

Spring Is Here

by Ida Chapman

The sun, on a glad March morning,
Climbed high in the heavens blue;
The birds just back from the Southland
Sang their gay, sweet carols too.
The greening grass on the hillside,
The bursting buds on the trees,
All whispered the same sweet story,
Telling of hope and peace.

Some gay little clouds went scudding
Like a flock of lambs at play;
A soft little breeze came whisp'ring
To herald a newborn day.
I smiled at the world that morning,
And from every bush and tree
The dear little buds a-swelling
Seemed smiling back at me.

The fresh green grass all asparkle
With diamonds and drops of pearl,
Sprung up where of late the snowdrifts
Were piled in a ghostly swirl,
Spake the power of God eternal,
O'ershadowing all mankind,
His love and infinite mercy
All they who seek shall find.

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THE PEPTIMIST

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THE PEPTIMIST CRIER

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Editorial

ON THE beach amidst the roar of the waves Demosthenes achieved success after practicing with pebbles in his mouth and a sword suspended above his shoulder. In this manner he acquired volume, cured himself of stammering, and overcame the habit of shrugging his shoulders while talking.

We of today are the beneficiaries of Demosthenes' Perseverance.

At times we Madison folk are fortunate in that we are the recipients of spontaneous talent from our own group.

With sincerity we say that the program of home talent sponsored by the Peptimist Club was both enjoyed and appreciated. The quality of our school we believe is enhanced by the development of the cultural aspect.

It is true that one cannot expect to make a strike every time he is up to bat, yet results are accomplished by continuing to try. Likewise, believing progress to be essential we are endeavoring to employ new means and experiments in the production of our school paper.

We were truly proud of the satisfactory results presented by the English Composition class in the issue of the Peptimist Crier for which they were responsible.

The "Muse," we discover, extends jurisdiction to the Hall of Learning as well as the Conservatory of Music.

We would again pause to remind you of our gratitude for your endeavors in behalf of your Alma Mater.

"The Highest Being reveals Himself in man."—Carlyle.

Reminiscences

"Pancake day, a merry, happy day;
If you don't give us a holiday
We will all run away."

I WAS just a small boy walking down the street on Shrove Tuesday, but as I heard other boys lustily singing the above ditty, I too joined in and was soon singing as loudly as any. The next day was Ash Wednesday and the beginning of Lent. The principal of our school was very kind and gave us a holiday which really turned out to be "pancake day." Mother gathered up all the meat and eggs in the house, beat them all together, and made them up into pancakes in order that the beginning of Lent would not find any meat in the house.

As young children, we did not enjoy the fasting during Lenten Week, but we took it as a matter of course with the explanation that our parents gave to us. This season continued until Palm Sunday when we all went to church and received the palms from the hands of the priest. Palm Sunday began the holy week.

On the Friday morning before Palm Sunday, I awakened early with a start for it sounded as if someone were singing just outside the door. Hurriedly dressing, I went downstairs and after climbing up to unbolt the door, went out into the street to find where the singing was coming from. There I saw a boy with a cart full of hot-cross buns singing lustily,

"One-a-penny baker
Two-a-penny guns
Three-a-penny
Hot-cross buns."

When the baker's boy saw such a small boy standing on the street listening to him, he took a big bag and filled it full of buns, emptying the cart; then he placed the bag in the arms of the astonished boy. For a minute I did not know what to do, so the baker's boy told me to run home as fast as I could. When I got there no one was awake yet and I had quite a problem which needed to be solved. As soon as possible I asked my father why it was the baker's boy had given me all of those hot-cross buns. He told me that the boy did not want any of them left over for people would not buy them and it would bring him bad luck if he had any left over. I had been really a godsend to him for I had helped him get rid of his buns.

Holy Saturday passed and Easter Sunday dawned with the ringing of the finest church bells in that country. The season of Lenten fasting was over and once again we could eat all the eggs and other things that we wanted.

Richard Walker

"Government has been a fossil: it should be a plant."—Emerson.

