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THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. III

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No. 8

A Former S. L. A. Student, the Temperance Instructor, and a Prohibition Campaign

AFTER a liquor license has ridden and bed ridden a town for thirty-five years or more without a miss, it seems to acquire the whiskers of age whereby the whiskey of gage comes to be looked upon as a permanent inhabitant "whose reign shall cease" (Apologies to Dr. Geibel's "Incarnation".)

At least that seemed to be the situation in a certain town in the old Empire State. As election approached a year ago last fall and the question of license came up for consideration there was no special surprise and no special concern manifest among the townspeople. There was nothing especially unusual about its coming up — it had been up before, and the good old half-heated, quarter-loving, stand-pat "Prohis" of the town, turned out as these occasions permitted and shed their biennial or quadrènnial prohibition votes as a matter of duty and conscience. They just as frequently accepted the election verdict "License again" as a matter of course and consequence, — and the condition, an evil to be deprecated but not eradicated, with somewhat of the feeling of the old lady who prayed for the removal of a mountain from before her house, and who finding it still there the next morning exclaimed "Just as I expected." They seemed to hope that their votes would somehow obtain an Aladdin's lamp virtue and change the whole course of events without the expenditure of enough means and energy to give the lamp the required rub. And then, every time they did attempt to stir the Prohibition broth they slopped it over and smothered their feeble fire.

Ned Dyoll, though he had been reared in a hotel had been taught by his mother from childhood to despise the business, and his experiences and knowledge of it only served to strengthen his animosity toward it. Therefore he had always felt like doing something to help "clean and count it out" of the town, but had watched with some amusement and more disgust, the apathetic, biennial, conscience-appealing, vote-moulting inertnesses of these staid old "Prohis" in behalf of Prohibition.



SOUTH LANCASTER STUDENTS AT W. M. C.

This year, because of several contributory circumstances, Ned believed the psychological moment had arrived, and that license could be knocked out in one round if gone at properly and with some punch (not the rum kind.) Among these conditions were the facts that temperance was being nationally agitated, that a good deal of jealousy had been engendered among the local liquor men because a recent law limiting the number of drinking places had put some of them out of business and thereby also caused a sense of unfairness in the minds of some of the people. Last but not least was the fact that Ned's father who had exerted quite an influence among the liquor interests, had gotten out of the business a year or two before and was now quite inclined to join the temperance forces. Therefore as election approached with no evidence of activity in sight, and conditions apparently so auspicious, it seemed a pity to let the opportunity pass in the pusillanimous fashion of past years, and Ned took it upon himself to visit some of the ministers and others who ought to know about it, to find out if there was any intention of doing anything.

After being referred successively from one minister to another in different parts of the town, he came finally to the pleasant and energetic young Presbyterian minister who seemed interested and alive to the subject. After stating his errand and introducing the Temperance *Instructor* to him as an effective temperance campaign weapon the minister said, "Yes we intend to do something, and by the way Mr. Dyoll, we are to have a committee meeting at a certain

store in your town tonight. You be sure and be there and bring your father, — and the *Instructor*."

Well, Ned was there, his father also, and the *Instructor*. Among others present were several ministers, merchants, the post-master, and another ex-hotel keeper. This was the real beginning, the setting in motion the wheels of the campaign. Ned was elected chairman and plans laid for action. Much personal work was to be done, every somnolent "Prohi" was to be awakened and urged to cooperate, — a big noise was to be made which could not be without its psychological effect, as was Gideon's three hundred, — and a fund was started for *Instructors*.

It devolved upon Ned to do much of the work of the campaign, part of which was getting the *Instructors*, which were *his* main dependence in the fight, and raising the rest of the funds necessary to pay for them and the other campaign expenses. He telephoned to the tract society for five hundred copies. They had ninety, which they sent. They telegraphed to the Review and Herald for more, but they were all out and they in turn telegraphed to the Illinois Tract Society, in Chicago, from whence the papers came breezing in, just in time.

With the aid of his sister, and the post-master, Ned got those for his end of town wrapped and into the mail Friday afternoon so that the recipients — a selected list, for he believed that a few blows rightly timed and placed are more effective than many haphazard ones, — might have opportunity to digest them during their leisure week-end, and have them freshly in mind for election day the following Tuesday. They were quiet messengers whose effects the liquor men could not discover nor counteract.

As the days passed the agitation spread and it soon became evident that a fight was on. Some of those who, at first thought a repetition of past history was inevitable, began to waver in their opinions and to think that "Prohibition might not be so bad after all" and that they might even vote for it.

Some people like to be on the winning side you know, even if they have no other reason. The news spread that Mr. Dyoll, he who had in the past been such a tower of strength to the Philistine hosts, had joined the Israelites, and consternation began to spread in the Philistine camp. It was reported that the liquor and brewery interests had contributed two thousand dollars to stem the rising tide, and that an attempt was to be made to break up the parade which was to be held the Sunday afternoon before election. Some of the liquor men tried to convince Mr. Dyoll that he ought not to forsake

them, and to persuade him to return to them, but to no avail. His mind was made up. It was also reported that one saloon keeper in the town across the creek, which was also making a fight, was approached and given two thousand dollars just to stop working against them. He had been fighting them not from principle but because he himself had been driven out of business.

