

(April 1917)

The Sligonian



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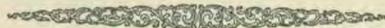
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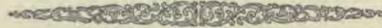
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THE SLIGONIAN

VOL. I

TAKOMA PARK, D. C., APRIL, 1916

No. 1

My Ideal College Paper

M. E. OLSEN

My ideal college paper would first give the news. Its editors would be in sympathetic touch with their fellow students. They would know all the little personal incidents that go so far towards making up the life of a college, and would tell about them in numerous crisp news paragraphs.

My college paper would do more than tell the news. The aspirations and ideals of the college would find expression in its pages. It would voice student sentiment, and in a measure also direct it, ever exerting a strong influence in behalf of right principles. Its tone would be positive and optimistic. It would abound in good cheer. It would stand strongly for the unique features of a missionary college.

It would be bright, sparkling, vivacious, without being cheap; it would have the enthusiasm of youth with a good measure of its wisdom, and it would be an all-round exponent of the highest activities of the college.

"The Sligonian"

WHEN the committee appointed by the General Conference to locate our institutions in the East first reported the site at Takoma Park, it was described as being on a hill overlooking the "Sligo." And ever since, this stream has often been mentioned in connection with our institutions at this place. Views of the "high bridge" and of the stream above and below the bridge, and in front of the Sanitarium, have been printed in our publications, and have been prominent in the catalogues of the College and the Sanitarium. No one has been disappointed when he came to see the reality; for surely it is a beautiful stream, with delightful nooks of nature clustering along its border.

The church which has grown up about these institutions struggled along for years with the cumbersome title of the "Washington Seminary-Sanitarium Church," but finally changed its name to the

"Sligo Church." And when the College song was composed the author could not refrain from beginning it with—

"Where the laughing Sligo's waters go a-tumbling
'tween the hills."

Thus, through these associations, by an easy metonymy, the stream has come to represent the educational and benevolent work carried forward by the twin institutions that overlook its waters.

And the SLIGONIAN stands for it all. C. C. LEWIS.

THE naming of our College paper could not have been attended with more difficulty if it had been a baby-boy instead of a baby magazine. The name finally chosen by the Student's Association was first suggested by Professor Lewis, a fact which gives significance to his article.

The Steady Subscriber

*HOW dear to our heart is the steady subscriber
Who pays in advance at the birth of each year—
Who lays down the money and does it quite gladly,
And casts 'round the office a halo of cheer,
He never says, "Stop it; I can not afford it,
I'm getting more papers than now I can read;"
But always says, "Send it; our people all like it;
In fact, we all think it a help and a need."
How welcome his check when it reaches our sanctum!
How it makes our pulse throb! How it makes our hearts dance!
We outwardly thank him; we inwardly bless him—
The steady subscriber who pays in advance,
—Inland Printer.*

WE thank Misses Florence Kneeland and Katharyn Fickes for doing the stenographic work of the SLIGONIAN board. Their services are greatly appreciated.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT is gratefully given to Mr. Andre Roth for the design of the SLIGONIAN cover. We wish also to thank Mr. Sanford Harlan, of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, for the pen and ink drawing of the same.

□ Into All the World □

The College and Missions

J. L. SHAW



THE object of Washington Missionary College includes more than to provide literary or technical training in the arts and sciences. While this is an important end, there is still a greater one in view. The purpose of our College is to save our young people from the world, establish their faith in God, change their ideals, and give them a thorough, practical education, which will not only enable them to meet the responsibilities of life, but also prepare them to join the world-wide movement proclaiming in all lands the soon coming of Christ.

The College bears a close relation to our foreign mission advance. During the years that it has been educating workers for mission fields, 204 students have entered the institution, received the benefits of the College, and passed on to their different fields of labor. Of those who have left the College halls, representatives are to be found in Asia, Africa, South America, Europe, and the islands of the sea.

The foreign missionary should have a college education. He becomes a pioneer, and the successful pioneer requires education. He may be called from one line of work to another. On entering a field he seeks to become proficient in a difficult language; later he must prepare to translate papers, tracts, and possibly books; conduct a mission school or a dispensary; do the work of an evangelist, and assume many other burdens which fall to the lot of a missionary. All this calls for training, and other things being equal, the more the better.

