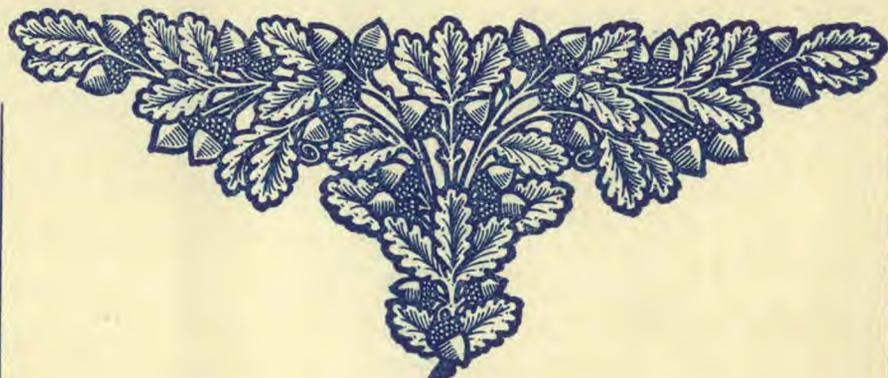


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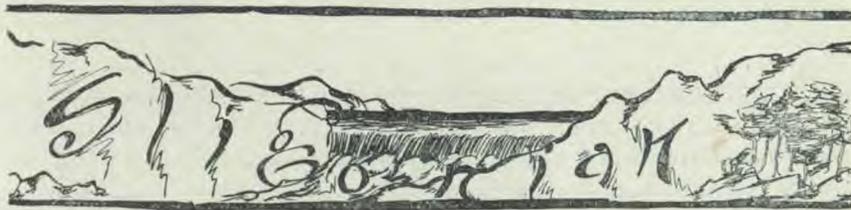
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Dorothy's New Year's

RUTH M. EVERETT

"No, I'm not going home during the holidays," said Dorothy to her chum.

"Why, didn't I hear you say only a few days ago that you hadn't been home in three years, and that you could scarcely wait until vacation?"

"Yes, it's three years, but I'm not going."

And with these words, Dorothy Hope went to her room. Her roommate was away and she was alone. She thought it all over. Here it was only a week before the Christmas vacation, to which she had looked forward since the beginning of school, and now she was going to remain in the dormitory as she always had.

"Why did the building campaign have to come just before Christmas?" she said to herself.

Realizing that this was a selfish thought, and rebuking herself for it, Dorothy walked over to her desk and wrote a letter home. It was with some reluctance that she posted that letter, but after she dropped it in the box she felt better.

When Mrs. Hope read the letter from Dorothy, she began to think. The lines that made her think were: "And so, mother, since I have decided to raise fifty dollars instead of twenty-five for the building fund, I can't come home Christmas. I haven't quite reached that amount, but I have put into the fund what I had planned to use for my carfare, and I think I can raise the remainder by New Year's."

Mrs. Hope wondered how she could help Dorothy. She was poor, and there was Christmas to plan for the other children. Dorothy had earned her own way through school by canvassing in the summer and working extra during the school year.

"I don't see how I can help this year, so I suppose we'll have to have our Christmas again without Dorothy," she thought.

Back at Washington Missionary College Dorothy was also think-

ing. Perhaps it wasn't necessary for her to raise so much money when the rest were raising only twenty-five. Besides, she had told no one that she was going to double her pledge. Perhaps no one would ever know.

"Well, just because I've been to a Western college they think I'm not very loyal to W. M. C. I am! I'm just as loyal to W. M. C., and just as interested in this building campaign, as any student here. But it seems so hard to be so near home this Christmas and still have to stay here."

The vacation came, and Dorothy said good-by to her friends who were leaving for home.

"It seems strange that Dorothy Hope doesn't go home, doesn't it?" said one.

"Why, she lives only a little distance. One can understand why she wouldn't go home when she went to school out West, but it's such a little way now," figured another.

Entirely unaware of what her friends had said about her, Dorothy remained.

The first day of vacation was uneventful. Dorothy was working and it helped her to forget her loneliness.

The next day she decided to go to town and canvass. She counted over her money. There were ten dollars that had come in response to her letters. Then she had put in her fifteen dollars carfare. That was twenty-five. She still needed twenty-five. That meant she must sell ten five-dollar books.

"Oh, I'm so tired of canvassing. I've canvassed four summers. Of course I have earned my way through college, and am now a senior, but I know that any freshman here is happier than I am. I did so want to go home."

Then again the selfishness of her thought came to her, and she resolved that since she couldn't go home, she would make a New Year's resolution and keep it a week before New Year's, "Be happy, and make others happy."

Dorothy remembered that resolution all day, "Be happy, and make others happy." When she sold a book, that made her happy. When she didn't sell one, she was happy to know that she had been able to speak a few kind words. One old lady was sick and wanted company. She had received medical attention, but every one was busy, since it was the day before Christmas, and the old lady was left alone. After spending an hour with her, Dorothy was surprised to hear her say, "I'm interested in your building that you've been telling me about, but I don't want to buy a book. Would you be

willing to take two dollars as a donation? I'd like to help you along."

At another place she visited, Dorothy found some children popping corn for their Christmas tree. They asked her to help them, and seemed so anxious for her company that she joined their fun, and made them happy.

Dorothy began to think her motto, "Be happy and make others happy," was worth as much as going home.

When she returned home that night, she found that altogether she had forty-five dollars, counting the profit from her book sales. And she was happy, for she knew that she had been of help to some one.

She enjoyed her dinner in the college dining-room the next day, even though it was different from the one she had planned a couple of weeks before. She assisted in the preparation of the dinner and the program, and joined in the games afterward.