In the mean time Ned was busy Paul Revering the "Prohis" and others, in collaboration with the rest of the committee, raising campaign funds, etc., and in getting out handbills announcing for Saturday night — not a "Temperance Meeting" which lots of the people thought pretty "dry stuff" for their wet appetites, — but a Mass Meeting, with special music, the Boy Scouts' Band, and interesting local and out-of-town speakers, for the consideration of topics of general and vital importance to the community. These were slapped suddenly into the rigs and homes of the people by couriers late Friday afternoon, so that they would not have time to find out too much about it.

When Saturday night came Ned was "by the irony of fate" as some literatus has literarily expressed it, found directing a full house mass meeting in the interest of temperance and decency, in the Grange Hall which had formerly been his home, and the very place where he had in years gone by been wont to assist his father in dispensing the thirst-engendering beverages.

The meeting was a "rattlin" success, and, as if to lend impetus to the growing cause, it happened the same evening just before the meeting, that an automobile, driven by and carrying at a high rate of speed the unmixables — gasolene and alcohol, — ran into a stone wall in the other town (not the first stone wall alcohol ever ran into), killed one man, badly injured another, and the machine — well of course it didn't hurt that — it had no nerves, and besides, it was alcoholized — it only smashed it up.

The campaign climaxed the next day, Sunday, with a parade in which Ned's father strode nonchalantly before the gaze of his erstwhile confederates, and a Grand Temperance Rally in the town across the creek, at which a noted evangelist was the speaker.

One incident in the raising of funds is enlightening. Ned spent a dollar or so in tires and gasoline on a muddy road to visit a wealthy and well-known prohibition family. The man was away so he explained to the Madame the merits of the *Instructor*, the campaign plans, and the object of his call. She responded *nobly* saying, "Yes, I'm glad to hear about it, and I'm always glad to do what I can for temperance." She disappeared in the other room and after some

minutes returned with twenty-five cents which she gave — *freely*(?) for the cause. Now you know the meaning of the expression "half-hearted and quarter-loving Prohis." Some of them must have developed from the division of the animal kingdom known as Mollusca — having no back bone, but a hard shell and a soft inside. However, they weren't all that way.

On election day the opposing forces were arrayed — the booze element in trembling desperation and with a protecting mantle of pecuniary persuasion, the temperance adherents in hope and moral exhortation. The question was on every tongue. Expectancy was in the air.

When the votes were counted, the town across the creek, where few *Instructors* were used, and those few injudiciously, and where those carrying on the work thought they had it well in hand, went fifty for license. The far end of Ned's town where the work was left largely to the ministers and other workers who were carrying on the campaign across the creek, and which consequently, had only a few *Instructors*, which Ned persisted in sending, went eleven for license. Now the result lay with Ned's end of town which the workers from the other end of town were afraid of, and which had had no more help and not as much as their's inasmuch as they had been having a big evangelistic revival for several weeks as a kind of preparatory course. The difference was that in Ned's part of town the most of the *Instructors* were used, and used judiciously. This was the district last to be reported. The saloon men from both ends of town gathered here to watch, with the temperance element, the counting of the ballots. It was running pretty close. At last the result was announced — forty-one for no license. That overcame the liquor majority of eleven in the other end of town, and made the town dry for the first time in over thirty-five years, by twenty-nine votes, to take effect one year from date.

The liquor men turned on their heels, and left in chagrin and disgust. The old "Prohis" said, "Well, we got it at last, didn't we? I didn't hardly think we would." The temperance forces smiled joyfully, and some attributed the result to one thing and some to another. A great many, including the liquor men, said it was Chapin Dyoll, but it looks to us like a combination of forces with the *Instructor* as drum major and drill master.

Shortly afterward one hotel barn burned, two hotel keepers died, and a lifetime adictee, who thought he couldn't live without it, and who certainly could not with it, gave up the ghost and passed to his silent place — a cadaverous exponent and champion of a moribund cause.

A. B. STAINER.

Fortunatudes

FORTUNATE IS HE—

Who is satisfied with his chapel seat.

Who seldom "cuts classes."

Who doesn't have to invent notes periodically when notebooks are called for.

Who doesn't get "behind" with his assignments from Hodgkins or his cases from Scott.

FORTUNATE IS HE—

Who doesn't depend upon his room mate for powder, soap, and tooth-paste. (And fortunate is his room mate.)

FORTUNATE IS HE—

Who hasn't forgotten the use of the table napkin even under cafeterian regime.

Who remembers that he isn't living under the Rule of St. Benedict, and speaks often and pleasantly with his fellow-men.

Who can make himself agreeable to those outside "the bunch."

Who has been taught to show courtesy even to intimate friends or members of his own church.

Who credits his friends with using as good taste as he in matters of personal interest.

Who has the good sense to appreciate another viewpoint than his own.

Who is not so indiscreet as to boast of his *power* over his friends.

Who knows how to be a modest winner or a "game loser."

FORTUNATE IS HE—

Who, when cheerful and forbearing, is not considered frivolous or "easy."

Who doesn't measure a man's worth by the "gold ring or goodly apparel."

Who reflects before casting "the first stone."

Who is deaf to flattery, manifestly grateful for favors bestowed, and generous in praise.

GLADYS A. MACHLAN.



MOUNT VERNON STUDENTS AT W. M. C.

