. It was brought to us. We broke the glass open and discovered that she

had stated the truth, consequently we gave her new currency and sent her away rejoicing. We now call this charred paper our resurrected 'King Tut.'"

"How do you ever put the pieces together again?" we exclaim.

"Oh, we have one woman who does nothing else but look over such money. She knows all the old plates from which paper money has been printed."

Then the sincere old gentleman turns and addresses us, "Young people, here is a lesson in environment. Once these two bills were exactly alike. But this one was caught under a steam roller, and stretched till it became ten inches long; while the other, which was accidentally dropped in acid, has shrunk to five inches."

He shows us, further, some different types of counterfeit money; among them, free hand work, raised bills, and cut bills pasted together so skillfully that only the practised eye can detect. All counterfeits are turned over to the Secret Service Department. One notorious counterfeiter, "Jim the Penman," was caught over twenty years ago. He made free hand copies of paper money and being a distinguished looking man, was able to cash them in the stores of New York without suspicion. He could only make a few a month, and these were usually fifty dollar denominations. After one of his bills went the rounds for years without being recognized it strayed into the hands of the treasury for redemption. An expert money counter, sailing through a pile of bills, noticed the eyes of the woman's face on the bill. She paused, saying to herself, "Why do you stare at me so?" Immediately she saw other points that marked this most perfect imitation as a counterfeit. It is still very carefully preserved between two pieces of glass, as a masterpiece of deception.

As we come to the end of our tour, we pause to say, "Thank you," but our gracious guide quickly returns, "Not at all, we are here to serve you."

Reminiscences of Childhood

A PRIZE ARTICLE

MIRIAM GILBERT

IT is nearly dusk. A little child rushes into the house. She has been playing for hours in the snow, with her new red sled. Now she is cold and hungry. The universal cry, "Where's mamma?" rings through the house. No time elapses for the echo, for mother appears. In fact, she has been looking out of the window and has seen her little midget approach. Mother unfastens the heavy coat and cap, removes the icy mittens and leggins, and, in a very few minutes, comfort is restored.

Something to eat, a good-night story, a fond kiss, then mother turns out the light, and, as she reaches the door, turns for just one last lingering look at that precious bit of femininity nestled among the blankets.

As the years roll by, this little girl begins to realize her mother is not only a satisfier of temporal wants, but it is to her she goes with each difficulty—petty or huge. Mother listens gladly and smiles or weeps as the heart stories are poured out. Then she gives needed counsel. Through all experiences of life from the smallest to the largest there is no one who is so interested and whose life is so entwined in the every act of her child as is the mother's. Fortunate, yes, a thousand times fortunate is the boy or girl who possesses the perfect mother! But we all do! For in the eyes which have gazed upon us from the time our first cry was uttered, whose life has been our life, do we appear nearly faultless. We are reflections of our parents, and they, realizing that, endeavor to live in the sight of God and man as they desire that their children should live.

Father—in our constant companionship with mother we are liable almost to forget him. No, not forget, but overlook or neglect him. Though the duties away from the home fall

upon him, still in his great strong heart is cherished the interest and love for his children comparable only to the love of God. Always good advice and counsel come from his lips, and ever upon his heart and woven into his life are the lives of his children so sacred to him.

As I think tonight of my mother and father, I thank God for just such parents as these. A father whose godly life inspires me to high achievement, and a mother whose patience, love, and companionship spurs me on to devote my life to the happiness of others and the glorification of God.

OUR SCHOOL HOMES AT W. M. C.

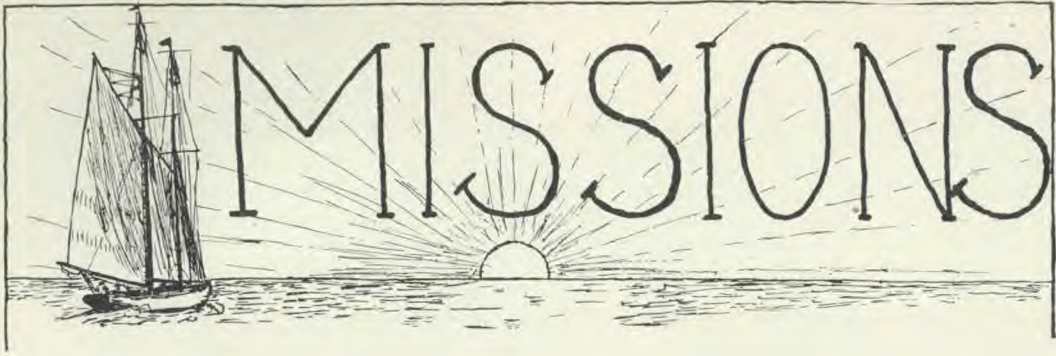
CALVIN PYLE

AS the home is to the son or daughter, so is the school home to each student. As the student grows "homesick" for the home of his loved ones during the school year, so he grows "homesick" for the school home during his vacations.