The next few days after Christmas passed, until the day before New Year's. That morning Dorothy awoke wishing something would happen. And something did happen! The morning mail brought her a letter bearing a U. S. Army post mark. A letter from France!

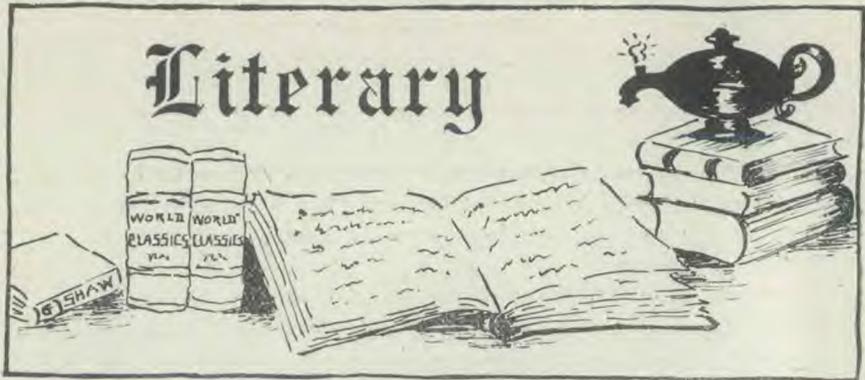
She tore it open hastily. Yes, it was from Cousin Fred, and he was still alive. A blue paper fluttered to the floor, which Dorothy failed to notice. She read: "DEAR DOROTHY: As you will see, I am still alive, though I have had several narrow escapes. . . . I was very much interested in your account of your building campaign, and am wondering how you are coming on that fifty-dollar goal of yours. You didn't ask me for my donation, I suppose you thought we soldiers wouldn't have enough money to make donations. But we drew our back pay this morning, and I am sending you a money order. If you have already reached your goal, just keep it for a Christmas present. . . ."

Dorothy picked up the blue paper. It was made out for twenty dollars. "That means five dollars for the rest of my pledge, and the other fifteen for my carfare home."

She looked at the clock. "Just time enough to reach home for New Year's eve."

* * * * *

It was a happy New Year's eve, and Dorothy decided that her New Year's resolution was good enough to keep the whole new year, for she was most certainly happy and judging from the happy "home faces," she had made others happy.



Does College Pay?

MARGARET A. PHILLIPS

ROBERT Dean leaned back wearily in his chair. The sun was just sinking beneath the horizon, leaving the silent fields wrapped in a soft, rosy mantle. He closed his eyes to shut out the scene, for his thoughts were not in harmony with the peacefulness about him.

Presently he heard the familiar tap, tap of a crutch on the stairs, and in a few moments Beth was by his side. The shadows had deepened, and as the flickering rays from the grate played about her golden curls, she looked to him every bit an angel.

What's the matter, Bob? Has something gone wrong? You look so troubled."

"It's just the same old story again, little sis. I thought father would be interested in Dale's letter, but he only went off on another tangent. You know he always said a college education spoils a man for anything practical in life. He said that he didn't intend for his son to be spoiled in that way and — O, Beth, I can't tell you all the hard cruel things he said, but he told me never never to mention going away to college to him again."

Suffering had robbed Beth of the pleasures and aspirations of her girlhood, but it had left instead a heart filled with such sweetness and sympathy that ere long Robert forgot his bitter feelings. As he bade her good night, he could not help from exclaiming, "Beth, if every boy had a sister like you, this world would be a better place."

The day before Christmas Mr. Dean arose early, for he had several business errands in town, besides purchasing supplies for the morrow's dinner. The day was bitter cold and as he glided along in his cutter, even the big fur robes failed to shut out the biting north wind which swept over the now vacant fields.

Soon the tinkling of sleigh bells rang out on the clear morning

air and neighbor Collings' big bob-sled, loaded with its shining milk cans, rounded the corner. Mr. Dean was just ready to shout his usual greetings when he noticed an unfamiliar form on the driver's seat. Who could it be? He was not left to wonder long, for Dale's cheery voice called out, "Good morning, Mr. Dean. Mighty glad to see you. Tell Bob 'Hello.'"

Mr. Dean sank back in his seat. He scarcely moved for the next quarter of a mile. He was too busy with his thoughts. The fact that Dale Collings, just home for Christmas vacation, would venture out on that long, cold milk route, didn't harmonize with some of his pet theories about college boys. He finally ended his reasonings by saying under his breath, "Well, it won't last long, 'a new broom sweeps clean.'"

One day during the next week Mr. Dean found it necessary to call upon his neighbor. As it was chore time, he decided to go directly to the barn. Mr. Collings was a thorough, systematic farmer, but to-night the place looked unusually in order.

The hired men had just left. He walked past the long rows of gentle-eyed cattle to the other side of the barn. There he found Dale, clad in overalls and jumper, carefully binding up a cut leg of one of the colts. Dale looked up just in time to see the surprised and wondering look on his face.

"If you're looking for father," smiled back Dale, "you'll find him at the house. You know we changed jobs this week."

Mr. Dean entered the house and found his neighbor in an easy chair before a crackling fire, reading the daily paper. The very atmosphere was cheer. After the business of the errand was finished, Mr. Collings exclaimed with such force that it almost startled his visitor, "Do you know there never was such a boy as that son of mine? I almost dreaded his coming home, for we don't have things fixed up and sort of stylish, as they do down at that college, and I was afraid he'd miss the boys and be a little dissatisfied with the home folks, for mother and I are rather plain. But bless you, that boy hadn't been home an hour till he was hunting up his overalls and was out in the barn with me. We could scarcely keep him togged up long enough to eat his Christmas dinner. I have had the time of my life. He has insisted that I needed the vacation and that it seemed good to work again. He has sure worked hard too. I know the poor boy has been so tired, not being used to it, that he could hardly go, but he won't give up."

