The title 'The Sligonian' is rendered in a stylized, three-dimensional font with a green, textured appearance. The letters are set against a background that is a map of the county of Sligo, also in a green, textured style. The map shows the coastline and the interior of the county. The word 'The' is positioned above 'Sligonian', and the 'S' in 'Sligonian' is particularly large and prominent.

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THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. I

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 8

In Time of Flood

D. M. SOPER

"WHEN the enemy shall come in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."—Isa. 59:19.

Such is the comforting message with which the prophet cheers the minds of his people. These words were spoken to the exiles of Babylon as they looked forward to their return to the promised land, but they come with equal force to us at the present day. They have always been applicable in times of trial.

The prophet drew the figure from the manner in which floods arose in his native land. As the dry river bed is often suddenly overwhelmed by a torrent of water coming down from the mountains, after a heavy rainfall has caused a rapid melting of snow, so our lives are, at times, completely submerged by sudden floods of trial or temptation.

How often the tempter steals on us unawares, and we find ourselves floundering in a flood of passion or sorrow! The enemy exerts his power in various subtle ways. For each of us he has different means of attack, but whatever the means, he comes as a flood of such cunning deception that we are carried away before we are aware, unless "the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

He approaches each of us at the weakest point. At times, he comes as a flood of angry passions or lewd desires. Again he comes as a continued chain of sorrows. Like Job, we may suffer from losses of property, friends, and family; we may endure sickness, pain, and anguish. It is these that set us thinking. In times of peace or plenty, we often forget God; but when adversity assails us, we realize our dependence upon him. Oftentimes it is the little cares of life that flood the soul. Each little annoyance is not in itself great enough to stagger us, but a flood of petty afflictions strains the nerves. With patience we may possess our souls. Then it is that "the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard" against the tempter.

We are exiles returning to our native land. We have heard the king's call. But before we can reach our heavenly home, we must pass along a stony path from hilltop to hilltop. At times our way is by the still quiet waters. Again, it is by the raging torrent that so

unexpectedly comes right across our pathway through the valley of affliction. We must have a guide along this pathway, lest we fall from its straight and narrow course. This guide will lift a standard for us that shall keep us from sinking in the surging flood.

We are nearing our home, and, as we proceed, the angry clouds of storm are thickening, the raging billows are leaping higher, and the submerging waters are becoming deeper. The enemy, fearing he may lose us, is coming like a flood. Soon the hour of temptation will be upon us with overpowering violence. Our only sure course is not to feel that we are able to stand even against the smallest trial, but to know that "the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard" against the enemy even in a flood of temptations, if we but let God have his way with us.

Plans for Raising the Students' Goal

THE new College administration building will soon be in the process of construction; so the College constituency decided in its recent annual meeting. The building, according to plans, will occupy a commanding position between the College building now standing, and North Hall, and it will fill a much felt need, giving us more and greater accommodations and facilities.

Mention has previously been made of the opportunity that is given for selling copies of "Ministry of Healing." Again, some may want to give a week's earnings out of the summer vacation from canvassing or otherwise. Opportunity will also be given to meet the pledge by assisting for a number of days in the actual construction of the building. There is another way which we may use to reach our goal, and we can begin at once. All of us have friends whom we can interest in our College. This is our plan—a regular letter writing campaign, each student writing two letters a day for a week to friends soliciting for the College Fund, and whatever each one receives will apply on his goal. The association will provide leaflets, which will explain the object of the organization and our purpose to raise \$7,500 for the College building. A leaflet will be enclosed in each letter, thus eliminating the necessity of a long letter. We hope that every student will enter heartily into the campaign.

The student-body has been organized into bands of ten members with a leader for each band. Shall we not all work together to raise *every dollar* of our goal? "We can do it if we will."

WALTER A. NELSON.

□ Into All the World □

A Glimpse of Africa

FRANK WOOD

HE sailed the seas from Africa
And reached the homeland shore.
He came to us from heathendom,
To take back workers more.

He stood erect and stern, displaying full well his diminutive physique—but his wisdom is in inverse proportion. Nature wrought a wonderful work when so broad a mind was enclosed in so small a body.

Elder W. H. Anderson, twenty-two years a missionary in Africa gave four addresses, January thirty, thirty-one, and February one, in the W. M. C. chapel. The first three were limited to the student body, but the faculty sensed their selfishness and the fourth "lecture" was exposed to outsiders. Elder Anderson spoke with power, and at the close of each address the audience felt as if they had been to Africa. He revealed the country in its true light. "Wild jungles" turned into open plains, and "savage black men" became human beings.

If you are contemplating Africa as a mission field, and want to be successful, whether you be man or woman, you must be doctor, trained nurse, carpenter, dressmaker, brick mason, animal trainer, teacher, lawyer, diplomat, surgeon, cook, publisher, speaker of tongues and dialects, minister, undertaker,—in short you must be anything at any time, and all things to all men. However, if you are married, you may divide these accomplishments with your companion, so don't dare go off by yourself. You will understand this advice when you read the following gist of the four lectures. But don't be discouraged, for Elder Anderson is a human being and is successful; you are a human being, and you can be likewise successful.