There is always a good group of students in each of our school homes. They seem like a family grown large. At W. M. C. there are three units of home life: first, South Hall with its sixty-eight happy, school-loving lassies; second, North Hall with its sixty-six jovial, serious-minded lads; and last, but not least, Central Hall where we all gather to be served our meals.

"Less than your best is not good enough here," is the slogan that calls forth the best in every girl of South Hall. Here with an amiable preceptress and all the girls like sisters to each other, it is certainly an ideal place to live.

"Remember the Golden Rule and be a man." 'Tis enough to challenge every boy in North Hall to (*Continued on page 15*)



Conversion of a Bandit Leader

FREDERICK LEE

HSU DA REN, the bandit leader, the instigator of many an uprising throughout several provinces in northern China, sat in the great guildhall amidst a thousand of his more conventional countrymen, in the city of Peking. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon and a foreigner had been advertised to speak on "A United World." Having but recently arrived in the city of Peking from the province of Shandong where he had taken active part in a bandit uprising, he knew not how to spend the moments that hung heavy on his hands while he waited for his political chiefs to direct him to another portion of the country.

However, if you had seen the venerable looking gentleman with piercing black eyes matching his black beard, you would never have suspected his business in life. Except for the shifting eyes, and the restless movements of his body, he could not have been picked from that audience of government clerks, officials, and teachers as a man to be feared. None of us who conducted the service that day realized that our words were striking home to the heart of a blood stained sinner. We knew not until months afterward that the words of the scripture had brought conviction and regeneration to a man who had been the instigator of many a bandit outrage since the days of the first revolution.

At the close of our meetings in the great guildhall, Bible classes were opened in the four little chapels we had scattered in the four

sections of the city. A large number of those who had attended these meetings joined the Bible classes. The class in the west city chapel was filled with many interesting characters. Each life would make an interesting story in itself; there were army officers who had served under imperial and revolutionary armies, imperial attendants, and revolutionary leaders. Little did we suspect that we had a bandit chief among us. Though others told of their past experiences from time to time after the Bible lesson was finished, one man always arose and went out quietly. We learned later that a struggle was going on within him. Months passed, and we had learned little of the life of this mysterious man. We visited him once or twice in the refuge of a Buddhist monastery where he was staying during his sojourn in the city.

Though he had long been faithful in attending the Bible class, we had not learned much of the inner desires of this strange man. Faithful in Bible study, in attendance at Sabbath school, the best one in the school to learn the memory verses from week to week, he surely seemed an example of good works.

Determined to know more of this man's life, I left my office one afternoon, and calling my jinrikisha coolie, ordered him to take me to a certain monastery in the west city. As I was being pulled along quite rapidly through the lanes, alleys, and broadways of the city, I thought of the mysterious as well as roman-

tic lives of the people who live within this great walled metropolis, the scene of many a dramatic uprising, the battlefield of many a century. The people, samples from every province of this vast country, were the remnants of haughty and pompous imperial rulers. This city is overflowing with romance and mystery, and one is not surprised when meeting with the strangest situations on any occasion.

On we sped, and finally we turned into a narrow lane where my coolie, perspiring and breathing heavily, stopped in front of the Buddhist monastery which is one of the ancient landmarks in the city of Peking. I was led through silent courts, wherein the somber cypress trees stood watch over the ancient temples. Here and there a closely shaved priest, oblivious to all else, was muttering over his rosary. On through the many courts I was led, until I came to the one at the very back of the temple compound. Here, in a three-roomed house, my strange friend lived. His greeting was most cordial, and even here alone with him, one would never suspect from his manners that he was used to consorting with uncouth and cruel men. His manner was pleasing and his etiquette perfect. I must sit in the highest place at the table. The monastery servant must bring me a hot towel with which I must refresh myself by wiping my face. Then, with the tea cups before us, we were ready to converse.

He first asked concerning my family, and then I asked concerning him. It was then that he began his story. Speaking in southern colloquial, which I had learned while residing in the city of Hankow, he told me something of his life.