The Missionary Spirit of Mount Vernon Academy

IN thinking over my student days spent in Mount Vernon Academy, I am convinced that the missionary spirit of the school strongly influenced my life. By taking part in the organized movements to help others, I received a greater love for God's work, and was inspired to do more for him in a definite way. The missionary spirit of the students was manifested particularly by the various bands in their homes, and by field work. The faculty helped the students by encouraging them to launch out, and by supporting them in all their endeavors.

The ministerial band led a number of young men to work for the salvation of souls. Their weekly band meetings in the school were followed by enthusiastic work in the field. Throughout the winter the boys went regularly on Sunday nights to the little school house in the country, and to the larger one in town. Midweek cottage meetings were also conducted. During the present school year the band is holding several meetings each week. When Harvest Ingathering came, the young preachers were at the front, and they always won a good share of the day's victories. The boys believed that such activities were an indispensable part of the training necessary for the Lord's work.

Among the young women the Bible worker's band afforded a good opportunity for doing service for Christ. Many people saw the truth as the result of this band's work.

A productive means for kindling the missionary spirit among the students was the mission bands. Those Friday evening studies of the lives and problems of missionaries added fuel to the home fires in the school. Even the youngest students took an active part in these meetings. Today some of the members are brightening the lives of men and women in darkened heathen countries.

The canvassing work and Mount Vernon Academy have long been fast friends. The school encourages her students to get a good experience in Christian salesmanship, and every summer M. V. A. is well represented in the field.

Much work and little theorizing was the goal of the correspondence and mailing band. The busy workers sent forth their letters and papers far and wide once a week.

The prayer bands did much to arouse an interest in personal work in the school. Much good was done by students working for students.

On Sabbath afternoons the young people's meetings were held. The bands prepared some of the programs. Verbal and written reports of "something done" put life into the services, and stimulated the hearers to do more work for God.

The missionary spirit is still animating Mount Vernon Academy, and is producing good results. Let us all, as young people bearing a saving message from our Father to this world, say with Christ: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."
E. RAY CORDER.



The Spring

AT the foot of the path leading down the hill, and nestling under a protection of large willow trees, stands a little spring house with white-washed walls. Unnecessary was an ice chest with such a cool place for milk and food.

The spring toward which we more often bent our steps was up in the woods. Here the clear cold water bubbled forth from a pipe with a joint turning up so we need not go thirsty if we chanced that way without a cup. It was an especially delightful place to visit after a well-won or hard-lost game of tennis on the court just above. Who has gone skating and not wished for a drink? As it was just a little way from the path leading home from the lake, the spring often tempted us to hurriedly visit it, and get at least one

delicious sup before we ran to catch up with the rest, lest we be late and receive a reprimand for our tardiness.

Here also was a very inviting place to come and study under a tree or on the log which reached from bank to bank just above the spring. The book was soon forgotten, and the thoughts wandered away as the eye followed the little stream down the hill, flowing out and on into the wide, wide world, in which we all have become scattered. Still our thoughts return to the dear old school and the ones we used to meet around the spring, eager for a cool drink on a warm Sabbath afternoon. ETHEL ANDRE.



School Spirit at Mount Vernon

OF course we were one big family, how could it be otherwise when our chapel, our class rooms, our library, our commercial department, our business office, our studio, our parlor, our dining room and our dormitories were all in one large building. Only for want of space did the printing office and laundry occupy a little brick building to our left, and the science hall a small building still farther to our left. We disliked to have even these departments separated from our big home. In this arrangement is exemplified the spirit of Mount Vernon, that of unity. Or perhaps this spirit is a natural consequence of the arrangement. However it may be, it is known as being one of the most prominent and noticeable characteristics of the school.

The burden of making the school and its activities a success was felt by each student. The necessity of entering into every school function with earnestness and wholeheartedness was realized to be an essential factor to school spirit. Social gatherings and entertainments in the dining hall were made lively and interesting because all attended. Every student who has attended school at Mt. Vernon will recall many pleasant memories when he thinks of the home life enjoyed there.

M. V. C.

FAR away beyond the hilltops
And Ohio's winding stream,
There's a hill with slopes green covered
'Neath the moonbeam's silvery gleam.

On that hill our dear old college,
As it did in days gone by,
Lifts it red and dingy brick walls
Toward the cloudy leaden sky.

And our minds still picture dearly
How in dear old M. V. C.
We once sat as students, teachers;
Back again we'd like to be.

And they say that distance lendeth
An enchantment to the view,
So we laud our dear Mt. Vernon
With an ardor ever new.

Could it be we would forget her,
And the friends of by-gone years;
Could we quite forget the lessons,
And sometimes "green carpet" fears.

All the reference books so bulky
In their wondrous spacious room,
And the class rooms always sunny,
We could scarce forget so soon.

Yet for all the steam pipes booming
And occasional chilly days,
We look back with fond devotion,
Often through a misty haze.

But the friendships are most treasured
Of the things that we recall,
Kind and Christian fellow-students,
Teachers thoughtful of us all.

M. V. C. is not forgotten
Though afar her students roam.
They are teaching what she taught them,
And they think of her as home.

JANETTE BIDWELL SHUSTER.
M. V. C. '12, '14; W. M. C. '16.



OOLTEWAH STUDENTS IN WASHINGTON

Southern Junior College Reminiscences

"BACKWARD, turn backward, oh time in your flight!" Tonight in my mind I am turning back the clock of time about three years to the early part of 1916. This was the last year that the Southern Training School remained in Graysville, Tennessee, and will long be remembered by all our southern friends whether they were at that time "pro-Graysville," or "pro-somewhere else."