Missionaries of Medieval and Modern times have been called to a wide field of effort challenging their intellectual and spiritual equipment to the utmost. Ulfilas, one of the first missionaries to cross the Danube, reduced a rough, uncouth language to writing, and invented a written alphabet. St. Patrick, the first missionary to Ireland, established schools, trained a native ministry, and laid the foundation for the conversion of the people. Boniface, three centuries later, followed

a similar policy, teaching the people, and establishing schools for the training of workers. The history of modern missions bears even more eloquent testimony to the advantages of a thorough education. The biographies of Carey, Duff, Ziengenbalz, Swartz, Judson, Morrison, and a galaxy of other pioneers in foreign missions, emphasize the importance of preparedness.

But, alas! many young people zealous for their Master, little realize the need of a thorough preparation. The experience of such may be illustrated by the following example:

“Emory Grier stood dangerously near the foot of his class in college; he did not lack ability, but he continually underestimated the importance of the work he had to do. He was impatient to get out into the world to ‘do a man’s work.’ In his freshman year his self confidence had been needlessly encouraged by a traveling phrenologist who assured him that he ‘had a head like Franklin’s.’ Grier was of a religious temperament, and he had an excellent speaking voice; therefore he felt drawn toward the Christian ministry.

“One day he was trying to demonstrate a theorem at the blackboard, but he got hopelessly tangled up in sines and cosines. The good-natured instructor tried to help him, but in vain. Finally the boy broke down, and with a half-stifled sob exclaimed: ‘Professor, I don’t see what this has to do with the preaching of the gospel, anyhow!’

“Fully persuaded that a perishing world needed him, he could not wait to finish his college course. He did not have much difficulty in finding a church to give him a call, for his presence was good and his manner attractive. But in a little time he had failed as badly in the ministry as he had in his class work. He did not resign; but, as another unsuccessful minister touchingly explained respecting his own case, he ‘had his resignation sent in to him.’

“After a few attempts to hold other small pastorates, he drifted into another occupation that made fewer demands on his qualities of social, intellectual, and spiritual leadership. He had not realized that the time spent in preparation for a most exacting vocation was as truly service for God as preaching in a pulpit.

“Emory Grier’s experience is repeated by thousands of young men and women who start out with high aims, but who fall out of the race because they are inadequately trained for it. Ignorance is always a handicap; knowledge enables a person to seize opportunities, and make the most of them.”

Missions and missionary advance are themes that receive much consideration at this College. Eighteen students of the school have this year received definite appointments to mission fields. Seven of

these finish their College course, and receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In a few weeks these recruits will be on their way across the waters to their fields of labor. The next year with most of them will be given to language study. Some will be studying Chinese, others Japanese, and still others will apply themselves to Hindustani. Some go to Spanish fields and will become familiar with that language. The names and fields of appointments are as follows:—

China: Milton Conger and wife, Clarence Morris, R. J. Brines, C. E. Blanford, Dorothy Spicer, May Cole-Kuhn, May Wheeler. Japan: S. G. Jacques and wife. South America: R. G. Schaffner, Ellis Howard. Cuba: Wayne Barto and wife. India: Floyd Smith and wife. Honduras: Henry Brown and wife.

A large number of students will enter the work at home during the summer, some as colporteurs, others as preachers, tent masters, Bible workers, or nurses; while still others accept appointments as teachers for the coming year. Thus the institution is proving a "gateway to service at home and abroad."

Why a Missionary Department?

THE Missionary Department in the SLIGONIAN will be both historical and inspirational. It will give a record of the workers sent out by the Washington Missionary College and the work already accomplished, as well as a forecast of that to be done in the days to come; and it will set a pace for those who read, to follow.

The great object of all our training is service; and to some of us, perhaps to many, this call may come from places in "the uttermost parts of the earth," far distant from our Alma Mater. We are apt to see the distant fields in a halo of rainbow tints, forgetting that it is a very real *need* that calls us; that the need is caused by sin, and that the results of sin call for sacrifice and self surrender on the part of those who take up the warfare against it. If we find it difficult to work for the Master *here*, if we are easily discouraged, and think the sacrifices and self denials too great, we shall find no miracle wrought to make our way of surrender easy *there*.

Those who have gone out from our school can speak with special force to the students of Washington Missionary College, warning us against making mistakes, giving us practical suggestions and advice, and above all holding up before us the joy of soul winning.

Washington Missionary College already has many workers in the fields, and it will, we hope, have many more; and we are sure it will have reports from these workers. What *you* say, the bit of history *you* may relate, the record of personal work *you* have done, "may be a star in some one's sky—*pass it on!*"

J. R. E.

◻ ◻ ◻ LITERARY ◻ ◻ ◻

Dorothy Virginia's Test

BY JESSIE RUTH EVANS



H, grandmother, to think that I am really home with you again after nine long months," cried Dorothy Virginia in her impetuous, girlish fashion; and she accompanied the words with a joyful embrace.