"My ancestral home is in the province of Hupeh. (This is a province of revolutionary and spirited men.) It was there that I grew up to manhood. I often heard of the awful corruption of the public officials in the capital of our province, and I could observe the oppression of my people. For this reason I joined the revolutionary army, and helped to overthrow the Manchus. I then looked for

better things in the government of the republic. But as far as our province is concerned we had worse governors since the republic than before."

Looking at me with his nervous eyes he said, "Pastor, you do not know what my business is. Do you think it is all right to kill for a just cause? Yes, I know that the Bible says 'Thou shalt not kill.' But how can we save the people from oppression by a just means? Look at my province today. We have a most corrupt governor who oppresses the people beyond measure."

"I must tell you what I have been doing," he continued. "I am a bandit leader. I am familiar with all the prominent bandits in North China. I can stir up and lead forth a thousand bandits in any of these northern provinces on very short notice. I belong to a certain political clique, and they make use of me to stir up trouble for any official who cannot be ousted by proper means. I go forth and inspire the bandits to outrages in the very territory of that official, and this brings protests against him to the attention of the central government. When I came to your meeting at the guildhall I had just returned from a campaign in Shandong. You probably read of the bandit outrages in the newspapers. I was the leader of that band.

"But I have always worked for a good cause," he added hastily. "I now have an order to go to my own province and make trouble for the corrupt governor there. My people are oppressed, and we want to get rid of him. I must go and help my people. And yet I hesitate. I know not why. It must be these things you have been teaching me from the Bible."

"Yes," I replied, "it would be a good cause to turn out that governor if you were able to do it without creating another wrong. You do not believe that it is right to kill and plunder that you may do good?" I asked.

"No, pastor, that is the trouble. I am so glad you came today. I have not known what to do. I know I have not been living a

right life. But this is the way I make my living."

"Now, Mr. Hsu," I said, "let us pray and let God help you settle this matter."

We knelt there in that little council chamber of this bandit leader and prayed. With tears he pled with God to forgive him, and give him strength to live a better life. When we arose, he said, "I am going to cut connections with my past life. My bandit friends shall know me no more. I will run only on errands of mercy and righteousness, though I starve for it."

Clasping hands we greeted each other in the Christian way, at the great gate of the monastery, and with the words, "Pray for me that I may be strong for the right," my reborn friend retreated into the recesses of the temple court.

Our School Homes at W. M. C.

(Continued from page 12)

rally to all that becomes a man. With our esteemed preceptor we are all members of a strong brotherhood.

Another feature of our home life is morning worship and evening vespers. Each dormitory holds these gatherings separately. It is at morning worship that the preceptor or preceptress tells us to sing whether we feel like it or not, for it will chase that last dream away and help you to awaken to all the beauties and opportunities of the new day.

Then evening vespers is the time when the Halcyon Club of South Hall or the Famous Fifty of North Hall hold their meetings, once a week. The Glee Club, the outside speakers, a dissertation by the preceptor, and the students' night, a different student speaking each time, these all go to make our evening vespers the crowning event of the day.

Then there are the many other activities with chaperons as patient and conscientious as our parents. Why say more? Just ask any student and he will tell you that it is surely fine to live in a school home.

DR. WILKINSON'S LECTURES

MRS. F. H. RAHM

MEMBERS of our Ministerial Seminar and Bible Workers' Class appreciate the unusual opportunities for practical training in soul-winning, afforded by the evangelistic effort being conducted by Dr. B. G. Wilkinson in the Capital Memorial Church of Washington, D. C. Each week, students who are studying to become ministers and Bible workers, visit individuals in the city who have requested literature on the subjects presented by Dr. Wilkinson at the church.

At the close of a recent Sunday night service, one of our colporteur members observed a gentleman at the literature table examining a copy of "Daniel and the Revelation." He made an appointment, visited the man the next day at his office, and sold him a copy of both "Daniel and the Revelation" and "The Great Controversy."

A young woman who had just given her first Bible reading returned with so much enthusiasm that a fellow student, after listening to her experience, joined the Bible Workers' Class. "I never thought of such a thing before," she said, "but how glad Mother will be to know I am learning how to give Bible readings."

Members of the band desire to please their earthly mothers and fathers, but most of all, their heavenly Father. One student who is working in connection with the meetings, acting upon the Doctor's suggestion, has decided to do Bible work next summer as well as this winter, as a fundamental part of his preparation for the gospel ministry. There is room and work for all. Young men and young women of Washington Missionary College, this is your opportunity.

"The laborer who never strikes—Mother."