Elder Anderson first called attention to 3 John 2: "Beloved, I would above all things that thou mayest prosper and *be in health*, even as thy soul prospereth." The Adventist people pose as examples of temperance, but sometimes their temperance consists mainly of two things, abstinence from tobacco and alcoholic drinks. In some other things they are perhaps the most intemperate people in the world. When it comes to work they are intemperate, consequently they overwork, and

lie down and die. Missionaries to Africa from the United States should forget they are Americans, and not try to do everything in a day. Sun in the tropics is unmerciful. If you dread to injure your hair by wearing a hat, you will have to choose between wearing a hat—and often an umbrella—or sinking into an untimely grave. “Beware of the sun.”

If you do not possess the commodity of so-called “common sense,” which, by the way, is the most uncommon sense in the world, there is no place like home for you. When an overzealous missionary writes home after his first two or three weeks that he is feeling fine and can work just as hard in Africa as he could in America, an apt postscript to his letter would be, “Please forward my funeral expenses.” Keep your arm loaded with vaccine, for smallpox is always there.

Yes, there are lions, snakes, crocodiles, etc., in Africa, but none of our missionaries have suffered from them. It is not the big, but the little things that count, especially little Mr. Anopheles Mosquito. He is an M. D.—malaria depositing—mosquito. Screen your porches, windows and bed. Wear mosquito boots at night, and sleep under a net. Forget the doctrine that a dose of medicine is a sin, but study the words, “A merry heart doeth good *like a medicine*,” and take a dose of quinine every day. A cold mitten friction with the nearest ice 500 miles away will not cure malaria.

Ladies, if you want to wear clothes in Africa, learn to sew. You won’t find on the ant hills any sign “Dressmaking done here.” If a person wants to eat, he must know how to grow his supplies. If you want bread you must not only know how to bake it but know how to make the yeast with which to raise it. If you want a house to live in you will have to know how to build it, and how to put in a good cement floor.

Don’t be discouraged if a native comes to you to sew him up after being ripped open by the horn of some animal; and then afterwards pulls out the stitches to examine your work. Don’t give up when after you have toiled manfully to learn the native speech, you go a few miles into another district and find that you have learned the wrong dialect. Go to work and reduce the language to writing, and publish the result of your labor.

The idea of Africa being “Jungle Land” is false. There is one narrow strip of jungle in the central part. There are deserts, mountains, hills and valleys. Some of the most interesting of the animals are: a species of roebuck that whistle just before they attack your vegetable garden; a species of fowl, that exhibit themselves in straight lines at mating time, while others dance before them; and the “head strong” white ants. The baboon needs special mention. A lion kills

a baby baboon on a rock mound. At daybreak an awful squawking cry is heard. We call it a "baboon war whoop." Baboons come swarming to the spot from all directions and in single file a line miles in length is formed, and a demonstration of wrath follows. Rocks are thrown into the air and the earth is torn up. Then suddenly they charge in the direction of the band of lions, where the slayer of the baby baboon is. The lions are driven into permanent exile and the baboons return triumphant.

Sometimes missionaries are miraculously saved from wild beasts by the Divine Hand. The God of Daniel is our God, and he will protect his people.

We hope that Elder Anderson will be able to come back and tell us more of his interesting experiences in the land of his adoption.

Her Last Chance

HAROLD RICHARDS

It was a faultless summer day, when the turquoise skies of Colorado glowed with their deepest blue, and Pike's Peak, the hoary-headed sentinel of the plains, held up his icy reflector to the sun. Where the great mountain slopes away to the north, the old Mormon trail climbs up over his knees, and creeps away through the spruce forests toward the Great Divide in the west. Here in the shadow of the Peak a conflict fraught with human destinies was being waged.

The little mountain town of Woodland Park had been selected by the Colorado conference as a good place for two young men to get "more field experience." For about three weeks the meetings had been in progress, and the inhabitants of Woodland were beginning to realize that "they who have turned the world upside down are come hither also." The old open-air dance pavilion by the lake had been converted into a gospel tabernacle. An old tent wall had been hung around the sides of this structure, and a good stove put up; for the breezes even in July and August, came down from the snow fields above the timber-line, like the breath of some great refrigerator. Behind the soap-box pulpit, the metal man of Daniel two looked down from his chart, and God's cartoons of the four great kingdoms, from the Babylonian lion, to him of the ten horns and iron teeth, kept their silent vigil on the canvass.

On this particular day the two young ministers stood in silence at the door of their dance-hall tabernacle. On the platform by the side of the soap-box pulpit, a still, white figure lay, shrouded in a sheet. It

was the body of a woman that had been dragged from the clear, cold lake that morning with a timber hook, and now the young men were awaiting the arrival of the coroner.

One of them turned and looked at the white bundle. "And to think," he said, "she left all the good things this life offers, a pleasant home, and those four children. I can just see that little five-year-old as he ran in after the meeting last night and asked where his mamma was. Poor little fellow, he'll never see her again."

"Yes," replied the other, "it's hard to understand, but that's not the saddest of it all. When we called at her home yesterday we did not pray with her or say much about the truth for this time. We did not know it was her last chance. May God forgive us. This lesson has cost too much."

And the two young ministers bowed their heads and promised God to serve him better, and their fellow-men more earnestly. Above the tallest pines—above the snowy old peak—above the clouds, into the very highest place of heaven itself floated the incense of that prayer, "O Lord give me the tongue of the learned that I may know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary—to him that is faint in the way."

Farthest West in China

THE following quotations were not meant for publication but are extracts from private letters written by Mrs. Dorothy Spicer-Andrews to her mother. Dr. and Mrs. Andrews are located in Chungking, Szechwan, the most westerly station we have in China.