Interesting Library Books

"Youth and the New World"—Essays from the Atlantic Monthly. Edited by Ralph Philip Boas.

The choice of essays in this book has been made with a view to encouraging young people to think, and to form opinions of their own relative to education; "disputed points of economic and political organization; the changing nature of our population, with its difficulties of adjustment of racial elements; the new and growing importance of women in the state; and, finally, the importance of spiritual values."

We, as young people, need to awake to the realization of the fact that often we play an unconscious part in the settlement of the problems of the community. The reading of these essays tends to impel us to acquaint ourselves with social and civic life, so that we may determine the conditions of the society in which we live, and lend our influence to their betterment "instead of being a mere pawn in the game."

"Democratic Despotism"—Raoul E. Desvernine.

It seems evident to the thoughtful observer that America has arrived "at the crossroads in the journey toward her national destiny: One road is the old American...road of democracy with the Constitution as its foundation; the other, the foreign slave trail of arbitrary government built upon the arbitrary will of a man or group of men."

Mr. Desvernine "defines the characteristic principles of American political philosophy, and proves from the record of recent legislation and governmental activities that our American system is imperilled by a new directive force diametrically opposed to Constitutionalism." He "contends that the fundamental issue before the country today is the growing tendency to impose Despotism on the American political institutions of Individual Freedom and Self-Government through the veiled manipulation of democratic processes and the distortion of democratic ideals."

To those who cherish and believe in the principles of Self-Government this book will prove most suggestive.

T. Irville Rush

The Pastor's Study

HUNDREDS of years ago the Master said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven." Today this statement stands as a mighty challenge to Christian youth. Within it lies the secret of the happy life. Jesus said, as a promise, that if we seek first the kingdom of heaven, all these things would be added unto us.

What are "these things"? They are the things the world says to seek first. They are to many the essentials, the most important. But the world has it just backward. How do you have it?

Oh, yes; I know you say you believe the scriptural injunction, but do you believe it enough to live it? Many say, "I wish I had time for Bible study and prayer"; others say, "I hope to get ahead of my living expenses so I can pay my tithe or give an offering"; someone else says, "I hope to enter the Lord's vineyard after I have made a little money." All this is the very opposite of the command of Jesus. He said, "Seek ye first... and these things shall be added."

At no time is there more danger of forgetting this promise than while we are working for an education. Let us have faith in God and His kingdom, knowing that "He careth for you." Let us never say, "No time to pray."

"No time to pray!"

Must care or business urgent call
So press us as to take it all
Each passing-day?

What thought more dear
Than that our God His face should
hide
And say, through all life's swelling
tide,
"No time to hear!"

Howard J. Welch

THE PEPTIMIST CRIER

Progressive Education

THE teachers and faculty members of Madison College are carrying out a unique type of education. The latest advancement of modern ideas has taken place just recently. The fact that the future of our nation's government depends upon the present youth and their understanding of the principles of democracy, has led the leaders of our school to offer the students the opportunity to organize and operate a government of themselves.

There are various ideas and opinions regarding this step, but it remains that democracy is a God-given principle.

It must succeed! **Albert McCorkle**

The Peptimists in Person

T WAS the night before Friday, and all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse, when out onto the stage came George Katcher, master of ceremonies for the Peptimist Club program, and said that Joseph Karlick would sing "Boots." We truly felt the tramp, tramp, tramp of boots as they marched off to war and back again.

Ivory soap has served many purposes, but who would have supposed it to be the subject for a reading? Well, it was, and Beverly-June Pruette did justice to the author's originality. Later in the program she gave an Italian dialect reading.

Everyone wondered why we had not heard more of Raymond Rice's clarinet music after hearing his skillful rendition of a beautiful solo. We'll remember this part of the program a long time.

The "Little German Band" would have, without a doubt, taken the prize had one been offered for the best feature, for their originality and vivacity made everyone sit up a little straighter and listen a little more intently. They played a novelty number and then two stirring marches.

