

"HE CONQUERS
TWICE WHO
CONQUERS
HIMSELF"

The Sligonian

THE OFFICIAL
ORGAN OF
THE STUDENTS'
ASSOCIATION

Volume X

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., APRIL 1, 1926

Number 9

BLUE LAW MAY CLOSE REVIEW & HERALD IF IT IS PASSED

LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE FIGHTS FOR BILL

If the Lankford Sunday Bill is passed by the House sub-committee and Congress, the Review and Herald Publishing Association may be forced to close its doors on the first day of each week. Six sessions of the committee exhibited the anxiety of the Lord's Day Alliance and its exponents to pass a blue law. Equal energy was shown by the Religious Liberty Association in opposing the bill.

"Have blue laws been a factor for good where they exist?" asked Chairman McLeod. Mr. Bowlby, secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, claimed they have done good everywhere, and quoted a letter of appreciation from postoffice employees.

"How about Philadelphia?" asked the Chairman. Elder C. V. Leach of Philadelphia pointed out that a Sunday law existed, but immorality also existed, so much so that General Butler resigned his position as Director of Public Safety. Elder Longacre also affirmed that Sunday laws made people no better in any State he had visited.

A strong fight ensued against the bill. "The Washington News" took a census among the people on the street, and found that eighteen out of twenty were opposed to any blue law. Elder Longacre pointed out that from a house-to-house canvass, 85 per cent of the people were opposed to Sunday legislation. Mr. Calpoys, president of the Central Trades Union, said that labor was opposed to such a law.

"What the opponents of Sunday legislation want can be spelled with five letters—m-o-n-e-y!" proclaimed Mr. Bowlby.

"It cannot be spelled with five letters," answered Mr. Calpoys, "but with (Concluded on page 3, column 2)

EFFECTIVE EVANGELISM

L. E. FROOM TALKS TO SEMINAR

"Christianity is fellowship with a person," said Elder Froom to the ministerial seminar in order to emphasize the minister's need of contact with the Master. "Truth is infinitely more than a concept or abstraction; truth is a person." Christ said, "I am the truth." Just as the preaching of the gospel is God's means of saving men, so the Holy Spirit is God's ordained means of making that preaching effective. There may be a message without Christ, but not a gospel. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

Watch This Box!!

The Students' Association benefit program will be given on Saturday night, April 24. The committee is making arrangements for the appearance of a high-class quartet from the city to render the program.

This is the opportunity for the entire student body. Let's make the Association of 1925-26 to be remembered as a live and energetic Association. Read this box in the next issue, and find out more about this program.

THE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AT W. M. C.

COURSES IN MODERN AND ANCIENT HISTORY

"Ashurnacirpal, Shalmaneser, Adad-nirare, and Tiglath-Pileser."—No, these aren't names for stunts in trick reading or for lessons in proper enunciation. They are the names of kings who helped bring Assyria to her position as mistress of the world, centuries ago, and with which one becomes as familiar as with the names of old friends; that is, if he chances to take a course in Antiquity. You may say you don't care for dead kings with ferocious names, but let me say that names are not all that make a course in history. It is indeed interesting, and not only interesting but fascinating, to study about the great empires which flourished before and during the time of Christ; and to see how secular history corroborates Biblical records and prophecies to the embarrassment of the modern skeptic.

But if one takes a goodly part of his college work in the history department—majoring in it, possibly—he only gets his start with Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria. Then come the early days of Greece and Rome; the one, whose contribution to art will probably never lose its influence while the world stands; and the other, (Concluded on page 2, column 2)

VETERAN MISSIONARY SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

W. H. ANDERSON TELLS OF AFRICAN EXPERIENCE

An insight into the life of a pioneer mission worker was presented by Elder W. H. Anderson, in chapel, on Monday, March 15. Elder Anderson is a veteran in mission work, having spent thirty-one years in Africa. Including the field for which he hopes to leave shortly, his labors will have extended over the continent from Cape Town to the Sahara desert.

"A missionary's life is not one of romance," he stated, "it calls for many hardships and privations." The difficulty in traveling is one of the most serious situations which a pioneer worker encounters. The first thing is to find a suitable site for the mission, apart from a malarial region, with pure water accessible, and land which can be cultivated and worked. It is necessary for the missionary to know how to construct his hut, even to sawing logs and making his own furnishings. Besides being a carpenter, a gardener, and a doctor, a missionary must be primarily a teacher, as most of the work is carried on by trained natives. It is through them that the Gospel is spread to others.