The girl's dormitory had burnt down the year before, and a good many other things were in a very unsatisfactory condition. However, I will not attempt to rehearse these things, first, because they have already been worn out by concussion and discussion; and second, because the dark cloud has long ago been turned inside out, and we have made ourselves believe that the silver lining has always been shining.

To be brief in the matter, before the school term closed, it was finally voted to move the school onto a large farm in a locality as nearly ideal as possible. The Southern States were searched far and near for such a location, but nothing seemed to measure up to the requirements so well as the beautiful little valley almost entirely surrounded by hills and mountains which the Southern Junior College now occupies, Ooltewah, Tennessee. Accordingly, it was purchased late in the summer, and very soon the work of packing up began in earnest. The corps of workers consisted of the editor of *Field Tidings*, the Principal of the school, and two other young

men besides myself. But there was never a more optimistic group of workers; and after a while, perseverance and hard work won, and the Southern Training School was literally "on wheels." Henceforth, the name Southern Junior College supplanted the old name that had graced it for so many years.

Simultaneous with our arrival on the new farm, now known as "Collegedale," several other teachers and students began coming in. These first few weeks we "camped" on the place were very interesting, and also very busy ones for us. Another thing that impressed itself equally upon my memory at this time was that when our ever-growing little band gathered for Sabbath-school the first few Sabbaths, there was not a single Sabbath service "slacker" to be found in our ranks, and no urging was necessary in order to have a full 100 per cent attendance. Ever since, the Collegedale Sabbath-school has been one of the most lively, and has never failed to go over the top in any goal they have ever set for themselves.

The opening of school was scheduled for the middle of October, but it was about a month before school work really began. At first it was a novel sight to see some of the classes reciting in the dining room, others on the porch, and still others on the lawn in the shade of some tree. The weather continued ideal for a long time, and before cold weather finally set in, our quarters had been somewhat expanded. To be more specific an old two-story "sway-backed" building that years before had been used for a commissary, and which was only a few steps to the rear of the farm-house, was patched up and partitioned off into rooms by rough boards. The first floor contained the chapel, president's office and library combined, and a small hallway. But no *green carpet* adorned the floor of this important place — the president's office. The upstairs was divided into four class rooms. Inexpensive sheet iron stoves were used to heat the building, and there were as many of these as there were rooms in the building. Old fence-rails, found in abundance on the place, served quite satisfactorily as fuel. The business office and book store combined, occupied unique and dignified quarters, — the *smoke-house*. No doubt you will smile, and so did we. It was a little 10x12 one-room building at one side of the girl's dormitory.

Fearing that you will also wonder where all the boys and most of the faculty took up their residence, I might say that several little cottages (shacks) adorned the hill on the other side of the valley, and with the addition of several tent houses, and a temporary shack, containing five rooms and a large assembly room, which was put up from old lumber from some of the old shacks which were torn down,

being beyond all hopes of repair, which looked from the outside more like it might be used as a barn than as a dwelling for human beings, — these constituted the habitations of the president and his family, the preceptor and his family and about twenty-five or thirty boys.

One of the before-mentioned cottages which stands out in my mind above all others was the one occupied by myself and three other very congenial companions, whose names you might recognize should I mention them. Of course we had to christen our cottage, and accordingly we gave it the very characteristic name of "We-Like-It." Oh, yes, and I mustn't forget to mention our companions who occupied the loft of the cottage, — the RATS. These were large, amiable creatures, about as large as a good-sized cat, and very intelligent, too. They were most active after sunset, and succeeded in establishing several industrial establishments, which, judging from the sound of things after we retired, must have been something on the order of a lumber mill or iron foundry, although it seemed to us rather queer that they should require such articles as shoes, socks, etc., which they freely borrowed from us while we were asleep, and which must have been of a size rather large for their own use. It is needless to say that we missed these friends of ours when we finally left our little cottage for good.

Coming up to the Commencement time, I might mention that it was the privilege of two young ladies and the writer to be the members of the first graduating class of the S. J. C.; and wishing to set forth a good example for the classes who follow, we engaged in some branch of our denominational work, — Miss Addie May Kalar in Bible and tent work, Miss Sadie Rogers as Educational and Y. P. M. V. Secretary of the Tennessee River Conference, and your humble servant, as a bookkeeper in the Washington Sanitarium. We are loyal to our Alma Mater, and a good word for her shall never be wanting.

RALPH RAYMOND.

Just a Moment

Our big 1918-1919 Annual is now in the making. The entire staff is on the alert for good pictures and interesting articles. The senior class, a large contributor to this number reassures us that it shall in no wise fall short of its slogan, "Better and better all the time." Be sure and get one. One-year subscriptions taken during the campaign last spring will expire before this number comes out. If this means yours, renew at once for the paper whose annual is worth one-half the subscription price.

See enclosed leaflet about the articles that will feature in THE SLIGONIAN next year. Make all remittances to THE SLIGONIAN, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C. DO IT NOW!