"Outside in the misty moonlight I can hear a Chinese voice singing a little humdrum tune as he goes along the dark paths among the grave mounds. Every now and then, a dog in some distant compound starts a round of barks, which seem to be very contagious. Over and through it all come the sounds from the crude looms in the houses down below us. Clack, clack, clickety-clack, they go, twenty hours out of twenty-four. A bell in a temple away on the other side of the river is being sounded—and this completes the sounds of the evening.

"Sabbath morning we went across the river to a city where we have a chapel. Usually they do not have any organ in that place, but this day a Chinese lady came, bringing her organ with her—a little one with very leaky bellows. I played it. Sometimes the little thing sobbed in time with the congregation, sometimes not. As it was, everyone was happily singing the same words to their own time and music. I felt that if I could only pump some of the heavy air around

me into the bellows, I could get a decent-sized sound out of the little, old thing.

"After dinner we went for a walk along the water's edge. The hills and mountains on either side of the river are clothed with bamboo, which hangs as gracefully from the sides of the cliff as ostrich feathers from an Easter bonnet.

"We recently attended a Chinese feast, given us by the Christians here. When we arrived at the chapel, the men were entertained by the men in the front part of the chapel, while the women were escorted through a small door into the courtyard in the rear. All the women, fifteen of us, crowded round one table about five feet long and a yard wide. Setting the table consisted of the laying on of chopsticks, and placing china spoons in holders on the table. The food is then placed in dishes in the middle of the table, and everybody grabs. I could not use the chopsticks very well, but on the whole I came out alright. The food was mostly fried—fried cakes and sweet potatoes and all sorts of things. One good thing was a dish of beans, salted and browned as we fix salted almonds at home. Nearly everything had sugar in it, which was rather tiresome, but I ate a square meal. The feast finished with soup, made from the flowers of banana trees. It was queer tasting stuff, and I would not want it often. Another dish was bean sprouts. Beans are put in great earthen pots and kept in water until the sprouts get about four inches long. Then they are boiled, and considered fine by the Chinese.

"Now to touch on etiquette. When the blessing is over, the people arise at once to dish in with their chopsticks. Before touching their own food, they help everybody else with their chopsticks. Through all the meal, the general principle is to keep the other fellow's dish so full that he cannot see over it. The more you are honored or liked, the more attention you receive in this way. I was very much afraid that some of those ladies would lose their equilibrium, and fall across the table into the midst of the food, when they stretched so far to fill our plates. The chopsticks added to the flavor of the food I guess—they used their own chopsticks in helping us. It does not do a particle of good to tell them that you have had enough. It all reminded me of the banquet in 'Alice in the Looking-glass.'

"We have a few good native workers here, but *so few*. At home we like to say that this field, and that field are occupied; but out here when a dozen or more workers are dropped down into a big city like this, they don't even make an audible splash. We never saw such masses and mobs of people at home. We are indeed thankful for the faithful church members we have here among the multitudes."

Say Something Good

*Pick out the folks you like the least and watch 'em for a while;
They never waste a kindly word, they never waste a smile;
They criticize their fellowmen at every chance they get,
They never found a human just to suit their fancy yet.
From them I guess you'd learn some things, if they were pointed out—
Some things that every one of us should know a lot about.
When someone "knocks" a brother, pass around the loving cup—
Say something good about him if you have to make it up.*

*It's safe to say that every man God made holds trace of good
That he would fain exhibit to his fellows if he could;
The kindly deeds in many a soul are hibernating there,
Awaiting the encouragement of other souls that dare
To show the best that's in them; and a universal move
Would start the whole world running in a hopeful, helpful groove.
Say something sweet to paralyze the "knocker" on the spot—
Speak kindly of his victim if you know the man or not.*

*The eyes that peek and peer to find the worst a brother holds,
The tongue that speaks in bitterness, that frets and fumes and scolds;
The hands that bruise the fallen, though their strength was made to raise
The weaklings who have stumbled at the parting of the ways—
All these should be forgiven, for they "know not what they do,"
Their hindrance makes a greater work for wiser ones like you.
So, when they scourge a wretched one who's drained sin's bitter cup,
Say something good about him if you have to make it up.*

Strickland W. Gillilan, in Baltimore American.

My Symphony

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury; and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasion, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony. — *William Henry Channing.*

LITERARY

What Is a Gentleman?

MARY HOLDER

A GENTLEMAN is often considered as the young man of considerable means, who is extravagantly dressed, well behaved, and wears a lamb-like expression on his face. He has no special motive in life, so has nothing special to do. He is too dignified to run a race, too stiff to play a game of ball, too nice to ride a bicycle, and too lazy to learn to play on an instrument. He is silent in company, hoping that his quietude will attract attention. He is not in the least concerned about current events. He cares not for distress of nations or fall of kingdoms. He thinks only about the straightness of his necktie, the whiteness of his cuffs, and the smoothness of his hair. But the old saying is true that "fine feathers do not make fine birds," and this saying applies to men as well as to birds.

A gentleman is strong. He must be an overcomer and have a purpose in life. He must not float with the tide, but he must have an aim. This aim is always reached by tenderness and kindness to others. Some people imagine that kindness is weakness, but it is not; it is strength. If a man by a brotherly act or a kind word lifts his neighbor out of difficulty and trouble, is not this strength?

Then, too, a gentleman must have a true heart. A man may have an uncomely appearance, an ungainly walk, an awkward manner; but if he be honest in heart, these peculiarities seem to vanish, and we see only his true manhood. Abraham Lincoln was very ill-appearing, but who would not appreciate his hearty handshake and pleasant "good morning?" He had true motives that sprung from a true heart.