"There are no drapery shops there where you can buy your dresses," (Concluded on page 2, column 3)

PIANO RECITAL IN COLUMBIA HALL

MR. AUSTIN CONRADI, FACULTY MEMBER OF PEABODY CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

A concert recital was given by Mr. Austin Conradi, pianist, on the evening of March 6, at Columbia Hall. Mr. Conradi, a member of the faculty of Peabody Conservatory of Music, showed himself a devoted student of the master writers, in his program of highly classical numbers, which were a credit to his technique and ability as a true artist.

Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2, known also as the Moonlight Sonata, was especially well received. As the composition progressed through the Adagio sosten-

uto, the Allegretto, and Presto agitato movements, the soul of Beethoven himself was expressed, as passing through a series of moods and intense emotions.

Another fine number was the Valse Oubliée, a fantastic composition by Liszt. Selections from the works of Bach-Liszt, Chopin, Oswald and Moszkowski made up the rest of the program.

Mr. Conradi had a Baldwin piano brought here for his recital. The concert was presented as a favor to the W. M. C. Department of Music.

PROGRAM GIVEN BY MUSIC AND EXPRES- SION DEPARTMENTS

FIRST RECITAL GIVEN BY THESE DEPARTMENTS

Melody again drew an audience to fill Columbia Hall at the first general recital of the departments of Music and Expression given Saturday night, March 13. The entertainers were, most of them, making their initial public appearance, and the quality of the program was highly commendable. From the stately tread of the "March of the Tin Soldier," played by a primary boy, to the "Rolling Fire," by Miss Shaw, the piano numbers were very well executed. Miss Vernice Montgomery received special compliments for the "Gavotte in E Minor." The youngest son of Dr. Abbott was accorded good applause for his piano playing.

Wilhelmina Widmer was highly entertaining in her reading, "After the Honeymoon Wanes," displaying admirably her gift of versatility. She portrayed in a monologue the overwrought mind of a bride of five months, whose husband fails to return home on time, and her unrelenting demonstrations which prevent his explanation that her mother is paying a surprise visit.

The juvenile violin students also showed acceptable talent. In a pretty violin duet with Ward Shaw, little Bethel Rice was especially pleasing. Another well received feature was a trio of "kids" with violin and piano led by Richard Matoon, the saxophonist. Their best number was "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes." The vocal students were exceptionally pleasing in this recital, wherein Alethea Morrison, daughter of the president, made her debut with a charming quality of sweetness in her voice.

(Concluded on page 3, column 2)

Vote for —

Every subscription to the **Book of Golden Memories** means a vote for some one. Have you voted?

Some one is looking for your support. Ten live boosters have entered a hard race. One individual of these ten will receive the prize:

Mary Helen Tresslar
Lovey Henderson
Ruby Richmond
Dorothy Stowe
Katherine Youngblood
James Trimble
E. F. Willett
Francis Quinn
Charles Boyd
Loren Schutt

Grandpa "Do-Nothing" never votes for any one. No issue of his country interests him; the welfare of his friends has little appeal to him. Surely, neither you nor any one of your relatives like to be called Grandpa "Do-Nothing."

For whom are you voting?

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION BENEFIT PROGRAM!

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PICTURES AND LOOKS

Everybody—that is, almost everybody—is having his picture “took.” Seniors, juniors, professionals, academics (and some without even this excuse) are getting pictures of themselves for the annual, for classmates and friends, and for the home-folks.

Looks of course enter largely into a picture. They are, in fact, of relatively great importance to most of us; too often, I fear, in inverse proportion to their actual possession.

I got my proofs today—I like them. On the back is written “almost any desired change may be made in completing the picture.” My only objection is to the qualifying “almost!”

There are looks and looks of course, some better, some worse. One thing strikes me as odd—to call a girl good looking is to make her your friend for life, to call a man good looking is to make him doubt your veracity.

But there is another kind of look, senior, junior, all you who have pictures. Try it out. Take your picture, place it in front of you on the level with your eyes, and take a look. All the eyes square, and do they look straight at you?

Are they clear and clean? Do they look on the world fearlessly and unafraid? Do they, perhaps, have a wee bit twinkle of humor, and can they overlook—oh, lots of things in John and Bill and Mary? If they are these—then small matter whether they are blue, brown, or grey!

And the nose! Which way does it point? Is it just an ordinary nose or does it tilt up, perhaps, when some one's name is mentioned? How about it, tell-tale nose?