When he had finished, Mr. Dean excused himself, for he couldn't bear to think all his theories were to be utterly smashed and hurled to the four winds.

The next morning brought mail that called Mr. Dean to a neighboring city. Trains were delayed on account of a recent storm, so he had plenty of time for thought and reflection. When once convinced, he was a man of action, and although it was late when he reached his hotel and he was very weary, he wrote the following letter to Robert:

MY DEAR SON: When this letter reaches you, it will be New Year's. I have made just one resolve, and it is this — to ask your forgiveness for all the harsh words I have said to you about going to college.

I know your heart has been set on it ever since your mother died, but like her, you have borne it all with patience and have been a faithful son.

However, had it not been for the influence of Dale Collings, I might still be of the opinion that a college education spoils a man.

Tomorrow I place in the bank asum to your credit which will see you through college, and may you prove yourself to be the noble man your mother prayed you might be.

Yours for a happy New Year,
DAD.



We Thank You

THE home students that remained here during vacation extend a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. L. L. Caviness and Mrs. F. M. Wilcox for the Christmas dinner plan, and to the friends of the village for the delicious dinners.



Hope

THE late afternoon sun streamed in upon a disheveled room. The floor was unswept, and upon my desk lay a pile of papers to be corrected. The last little urchin had been bundled up and sent home, for although it was early April, the winds were still raw and cold. The day had been particularly trying and now that I was alone with my thoughts, that feeling which I had been repressing all day long refused to be repressed any longer.

I sat down and looked about — yes, the room was dirty, the desks were old and much-initialed, the walls were grimy and here and there were traces of a surreptitious paperwad! I recounted the day's happenings and compared them with the many that had come and gone since I had signed the contract for this little country school some six months before. I had failed miserably — each day came and went and each seemed alike. Where now were the high hopes with which I had begun the year? Of what use had been all my enthusiasm and soaring ambitions, when they had met with so little response from the dozen or so who came daily to sit in wisdom's seat? Why waste any more effort, when even the parents lacked interest in the school? College — for which I had been working and saving all the year — seemed farther away than ever. "What is the use," I argued, "of trying any more, since all the fates are against me? Why not take things as they come and not be continually reaching out for something else?"

Just in the midst of these reflections the door was pushed open cautiously, and I looked up to see one of my small pupils sidling toward me with a few early violets. "For me?" I smiled and she nodded shyly, then whispered, "Because I love you," and was gone before I could reply.

I looked at the violets, sweet harbingers of spring and of brighter days. And as I sat musing, there came to my mind a little story I had once heard. At one time a good old brother had been holding meetings in a well-known city, but with questionable success. Events had all transpired to thwart his efforts — the people were unfavorable, attendance was poor, and finally storms had torn his tent to bits. Brother B——'s patience had been sorely tried, and one night, rushing out into the storm, he seized a good-sized stick, threw it as far into the air as he could, and shouted into the elements, "You red and black devils — you tink you're going to spoil my work here, you tink you drive me away, but you don't do no such thing. I stay right here and raise up a church for the Lord." The storm

ceased and the morrow brought hope and encouragement. A goodly company became interested, and today a large church stands as a memorial to this brother's refusal to be daunted by the fates.

Again I took courage, and with renewed vigor took up the tangled thread of work where it had lain. The kindness of the child, and the little story itself, flooded my soul with hope — a hope which is on, and even though things look dark indeed — and always remember that:

“It is just beyond the sky line
 With its poppy fields of rest,
 Where day's storm-bewildered shallop
 Comes to anchor in the west.
 Where a silent sea of saffron
 Stretches inland toward the streams
 That go glimmering down the valley,
 Is the purple port o' dreams.”

ANNA M. ANDERSON

Christmas

It does not always snow on Christmas day.
 Sometimes the air is empty, dry, and still.
 Sometimes the wind howls dismally and cold,
 And petulantly chatters at the sill.

And then again it rains, a dull, dumb drip
 From every naked tree and farmyard fence,
 And all the world seems drowsy, listless, slow,
 Half stifled in a fog of indolence.

There have been Christmas mornings when the sun
 Was hidden by the blackest clouds that blow,
 And a wild hurricane of piercing sleet
 Was dashed upon the populace below.

So when the Yuletide morn again slips in,
 You may not find the air alive with snow
 That falls like petals from a seraph's rose,
 From heavenly bowers where fadeless garlands grow,

But still the spirit of the Christ-child lives,
 Brooding o'er all the earth each Christmas morn,
 Filling the air with one glad symphony,
 As angels sing, “To you a Child is born.”

DAN CRIP.



Permanent Peace

PEACE! Permanent peace! How these words thrill with emotion in the heart of mankind! How much they mean to thousands, yes millions of worn, battle-scarred and tattered men who for four long and weary years have been fighting for their utterance! How grateful for their pronouncement are the old men, women, and children who during this awful time have been left behind in their lonely hours, bravely enduring the hardships, sorrows and horrors, that have come upon the torn and bleeding continent of Europe! Think how every resource of our fair country has been placed upon the common altar of democracy, that peace and justice may rule upon the face of the earth permanently, and thus that man may be in friendship with his neighbors and mutual happiness thus be insured once again!

In this hour of common rejoicing, have we made certain that we are not at war with the "Prince of Peace"? What misery, suffering, and distress have come upon this world as the result of six thousand years of constant warfare and rebellion against Jesus Christ, "which is our hope." What folly for perverse man to attempt to set up his own autocratic and sinful rule in defiance of the Lord, who "sitteth King forever." Ps. 29:10. Should we not then throw ourselves before a merciful God and humbly petition Him for peace upon whatever terms He may stipulate?