"It is easy enough to make a noise in the world, but the trouble lies in getting an encore."

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Two Great Principles

J. NATHANIEL KRUM

SINCE the creation of this earth, man's aspirations and conduct in life have been guided by two vitally important, diametrically opposed principles—selfishness, or self-serving, and unselfishness, or serving others. A desire to be served instead of to serve placed Satan upon a throne; but who would exchange a never-ending life of servitude in heaven for limited years of royal authority in hell? Let us review a few of the outstanding points for and against each of these foundation principles, and make our choice in the light of our findings.

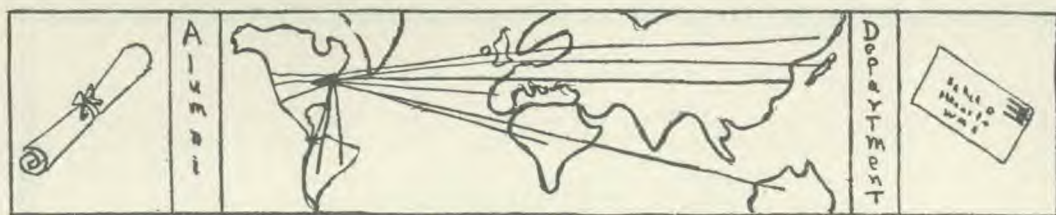
For centuries angels and human beings have been trying to fathom the unfathomable—our Saviour's unselfishness. He is "Immanuel," "God with us." Yes, "with us"; not mischievously busy here and there serving self, but with us; a counselor for our many perplexities; a sympathizer in our overwhelming sorrows; a mighty fortress in the hour of apparent defeat. "He lived to bless others." If you find that you have not escaped the promiscuous outpouring of His love, open pour petals to the sunshine like a flower of morning, and diffuse into the air your willing gift of fragrance, so that every passer-by will be forced to exclaim that his life has been made more blessed because of your having lived.

In the things of nature we see the same unselfishness that the Author of nature manifests. The cloud gives to the ocean, which, in return, gives to the cloud. The bird sends forth its song free of charge. The flower presents untaxed beauties. Why should not we? Are we a Dead Sea, taking and holding all? Or are we a Jordan, taking that we may give?

Paul said that we who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. His fame has gone abroad

in all the world because of this master principle—unselfishness—which influenced actively, which permeated, animated his entire being. Moses, also, has been immortalized, because in his association with his fellow-men, self was lost sight of in the face of others' needs. It was for "Others" that David Livingstone gave his life. Was the sacrifice too great? We would answer decidedly, "No!" No love, no kindness is ever wasted. When we cast our bread upon the waters, we always receive it again an hundredfold. We cannot love in vain. True, we may bestow love upon a person who does not return it, but for every unrequited love another bigger love is born.

We need men today with real sympathy—that deep, wide, imaginative affection which shares the experiences of others. We need men who are loyal, faithful, and constant. Loyalty will lead to action, but not for one's self; faithfulness will bring a reward from God, for God, and for ourselves, while constancy will promote the realization of our fondest hopes and aspirations and make them permanent. We need men today who will revive this universal language of kindness, of unselfishness; men who will not acquiesce to the wishes of the great Enemy by loving the "root of all evil" and grasping for it so passionately as to eclipse the needs of sorrowing, suffering humanity about them. We need men who are selfish enough to see that by bringing sunshine into the lives of others they cannot keep it from themselves. We need strong, steady men. Men with great hearts, true faith, and willing hands. Men whom the love of ease cannot buy. Men who live sermons as well as preach them. Men, after the Christ pattern, whose intensest passions and fullest desires are always for "Others."



Alumni, Where Are You?

HAVE you, as an alumnus of W. M. C., ever wondered where some of your fellow classmates are? Haven't you wished now and then that you could hear some word concerning them? As alumni of a prospering Alma Mater ought we not to be in touch with each other in a closer way than we have been? Ought we not to share our experiences through our SLIGONIAN for the encouragement of others?

Similar appeals have been sent out before.

We have been asked to take a little time to write in to our college paper. Let us make a new resolution and contribute our experiences in the form of short or long letters to the Alumni Department of THE SLIGONIAN.

We are planning to keep the alumni informed as to the work of the Alumni Association through this department. Its underlying purpose is to engender that "alumni spirit" of which Dr. Lewis speaks in the following article.