Then the brow—a little “study” wrinkle there, and a little “care” wrinkle? A care for some one's feelings, some one's troubles, some one's life besides your own? Does your life expand till it reaches and considers your fellow-beings? If it doesn't, make it. It's changeable!

Now the mouth! All the smile lines there? Does it write a mile of smiles on the campus and in the halls? Does

it smile plain enough and strong enough so that the reflection comes back?

Take a look—an honest-to-goodness look at yourself—then remember “almost any desired change can be made in completing the picture.”

V. H. C.

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

(Concluded from page 1)

whose foundations for law and order have stood firm always as other nations have adopted and built upon them.

Then come courses for the periods of the Dark Ages, the Renaissance and the Reformation, and one stands aghast at the realization of the awful price paid, not only for modern civilization, but for that religious toleration which the world has enjoyed for many years, and upon the principles of which our nation, especially, was founded—the very principles which are now being attacked by those who would go backward instead of forward.

Then come the courses for the more modern times,—Europe since 1815 and American History. Here one catches up with himself and gets abreast of present world events. It's no easy matter, however, to keep in step. If you don't believe it, ask the folks who are at this moment wrestling with the problem of the responsibility for the World War! But it's worth the effort in every course!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY COLLEGE?

By Guy Norland

(Concluded from last issue)

Some out-of-town person, I guess a hill-billy from the sticks (I don't care to mention his name) had the nerve and bad judgment to tell me that my college associates weren't real college men and women, that they were mere high school boys and girls with college books. Rules of my college, laws of the land, and principles of my own life, did not permit me to tell the ill-advised individual what I thought. It is an irritating phrase to throw in any college man's face. I hope the individual reads this. My respect for him has been changed considerably. I would like to tell the blundering ignoramus and all others with like tendencies, that such a statement has no ground. Just why a person, with an open mind and clear, honest eyes to see, should make a statement like that, is beyond me.

I have been to high school, I have been to academies, and I have been to other colleges. I have mingled with other college and university men and women and I can hold my own. If my college prepares me to hold my own against other college men and intelligently defend the principles it taught me, it is worthy of its name.

Every institution has its faults—so has the one I am in. But, its own mistakes never hurt it as much as the slandering, gossiping tongue of half-intelligent misinformed people.

I place my college on par with other similar colleges,—not an institution that may be half mocked. I know my student-colleagues stand shoulder to shoulder with me. He who derides my college, arouses within me what cannot be easily quenched. My college has given the best to me that it could offer. Through life I shall be loyal to her.

What's wrong with my college? NOTHING!! You will have to prove me false!

VETERAN MISSIONARY SPEAKS

(Concluded from page 1)

Elder Anderson warned the girls who are prospective missionaries. There is no bake shop within a radius of 350 miles or more; no electric irons or electric sewing machines; no radios; no electricity at all except an occasional stroke of lightning.”

As the students there have no means with which to purchase books or materials, a plan is adopted by which they can supply their own food from a plot of ground assigned to them, and buy other essentials with the surplus from the sale of their products.

“No education is too good even for this work,” Elder Anderson went on to say; “all the resources you have will be drawn upon, then more too.” The big essential is in having a sterling character, which will stand the test of scrutiny in the eyes of the natives, who prove to be keen at reading character. It is largely through the medium of character study of the missionaries that the natives are drawn to Christ.

It is not with a spirit of self-pity that one should go to a foreign field, he said. It is a life of joy and peace and happiness. The happiest death he could wish for would be away out there on a new trail, scouting for a new mission station, dying by the roadside. With the true love of Christ in the heart, no sacrifice is too great for Him who gave all that we might live.

SANITARIUM NEWS

“Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!” Only about five more weeks and—no more classes for us.

Mr. Pillsbury, national photographer for the U. S. government, showed us many of the beauties of the Yosemite Valley by motion pictures in the “gym” Thursday evening, March 11. The pictures of the plant life brought to our attention a fact that few of us realize, that the plants carry on their daily activities even as humans; they awake in the morning and bow gracefully to each other and are busy all day long until they sleep again at night.

What then, can one eat and where-withal can one work? These were the questions that were in every one's minds as they listened to Elder Anderson's chapel talk. But the very difficulties of the African field should appeal to our ingenuity.

Some of our girls were made happy by the visit of their mothers. They are: Sarah Parrish, Clarine Stone, Sarah Richardson, and Thelma Ellis.