Ruth Province played "Perfect Day" on her saw, and then sang "Indian Love Call."

We'll have to give the Peptimist Club a hand for discovering so much talent among the students. We never knew that Ivan Teel could so well imitate our feathered friends, or Henry Sepchenko give readings, or even Albert McCorkle give chalk talks—but they did.

Some of the other numbers given during the two-hour program can only be mentioned although they were as much enjoyed. Trumpet solos by Elmer King and John Toppenberg; a guitar solo by Irville Rush; two piano duets by Frances Harris and Vera Noss; a violin solo by Don Christman accompanied by his mother; and an accordion solo by Hope Kennison.

Hans Gregorius, our baritone from Germany, closed the program singing Madame Schuman-Heink's favorite lullaby in German.

The proceeds from the program go to the *Crier*.



Courtesy of Washington College Press

Dr. Wilkinson Visits Madison

AN OCCASION of interest to the members of our school family was the recent visit of Dr. B. G. Wilkinson, president of the Washington Missionary College at Washington D. C. He has been teaching in our schools for years, the past eight to ten years being at Washington. During this time he has done much research work on the Bible, and as a result he has written "Authorized Version Vindicated." We are assured that he has attracted attention both inside and outside the denomination.

Dr. Wilkinson is a world traveler and lecturer of outstanding ability, and we were inspired by the recital of incidents occurring on his journeys in the distant lands of India, Syria, Palestine, and Arabia.

The purpose of his investigation, he said, was to recover the history of the past and to unveil the fact that we are of a continuous chain of Sabbath-keepers.

Dr. Wilkinson told in a very interesting manner of his visit to the silent cities of Arabia, of his gaining access to the ancient Waldensian Bible, and of reading the last writing of St. Patrick of Ireland.

We believe that his experience has qualified him to speak authoritatively concerning the historic proof of Seventh-day Sabbath observance and the continuity of the church of God in all its simplicity and purity.

Especially encouraging to us is the fact that the result of these historical investigations serves to prove the accuracy of the historical statements we find in the writings of Mrs. E. G. White. It awakened in us a desire not only to become better acquainted with this inspired literature but to become masters of it to the extent that we shall become more efficient and more authoritative witnesses.

Registration

REGISTRATION of college students for the spring quarter will be held Monday, March 22, in Druillard Library. Senior and Freshman students will register from 1:00 to 3:00 o'clock while the Sophomores and Juniors will register from 3:00 to 4:00 o'clock.

The college will offer morning classes for Juniors and Seniors and afternoon classes for Freshmen and Sophomores. If absolutely necessary to have both morning and afternoon classes, an OK. must be received from Mr. W. F. Rocke.

Freshmen must not enroll for more than 13 quarters hours and others for not more than 14 hours. Late registration will be charged for at the rate of \$1.00 per day with a maximum of \$3.00.

THE CRIER

CRIER, what an inspiration
Your messages convey to me,
Filling me with aspiration,
Thoughts of what I'd do and be.

I read of other students' progress,
Of news—events that here transpire.
Many a happy evening hour,
We two have spent beside my fire.

I would miss your cheery writings,
If they came no more to me,
And I fear I'd long be searching
Ere such a friend again I'd see.

Bert L. Deng

Senior Class

WHAT?"

"Senior class meeting, of course!"

"When?"

"Tomorrow morning after chapel."

"Why?"

"To get organized so we will be able to do things! We don't want to leave everything until the very last when 'finals' will be setting our brains in a whirl. We want this last graduating class of Madison High School to be the best that has ever passed through its doors to greater fields of endeavor."

"Fine! I'll be there!"

—And they were. Most of the twenty-nine members of the Senior class met soon after the Christmas vacation and started things off right by electing an enthusiastic group of officers to pilot them through the year's activities. Those chosen were: president, Elwood Sherrard; vice-president, Fay Littell; secretary, Vera Noss; sponsor, Mrs. Nis Hansen; treasurer, Frances Harris.