A gentleman is tactful. The story is told of how at a gathering of young men, one of the guests upset a cup, and its contents soiled the cloth. A neighbor quietly placed a vase of flowers over the stain, and thus hid the blot with beauty. By this tact, we mean a consideration for the feelings of others, a desire to put others at ease, and make the best of every situation. It is the Christian law, of doing to others as we would that others should do to us. If we obey this law, we shall not criticize the defects of others; but will always look for the good in everybody. And instead of rudely talking about their defects, remember that we shall all know many painful defeats before we reach our final victory.

B. That's what I would do if they wouldn't behave.

A. They must be interesting people all the same.

B. That ought to give you an ambition to go and help them.

A. I am thinking seriously, but you know I wouldn't care to leave school just yet.

B. I didn't mean to go before you get all the knowledge there is waiting for you.

A. You must think I am going to study for all the degrees there are.

B. I just mentioned it in passing. I guess you wouldn't need quite that much to be a teacher in Africa.

A. I intend to teach in this country in a year or so if my courage doesn't fail me.

E. If you people want some real interesting people to teach, come to China.

B. How long does a person have to study the Chinese language before he can work with the people?

E. That all depends on how brilliant you are.

B. According to that, I take it that it didn't take you very long.

D. How do they sound their a's in China?

B. Now look here that is getting personal. I object to you asking her such questions as that.

D. I will waive claim.

A. I suppose you boys are all waiting the call to arms.

C. Yes, your mentioning it makes my blood start boiling.

B. I think they ought to give us all a special nurses' course, so we could go and do some good if we are called out.

C. It would seem strange if they would start a recruiting station here at the College.

D. Those of us who stayed during Christmas vacation ought to be in pretty fair training right now.

A. Maybe you will be the first to go, then.

D. I won't say any more about it if that's the version you are going to put on it.

B. I imagine we will look back a great many times to the happy days at Washington Missionary College.

C. Yes, and especially to meal time. I wonder who ran off with our other saltcellar.

A. There you are complaining again. You ought to be contented while you are here. By the way, I believe our host will report for us this noon.

E. That will help him to be on time.

Nancy Repents

GRACE WILSON

"SALLY, will you shut that door this very minute? Do you want to let all the warm air out?" It was Sally's big sister who spoke. It was Friday morning, and the Morris family had ever so many things to do. Sally's mother had been ill for several years and could practically do nothing at all about the house with the exception of a little mending on days when she sat up; so it fell upon Nancy to do the housework. Nancy and Sally were the only children in the Morris home. Nancy was a bright, capable girl, but had a fiery temper; and when little Sally didn't do just as she liked, she would become very angry. It seemed that she was especially cross on Friday, and of course was not in the right frame of mind when the Sabbath came. Nancy was busily mixing bread and Sally had come back to the peeling of the potatoes.

Suddenly a rap was heard at the back door. Sally answered it, and there stood a tramp.

"Please, little Miss, ask your mother to be so kind as to help a poor man."

Sally was a very obedient child, and called up the stairs at the top of her voice, "Mamma be so kind, help a poor—"

Just then Nancy appeared and said, "Child, do hush, go and tell him we are too busy today."

"But he needs help. I know 'cause he's cold and maybe hungry," she persisted. But Nancy was firm.

Just then Nancy looked out of the window and saw that her treasure, a young colt which was tied to the fence near the beehive had kicked it over, and the bees were stinging the colt by the hundreds. The tramp too, saw the accident, and ran to untie the colt. He finally succeeded in doing this, but was badly stung.

When Nancy saw this brave deed she felt greatly ashamed of her cruel actions toward one of God's children.

The colt was too badly stung to live. The tramp, although badly stung, had carried bucket after bucket of water and thrown it on the poor animal. When he saw there was no more hope for the beast, he returned to the house. Then Nancy tried to apologize.

"You were very good to try to save my pony."

"Sorry I could n't, ma'am. Very sorry," he repeated.

"I was cross when you came and I didn't want to let you in but—"

He interrupted her by saying, "No wonder at all Miss. The like of me ain't no right in a fine house, but I'm an honest man Miss, and if your pa needs any help around the place I'll do my best by you all."

“Now I remember father was just saying the other day that Sam was leaving soon and he would be looking for someone to take his place. He will be here in half an hour; so you may wait until he comes.” Then she gave him a bowl of warm gruel.

Mr. Morris hired the man, and he was a faithful worker for many years. Nancy lost her colt, but she gained something far better from that experience—a nobler and sweeter character.

Lincoln the Great Commoner

WHEN the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
 Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
 She bent the strenuous Heavens and came down,
 To make a man to meet the mortal need.
 She took the tried clay of the common road—
 Clay warm yet with the genial heat of earth,
 Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
 Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
 It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
 A man that matched the mountains and compelled
 The stars to look our way and honor us.
 The color of the ground was in him, the red earth
 The tang and odor of the primal things,
 The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
 The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
 The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
 The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
 The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
 The loving kindness of the wayside well;
 The tolerance and equity of light
 That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
 As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
 To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
 That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came,
 From prairie cabin to the Capitol,
 One fair ideal led our chieftain on,
 Forevermore he burned to do his deed
 With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
 He built the rail pile as he built the state,
 Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,

The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
So came the captain with the mighty heart;
And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up and spiked again
The rafters of the home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise,
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills.

Edwin Markham.