Lily Stewart was recently called home by the death of her brother, one of our workers in Georgia. Grace Lease was also called home by the death of her grandmother.

Wedding bells will soon be ringing over here, so keep your ears open.

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MAJOR Q
INTERVIEWED
By Gug Norland

Major Oliver P. Que is a retired army officer. As a major he covered himself with unheard-of war glories. He fought with the Scotch coolies at Waterloo. At Vladivostok he hid behind a big gun while "The Charge of the Light Brigade" did its poetic work. His emblem during the War of the Roses was a water lily. In fact, he has fought under many an ensign—Ursa Major, Big Dipper, Southern Cross, Great Dragon and Aurora Borealis are among the many. He will be glad to answer any question you wish to ask. Address your requests to the editors.

What is a retired army officer?

—One whose old shoes are filled by some one else.

What do you consider the world's greatest battle?

—The one that was the severest and lasted the longest.

Whom do you consider the world's most talented woman?

—The one whose accomplishments stand the test of study.

Do you consider buying second-hand material a good economical investment?

—Never! Why get something that bears the fingerprints of some one else?

I can't sleep at night. What shall I do?

—Quit sleeping in the daytime. Get up a little earlier Sabbath morning.

Whom did you consider a real "soldier pal" in your days?

—One who didn't always expect to win, but who was always willing to fight.

How do you feel concerning Sunday Blue Laws?

—Very much upset. I want to fish on Sunday.

What are your politics?

—This is a personal question. Such questions will not be answered.

What should I do with my restless boy?

Perhaps the son is not as lazy as his dad and hates to sit around. Get him tired. Being tired is a good cure for restlessness.

Is it proper to pass a lady who is driving a car?

—No! It is dangerous.

The major has gathered some very interesting statistics which he has kindly consented to publish from time to time.

He asked one hundred twenty-five college people what their childhood ambition was, and who their hero was. Here are the answers:

- 15 wanted to be locomotive engineers.
- 2 wanted to be actors.
- 7 wanted to be actresses.
- 3 wanted to be street car conductors.
- 10 wanted to be nurses.
- 2 wanted to be doctors.
- 12 wanted to be missionaries.
- 1 wanted to be a musician.
- 4 wanted to be elevator men.
- 1 (girl) wanted to be a man (high ideal).

- 20 wanted to be pirates and big men.
- 10 wanted to be school teachers.
- 5 had no ambition.
- 3 wanted to be prize fighters.
- 1 wanted to be a chauffeur.
- 4 wanted to be happy.
- 25 couldn't even remember.

Many had no definite hero. They usually wanted to be like "Dad," "Ma," some aunt or some other relative. Others had more peculiar heroes as:

"The boy I wanted to marry." "The conductor who let me whistle on his car," "The boy down the street," "The man in a story book," "A bandit in Mexico," "David Livingstone." Some had no heroes and others refused to make their childhood hero known.

Next week the major will publish the answers he received from young women to the question, "What do you like about a young man?"

(Signed) MAJOR O. P. QUE.

BLUE LAW MAY CLOSE R. & H.

(Concluded from page 1)

seven letters—l-i-b-e-r-t-y!" The audience of over three hundred applauded.

The coming theologians and students of W. M. C. listened eagerly to the discussions. And when in future assemblies, we stand before the rulers of this world, among the proponents of religious liberty will be W. M. C.'s young ministers.

PROGRAM GIVEN

(Concluded from page 1)

"Four Bars in the Key of G" was the theme of a well rendered reading by Miss Helen Conard. Her style of presentation of this lengthy work of memory held the hearers most attentively to her story of bleeding hearts, built around the love of music, healed and united in climax by means of "Four Bars in the Key of G."

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STRAY BLADES

Has anybody noticed the two blue-birds who are making a nest in one of the boxes on the campus? Spring is here!

South Hall Yell—

Every girl in a middy
A middy on every girl.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Sisters' weddings may be nice things. At least if you are called away from school on that account. This was the happy experience of Miss Doris Griner.

Miss Inez Young is in Arlington again substituting for Miss Stuart. Note: She's back again now.

Mary Helen Tresslar is learning to play the saxophone. She had it only one hour when she played for a program. We think it will mean competition for Charles Young.

The laundry at South Hall is a very empty place at present, but by no means an idle one. New ironing boards and a new electric system are being installed.

Mr. Quinn seems to be getting up in the world. The other day he was invited by one of the Congressmen to dine with him in the House dining-room. Needless to say, he accepted.