The class is now functioning smoothly, committees having been appointed to investigate and report on the various phases of its activities. At present, the members are keeping their eyes and ears wide open to detect among their number those who are particularly gifted as historians, prophets, and poets. By that you know that they have already begun plans for class night. But just wait! It will be worth waiting for!

I Have Two Countries

I AM a Frenchman. I am an American. My father was born in Switzerland, but when he reached his seventeenth birthday he came to America and became naturalized. Life led him to Paris as an art student, then later as an S. D. A. missionary. It was during this latter period that he met and loved the woman who was to become my mother.

In the little town of Anduze, France, my mother, then Juliette Marie Fontane, was looking forward to spending the summer of 1895 at the seashore, as was the custom of the young people. At the seashore, entertainment was offered by traveling carnivals accompanied by fortune tellers and games of amusement. It was in this setting that she was accidentally touched by a blindfolded "clairvoyant" who cried, "You will marry a widower and go to a far, far country to live." This was indeed the climax of mirth attained during the entire summer and for months afterward every time the incident was brought up, the utter ridiculousness of it brought peals of laughter.

Thirteen years later Mademoiselle Fontane was married to this missionary, my father, (who had in the meantime married an American girl, who had died two years earlier), and, true to the prophecy, she went with him to the "far, far country" of America.

America was to her a very strange country since no one seemed to understand French. So after years of trying to learn the language and ways, she decided that only a visit home would bring the encouragement she craved. So back to France she sailed with her three-year-old son.

Three months after her arrival in France, I came, and after a few more months I too was taking the voyage to the "far, far country."

Could you imagine my embarrassment when we arrived at New York and they wouldn't admit me to this country? It was like this: Since Dad was a naturalized American, mother had become one also when he brought her into America as his wife. But when she came back and brought me along—a French baby with French birth papers and she with no papers at all—they said, "NO!" But I was saved by my four-year-old brother. He had on him papers denoting him to be an American. He had to come through, and since it was impossible for him to get home alone, mother had to be allowed to accompany him and I to stay with her.

All went well until I neared my twenty-first birthday, at which time I received from the French government an order to report immediately to the French consul at New Orleans and sail directly to Ajaccio, Corsica, for several years of military

training. I ignored the order but received another a month later. After ignoring that one also, I received personal complaint from the secretary to the General of the French Armies saying that a charge of "unruly" had been placed against my name which I would have to face besides the compulsory training I had ignored. This letter so upset my mother that she indignantly answered that they were ungrateful wretches, that they would be all Germans now had it not been for the Americans, that it wasn't my fault that I was born in France. A reply came saying the charge of "unruly" would be removed but nothing could be done about the training order.

So today I am still considered both an American and a French citizen. If I ever return to France even as a visitor, I will be forced into service. If I stay here they can't take me away from America. I can't take out naturalization papers because I am already an American, yet there is no national or international legislation to protect me from the French claim. I wish to return to France and see my former home and all my relatives but—I can't!

John Robert

The Nurse

THE work of a nurse is a sacred thing!

Nurses are brought into close contact with human souls who are passing through storm and stress. Human lives are in their hands; therefore, if love has not prompted their call, it is unfortunate. Love and sympathy are gifts of God to be used in bringing peace and courage to the troubled heart. Without these gifts, nurses become coarsened and hardened by their work. It is inevitable when nursing is only the means of earning a livelihood.

Our profession cannot remain secular. We must have the missionary spirit—the sense of working for a cause which is absolutely worth while. "The darkness in which men are groping is appalling, the special need of working for the lost is now!" Duty is soon tired but love goes all the way! Love for humanity is a virtue that we cannot spare. To lose it is to grow old before our time. To aid the sick and suffering is a pleasure to those who love their profession. Time and labor are not reckoned as they see the reward day by day of their faithful ministering in the restoration of health.

The ideal nurse gives her youth to learning about pain and death and of all the lowly tasks that make them easier; then, having learned, her life is spent in service. She seeks not gratitude but finds within her work a return for all she gives.