The desire for peace is not sufficient to procure its blessings, but we must definitely apply to the Commander-in-chief of the army of righteousness, and from Him sue for terms. We are told in the Official Directory of Holy Writ, that the Commander is the Lord, who "will bless his people with peace." Ps. 29:11. Then having applied to Him, we must come in person, and "being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Rom. 5:1. He demands our unconditional surrender, stipulating that "he that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy," Prov. 28:13, "for in Christ Jesus" nothing availeth "but a new creature. And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy." Gal.

6:15, 16. "Christ never purchased peace by compromise with evil." "*Acts of the Apostles*," p. 84. It is a permanent peace, built upon a firm foundation of right. He further stipulates, "Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it." Ps. 34:14. Seeking peace will not suffice, but we are required to continue in this state. "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Ps. 85:10. Yes, it is to a merciful and true God to whom we may surrender, and though our righteousness is as filthy rags, if we yield to Him, He will clothe us with His robes of righteousness.

Although we, His subjects, are in, and have been in, rebellion, peace and good will have ever marked His attitude toward us. At His birth the angels proclaimed, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Luke 2:14. Even in the hour of His greatest trial and agony, His last legacy to mankind was peace. He said, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." His first greeting in the hour of His triumph over the forces of evil at His resurrection was, "Peace be unto you." Luke 24:36.

Can we place any confidence in the promises of God, or does He regard His treaties as "mere scraps of paper"? May we not judge from past records? Here is one of His promises: "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." Ps. 107:28, 29. How wonderfully and literally did He fulfil His agreement, for "never did a soul utter that cry unheeded." Upon that black and stormy night on the heaving sea of Galilee, the disciples were about to perish, when suddenly they remembered their sleeping Saviour; and, amid the angry roar of the billows they exclaimed, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" "Their cry arouses Jesus. As the lightning's glare reveals Him, they see the peace of heaven in His face; they read in His glance self-forgetful, tender love. . . . He lifts His hand, so often employed in deeds of mercy, and says to the angry sea, 'Peace, be still.' The storm ceases. The billows sink to rest. The clouds roll away, and the stars shine forth. The boat rests upon a quiet sea."—"*The Desire of Ages*," pp. 334, 335.

Oh, then, may we not completely, unreservedly surrender to a loving and kind heavenly Father who promises that "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Phil. 4:7. "The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever"—permanent peace.

ELLSWORTH ANDROSS.

The Declaration of Peace, or the Old, Old Story

It was in the fall of the year, the time of the year when everything in nature is arrayed in the most glorious splendor, that peace was established for the world. The sun had gone down behind the hills; everything was quiet. In the distance one could hear the lowing of the cattle, while down through the valleys and upon the hillsides one could see the shepherds, and hear them calling their flocks together for the night. Soon everything was quiet, and night had put everything to rest.

Across the valley on the side of a hill we see a light; it is the camp-fire of some shepherds who have decided to stay out with their sheep all night. While sitting or reclining around their fire, they look up into the heavens and see the countless stars sweep by in their orderly procession. At about the fourth hour of the night, the constellation of Orion rises in the east. The crisp night air of that late season causes the stars to shine with dazzling splendor. As the majestic procession sweeps on, the shepherds are led to exclaim, "The heavens declare the glory of God." Another suggests this scripture, "There shall come a Star out of Jacob," which leads to the discussion of God's promises.

Tired from the day's toil, they desire rest. One rises and passes among the sheep to see that all is well. Another adds a little more fuel to the fire, and they all doze off to sleep.

Suddenly there appears a great light in the heaven, as of some mighty meteor, and a voice is heard to say, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. . . . Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Annually our minds are turned back to the story of Jesus. We love to think of the three wise men coming from the land of the Chaldeans, being led by one lone star, over plains, deserts, valleys, and mountains. Then having found the Saviour, they offer Him their service of love by pouring at His feet their treasures.

We in like manner attempt to show our esteem for our friends by giving of our treasures. This nature found in us is heaven-born. God himself was the first great Giver, "God so loved the world, that he gave." While we are giving freely to our earthly friends, should we not much more freely give to Him who loved us enough to give His greatest treasure—the only gift which could bring joy and peace to mankind? Although we are placed in a world of trial and tumult, we can see joy and peace written upon the features of those who have Christ reigning in the soul.

There are many in this world who know nothing of God and His protection. Our Father asks us to go and give the invitation card, inviting them in. Can we see the millions going down and not lend a helping hand to save them? The ways and means for giving are not limited. While many are wasting time and means on expensive gifts for friends, let us as students and friends of W. M. C. stand for its principles and remember the great Giver above.

VICTOR E. DIETEL.

Charity

"THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." I Cor. 13 : 1.

A man may be enrolled in the world's house of fame, as financial king, political lord, or marvelous speaker, lauded among men, and yet, if he has not charity, all his worldly honor is as nothing—he is become "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." Alexander, Napoleon, and even the kaiser are world-renowned, yet because their hearts contained not charity, that love toward humanity, all their works were doomed to perish. Indeed, destruction and sorrow followed in their wake.

Charity is that love for the world, for humanity, which moves the heart of man to sacrifice his home, his loved ones, his all, to labor for the saving of even the driftwood of humanity.

A man may have all that the world holds good,—talents, wealth, honor,—and yet go down to the grave unloved and unmourned, leaving the world no better for the fact that he lived here.