On March 4 and 5, Mrs. B. L. Harrison entertained her friends at a waffle party held in the kitchen at Central Hall.

As Hector rounded each of the four corners of Troy, he fearfully turned his head backward, with thoughts of grim death, and cringed at the sight of Achilles. We students look ahead, to the four corners of the year and sometimes are tempted to shrink from the onslaught of quarterly exams.

About fifty school folks charged the equine exhibition at Fort Myer one Friday afternoon, but the clever counter-attack of those daring tacticians so completely baffled and bewildered them that they retreated, entirely overcome with amazement.

Old W. M. C. has been swinging down through the years with wonderful progress, but never so fast as it has in the last few weeks, since the church school children have had their new swings put up. Everybody but the children uses them.

Called to the door by a rap, Professor Belz stepped out of his German II class. You know those basement windows are invitingly low. Just a step to the ground. Only five minutes of class time remained. Should it be wasted? Somehow the window flew open and the class flew out. We haven't heard whether Mr. Belz flew up or not.

Sunday, March 7, Mrs. M. E. Kern entertained the girls working in the General Conference.

On Sunday morning, March 7, the print shop was presented with its new superintendent. His name is Mr. Huse. By way of welcome we wish him the best of luck, and hope that he may have a successful career in his new office. For the present, Mr. Huse, his wife, and little daughter are staying in Central Hall.

Multifarious, mutilated, mimical middies, make masculine mimographs much mischief-making material.

After a committee was appointed to re-cover the ironing board, Vic Campbell begged leave to suggest that the committee might do something about lengthening it, too.

Cold Feet, No Doubt

Student (coming from laboratory after examination): "Congratulate me old top, at last I have made a scientific achievement."

Second Student: "What is it?"

First Student: "I have obtained absolute zero."—Selected.

Carpenter Shop Knots

Professor Werline: "I see by the newspaper that the students who get the best grades live the longest."

Mr. Berry: "Order my flowers now, please."

Think a minute. What would you do if some one called you conceited, lazy, and stupid?

Now then, you have a measure of yourself.

The best and most concise definition of a Frankenstein monster that I know is—criticism.

Don't judge a man by his ability to answer questions. Encyclopedias should be in book form.

Headline in newspaper—

"Balzburg calls fire brigade to put out Aurora Borealis."

It's all right to attempt the impossible, but one will stand less chance of being laughed at if he has a little information before he begins.

Bryan Votaw says—

"What about the man who has made a resolution not to do a thing? He's had in mind doing it, or he wouldn't have made the resolution not to do it." You're right, Bryan.

I surely admire the man of strong convictions, who knows and knows that he knows—if he knows enough to allow me the privilege of having just as strong ones.

"Live and learn" they say, but dear me, I wish some folks would take the "learn" as seriously as they take the "live."

E. Rue. Dite: "Polysyllabic enunciation predicates excessive verbosity, sir!"

U. N. Eye: "Uh, huh! Talks too much!"

Does mind overcome matter? Well, rather. I know lots of short folks I have to look up to!

Oh Happiness!

Thou changling child
Of human tho't and wish,
If we pursue thee thou dost flee,
Into a far country
Beyond the reach of such as me.

But if,—

With thought unselfish we disdain
To seek thee for thine own dear sake,

Thou changest! and from fleeing,
Dost turn and o'ertake us
Ere we are aware.

Rockerless Rocking Chairs.

The shop is making them by the hundred now.

I wonder? Rockerless rockers! It sounds good. Wonder why in other places in life the same idea wouldn't work?

Knockerless knockers for instance. Why not?

Any old Ford can knock and do a mighty good job of it, too!

But who wants to run in competition to a knocking Ford!

The pneumatic hammer has us all beat for knocking—plenty of noise

with it, too, and runs by air, same as some knockers I know. Let's leave all knocking to the machine whose business it is.

And, oh for some talkless talkers! You know the kind I mean. They speak by their life and say so much more than their verbose neighbors.

Rockerless rockers, knockerless knockers, talkless talkers—I like the idea. Here's to them. May they spread far from the shop.

Imagine—

The feeling of "school over."

Ben Wilkinson giving Charlie Young music lessons.

Inez Young and Lovey Henderson in charge of a day nursery.

The library and no W. O. Belz. No exams this nine weeks. Latin exams and no "verbs." Contact with Prof. Werline and no outside reading.

Wrigley a landscape gardener. Beecher Warner without his honey-buns.

"One touch of gossip makes the whole world grin, say the Office Boy."

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