Long may our school produce this type of nurse—who lives to serve, not for a heavy purse!

Irene Felice

Harpist and Soloist

A MOST unusual entertainment was the program given at the Helen Funk Assembly Hall last Thursday, February 25. Ruth Linrud, harpist and soloist from California, entertained.

Her program consisted of four parts: a short description and history of the development of the modern harp; a group of songs from Norway which Miss Linrud sang in Norwegian; several songs by well-known composers such as Handel, Brewer, and Mozart; and a group of harp solos. High lights in the program were harp solos: "March Militaire" by Basha, "Fantasie" by Kjerulf, and Hasselman's fascinating "Aeolian Harp."

Mildred Davidson

GOTZIAN HALL

Did you ever see that old building on the hill?
It's very lonesome-looking when all is still.
Some say it looks like a great big barn,
But that's just some long spun yarn:
For somehow—down in one corner of my heart
Yet sweet memories are cherished, never to part—
For many a time has a desire to roam
Been quieted there—in dear ole Gotzian Home!

Now it takes more than an old building called Home
To keep me quiet and peaceful and all my own,
For I love adventure, and a traveler, yes—me.
Every corner and turn of this world I'd like to see.
But just take Gotzian Home—well, say tonight:
Just turn it inside out, of course it'll be a fight!
But to you—Gotzian Home then reveals
The source of her joy and why it appeals.

'Tis a jolly group of girls she holds,
And you just ought to hear the laughter that rolls!
It's not anything wrong, or terrible that's been done,
But we somehow like, and do have, a lot of fun!
Up in the air goes someone's heels, and down—
bang!

Get away from there, you, the door-bell rang!
You can turn that cartwheel some other day.
For right now, you're in my way!

Now there's a—hold on—can't mention a name,
For each is a treasure and destined for fame!
But there's a touch of individuality here and there,
And each one certainly has her share!
Now there's that dear ole southern drawl—
Now just 'cause I said that you needn't crawl!
I like that cute little brogue we all may attain
If in this sunny South we'll only remain!

That northern accent just can't be put away!
We're proud of it so it might as well stay.
Just another tint that we couldn't do without
In this grand ole layout!
Any more? Oh, there's another to be expressed!
It's that wild and climbing West—
Quick to stop and quick to go—
Full of pranks from head to tip of toe!

There's the East with its sunny smile,
With that we could all go a mile.
Always cheerful and ready for fun,
Look out now, we all love to run!
Down the hall and in an open door,
Girls, you don't know what we've got in store!
Gonna get up at four, and out for a walk—
Then we'll have a full day to talk.

Now that's just a glimpse of what's up there—
Behind those windows, doors, and walls so fair.
You'll never know one-half the all,
Until you've gotten inside and down the hall.
We're not ashamed of anything we do—
We want to be jolly, good, and true!
So some day, when you're alone and blue,
Come up to dear old Gotzian Home; join
our crew!

Sarah I. Spady

Young Homemakers

FOR the purpose of becoming better acquainted with one another, and to benefit educationally, intellectually, and inspirationally from that acquaintance, Madison's young married women organized a club a little over a year ago called the Young Homemakers' Club. The club meets every other Wednesday night at the homes of its members. Once every two months a meeting is planned for both the members and their husbands. The most recent of such gatherings was a jolly get-together in the large, cleaned-for-the-occasion, service-station.

Each meeting of the club is comprised of the following features: a Devotional; a Study from the book, "Makers of the Home"; Hints for the Homemaker, dealing with all phases of homemaking; Current Topics—on world events, the work of the denomination, or modern housekeeping; and a Program, consisting of a half-hour's entertainment provided by the hostess on something of special interest to her (varying in the past from child-training, music in the home, and diet, to books, friendship, and clothing). Other valuable features during the past year have been book reviews, and helpful information contributed by Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Wallace, and Mrs. Bertram.