One humble person imbued with Christ's spirit of charity, though he be ever so poor and insignificant in the eyes of the world, may bring joy and gladness to many a downhearted soul and help to advance Christ's kingdom here on earth.

"Though I speak with the tongues . . . of angels"—how often we hear ministers of God who are eloquent orators, yet who do not seem to have the power to win others to their Saviour. I well remember that one minister in a city church declared there were only three really converted people in his congregation. He was disheartened at the time because two of these were about to leave his church to ally themselves with another denomination.

It is the manifestation of a life filled with Christ's spirit of love and charity which alone will win others to Him. It is the spirit which is looking for the good and the beautiful in others, which

keeps steadfastly its faith, which unselfishly endures, and looks kindly on the faults of others. It is the spirit which goes down perhaps to the dregs of humanity to lift some fainting soul to Christ.

Self-righteous men are not included in this class—men who are always suspicioning evil and criticizing. This is a negative virtue; it is tearing down rather than building up. And it is building up that is needed—a love which encourages, a love which “beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.”

“Charity never faileth.” Prophecies may fail, tongues cease, and knowledge vanish away, but love is like the ever-sustaining hand of God; it never fails.

GLADYS SHAW.

Love

WHAT hast Thou done, dear Lord,
Thou Lord of love and life?
Why hast Thou loved us so,
Who are but sin and strife?

What hast Thou done, dear Lord,
Thou high and holy One?
Why hast Thou given for us
Thine own beloved Son?

Help us to serve Thee, Lord,
With high and holy aim,
And may we honor well
Thy sweet and gracious name.

Then in that glad, long day
When Thou shalt come to earth,
We will rejoice in Thee
Who giveth us our birth.

And with our gladdest songs
The strains of love we'll sing,
And offer up our praise
To our eternal King.

M. PAUL.

"THE GATEWAY TO SERVICE"



ALUMNI

Sabbath Afternoons

"I HAVE no time," says the youth as he casts a semibleary glance at the creeping shadows of the Sabbath day. This is not so; for with such an expression he merely strives to cover his lack of clear conception of what he does have. Every youth has time and opportunity—he has all he can grasp. Like grains of sand they may slip and sift away, but a firm grip is bound to retain some. Let no W. M. C. student complain that Providence does not mete out to him time and opportunities enough to work out his highest spiritual ideals until he has thoroughly exhausted the gold-tipped minutes of Sabbath afternoon. Sabbath afternoon comes to the student, not as a chance alone, but as a divine opportunity, clothed in all her holy graces; besides, the student would find it profitable to think of the "First" of gospel missionaries. He found it lawful and proper (and made it convenient) to "do well" on the Sabbath day. The seventh day was made a day of rest from secular activities, but not from religious works. If one intends to rest from religious and charitable works on the Lord's day and save the afternoon for sleeping, he may as well surrender the whole day to Satan at Friday's sundown, for the devil will have it before Sabbath's close anyway.

If any young woman wishes to become a missionary some day, let her go on Sabbath afternoon to widow Jenkins, who is falling in years and also in courage, and call her "mother," and smile a glowing smile into her withered face, and speak to her words of cheer, of comfort, and of the loving Saviour. And as she leaves this lonely soul, will she not feel that this one visit has helped her keep the Sabbath holy? has drawn her nearer to Christ? and that she has pointed a soul to the power of God, which is able to save? Then, for the young man, are there not also opportunities to be a help and help himself?

But hold! Who said, "I have not time"? Yes, alas 'tis sad for him who said it. Time passes away; opportunities go; eternity draws. Yes, eternity, where days will be no more and opportunities stand forever realized or gone.

CECIL L. ROSS, '18.

Through the Gateway

Of all the lovely pictures
That hang on memory's wall
The one of the dear old College
Seemeth the best of all.

Adapted.

SCATTERED over the earth from north to south and from east to west are scores of the sons and daughters of W. M. C. who have passed through "the Gateway to Service" and out into the highway of life. To them the memory of college days is very dear,—dear because of the lasting friendships, the varied interests, the good influences, and the high ideals which college life brought to them. But most of all, are they grateful for the preparation for service which they received at Washington Missionary College.

Were we to follow the graduates after college days are over, we would find that in nearly every case they choose to engage in the work of God. I can think, this afternoon, of nine of our Alumni who have joined the noble army of workers in China. Do you remember our 1915 College poet, whom someone christened "Fabius the Delayer?" Josef Hall is now one of the Master's representatives on the Chinese firing line. Then there were others,—quiet Clarence Morris of sterling worth, persevering Milton Conger, the youthful and brilliant Denton Rebok, and optimistic little May Wheeler-Brewer. Today, these and others are in the "Land of Sinim"—a credit to their Alma Mater now as always.

India, South America, Mexico, Haiti, and the Philippines have likewise shared in the "finished product" of Washington Missionary College. Time would fail me to tell of Andre and Hazel Roth, Cuno Crager, Irving Steinel, and others, who, courageously facing and solving the problems of the mission field, are helping to carry out the great commission.

Besides having a recruiting station for the foreign field, W. M. C. has also supplied the homeland with many excellent workers,—twenty teachers at least for our colleges and academies, several ministers and Bible workers, some field secretaries, and a few office workers—all College graduates. The College has reason to be proud of her children.

"Does an education really pay?" occasionally some one asks. What need is there for an answer other than we have just given? "Does it pay for an acorn to become an oak? Does it pay to learn how to make life a glory instead of a grind?" Does it pay to open

the gateway to service? And lastly, does it pay for young men and women to receive a training that will prepare them to win hearts to Christ?

The advice of the Alumni of W. M. C. to those already in College is, "continue in college until you finish." To those who should be there and are not as yet, we would say, "Prepare as speedily as possible to enter the 'gateway' for it stands wide open, waiting for you; and you will never be sorry you stepped within."