Abraham Lincoln—The Greatest of Americans

TOM LITTLE

TRUE greatness can be judged from the enduring and well-merited affection of a people for a man. Abraham Lincoln has had an ever-enlarging place of sympathy in the hearts of the American people since first coming into the spot-light of public attention as the champion of the ideals upon which this government was founded. During the stirring times when the country was being torn by internal strife, Lincoln was familiarly known to both Union and Confederate sympathizers as "The Great Heart,"—an appellation which seems to gain more force and grow more appropriate as the perspective is made clearer by the intervening years.

The examples of Lincoln's benevolence are so numerous and well known to every American, and in a large part to Europeans, that the mere mention of them arouses in us the greatest admiration. There are hundreds of cases where "The Great Heart" saved some poor mother's son—for her sake only—from the court-martial's firing squad. Perhaps the most familiar example of a single expression of sympathy in clear and simple language, is the famous "Bixby" letter. In this letter, the President was attempting to beguile a mother of the sorrow she must have endured upon losing her five sons while they were serving as soldiers in the Union Army.

It should not be assumed that Lincoln did not possess the *stern* qualities that were necessary for him to carry the country through a crisis like the Civil War. Almost from infancy he had been forced into close contact with the realities of life. His lot had been one of hardship, with a minimum of advantages except the very hardships

themselves. He had always been face to face with the difficult problems of life, and during the last few years those problems were apparently insuperable; but we are proud of our martyred President because, in spite of these difficulties our country was preserved, and today all factions are forced to admit that he, alone, had foresight and benevolence sufficient to judge the real situation. Even at the time of his death, he was the one person properly constituted to handle the question of reconstruction and reconciliation.

It should be an encouragement to every young person struggling for an education to know that Lincoln was largely a self-educated man, although he did have some help from sympathetic friends in connection with his law study. He read all good books that were available, among which was the Bible; wherefore, the nobility, simplicity, and grandeur of his expression—both oral and written. While Lincoln was on one of his speech-making tours, he was quite surprised to learn that the Professor of rhetoric in Yale University was following him and attending his lectures in order to study his literary style. This one fact is a tribute to Lincoln's oratory, the justice of which can easily be proved from a study of his speeches—in particular, either of the Inaugural Addresses, the Gettysburg Speech, and certain speeches delivered while a member of the Illinois Legislature. It is a noteworthy fact that Premier Lloyd-George, of England, in his most recent note to the world, uses many quotations from Lincoln, not a few of them word for word. In this way Lloyd-George not only pays a tribute to Lincoln, but also honors himself.

In addition, Lincoln was well-known as a story teller—a gift that is rarely achieved, but more often born in a person. In this case we prefer to think that it was an inherent gift, cultivated by circumstances.

If ever a man, aside from Jesus of Nazareth, was born for his time and the position which he filled, and who filled that position as thoroughly and with such complete success, we shall have to admit that Abraham Lincoln fits the requirements of the case. He was pre-eminently the man of the hour.

We point to Lincoln as the most typical of Americans—an American of the Americans in appearance, manner, style, desires, devotion, and ideals; and well might we all, whether Americans or not, attempt to emulate his noble example of devotion to the love of humanity; untainted by any selfishness whatever, withstanding the many and harsh criticisms hurled against him and his policies; firm in the conviction that if he remained steadfast in what he knew to be true and just, that the time would come when he should be justified and his policies vindicated—this greatest of Americans.



COLLEGE NEWS NOTES

*News, news, news, my gossiping friends,
I have wonderful news to tell.*

—News

WEDNESDAY, January seventeen, was a holiday for the whole school. After the pressure of examinations the faculty very kindly granted a day off so that nearly all the students enjoyed the fine skating at the Tidal Basin. How long the flights of steps seemed to many the next day, and with what pain they were climbed by those who had indulged in the merry sport too freely the day previous!

MISS EDNA ADAMS, of Virginia, arrived near the beginning of the second semester to take up school work for the rest of the year.

RAY MOULTRUP, now employed at the Sanitarium, considered it advisable to drop his class work near the end of the first semester.

ELDER G. B. THOMPSON, who had recently come from an institute of colored workers held at Huntsville, Alabama, where a new school has been established, spoke at a Friday evening students' meeting in a very practical and helpful manner. The following day he preached at the Sabbath service in the chapel on Temptation and Sin.

MISS ALICE MILLER, '16, matron, cook, and teacher at the Shenandoah Valley Academy in New Market, Virginia, spent a week-end visiting friends at the College. Miss Madge Miller, '16, is canvassing in the Shenandoah Valley.

CARNIG APIGIAN is now spending some time in Florida with a patient.

MISS HILDA RUDY, of Iowa, has come to take up work for the second semester.

FOR several days Mrs. Palmer-Cox, of Chicago, visited her brother Mr. Henry W. McDonough, a student in the College.

A NUMBER of the field secretaries and those connected with the colporteur work in the various parts of the country who came to Washington to attend the Bookmen's Convention at Takoma Park, were visitors at the College during their stay.

MRS. FOREST WILSON, formerly Miss Grace Simms, and a student at the College, has returned from a two-year stay in Cuba, for reasons of health, and is now taking second-semester studies.

ON the evening of January twenty-four, the Quadrangle held the most interesting and the best attended session so far this year. The program consisted of old familiar songs, solos, instrumental music, reading, and several other unique features. Everyone was very enthusiastic over the excellent entertainment.