H. B. H.

Alumni Spirit

CHARLES HAROLD LEWIS

A FEW years ago a friend gave me a little book upon the fly-leaf of which was written a quotation from Woodrow Wilson: "Look out for the man who is indifferent to his own success, but strong for the success of the thing which he represents. Stand out of his way, for behind him are the thoughts of the Almighty." I have never forgotten this saying and never tire of quoting it because I believe it describes the spirit which should characterize every Seventh-day Adventist student or graduate—"indifferent to his own success, but strong for the success of the thing which he represents." This is the spirit of service, of self-denial, the spirit of true greatness. Having it, a man submerges himself into obscurity for the sake of a common cause, for the sake of an ideal.

When old graduates show an interest in college affairs it is an evidence of this sort of spirit and we call it "alumni spirit." This is one of the many ways in which we should show our interest in things outside ourselves. The fact that we no longer enjoy the direct

privileges of Washington Missionary College does not permit us to forget how much we owe for those which we did enjoy when we were a part of that student body. Next to the debt of gratitude which we owe our earthly parents comes that which we owe to our teachers and to the schools which gave us our education and equipped us for useful service. We must try to repay this whenever we can. Our teachers would feel best repaid, no doubt, could they see us successful in the truest and highest sense, could they see us absorbed in the success of our Cause and our Alma Mater, forgetful of our personal success, and "strong for the success of the thing which we represent."

"Silence is the only good substitute for brains."

Three treasures hath a man in this life and these three he begs at the hand of a woman—a wife, a child, a home.—*Selected.*

In Memoriam

Miss Ruth Naomi Wilcox was born in Boulder, Colorado, October 13, 1898, and died in Baltimore, Maryland, January 31, 1925, aged twenty-six years, three months, eighteen days. Her early life was spent in Boulder, where she attended the church school and at the age of eight years was baptized and accepted in the church. In 1909 with her parents she removed to Takoma Park, Maryland. She continued her school work in the Takoma Park church school, finally entering upon academic work in Washington Missionary College. In this school she spent eight years, completing the literary college course and receiving her A. B. degree in the spring of 1921.

Those of the alumni who were privileged to know Miss Wilcox can never forget her faithful part in school activities. They will always feel the influence of her sincere and earnest Christian life. During her last year in college she was editor in chief of "The Sligonian." Her own words taken from her editorial in "The Sligonian" for April, 1921, truly express her purpose in the Christian life: "Each of us can, if we but will, keep ahead — advance in our Christian experience, go forward intellectually. And each of us by simple, quiet, sincere Christian lives can cause others to follow the great Leader. It is our lives which persuade men, not what we say."

Those of us who were acquainted with Miss Wilcox sense keenly the death of our friend and classmate. We know that the church school work to which she has devoted her last four years has sustained the loss of a beautiful Christian character.

To Elder and Mrs. Wilcox we extend our heartfelt sympathy as they pass through this great sorrow.

We are constrained to say, "God knoweth best," and to dedicate our lives anew to the unfinished work which our classmate has laid down.



Why This Issue?

WHY do we choose to dedicate this issue of *THE SLIGONIAN* to our mothers and fathers? Well, why shouldn't we? Who could be more interested in our college life than our parents? They are spending their lives for us. The dearer and larger parts of their lives live within these college halls. They are with us as we go to our classes, as we work here and there, and as we prepare ourselves by study.

Most of us can well remember the experience of first leaving home. Mother and father hated to have us leave them, but for love's sake they were willing to make the sacrifice. It seemed to be our mother's part to care for us so tenderly, and perhaps she wept as we left. Father might seem somewhat calloused by his continual contact with the rough old world, but, there as he took us in his great arms, the bigness of his heart and life became plain, and he seemed to say from the depths of his paternal love, "Go, my child, and God bless you. I'll think of you always, and pray for you. I'll serve that you may serve."

Oh, that our little lives might grasp the ultimate of all things and see these parents of ours in their true light! How they do live for us! It seems as though we do nothing but live for ourselves. God bless them; forgive us!

S. U.

Repent, You Students, Repent!

THREE crimes there are, O you students, which you commit worthy of such corporal punishment as a Turkish massage. Let me enumerate them, paradoxical creatures, and having heard them, take you heed.

Your tuition money you place in the treasurer's open hand. Your scholastic goal

you set as the mastering of a certain subject. Your best class work you do in learning how to "get by" the teacher and acquire grades without knowledge. Oh, warkers of common sense, how much longer will you keep on paying your "pieces of eight" for those scraps men call diplomas!