OLD KEENE STUDENTS AND TEACHERS

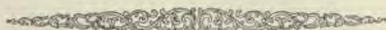
Keene

My arrival at Keene was singular. Dad and I were going across the plains of Northern Texas for the first time, bound for Keene. As our Santa Fe "Caterpillar" rounded a specially large sand hill bringing into view a more distant hill crowned with several exceptional buildings, we were impressed that that approaching hill of all Texas hills was Keene, so we reached for our bags. When we next looked out, our train had turned and we were about to leave that precious hill behind; so we hurried to get the conductor to pull the cord and stop the train which was now in the midst of those great stretches of fenced-in sand. Thus, leaving our inquisitive and wondering fellow passengers, we pursued our way across a two-mile stretch of that gentle sand and barbed wire, arriving in the "Holy City" (as the place is called by the employees of the other railroad — the little jerkwater line that we should have taken.) They never left off any mail on Sabbaths and said it was the only place they had ever seen where Sunday came twice a week.

But there began my high school experience. We have in our academic experience a strain of hilarity and intimacy with one another that the intimacy of college life cuts down. Why then should we not hold in esteem the memory of those days? I am sure that the W. M. C. students from Keene are not destitute of this evidence of red blood. We recognize that Keene has helped us in life; has done much for us; has made — well just see what we are!!— quod erat demonstrandum.

While some of Keene's students have shown the good judgment of putting themselves under the refining touch of W. M. C., there are others, and plenty of them, cutting wide swaths at the front lines of our work. Some are holding most important and responsible positions in the Lord's work abroad, and are there using the edge on their instruments as Keene left it.

H. G. LELAND.



Report of the Fireside Correspondence School for 1918

THE year 1918 was the banner year of the Fireside Correspondence School.

The enrollment of new students was 457, 113 more than for 1917 and double that of 1913. The number of old students was 310, making 767 in all.

The net gain for the year was \$323.77. The school has now overcome the unavoidable deficit of the first four years, has paid back to the General Conference the capital advanced to start the enterprise, and has accumulated a reserve fund sufficient to restore unused tuition in case it should be compelled for any reason to close its work, an event scarcely within the range of possibility.

Other index items also show encouraging growth. The number of certificates issued for subjects completed was 138, or 21 more than last year. The number of lessons corrected was 6,205, against 6,024 for 1917.

Bible Doctrines is still the most popular subject, having had 746 lessons corrected. English Literature comes second with 508 lessons, while Old Testament History has 372 lessons. Other subjects having above 200 lessons corrected are College Rhetoric 248, Church History 308, Daniel and the Revelation 245, English Grammar 210, New Testament History 292, and General History 256.

The school has added the following new subjects during the year: New Testament Epistles, Testimonies, Bible Readings, First Aid, and Reporting and Punctuation, making the number of subjects now offered 53.

Many of the best testimonials we have ever received have come to encourage us during the year. We have space for only brief extracts from two or three. A lady says, "I want to express my sincere appreciation of the course in Algebra recently completed. I shall never regret having taken it with the Fireside Correspondence

(Continued on page 20)



CAMPION

Memoir

BREATHES there a man who in the stillness of evening solitude, delights not to touch a "chord on memory's lyre" and wake the keynote of "Home Sweet Home?"

About one league distant from Loveland lies couched on a gentle slope, declining northward, a congenial little family group within whose embrace love reigns. And he who has never visited this little spot knows not quite the depth of meaning, the strong embrace, and the warmth of feeling in a hearty western handshake.

Over in the backyard (for it is located off the main highway perhaps a quarter of a mile) of this tiny hamlet, the Academy and its two dormitories stand, three abreast facing "Daddy's" big apple orchard with but the railroad intersecting.

In the accompanying cut notice the northbound "Colorado and Southern" from Denver, steaming through at high speed in a desperate attempt to make up lost time; but alas! how vain such an attempt, as every student to his own sorrow knows only too well.

Looking eastward and southward our eye is met by the crest of the slope on whose bosom lies Campion. But turning our eyes westward we behold with wondering admiration a piece of the handiwork of God — the majestic Rockies. There they stand, the mighty sentinels of ages past, and now jealously guarding our peaceful little hamlet.

As among men, so also we notice not all are of equal attainment. Some tower head and shoulders above their fellows. They cannot all so pervert the style as to wear a snowy cap through the warm sum-

mer days of July and August, and yet retain their influence and good standing, as can Long's Peak; nor do they all have the peculiar distinction and strangely famous aspect of Horse-Tooth Mountain; neither can many boast of the huge bulk and towering height of Pike's Peak. Long's Peak is known for its height and splendor, Horse-Tooth for its uncommon and odd appearance, and Pike's Peak for its enormous dimensions; yet none of these at their dizzy heights of fame have the repeated joy of the humbler foothills in lightening the cares and gladdening the hearts of those who come to spend the day and climb its grassy and woody slopes, and thus make the world less full of anguish and less full of pain.

However tightly entwined about our beloved W. M. C. may be our heart's affections, yet when in fond recollections we think of the scenes forever dear — of home and childhood — our memories seem but the "tomb of joys long past." Not that we love W. M. C. the less, but home the more, for looking back upon these gilded moments we almost feel

"Our joys have flown — yet parted hours
Still in the depths of memory lie
Like night-gems in the silent blue
Of summer's deep and brilliant sky."

G. CLIFTON WYMAN.



Making Use of What We Have

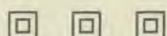
"I HAVEN'T talent for anything." This is an expression heard far too frequently and unadvisedly. The fact is that every person has at least one talent, and to most people are committed more than one. It may be the ability to sing, or to play, or the power to cheer the lives of others by speaking a kind word in season. Whatever it is, God has promised that the one who uses his talents will find them steadily increasing. On the contrary, the talents of the one who does not use them will decrease, just as the student forgets what he has learned unless he constantly reviews his past work.