Officers have just been elected for the coming year. They are: president, Mrs. Bernice Schueler; vice-president, Mrs. Ethel Steele; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Billie Wiley; with Mrs. Margaret Meeker, Mrs. Steele, and Mrs. Dorothy Davidson in charge of the various phases of the meetings.

Entertainment

IT WAS, I believe, with pleasure that the audience gave their attention to the program presented by the American Literature class on Thursday evening, February 18, 1937.

There were five parts to this program, directed by Charles Hanzel, Calvin Bush, and John Robert, with Wilfred Tolman as Master of Ceremonies, all under the supervision of Miss Ruth Frye, who is the class instructor.

First, to develop a feeling of fellowship and to enter everyone into the mood of the evening, the rafters were rocked by the entire audience's singing "Smiles" and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."

Secondly, to the immense delight of the spectators, a number of the students, supposedly the intelligentsia, were urged into a spelling match. It's easy to spell, but when you have to invent your own words, starting with the last letter of your opponent's invented word, or when you must add a letter to your allies' fragment of a work toward the formation of a sentence, or when you have the opportunity of spelling words backward, well, the audience as well as the participant can enjoy the effort.

Thirdly, a large measure of enjoyment was given to our evening by Mr. Roupen Gulbenk, an Armenian violinist of Nashville. Mr. Gulbenk is a well-known figure in Nashville orchestras and at Peabody College where he is a senior in the Demonstration School. He favored us with three numbers: "Chant" by White-Kreisler, "Humoresque" by Strosser, and "Gypsy Dance" by Levy.

Miss Thelma Hansen's voice blended well with Joe Karlick's as they sang to us of "Sweet Genevieve."

Mr. John Robert, to whose boundless energy we owe considerable of the success of the program, and who is a master of the piano, gave us the pleasure of hearing him play one selection, Chopin's "Polonaise."

Fourthly, Mr. Fredrick Robert, who is a genius in art as his son is in music, interested and, should I say, startled us with a "chalk talk" about local geography that turned out to be a portrait of Abraham Lincoln.

Last, perhaps best, someone (I have a suspicion who) was playing with the radio and public address system controls in the music room under the auditorium, and so mixed up time and space and the loud speaker that we suddenly found ourselves listening to some events in the life of Abe Lincoln in the days of long ago. We heard his father propose to his mother-to-be and listened in on Abe's conversation with his sweetheart, Anne Rutledge. We almost felt his anger at the slave auction and his vehemence when debating with Stephen Douglas. Very clearly we heard his Gettysburg address, and even that fatal sad night at the Ford Theatre.

Then over those same tangled wires came that famous poem, written by a great poet in memorium of this great martyred man, Walt Whitman's "O Captain, My Captain."

Leonard S. Conover

Book Review

FOOD FOR LIFE," a new book on diet and food preparation, written by Frances L. Dittes, is reviewed by Doctor H. A. Webb, professor of Chemistry at George Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee, in the Sunday Nashville **Banner** Magazine.

"A new hunger is spreading throughout America—a hunger for information concerning foods. This food-consciousness is a favorable sign, since science is abundantly able to dispel the clouds of ignorance—and even superstition—concerning what was 'clean' or 'unclean' for passing down the human throat.

"As might be expected, the dietitian at the Madison Sanitarium is a specialist on foods. Her scientific studies have been in various large centers of the North and East, as well as in the nutrition laboratories of

George Peabody College. Her own nutrition laboratory is a model as to necessary equipment, even to the tame white rats that serve as subjects in practically all dietary experiments. This book is written for the sake of a cause—that of 'positive health'; for 'it is only after long experience in seeing many individuals suffer the results of an unbalanced diet... that the writer dares to present to the public these suggestions on the subject of health and cookery.'