A NEW wood-working machine has been purchased for the carpenter shop. Among the various appliances to the machine are a band-saw, several drills, a shaper, a planer, a sander and a rip-saw. The motor and the electric wiring have been recently installed, and it is expected that the machine will increase very materially the efficiency of the wood-working department.

JANUARY twenty-three, Elder Rey visited the French classes and provided an interesting and welcome change from the regular routine.

PROFESSOR LEWIS'S public-speaking class has been organized into a public speaking society. Officers are elected every two weeks and meetings are conducted according to strict parliamentary procedure.

ON the evening of January twenty-five, Elder R. D. Quinn, president of the Atlantic Union conference, delivered the sixth number of the lecture course. His subject was his trip around the world, including a visit to the Holy Land. He spoke rather informally, telling many humorous incidents of his trip as well as providing instruction along informational lines.

FRIDAY evening, January twenty-six, Elder G. F. Enoch led the students' prayer meeting. The following day, Elder Quinn preached in the College chapel to the Sligo church.

SATURDAY evening, January twenty-six, a number of the students availed themselves of the privilege to hear a musical program rendered at the Park church, at which the new organ, lately installed there, and played by W. C. John, was a special feature.

PROFESSOR L. O. MACHLAN, son of President Machlan and a teacher at South Lancaster Academy, was a visitor twice in chapel during the constituency convention.

JANUARY twenty-eight, the constituency of the Washington Sanitarium was given a banquet at the Sanitarium gymnasium.

MISS LORETTA TAYLOR has found it necessary to discontinue her studies, and has left for her home in New Jersey.

ON January twenty-nine, the constituency of the College held its annual meetings at the Park church. To the delight of many there was no school session on that day. The morning meeting was devoted to the reading of the minutes, the reports of the president of the board and of the president of the College, and a symposium conducted by Elders Quinn and Evans and Dr. Olsen. Special music was given by a College quartet and the senior class in a body occupied a section of the church. The afternoon session was given over to the report of the president of the corporation, Professor Machlan, and to reports of various committees.

It will be of interest to all to learn that many much needed improvements were readily granted by the members of the constituency. Among these are a new telescope, balopticon and gas plant for the science department, a new laundry, a new oven for the kitchen, an isolation cottage, besides other changes and repairs about the school.

ON the evening of the same day a banquet was served to the constituency and other guests in the dining hall. After the banquet a short third meeting of the constituency was held in the chapel.

HAROLD STEVENS, recently of South Lancaster, has been enrolled as a student here.

MRS. C. E. WHEELER, who at the first of the year underwent successfully an operation for appendicitis at the dispensary in Washington, has resumed her class work.

ELDER W. H. ANDERSON spoke very interestingly to the Epistles class one day during his visit at the College.

ELDER W. F. BRANSON of the Southern Union and C. L. Kilgore of the Atlantic Union were chapel visitors on January thirty-first.

MISS ELLA A. IDEN, superintendent of the educational department of the New Jersey conference, was a guest of Miss Neva Sandborn and Miss Dorothy Leach.

V. O. PUNCHES, home missionary secretary of the Ohio conference, was the guest at supper recently of a number of the Ohio and Mt. Vernon students.

GEORGE DAZEY and Olivia Boettcher, '16, students here last year, and now in attendance at George Washington University, visited friends here Sabbath, February third.

MISS MAUDE JONES, of Mississippi, has been enrolled recently as a student.

ELDER C. S. LONGACRE conducted the students' meeting Friday evening, February second. Professor G. W. Caviness spoke a few moments at the Sabbath school the following morning on his recent trip to Mexico. Professor W. W. Prescott delivered a timely sermon at the church service. Elder W. E. Lanier, a former student at the Seminary, told in the Young Peoples' meeting in the afternoon of the people and customs in the Philippines.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN MITCHELL, brother and sister-in-law of Edward Mitchell, a student at the College, and sister and brother-in-law of Herald Jenkins, a former student, have been visitors at various times at the College.

ON the first of February, all the Ohio and Mt. Vernon students enjoyed a special table and dinner at the dining hall. A number of those connected with the Ohio conference were present and a pleasant time was enjoyed.

THE cold wave, preceding and following the blizzard on the night of February fourth, covered the Basin and Northwest Branch with a thick layer of ice which afforded many the pleasure of strapping on their skates once more.

MISS MARY WELCH has been taken to the Sanitarium, where she is seriously ill with heart trouble.

FROM the fourth to the seventh of February, a colporteurs' institute was held in the Sanitarium gymnasium and a class room of the College. Those attending took dinners and suppers in the dining hall.

CHAPEL NOTES

January 15—ELDER G. F. ENOCH spoke of the progress of the campaign to raise the College Fund, emphasizing the importance of "blazing out a new trail" in our methods for obtaining money, and the necessity for the support of all in this undertaking. He closed with the promise of new plans which he assured us would aid the work greatly.

January 18—PRESIDENT MACHLAN continued his series of chapel talks on the principles of success.

January 21—BUSINESS principles was the subject of a short chapel talk by the President.

January 22—THOSE who failed in passing the spelling examination at the beginning of the school year had the extreme pleasure of trying their orthographical skill once more, immediately following the opening chapel exercises.

January 24—PROFESSOR C. A. RUSSEL, secretary of the Lake Union conference, spoke very earnestly to the student body on the finishing of the work, and laid particular emphasis on our duty to be ready for the times before us.