Mother—Father—how the words tremble on your lips as you tell us that you love them! You say you do, O illustrious associates, and it is beyond our doubting capacity to question your truthfulness. But tell us, why do you wait to show your love till the bill-fold gets a little thin, or the blue serge suit puts on the mirror aspect? Your time has stretched like rubber from days to weeks, to months, since you wrote that letter home. You feel the constant pulling, O you uncaloused criminals, of the outstretched rubber. You write a long, long letter home when the urgent demands of financial embarrassment sever the tugging strands. Oh, tell us, you perverters of your own emotions, is there a law forbidding us to write to the home folks just from love?

Harken well, you embryonic culprits, to this third instance of your misdemeanors. Having received your copies of *THE SLIGONIAN*'s December number sometime in January, or your February issue when the news had become history, you duly set up a howl which makes the sun spots tremble as they freckle Old Sol's face. There is in this, however, no crime—far be it from such. But—having promised to write an article for the above publication by the tenth of November, you permit your masterpiece and December to reach the editor simultaneously. Oh, you generous contributors, how thankful are we editors for your cooperation! How long, oh, how long will the cat keep stepping on its tail to hear itself yowl!

W. H. J.

TO BE REMEMBERED

TODAY is Sunday, February fifteen. This morning Glenn Geeting, one of the members of our club, the Famous Fifty, was operated on. The report came to us that he was very low. As we were engaged in a meeting of the club this evening, our preceptor moved that we pray for him before the meeting adjourned. The motion was seconded and passed, so we knelt to pray.

I don't know that I should write about this prayer meeting into which our club meeting was turned so suddenly. Maybe I shouldn't, but when a man's heart is touched why shouldn't he make it known. I don't know when God came so close to us boys in North Hall as He did tonight. We prayed for Glenn. We prayed for ourselves. I believe we realized that life hangs by a small thread and we realized that the thread which held Glenn's life was smaller than those which held our own. Forgive me for telling you about our prayer meeting. We prayed. May our prayers be answered. S. U.

The Annual number of THE SLIGONIAN, containing the pictures of all graduates, departments and activities, and many interesting features of life about the College, will be ready for distribution in May, 1925.

There will be two bindings, one an ordinary paper binding, and the other a special imitation leather binding. The special leather binding will cost twenty-five cents (\$.25) extra. If you wish this binding, fill in coupon and send in with the twenty-five cents at once, so that we may have your copy bound accordingly.

Extra copies of the Annual will be available at one dollar (\$1.00) each. Please send in order for extra copies on coupon with a dollar for each one ordered at once that you will be sure to get them.

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SCHOOL NOTES

The Halcyon Club of South Hall entertained the Famous Fifty Club of North Hall on the evening of February fourteen in the college dining room with a Valentine party. The room was profusely decorated with hearts, large and small, and the color scheme of red and white as cleverly and artistically carried out.

A speech of welcome by Miss Mary Tresslar made the men feel immensely important, by telling them how "single" the ladies would be without them.

The program was most distinctly musical and exceptionally well rendered. A young man appeared in search of one among the women of song who would be his ideal. Before him appeared the girls of the songs, framed in a large red and silver heart. Each of the many, appeared, sang her song, and departed.

Woman was represented in practically all phases of her life. Each wore that particular costume which would attire her as a fit representative of her part in the girls of the songs. When all had sung their songs, the young man announced the girl of his choice to be the girl of the song "Mary Dear," Miss Mary Trovinger. The program closed with a chorus sung by all the girls of all the songs.

The evening's entertainment reached its climax in the delicious refreshments—salad, sandwiches, and strawberries in whipped cream. The entire evening was a demonstration of the industry, ability and organization of the Halcyon Club. Decorations, program, refreshments—nothing could have been improved upon. The Halcyon Club has more firmly than ever established its reputation.

The election of officers for the Famous Fifty Club was held in the first meeting of the semester. The results are: president, Lloyd Aspinwall; vice president, Ferrand Willet; secretary, Francis Johnson; treasurer, Calvin Pyle.

Professor A. W. Spalding spoke to the boys of North Hall during their evening worship hour.

Miss Florence Smith recently underwent an operation for goiter. She was very fortunate to have her mother from Columbus, Ohio, with her, and we are sure her being here will help Florence to recover soon.

We wondered why President Morrison came alone into the chapel so early. Where was the rest of the faculty? A stillness swept over the students. The President was about to make an announcement, and he held the attention of all in the room. But some folk never seem to sense the fitness of things, and just as his audience was in an attitude of eager expectancy there strode through the doorway, in a most diverting manner, a company of students, walking two by two and trying to keep step.