"Most well-informed persons are aware of the particular enthusiasms of the Madison Sanitarium, one of the Battle Creek group, in the belief that 'fruits, vegetables, milk, nuts, and whole grains, when artistically and wholesomely prepared, constitute the most healthful diet. This book, therefore, gives many recipes for dishes to take the place of flesh foods. There is a most conservative comment, however, as to meat as a food. The high nutritive value of meat is recognized, but the completeness and freedom from undesirable products of the 'protein of milk, eggs, soy-bean cheese, and the like, cause the frank belief that they are more healthful. No space whatever is devoted in this volume, however, to arguments against meat; silence on the subject is the only eloquence.

"The volume is divided into two parts: Food and Nutrition, and Recipes. 'Food will be the medicine of the future,' said Dr. Harvey W. Wiley; it follows, therefore, that dietitians will be the doctors. Miss Dittes is already an active member of the new fraternity of healing.

"Any housewife with a curiosity as to how they cook at 'Madison' may have all necessary directions. To such experimenters the soy bean will be a particularly intriguing raw material; it is, of course, a 'staff of life' at Madison. There are nearly twenty pages of high adventure to the soy-less kitchen offered in this volume.

"There is a special appendix on canning; another on menus; yet another giving calorie values and chemical analyses. A comprehensive 'Index to Recipes' makes the volume handy for the housewife in a hurry.

"This book makes a real contribution to the literature of cookery and nutrition from at least two standpoints: first, it is written by a Southern author who knows the Southern taste in sickness and in health; second, it is written by a sane, conservative specialist of the vegetarian school, whose life work consists in administering food as a true medicine to those who seek for health."

The book contains 332 pages and sells for \$2.50. This review speaks for itself. Similar words of comment are being received at the office and by the author. It is helping many people with their diet problems. It may help you. Order direct from the Author, Madison College, Tennessee.

Adv.



Courtesy of the Nashville Banner

Mechanical Arts Fire

ON THE evening of February 16 the quiet, calm atmosphere of the campus was broken by the sound of the fire alarm. One section of the Mechanical Arts Building was ablaze, and in a moment the night was lit up by the destructive fire.

Students hurried from all quarters and lent yeoman service in fighting the fire. In spite of this the flames spread to every portion of the fifteen-year-old building. Both the Ingelwood and Old Hickory fire departments were present, and these with the college fire engine soon brought powerful streams of water into action. Soon the greatest concern was to save the Food Factory and adjoining buildings. At first the flames seemed to leap higher as though in angry protest to the steady stream of water and for several tense moments the fire appeared to be out of control, but thanks to a kind providence, the wind changed and the other structures were saved.

The blaze attracted people for miles around, and even on the following day much concern was manifested by visitors who thought the Sanitarium had been on fire. At no time, however, was this section of the institution in danger, and we can appreciate the wisdom of the founders in not crowding the buildings together.

Notwithstanding its unprepossessing exterior, the Mechanical Arts housed much valuable machinery and equipment and was a great asset to the industrial departments.

The exact cause of the fire is not known although spontaneous combustion seems to be the most plausible explanation. The

building was partially covered by insurance, and we are glad to note that a portion of it has already been rebuilt. We look forward with interest to the erection of a new and finer Mechanical Arts Building.

The above picture is one which appeared in the Nashville **Banner** February 17. The view is taken looking toward the west with the smoke stack of central heating plant in the right background. Ruins of the main portion of the building and the machinery of the Woodworking Department can be seen in the center of picture.

Richard Welch

This issue of the Peptimist Crier is being printed in eight- and ten-point Vogue type in contrast with the Franklin type which constitutes all former issues.

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Nashville

Old Students

All who have been on the campus for at least three years remember Bill England, "The Bakery Boy." When Sidney Lowry returned from Washington Missionary College, he said he had found Bill working in the bakery there. He is enrolled in the commercial course.

Fred Baroudi spent a week-end on the campus recently on his way to Bowling Green, Kentucky, where he is now enrolled in Bowling Green Business University.

Ellen Low, Nursing Class of '36, is working toward her B. S. degree at Emmanuel Missionary College. She tells us that Miriam Mitzelfelt has chosen the University of Michigan in which to become a Doctor of Philosophy.