January 25—ELDER JULES REY, of Paris, France, now visiting this country in the interests of the city work, spoke very entertainingly to the students,—and in French. Those who did not understand the French were made acquainted with his thoughts through Mrs. H. R. Salisbury's able interpretation. Our French elder even deigned to compliment Mrs. Salisbury's work in the French department, no answer for which was necessary on Mrs. Salisbury's part, for the elder was loudly applauded by the students.

January 28—ANNOUNCEMENT was made of the vacation the following day on account of the annual meeting of the College constituency at the Park Church.

January 30—ELDER W. H. ANDERSON, for twenty-two years a missionary in Rhodesia, Africa, gave an interesting account of the founding of the Foreign Mission Band at the old Battle Creek College in 1890, and of his early experience in the truth.

January 31—ELDER S. E. WIGHT, president of the Southern Union led in prayer at the opening exercises. Elder Anderson spoke again of his experiences in Africa, emphasizing the importance of health in the mission field.

February 1—IN the absence of the President, Dr. Olsen had charge of the chapel exercises. Professor Lynn H. Wood, educational secretary of the Southeastern Union, and formerly in charge of the science department here, offered prayer. Elder Anderson gave a third talk, on the language problems of the missionary, and the need for practical, common-sense men and women in the field.

February 4—DR. D. H. KRESS spoke for a short time on the condition of the world today and the need for "preparedness" in spiritual and health lines.

February 5—BY the recital of a few true incidents, C. V. Leach, field secretary of the Columbia Union conference showed how the truth is brought to the truth-lover.

February 6—PRESIDENT MACHLAN dwelt upon the necessity of having our loyalty to God surpass our loyalty to the nation, and above all having our spiritual anchor sure.

February 7—ELDER W. E. LANIER, recently returned from the Philippines, told of the marvelous advance of the truth in those islands.

THE MEDICINE BOTTLE

"A MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD LIKE A MEDICINE"

A la Italy. Prof. John: "Does kerosene have a definite formula?"
Mr. Gloor: "No, it's just like soup."

This is True. Mr. S. etc., etc.: "I was speaking as if I were the the poorest writer in the class."

Professor: "You're entirely right."

Oh, Slush! Some people are a little too soft for pumpkin, but just about right for squash.

Speaking of Leaks. Doubtless Ed. Mitchell, being a plumber, could have fixed the Lawson leak in a hurry.

Truth vs. Fiction. Father: "What are you studying about in literature now, my boy?"

Son: "'Bout a man and woman who got married and lived happily ever after."

Father: "Ah, fiction."

What's in a Name? Mr. Bacon started the science of refrigeration.

Some Onion. An old darkey, who was fond of onions, had been "borrowing" some of them from his master's onion patch.

It proved quite discouraging to the old man when he was accused of theft, but he pleaded not guilty. In a couple of days the darkey came to his master with a live skunk, saying "Here's de feller what's been stealin' dem onions. Smell him bref, smell him bref!"

On Your Mark, Get Set, Go! At the rate the Big Ben alarm clock has been going off in the Bible Room, there must be some wide-awake classes in there.

Philosopher's Folly. Hughie Williams is starting a new chronological scale.

Proverb No. 9,963. A stiff upper lip is better than a hard experience.

Back to the Good Old Times. Josh: "Hiram aint the man he uster be."
Eben: "No, and what's more, he never was."

Evidence of Things Unseen. Wanted: Information as to what is the best mustache (?) culture.
J. W. S. and others.

Just the Way You Look at It. Student: "I left college with every cent of my bills paid."

Another Student: "Well, what an unfortunate time to leave."

Names Again. At the corner of Sixteenth St. and Park Road, Washington, there was until recently a tailor shop with the name M. Y. Needle.

Speaking of Students. Question: Why is a student's pocket-book not like a cloud?

Answer: Because it has no silver lining.

Preach to Your Children First. On a hot summer day a minister remarked to his congregation that there was very little air in the church.

"Oh, Papa," yelled out his little son, who was sitting on the front row, "there's lots of it downstairs in the bicycle pump."

With Malice Toward None. A party of men, consisting of five Americans and two Englishmen, went on a week's fishing trip.

The first day out in the row-boat a place was found where the fish were abundant. Before starting back one Englishman said, "This is great fishing, eh Chappy? I'm going to mark this place." So saying, he took out his knife and whittled a mark on the outside of the boat. Everybody laughed but the other Englishman. In about ten minutes he started to "roar" and when asked what the joke was he said, "Say, wouldn't it be a joke if we brought out another boat next time?"

We Have Seen Some Like This. Just because an ounce of self-confidence is worth a ton of caution that is no sign that you should have a ton of self-confidence.

More Than His Share. "Room for one more," called the street car conductor.

"Here's eight of 'em," answered the man with a family.

Strictly Vegetarian. The class in Advanced Literature was quite surprised recently to hear Dr. Olsen say that he preferred Lamb to Bacon.

Three Times for One Dollar. Absence makes the heart grow fonder. Why not try staying away from those classes we dislike?

Related. A dirty Irish day-laborer sat down on the edge of a street car seat occupied by a "dandy" and his dog.

"Wot's the breed o' yer dawg, Sir?"

"It's half Irish and half fool," was the hasty reply.

"Faith, I didn't know he was related to the both of us," answered the Irishman.

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Editorial

WE are all here to boost the work of the Students' Association in its plans and efforts to raise \$7,500 for the new chapel. Do we hear your "amen?"