Time is a talent and it ought to be well improved. "Of no talent he has given will he require a more strict account than of our time." School is a good place to learn to use every hour and every minute in a profitable way. The student who is conscientious and thorough in his studies or in any phase of school life, will later be capable of bearing heavy responsibilities in God's work. God is

anxiously watching the progress and advancement of each young person. The one who successfully completes a course of study in school, receives a degree; but how much better to satisfactorily complete the school of life and obtain an entrance to the city of God.

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,”
 “knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance; for ye serve the Lord Christ.”

GENEVIEVE HANSEN.



Life and Growth

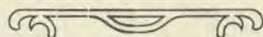
“WHEN there is vitality there is growth.” We see the demonstration of this fact on every hand. Every plant in nature continues to grow as long as there is living sap flowing into its fiber. The great forest trees which have stood for many years are ever broadening and reaching forth to greater heights.

This is also true of every child who is following closely the footsteps of the Master. Every one, who is continually receiving life from that source of all supply, will never cease to grow and develop. It is the tendency of many to reach a certain level in the Christian life and in some degree to become satisfied with an ordinary experience, or try to gather life from some inspirational experience of the past. It seems that they have lost sight of the fact that the winning life is the progressive life. It should be born in mind that every moment Satan is attacking with fury, and that an idle or slothful Christian falls an easy prey. Be on duty. Press forward, there are living issues to meet, problems to solve, victories to win, and strongholds to be thrown down. There is not a moment to lose, lest in that unguarded instant the enemy be victorious. Development and growth will inevitably come if these things are successfully met in the power which comes as a result of ever receiving divine life.

Christian! are you growing? Are you reaching forth to higher and better things? Is your experience ever that of overcoming, winning and advancing? If not, why not? Can you look back to some place where you lost the line of your development? Do you remember sometime, when by disobedience you checked or stopped the glow of that life-giving power? If your life is dry and fruitless, return to that point of disobedience. Reopen that channel to Christ and draw life from him; then life will be renewed for life means growth.

JULIAN GANT.

Campion Worries



IN Campion chapel I used to worry
That clock hands went so fearfully slow,
Just ticking out the endless seconds
With nothing else to do but go.

Yet when my school days there are over
I find the old clock's count was fast,
For now to think of dear old Campion
I have to turn and face the past;

That past of classrooms and of teachers
Of Latin verbs and truthful math,
Of study in the Book of Ages
For holier light along our path.

We honored too the Text imprinted,
God's other book we all believe —
Those snow-crowned peaks that burn in sunrise,
That blaze at noon, and glow at eve;

The winds that sweep the open prairies
Where naught of man intrudes or mars;
The Western friends as true as nature,
And the blaze of Western stars.

The students now to me are strangers
And I to them am but a "stray,"
O, Father Time, reverse your speeding,
And face about the other way!

For I would know the old-time students,
The teachers of the book and rule,
And the clock that wasted golden seconds
Upon the wall at Campion school.

HAROLD RICHARDS, '14.

THE SLIGONIAN

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(Continued from page 15) e

School, for I know I could not have obtained it so thoroughly in any other way." A prisoner writes: "I was greatly benefited with the course in Bible Doctrines, more than words can tell, and I am more than pleased with the lessons in Old Testament History, they are so interesting to my hungry soul."

The prospects for 1919 are encouraging. By the middle of February we had enrolled 300 old students and 94 new students. It was the first of May last year before we reached the latter number. The receipts for January were larger than for any other month in the history of the school. The receipts for the first six weeks of 1919 are greater than for the first four months of 1918. Nearly twice as many lessons were corrected in January as were corrected during the same month last year.

We thank the Lord for victories gained and press forward to greater achievements in His name. C. C. LEWIS, *Principal*.



Our Work in the Danube Union Before and During the War

OUR people will surely be interested in hearing some of our experiences in those countries which were actually engaged in this great European War now over. Whatever standpoint we may take, with reference to the real cause of this terrible catastrophe that has come over civilized nations of Europe, one fact prevails, that nothing happens without the will of God, and if poor Europe has been caused to suffer terribly, it certainly must be looked at as a means in the hands of the Almighty, to convince mankind that every material and spiritual aim that is not directed to eternal interests, will not stand the test of ages. If we declare that this war has tended to awake mankind out of lethargy and superficiality, we come very close to the truth. At least, we, as missionaries, have experienced a wonderful change in the attitude of the more intelligent classes in these countries toward religion and the Bible. Many atheists and unbelievers have shown a greater interest in those truths to which they have often listened in our lectures from place to place before and in the early days of the war.

It was my privilege to begin my work in Hungary about twenty-one years ago. I began with the study of the Hungarian language. By the way, I would remark that I once read in the Testimonies during the days of college life in College View, Nebraska, that every young person preparing himself for missionary

work in the message, should at least learn one more language besides his mother tongue. This, I thought did not apply to me, for the fact I already had two languages. But, however, I was glad to learn the third. I was greatly assisted in this by a Hungarian professor in Kolozsvár. I first took my Bible, and in both the English and Hungarian text, went out to the outskirts of the city to the brickmakers, who were very ready listeners, and easily forgave me, when I made mistakes in speech. I soon found that I could read much more readily than they could, and that gave me courage. In about a year and a half, after I began the study of the language, I was able to hold Bible studies and give lectures in that language. We soon succeeded in winning souls not only among the Hungarians, but the Slovaks, Rumanians, Servians, Croatians, Ruthenians, and Germans also. Before war broke out, we organized the Danube Union, with six conferences and mission fields, with a membership of almost two thousand, and a force of fifty-five workers.