Lydia Wenzel, also of the Nursing Class of '36, is specializing at the Porter Sanitarium in Denver, Colorado.

Southern California Junior College has claimed our golden-haired High School miss, Priscilla Colton, from New England.

We are glad to hear from Joe Timura again, for we will always remember his cheery whistle and cordial smile. At present he is working in a lumber mill at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and is to be married soon. His brother, John, is a third-year medical student at Loma Linda, California.

David Johnson is interning at the Bar-ness Erlanger Hospital in Chattanooga this year.

We regret to hear that Arthur Pearson, who has been interning in Wilmington, North Carolina, has had to drop his work temporarily because of ill health.

Word comes from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown that they are caring for his grandmother's ranch way up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California and are glad for the practical things they learned at Madison.

From a recent letter from Robert Kellar who left Madison about a year ago we find that he is working at the County Hospital, San Bernardino, California. He plans to enter the College of Medical Evangelists beginning this fall.

NORTH EAST WEST SOUTH

ANNOUNCING:

Leland Stanford Straw, Jr.
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Leland Straw.
Born March 13, 1937.
Weight 7 pounds.

On January 11 Mr. W. F. Roche and Mr. Walter Wilson left for an enjoyable tour of Florida. They took a leisurely trip from Silver Springs down the Atlantic coast to Miami, across to Fort Myers, and north along the Gulf Coast visiting Lake Wells, Bok Tower, and many other interesting points. One memory stands out among all others—their thrilling airplane ride over St. Petersburg. They returned to Madison January 29 via Tallahassee.

When Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Hall returned from visiting Mrs. Hall's parents in Michigan, they brought with them Mr. Hall's mother, Mrs. Belle C. Hall of California, and his sister, Mrs. Patricia Black, a former student. Mrs. Hall, who was formerly principal of our High School, is now connected with the Pacific Press. She returned to her work with Stanley and his family who will also reside in Mountain View. Mrs. Black has returned to Battle Creek, Michigan, where her husband is in medical practice.

In the church service, February 20, Prof. M. E. Cady, from Washington, D. C., spoke of the need of educated young men and young women, and of the importance of a Christian education. He stressed the education of head, heart, and hand, and he has included this phase of education in his new book which will soon be off the press.

Korea is one of the many interesting oriental fields where missionaries are very badly needed. Tia You, who has been a student here for the past three years, showed some interesting moving pictures on this his native land at Vespers, February 26. The Korean Choir from Nashville rendered some beautiful numbers which made the program very impressive.

Dr. and Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Consor, Mother D. Elder and Mrs. Welch, all attended the Southern Union Conference in Chattanooga, during the week, February 17 to 24. Elder Welch expressed the encouragement that they all felt, when he gave a brief report of the meetings.

February first was the day for the nurses who affiliate in the Children's Hospital in Cincinnati, to return and a new group of six to begin their work there, but because of the floods it was impossible for this change to be made until about the fifteenth of the month. Those who have gone for four months are: Freida Reinholtz, Beatrice Kinzer, Julia Klasen, Mary and Margaret Pooser, and Mrs. Joseph Bischoff. They all have written that they enjoy their work immensely.

Madison always likes to entertain those who have heard much of her unique educational program but who have never visited the campus. Prof. Kenneth A. Wright, Superintendent of Education in the Florida Conference, with his wife, paid us a short visit after attending the Southern Union Conference in Chattanooga. We cordially invite them to return.

Miss Kathryn L. Jensen visits the campus occasionally and on her last overnight stop she spoke at chapel, picturing very vividly student life as she has observed it in Denmark.

Mrs. J. T. Wheeler has joined her husband who is taking classwork here this year.

Seven reels of moving pictures on modern prevention of disease were shown recently at a chapel hour, sponsored by Vanderbilt University.

The High School Class of '33 had a reunion supper on the evening of February 15. Mrs. Belle C. Hall, the class sponsor, was the guest of honor of the thirteen members of the class present. They recalled many happy hours spent together four years ago.

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