E. IDEN, '15.

Letter from Miss Marion Brook '17

HIGH POINT, N. C., AUGUST 14, 1918.

I HAVE wanted to write you folks ever since I left the Park, but when I was at home it seemed that I was busy all the time, sleeping, eating, or going around. Then since I came here I have been right in it. Now if I should attempt to tell you what I mean by "in it," I am afraid I would make a terrible conglomeration of this letter, for it surely has been a little bit of everything. It has actually taken me all of these ten days to find out what I have here, and even now I do not know anything about the condition of the conference. I can't tell a colored church from a white, and a Junior society from a Senior. Anyway, this will be a grand lesson for me.

By the way, I just heard a rumor today that they are going to transfer me to the Cumberland Conference. Now, that is awful to have to change my work when I have only been here since the first of August. But it is this way, the Sabbath school and Missionary Volunteer secretary in the Cumberland Conference has to give up the work, so they thought they would send me there. This may not occur, but that is what they are planning now. At any rate, I will have charge of this work until after camp-meeting, so I am going ahead and planning just as though I never heard of any other plans. I will be glad for this little experience so I can say when I enter that new field that I have had some experience. I would enjoy the work in that conference too, I am sure. The Ooltewah school is in the conference and there are also many good churches. However, I have been looking forward to my work here among the mountains.

This is indeed a beautiful country. Out from here about five miles is where the old Trinity College used to be located. You know that is the leading M. E. college. The old buildings are still there, and all those old beautiful colonial homes surrounding them, with

their long drives between rows of large oaks. It is indeed impressive. I was surprised when I found that most of those old homes are still inhabited, and nearly all of them by children of the people who lived there during the days of the college. However, there is absolutely nothing to the little town now.

You should see the large tobacco fields around here. They are the prettiest plants I ever saw, I think. That is, a large field is pretty. Just now they are beginning to gather the bottom leaves, and from now until the late fall they will gather the leaves as they mature.

Extract from a Letter

HAIKEN, HAITI, October 30, 1918.

How I should like to come back and have a peek at things around the college. I imagine I should feel like a strange cat in a strange garret, although I think I should get my bearings after a little. A new gym, a new chapel, and all. Of course I like my little Haiti, and at times it seems that I would be content to rest here the rest of my days; and then comes the feeling that I must flee back to those I know and the things I know and understand. I almost think that I have been real homesick two or three times lately, but that was because I wasn't feeling well and wasn't working. Work is the cure for all such troubles. Try to help some one else and you yourself feel better.

We had a busy summer until the last of August. In fact, so busy that as I look back at it, I know that it was only the sustaining power of God that kept us and gave us the needed strength. It was exceedingly warm, and yet we kept well until the rush was over. Since then we have both had the fever, but it has been at a time when we could better afford to have it than earlier.

It has been very dry here, and the people are having difficulty in getting enough to eat. The prices are so high that I can't see how the poorer class live; but they seem to have ways and means of which we know nothing. My cook tells me some terrible stories, but I don't know whether to believe them or not.

We are going to make Sabbath school charts today for the collections next year. They will be crowns with thirteen stars to fasten on, each star worth so much for each church. If they come up to their goals at the end of the quarter, they will have thirteen stars. We have to have something simple, or they will not understand it.

HAZEL WORDEN-ROTH, '16.

We Thank Thee

O, THOU Brightness of the morning, —
 Thou, the Leader of the blest, —
 Come we, thus all praise ascribing
 To thy throne, our prayers confess.

And with hearts attuned and singing,
 Lay we at our Master's feet
 Heartfelt songs and psalms commingling;
 Ah, thy matchless worth repeat.

So, for thy leadings in the past
 And promises for futurity,
 For clouds that with silver are o'er-cast,
 Kind Father, we thank thee.

L. E. S.

A Prayer

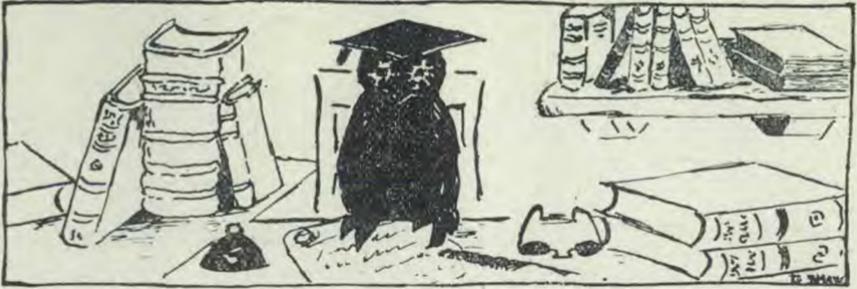
IN the weary midnight watches,
 When the soul is tired and dumb,
 And the heart is slow with anguish,
 O thou great Inspirer, come!

Come, thou Helper of the fallen,
 Come, O come, and speak to me
 Till the dawn light breaks the darkness
 And the shadows flee.

H. R.

A Sonnet

TIME'S hours are closing, and the day draws on
 When Christ shall come again to claim his own.
 The morning star appears; I see the dawn:
 Soon, soon, the pilgrim will be welcomed home.
 Sometimes in fancy I can hear the choir
 Of angel voices sing triumphant praise;
 Melodious strains are borne from harp and lyre
 More sweet by far than all of earth's low lays.
 Yet, can it be such strains for one are sung
 Whose life thus far so void of fruit has been?
 Whose failures oft the Master's heart hath wrung,
 Whose garments oft have been defiled by sin?
 "Fear not, my child," that voice still says to me;
 "Hope on; the blood of Jesus Christ was shed for thee."
 F. L. CHANEY.