When the war broke out, most of our ministers and officers of our churches were obliged to serve their country, and the burden of work remained upon the shoulders of a very few. However, we succeeded in reorganizing our churches, and putting our sisters in as leaders and helpers in church, missionary, and Sabbath-school work. We can, by experi-

ence, say that our sisters did very well under the circumstances, taking into consideration the fact that most of them had not only to tend to their household duties, but also to perform the former duties of their husbands in earning their daily bread. Our work was not only maintained, but also made progress during the terrible war. Now since war is over, and most of our workers and colporteurs have returned, we are able to continue the work with full enthusiasm and zeal. The loss of lives of our brethren was proportionally low. While several hundred of them were out in the field, only two workers and about twenty-four of our church members lost their lives, most of them through sickness, which they contracted in army service.

I am pleased to mention that our colporteur work has also been very successful, especially in the latter time of the war. We really sold many more books than before the war. This is the truth, for Germany, as well as for Austria-Hungary. Had we been able to procure enough paper for the printing of our books and tracts, our success would have been even greater.

In spite of suffering and deprivation, the members of our churches were always content, and you would seldom hear them murmuring. They bore their fate with patience, and found consolation in those beautiful truths which promise a better life in the future. Hungary and its people suffered less from starvation than other countries, as Germany and especially Austria, for the fact that Hungary is an agricultural state. But now since the war has ended, and coal and food supplies are being cut off by the enemy entering from the North, from the East and South, larger cities as Budapest and other centers are suffering more severely than during the war. But not only are the Hungarians threatened physically, but the cause of Protestant-

ism is in great danger through the fact of Rumanians and Servians occupying those parts of the territory of Hungary where millions of Protestants are living, that have not only stood for religious freedom, and freedom of speech, but have also proved a bulwark against the Turks and Tartars for centuries. Hungarian Protestantism has often saved civilization, in times past. If such governments which have the Greek oriental church as the state church, should get control of this territory without acknowledging the most perfect religious liberty, then the work of Protestantism will surely be destroyed, for the Greek oriental church, which is the state church of both Rumania and Servia, has always been an enemy to the ideals of Protestantism. In fact, east and south of Hungary, there is no Protestantism, because the Greek Orthodox church prevails.

We, however, hope that our government will make a fair study of these important questions, and throw all its weight in the balance for the interest of religious liberty and freedom of speech in these countries concerned, and thereby establish the true principles of democracy and freedom of conscience, without which lasting peace and freedom can never be established in any country. It is not unimportant to mention that the Hungarian people are as a whole really glad that things have turned in this war as they have. They are friends of the American people, not only since they were defeated, but were that before. They are glad of the fact that they are now a republic, and that the ideals of that great Hungarian statesman, Lewis Kossuth have at last been realized. There is thorough satisfaction among the people that this has been reached, and if their rights are taken into consideration, and they gain a hearing in their various questions, they will surely be the last to deny the rights of other nationalities that have

existed together with them in the past, within the boundaries of Hungary. I often heard them state that they really deserved their punishment to a great extent, and they bear it as heroes, but they do not feel they are the only ones who sinned. In fact, they believed that Austria had a great deal to do with forcing them into this unlucky war, and they do not look alone on Russia and Servia as their enemies, but also Austria which has suppressed them. They believe in the justice and fidelity of President Wilson, and his fourteen points of

peace, and they are perfectly convinced that when all questions are arranged at the peace conference, that a more happy future will be in store for them.

Of course, what they and all of us need, is the true Christian spirit, and a taste of real active Christianity. May the Lord help his people to realize the importance of its calling, and to be up to the many opportunities for real earnest, Christian work in all of these countries, now really being opened, in the near future.

J. F. HUENERGARDT.

True Greatness

A BANK president in a western city had the reputation of being the most honorable and upright business man in the city. In all his dealings with his fellow men he had seemingly been on the square. Having squandered thousands of dollars of the bank's money and unable to pay it back, he committed suicide. His reputation did not make him truly great. Pilate held a responsible position, but, as we see him deliver the innocent Saviour to the blood-thirsty mob to be put to death in the most cruel manner, we can see that position does not always make a man great. Belshazzar, ruler of the Golden Kingdom, had great wealth, but was an utter stranger to true greatness. He was able to make a sumptuous feast to a "thousand of his lords." During this feast in drunken debauchery he came to his end.

"Crownless and scepterless Belshazzar lay,
A robe of purple round a form of clay."

There are two kinds of greatness: one of little value as illustrated by the above—transitory and earthly, the other of great value—enduring and heavenly.

Was ever a man so truly great as Christ, when in that upper room he took a towel and girded himself, and washed the disciples' feet?

Moses was heir to the magnificent

palace and throne of Egypt. To sway the scepter of this glorious kingdom, to stand as the earth's greatest, one to whom all in that vast realm would bow the head and bend the knee—all this was his. When he stepped down from that position to the level of the Israelites, who were the despised slaves of the Egyptians, ground down till little better than beasts, was he stepping down from greatness to obscurity?