§ § §

WE notice that the *Student Idea* is giving some interesting items in its new department, "A Fair Exchange." We certainly give them credit for a lively exchange column, and they are, without doubt, leaders in this novelty. THE SLIGONIAN has not made any move in this direction, although we appreciate the possibilities of such a department. Well-meant criticism never comes amiss, no matter how "pointed" it is; for many a man has been able to see himself from another angle, by looking through the eyes of someone else. It becomes more evident every day that things look "otherwise in other's eyes."

J. A. R.

§ § §

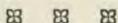
MANY times, when we see others do certain things which do not seem best to us, we criticize them. Perhaps if we knew the circumstances, we should understand matters and see why they take a certain course of action. They may be doing the best they know how. If so,

blame should not be laid upon their shoulders. If they are not doing their best, criticism is not likely to help them, and it surely will not help us.

If we see someone in the wrong, it is better to go to him privately and try to help him, instead of going to our friends and telling them about his faults. It is easy to see mistakes in others. But do we realize we make many blunders? Why not take the Bible standard for rectifying our own mistakes before pointing out the faults of others?

If we continue to criticize, the habit will grow upon us and weaken our own character, besides causing us to be less respected by others. Every person has some redeeming traits, and it is a good plan to talk about these traits or else say nothing. If this plan were followed there would be less sorrow in the world, our own characters would be strengthened, and God would be more pleased.

L. H. F.



DID you ever see a gaunt, hungry-looking dog, carry a bone to some secluded spot, and wonder why he didn't get the good of it without waiting to go so far? Did you ever follow him, and find another dog, more gaunt and hungrier-looking, lying with bones all round him, some apparently untouched? Why didn't the first dog argue that, seeing the other would die anyway, he might as well keep his bone—and take away those others that were already lying there? He had the animal instinct—sympathy. Most animals have this instinct, but not all. There are some animals that not only bring no assistance to the sick, but roughly push them aside, and trample on them thus hastening their death.

Do you number among your acquaintances someone who is "down and out?" Do you shove him ruthlessly aside, perhaps by your roughness hastening his downfall? Do you not only *not* offer him kindness, but heartlessly take away the few crumbs of comfort that may have chanced to fall his way? Now is your chance to prove that you have the sympathy instinct.

Do you number among your acquaintances one who is "peculiar," "eccentric," "just a little different?" Do you laugh and jeer and have many a good joke at his expense? Possibly each day finds him more peculiar as a result of his consciousness of just such jeers as these. Now is your chance to prove that you have the sympathy instinct.

We are sure to fall within one or the other of these two classes. Is it sympathy or criticism that you have to offer? To which class of animals do you belong?

O. D. O.

Washington

SOLDIER and statesman, rarest unison;
 High-poised example of great duties done
 Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
 As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
 Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
 But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
 Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
 Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
 Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
 Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
 Never seduced through show of present good
 By other than unsetting lights to steer
 New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
 More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
 Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
 In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
 Not honored then or now because he wooed
 The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
 Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
 Who was all this and ours, and all men's, — Washington.

—James Russell Lowell.

Washington—and Principle

HIS principle it was, to act right, and to trust the people for support; his principle it was, not to follow the lead of sinister, selfish ends, nor to rely on the little arts of party delusion to obtain public sanction for such a course. Born for his country and for the world, he did not give up to party what was meant for mankind. The consequence is, that his fame is as durable as his principles, as lasting as truth and virtue themselves. While the hundreds whom party excitement and temporary circumstances, and casual combinations, have raised into transient notoriety, sink again, like thin bubbles, bursting and dissolving into the great ocean, Washington's fame is like the rock which bounds that ocean, and at whose feet its billows are destined to break harmlessly forever.—*From Daniel Webster's Speech, Eulogy on Washington.*

Boost the Students' Building Fund

Washington Missionary College is to Have a New Assembly Hall

- ¶ The students have promised to raise \$7,500 of the necessary \$50,000 for a new chapel building and proposed equipment.
- ¶ It is the aim of the Board to dedicate the building September 1, 1917, free from debt. This means that we will all have to do our part—and that immediately. The building will not be started until sufficient funds are on hand to insure its completion.
- ¶ We are depending upon the support of the friends of W. M. C. to help us reach our goal. Be a student's friend and give us a helping hand. The money must be raised.

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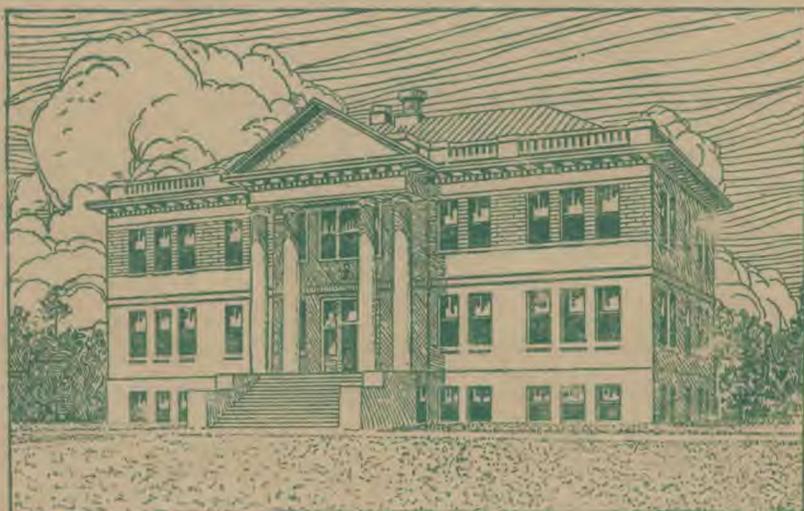
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