Their countenances bore a look as if the world were already resting upon their shoulders, and as, with solemn tread they progressed up the aisle, we saw that each proud bosom was embellished with a banner, in colors blue and gold.

The effect was sensational. President Morrison could no longer control the assembly, and a murmur of voices mingled with a generous and kindly ovation. Our president passed out of the room without making the announcement, and no one knows what it was to have been. However, the eminent Senior Class had made its debut. Hail to the illustrious!

"A Senior stood on a
railroad track,
The train was coming
fast;
The train got off the
railroad track
And let the Senior pass."

The graduates in the College Class are: James Leland, president; Mabel White, vice president;

Dorothy Bartlett, secretary; Robert Edwards, treasurer; Russel James, Elizabeth Neall, Marie Rogers, Donn Phillips, Louis Zink. Graduates in the Professional Class: Hubert Talmage, president; Helen Edwards, vice president; Mary Trovinger, secretary; Frank Brewer, treasurer; Arnold Stevens, Edward Genge, Alfred Gilbert, Elmer Gilbert, Eugene Chapin, Mildred McPherson, Ruth Michaelis, Anna Gloor, Alma Mager, Ross Plymire, Blanche Detwiler, Mrs. L. R. Marsh. Graduates in the Academic Class: Eugene Anderson, Roland Belden, Walter Coyl, Harold Hoxie, Nathaniel Krum, Sarah VanGeuder, Earnest Parrish, Alethea Morrison, Maxine Ross, Lawrence Stone, Benjamin Wilkinson.

Tuesday, February 10. Elder W. A. Spicer visited classes and spoke in chapel. His talk to the Journalism class was especially helpful as he spoke from long experience.

The Students' Association came to order Thursday morning, January 5 for the first meeting since the new officers had been elected. Mr. Belz, our newly-elected president, presided. The chief business was the election of a committee to consider the constitution, or amend it as they deem necessary.

Thursday, January 19. "Exams!" those things that take all the joy out of every student's life. But to cheer us up a little, Professor Bickett, the expression teacher, gave three readings in Chapel.

It's easy to smile and be happy
When life flows along like a jest
But the man worth while, is the one who can smile
When facing a Physics test.

Friday evening, January 16, Elder Spicer spoke. His message was a reminder that God will give us more than we ask, and that His promises are everlasting. It was developed by object lessons, intensely interesting and short, giving time for the usual testimony service which closed promptly at nine o'clock.

Reba Williams was very glad to have her father, from Perryville, Maryland, visit her on Monday, January 19.

Several of the students have had a touch of the "flu": Clare Astwood, Katherine Youngblood, Mary Abbey, Queene Minor, Elva Snider, Paul Westbrook, Harold Schultz, and William Loveless. Paul Starr and Edward Genge each had nasal operations.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Schutt sailed for India Saturday, February the 8th. Mr. Schutt will teach in one of our schools in India and Mrs. Schutt will be engaged in nursing. We are glad to wish them God's guidance as they undertake His work.

Musical Chapels! We surely do like them? Professor Osborne has charge of them. Professor Hannum plays different selections and parts of pieces while Professor Osborne explains them. This helps us to understand and appreciate music more. We really "Learn to listen," and "Listen to learn."

January 27. Professor Helligso spoke in chapel about "Our Nearest Neighbor—The Moon." It was certainly a very interesting subject—yes, in more ways than one. The moon affects the tide, but scientists can not tell how it affects the untied.

January 27. To the Weather Man we certainly give our hearty thanks for the fine packing snow he sent on the 17th. About supper time, we began to realize how much fun we would miss if we didn't get out in this fine snow for a bit of sliding. It all lay in just a few words from our good preceptor and preceptress. First, we asked, "May we?" Then we teased just a minute and they both said, "Yes!" So, at nine o'clock, most of the students had donned their heavy sweaters, scarfs, and caps, and were "all set" for a lot of fun sliding down the Sanitarium hill on sleds, sliding down the hill on trays, sliding down the hill in dish-pans, but always scrambling up again. This lasted until ten o'clock. Did we have fun? Well, I should say so!

From January 28 to February 2, the foreign mission organizations of the United States and Canada held a great convention in the City Auditorium of Washington, D. C. The building, which seats six thousand people, was generally filled. 3408 delegates attended from other cities and one thousand from Washington. Fifty delegates were Seventh-day Adventists. Many of the faculty members and students of W. M. C. attended, and received much inspiration. There were fifty-eight denominational mission boards represented and twenty-seven other mission organizations.