But the scene has changed. For the small sum of twenty-five cents you can go into one of our museums and see some of the mighty Pharaohs who swayed the scepter of Egypt's power. But is Moses there?—No. Moses, one of the earth's greatest men, stands with the bloom of immortal youth upon him in the presence of the Eternal God.

Only those who are subjects of the "heavenly kingdom" and follow in the footsteps of the greatest of the great are the truly great. "It is moral worth that God values." "He places his own signet upon men, not by their intellectual greatness, but by their oneness with Christ." "The simplicity, the self-forgetfulness, and the confiding love of a little child are the attributes that heaven values. These are the characteristics of real greatness."—*D. A. pp. 219, 437.* J. G. LILLY.



NEWS



Elder J. F. Huenergardt, who has just returned from Hungary, delivered an address in the College chapel Wednesday evening, March 5. Elder Huenergardt was in Hungary and Germany during the four years of war, traveling from place to place preaching the gospel. While he was in Germany he saw Elder Conradi and learned of the conditions among Seventh-day Adventists during the war. Mr. Huenergardt is a former student of Union College. He has been in Europe twenty-one years.

Mr. Stoddard, of Washington, D. C., spoke at the chapel exercise Tuesday, March 11. He is engaged in a campaign against secret societies and he clearly stated his convictions regarding their practices in his address. He said that God made man in his image, and it was unnecessary for anyone to become a Redman, a Woodman, or an Owl. God made us white men and we should be satisfied.

The Journalism class has been asked by the Review and Herald Publishing Association to prepare an issue of the *Youth's Instructor*. All members of the class are working hard on their share of the task. The number will be published sometime in April.

A Domestic Science class has been organized under the direction of Dr. Lauretta Kress.

Approximately eight hundred people were present to see Doctor Adam Geibel conduct his own cantata, "The Incarnation," which was sung by the College Choral Society Thursday evening, March 13, in Columbia Hall. The work of the society was praise-worthy throughout, and showed the result of Mrs. Stratton's exacting work. The soloists were: Mrs. Hazel Bachschmid, soprano; Miss

Ruth Roberts, contralto; Mr. Carlyle B. Haynes, tenor; Mr. Virbrook Nutter, tenor; Mr. Harry E. Edwards, bass. Minor parts were sung by Mr. G. Clifton Wyman and Mr. Francis Parrish. An admission fee of fifty cents was charged, the proceeds of which go to apply on the Students' Association pledge in payment of Columbia Hall.

Mr. Milne and Mr. Mundy who were confined to the Sanitarium on account of sickness, have recovered and have resumed their regular work.

School was closed Thursday, February 27, in order that the faculty and students might see the great parade in Washington in honor of President Wilson's return from Europe. All were glad for the opportunity to cheer our noble president as he marched with a company of doughboys from "over there."

The new gymnasium in Columbia Hall was opened to the students Saturday evening, February 29. After a few games were played, Lieutenant Williams lead several marches.

Professor Sorenson's class in Rome and the Middle Ages is surely getting some food for thought these days. All the prophetic periods which come within the bounds of this history are being carefully studied and explained as they are reached. "An ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory" is the class motto. The class seeks to decide on explanations large enough to include all the facts in each particular case. The students are enthusiastic over this practical work.

The North Hall boys have an outdoor basket ball court where they play at their leisure.

The Review and Herald Publishing Association gave a banquet to its employees and field representatives the closing evening of the Bookmen's Convention. The lady employees acted as waitresses and kept the guests well supplied with the many good things to eat which had been prepared. All who were present said that it was the "best yet."

The dedicatory service was a great success. It was very gratifying to see the new chapel filled. Approximately eight hundred people were present. This fact answered the question as to whether or not we needed Columbia Hall.

It is a pleasure to report from time to time the successes of our graduates. Word has just been received from Paulding, Ohio, where Joseph Shellhaas, of the large class of 1917, is holding a series of theatre meetings. There are associated with him a musical director, business manager, four Bible workers, and—of course—the Mrs.

Mr. Guild, one of the converts from Elder Haynes' present series of theatre meetings being held in Washington, is attending the college.

The Normal Department, which is under the direction of Mrs. B. Shanks Chaney, has extended its work into the field during the winter. Educational rallies have been held in the Virginia,

Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey Conferences. The convention at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, lasted for three days and was attended by all of the school teachers working in that conference, most of whom are former W. M. C. students. Professors Sorenson, Lacey, and Salisbury also assisted in these various rallies. The Normal Department, under Mrs. Chaney's able direction, is doing very commendable work, and it is becoming more evident each year that W. M. C. is turning out A-1 teachers.

Mrs. Virbrook Nutter has taken the place of Mrs. Salisbury as preceptress of South Hall.

The Commercial Department has a new home,—the former chapel. For nearly two years classes have been held in the former North Hall parlor, where desks, typewriters, and students were packed in like the proverbial sardines. The commercial students will now have ample room, and the boys of North Hall will have a long-hoped-for parlor.

Elder Wight, president of Southern Union Conference, spoke to the Ministerial Band several weeks ago. All the boys were of one accord in saying, "Come again."

Mrs. Neff, of Staunton, Virginia, has been visiting her son John.

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