EDITORIAL

A NOTED lecturer once stated that ninety-nine per cent of the people were ninety-nine per cent asleep during wake hours. A good conversationalist is the one-per-center who has this ninety-nine and one per cent wakefulness. He is not always the one to laugh last or else not at all. He does not bore you with questions just answered. In the classroom he does not wait until his turn to recite is almost upon him before arousing for attention. If you are his guest, he does not make you feel as if you might be speaking to the air while his mind wanders somewhere in earth's ends. No, not so with the true conversationalist. But rather, his attention is undivided; he responds with his honest opinion or information at the needful time. He speaks unaffectedly but not garrulously. He is a listener in every sense of the word—a sympathetic listener; and it is he who has secured for himself the true art of conversing, and it is by this means that he unlocks hearts and draws from comrade or friend his finest thoughts and emotions, friendly confidences, and choicest bits of knowledge. For such an one there awaits a charm which will illuminate his entire being, strengthen personality, and doff the commonplace.

O. T. G.

CHRISTMAS noon there was not a sound to be heard in the kitchen of W. M. C. No signs of dinner anywhere. What, no Christmas dinner for the students? Well I guess so! for delicious "eats" were waiting every home student at the tables of our hospitable neighbors in the village. Um! Um! but it did seem good to put our feet under a real table once again and take that good old home cooking, steaming hot, right from the dishes. Here's for thanking our kind hostesses for the delicious dinners and the delightful day.

THE SLIGONIAN

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Do you ever feel that your life is uneventful and devoid of thrill? If you do, reflect awhile on your past, and see if you do not find some such experience. We all have things happen to us; only, the things that happen to us do not look as big as the things that happen to other people.

As a matter of fact, no life is prosaic—no life is dull. Some lives are more exciting than others, but none are without thrills. People often keep their thrills to themselves, but they have them. When we have heard some one relate a wonderful experience he had in the Christian pathway, we have wished that we too could testify to such marked evidence of God's leading. But every Christian has waymarks on his homeward trail, which, if he would but relate, might encourage someone on his way, and thereby strengthen his own faith in His leadings. So don't be afraid to tell others of the instances in your life when God has directed. Pass them on.

• "If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word."

□ □ NEWS □ □

THE chapel was crowded even to the doors Saturday night, November 15, when an informal musical entertainment was given. The orchestra rendered some very good selections. Mrs. Davison played a violin solo. Elder and Mrs. Carlyle B. Haynes created various sentiments in the hearts of their audience as they sang familiar songs, both old and new. We even had to join in the chorus when it came to "Dixieland" and "There's a Long, Long Trail." At Professor Machlan's suggestion we voted unanimously that Mr. and Mrs. Haynes spend another such evening with us soon.

Miss Sarah Peck, who has come to assist in the Educational Department, visited the College for a few days.

An intermediate department of the Sabbath school has been organized under Miss Owen's supervision. It seemed to meet an urgent need, for on the first Sabbath there were about twenty members enrolled.

South ^{out}Lancaster students will get hungry and lonesome on a Saturday night, even at W. M. C., so a company of S. L. A.'s recent students gathered at Mr. J. Cross's home to see what could be done to drive away that vacant feeling. We satisfied our hunger by eating ice cream, candy, and cakes. The lonesome feeling soon wore away as we greeted our old friends and classmates. Speeches were given by the students who related many amusing incidents connected with their life at Lancaster. Then Professors Machlan and Longacre, who were our recent principals, related the scenes on the green carpet and decisions in faculty meeting, all of which gave us much light on the other side of the question. As the clock struck twelve we left South Lancaster and those past days and came back to Washington and W. M. C., our home for the present.

November 16, Elder Kurdy, from Haiti, spoke in the young people's meeting, describing our work in that island.

The young ladies of South Hall entertained the W. M. C. students in Dining Hall Saturday evening, November 23. At eight o'clock everything was quiet, but when the old bell gave the alarm it was only a few minutes until the hall was filled with young people. Almost every day we meet the girls of South Hall, yet we do not have a test in observation. We had to guess whom they were from their silhouettes; Mrs. Kimble, guessing nearly all of them, won in

the contest. Music and song formed a part of our enjoyment. "What William Henry Would Do Next," was quite puzzling; however, this was made clear as Miss Ruth Everett concluded her reading. What we would like to accomplish in the present campaign for Columbia Hall was well illustrated in the little scene which concluded the evening's entertainment.

A very interesting stereopticon lecture on South America was given by Elder N. Z. Town, Saturday night, November 30.

Fire! fire! was the cry that awakened some of the late-sleepers at Lyndon Hall Tuesday morning, December 24, when it was discovered that the basement was all ablaze. Smoke was fast filling the rooms as the boys sprang from their beds and made their way down stairs through the dense smoke. The fire-bell rang, and soon a large corps of fire-fighters were at work. The piano and other furnishings of the first floor were removed. Ladders were ascended and books, bedding, and clothing were thrown from the above floor windows. The bucket-brigade failed to check the blaze, and it seemed there was no hope of saving the building, until a large hose was attached to a hydrant in the street. Eventually the fire department came and with their apparatus soon succeeded in putting out the flames.

We regret very much the loss on the part of those who lived in the basement. The building was insured, and the estimate loss was \$800.00.

Mrs Brooke is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Elsie.

We were indeed sorry to lose two of our old students, Eulah and Glen Morton, who were called home because of the family's moving to California.

Miss Geneva Wilson and Miss Naomi Hagen have left South Hall to room with Mrs. Hagen.