The main themes of the convention were centralization of all thought on Jesus Christ, and cooperation among all mission boards in preaching the Gospel in foreign lands. There were sixty-two addresses, and some of the eminent speakers were Dr. John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, and Samuel M. Zwemer.

The new officers for the Halcyon Club have been elected and are as follows: president, Maude Brooke; vice presidents, Promise Kloss, Maxine Ross, Mildred McPherson, and Mary Helen Tresslar, each having two assistants; secretary, Twila Nixon; treasurer, Lovey Henderson. These vice presidents are in charge of the religious, social, singing and athletic activities, respectively.

The Halcyon Glee Club of South Hall very successfully presented its Annual Concert, January 24.

THE PROGRAM

STARLIGHT	Von Suppe
CALM IS THE NIGHT.....	Carl Bohm
MURMURING ZEPHYRS.....	Adolph Jensen
SANTA LUCIA	Italian
OUR MIGHTY EMPIRE.....	Japanese
VOLGA BOATMAN'S SONG.....	Russian
READING: "The Death Disk"	
	Faye Nothstine
BARCAROLLE	Offenbach
THE NIGHT WIND.....	Henry Hadley
AMARYLLIS	Henry Ghyis
CANTATA: "May, the Maiden".....	Loomis

Soloists:

Mary Trovinger
Bula Botsford
Evelyn Brown
Maude Brooke

James William Osborn, Conductor
Harold B. Hannum, Accompanist

January 29. Today we received our first semester grades. Some faces dropped, some faces smiled, and some registered a rather blank expression. One of our best students, Mr. C. A. Mason, who is taking seventeen hours work, had good cause to smile—he received an "A" in every subject.

President and Mrs. Griggs from Berrien Springs, Michigan, are visiting here in Washington during the Foreign Mission Convention. His talks were inspiring.

Professor Cady, president of our school three years ago, spoke to the boys in worship, January 20. The main idea expressed was that we make our blunders and mistakes stepping stones to success and make our education here at W. M. C. fit us for service to others.

Whatever goes up must come down. Mr. Wilfred Tarr, while in the attic at North Hall, enlivened a study hour by stepping on a weak spot in the floor and pushing his foot and leg through the second floor ceiling.

With the arrival of Mr. B. E. Wagner at W. M. C., interest in the colporteur work came into its own like a strong man rising out of sleep. He was Union Field and Home Missionary Secretary of the Caribbean Union in South America, and comes to us filled with "pep" and enthusiasm. Besides the school work he is taking, he is teaching a one hour class in Christian Salesmanship carrying college credit. This instruction will cover the regular lessons issued by the General Conference Publishing Department, and will be supplemented by lectures.

Sanitarium Notes

On the morning of January 20, at our regular Y. P. M. V meeting, Dr. Miller talked to us about the Far East—about China especially. His enthusiasm is boundless, and when we see the great sacrifices he is willing and eager to make for this country which lies so near to his heart, it kindles a desire in our hearts to have some small part in this great work.

It is always necessary at some time, for every machine to be overhauled and repaired. The human mechanism is no exception. In worship one morning Professor Cady, in speaking to the nurses, had as his subject, "Run in for Repairs." Even to us to whom it is an every day matter, his account of his recent stay at the Sanitarium for repairs was most interesting. During the three weeks he was with us, he was attended by forty-five nurses. He thinks it would be interesting to stay six weeks and have ninety nurses—an excellent way to increase one's list of acquaintances. We invite you to try it.

We were especially privileged recently to have President Griggs of Berrien Springs, Michigan, with us. He spoke in worship and again at our regular Friday evening meeting.

"Abyssinia" was the subject of Dr. Beem's discourse at our Y. P. M. V. meeting on the morning of February 2. He and one of his classmates have answered the call to work in this country. They became interested while they were still in training through Captain Salisbury, an explorer who broadcasted over radio, and later lectured on Abyssinia. They later talked to him personally, and were soon convinced that the Lord had called them to that place. He read to us excerpts from Captain Salisbury's book, "The Sea Gypsy."

Dr. Kim of Korea spoke to us one morning a few weeks ago. He is a native Korean and graduated from the medical course in Korea. He has just completed a course in Johns Hopkins University after studying four years in this country in our best schools. Before coming to America, he was connected with our work in Shanghai. He is returning to Korea to take up work there.

Elder Spicer was prevailed upon to take charge of our Friday evening meeting on February six.

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