All minds turned to Lyndon Hall when we heard the vigorous ringing of the fire bell Sunday morning, December 29. But upon inquiry we learned that the broom factory owned by Mr. Cross was on fire. The stove on the second floor had become overheated so that the card board near the stove pipes caught fire. The college boys as well as the neighbors ran quickly to lend their aid and in a few moments the fire was extinguished.

Mr. Cecil Ross spent the Christmas holidays here.

Saturday night, December 28, Elder Maxwell from the North American Latin Union related some very interesting experiences connected with the work in South America.

We are glad to hear that Albert Chaney is recovering from his illness and we hope that he may return to school within a short time.

On account of ill health Mabel Robbins was called home. She is planning to finish her year's work by private lessons.

No time was allowed in which the students who remained here during the holidays could get homesick for something of interest was planned for each evening during the week.

Mr. Clarence Gibbs and his wife visited friends at the college for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Shull spent the Christmas holidays here.

The meetings conducted by Elder C. B. Haynes in the city are being well attended. One of the most interesting features of the meetings is the question and answer service at the close of each discourse. The questions handed in at this time show that there are many thoughtful and interested persons in the audience.

Students of W. M. C. know no such word as failure. Watch for the answering of the "great question"—the opening of Columbia Hall!

As an appropriate ending of the week of prayer Elder Daniells gave a very interesting stereoptican lecture Saturday night. The latest slides were given showing the rapid growth of the message in all parts of the world.

The girls of South Hall missed their preceptress, Mrs. Salisbury, very much during her illness.

If you should happen to see a student looking rather thin and pale, diligently studying, don't ask him what the trouble is; for probably all the information you would receive would be a few muttered words about that dreadful malady, the "flu," and he would continue his search for knowledge.

On the evening of December 7, the students of W. M. C. enjoyed a very pleasant musical program, the entertainers being Professor Anton Kaspar, violinist; Miss Richie McLean, contralto; and Miss Pearl Waugh, accompanist.

The Big Drive!—What is it? This question was answered to everybody's satisfaction Saturday night, December 14, when the Sligonian staff and the Student's Association started the ball rolling to have C. H. open 1, 1, '19.

At the chapel hour on the following Monday, the "drive" was

fully planned for the very next day. School was to be closed that day and every available recruit enlisted to go canvassing—the old reliable method of securing funds. The President's appeal for loyalty and support found a ready response in the heart of every student, and one after another arose and expressed his willingness—yea, eagerness—to engage in the “big drive.”

We haven't been able to decide as yet what is the trouble with the cars, or rather, their drivers at W. M. C. At any rate they seem to have a special attraction for the Sligo. Just as you turn the corner to go to the college, if you had happened to come along the afternoon of December 4, you would have viewed the remains of Professor Wood's car up against the stone railing. A similar catastrophe also befell Mr. Beamesderfer's car a few days later.

The requirements set forth by Elder Haynes with respect to ushers for the effort in the city didn't frighten all the boys for about fifteen volunteered their services.

A few moments of the chapel period were taken by Professor Sorenson a few days ago in which he suggested that we take as our motto in the present campaign, “There shall be delay no longer.”

God never honors a man in public who is crooked in private.

Your usefulness will be measured by your sincerity and your faith.

The world is killing itself today for the want of simplicity.

Dr. Wilkinson.

“God is a reality ; let us as a church be real.” Kurdy.

“Let us prove the Bible and know the certainty of the words of the kingdom.” Daniells.

“Before we can tell the saving truths to others, we must first treasure them up for ourselves.” Daniells.

“The program of God calls for the speedy fulfillment of the great commission.” Kern.

“The way we meet small temptations now is an index to the way we will meet the real test.” Haynes.

Sanitarium News Notes

Elder and Mrs. Carlyle B. Haynes gave us an interesting musical program recently.

At our last workers' meeting Elder F. M. Wilcox spoke to the family. He set forth the remarkable opportunities afforded the nurse in training, in physical and mental development as well as in character building.

We have been favored lately by visits from some of our leading doctors, including Newton Evans and George Thomason.

Misses Beatrice Gore, Esther Sherman, and Anna Schnider have been called home on account of illness in their families.

Among our recent guests have been Senator and Mrs. Russell from Missouri, and J. B. Henderson, son of the late Senator Henderson.

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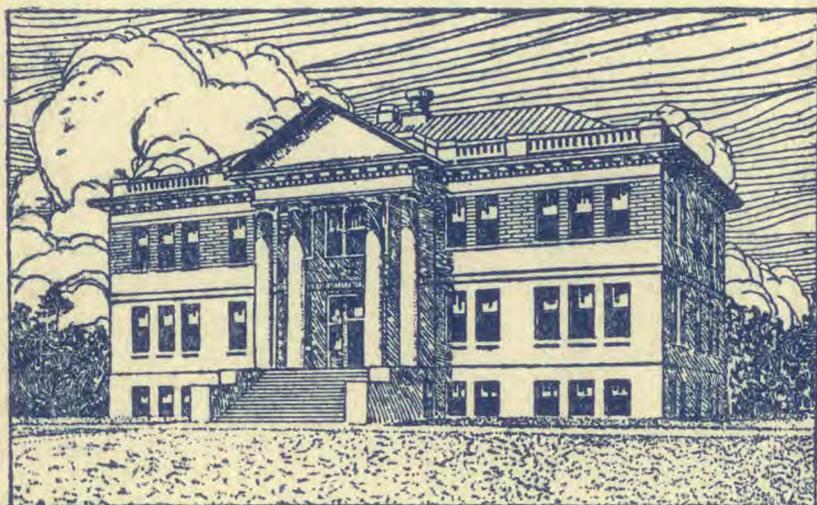
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