The person who received these tokens of affection was not much larger than her granddaughter. Mrs. Pemberton was known the village over as the "doll-like lady," so petite and exquisite was she. But with that fragility was interwoven such dignity and character that even from mere acquaintances she drew respect and admiration. She now stood earnestly searching the face of Dorothy Virginia. Her greeting had been all that a home-coming girl could wish; but Mrs. Pemberton must see before more talk, what nine months of college associations, of college discipline, and dormitory influences had reflected in the young face,—the character mirror of her girl. A sigh of satisfaction escaped the firmly drawn lips. Yes, this new training had done Dorothy Virginia good. There was still that trusting expression, and yet with it was mingled a look of resolution, of self-confidence, that formerly was lacking.

Mrs. Pemberton drew the girl gently down beside her on the porch lounge. "Now," said she, "tell me all you have been doing at your 'W. M. C.,' as you call it, since you went there last fall. And don't forget that your grandmother loves to hear things that interest *young* people." A bright look of comradeship passed between these two,—the one on the last part of the journey of life, the other just beginning it.

Dorothy Virginia then began a recital of events that had occurred at her beloved college. Many a faculty member would have given much to hear the "Tragic Tale of Pulled Buns," the "Rise and Fall of the College Sorority," or the "Moonlight Lunch on the Point." She told everything that had been interesting to her, good and bad. It was indeed a lively half-hour that followed.

At last Dorothy Virginia was silent, and her grandmother put to her the question of how she would spend her vacation.

"You know, dear, after you have been tied down with your studies and strict regulations all winter, I want you to have a lovely vacation. I have been trying to make plans for you but I decided to leave the final decision until after you reached home, and we talked it over together. Expense doesn't have to be reckoned with, you know." And, indeed, it did not; for Mrs. Pemberton was a widow of considerable means, though not what you would call rich. "I thought, perhaps more than anything else, you would enjoy a summer on the shore of Lake Michigan with your Aunt Bessie," she continued. "An invitation came a week ago. She said that I was to tell you that your four girl chums of high school days would be there, and several of Cousin George's Union College friends. As far as I can understand, you would have everything there to make your summer delightful. What do you think of the idea? Don't look so serious, child, it is not a life and death issue."

But Dorothy Virginia *did* look serious. She must now tell the one thing she had reserved to confide to her grandmother at another time. That was the question of paying a college pledge she had made for the sum of fifty dollars. This pledge was very dear to her heart, and a sore subject as well; for the girls and the boys at the college had said, "Oh, yes, Dorothy Virginia can give for the new chapel building, alright, she has a rich grandmother to pay the bill. I wonder what she would do if she had to earn the money like most of the W. M. C. students? She won't even feel it. There isn't a person in college that has it as easy as she. Don't you wish we had a snap such as she has, though? But Dorothy is alright, even if her path is 'strewn with roses.'"

Perhaps they thought their class-mate didn't feel that line of difference they drew between her and themselves; but she *did*. Of course she knew it was true that her grandmother lavished on her all the ordinary necessities and some of the luxuries of life; and it was also true that she had never had to deny herself in any way when she was called on for a donation.

One of Dorothy's best friends had said to her in connection with this college building fund, "Dorothy Virginia, there is one thing that your money keeps you from enjoying to the extent that we who have to work for it do, that is you cannot put your *very self* into your gifts. Now, when my twenty-five dollars goes into that chapel, a little slice of my love, energy, and resourcefulness goes with it. Did you ever feel like that about a gift?"

No, she had not; but Dorothy Virginia resolved in her heart that when the new chapel was erected it should represent her self-denial and love as well as that of the other college students.

"Grandmother," said Dorothy slowly, "I don't believe I can go away from home this summer, though I would rather go to Aunt Bessie's than do anything else. Just think of all the fun we would have! It almost seems as if I couldn't miss seeing the girls!" A perceptible struggle was going on in Dorothy Virginia's mind. Tears were near the surface. This reunion with her girl chums had been a long cherished plan.

"No, I can't go," she repeated after a moment of silence. "I have pledged to give fifty dollars for our new college building, and I must earn the money myself. I am going to stay right here and do some kind of work."

"But child, why should you deny yourself a lovely vacation? You surely know that I will gladly give you fifty dollars for the new chapel. There is no need of your spending your vacation working to earn that sum. Why didn't you tell me before that you wanted the money?"

"Grandmother, don't you see it would not be I giving the money, it would be *you*? I want the money I give to represent my own affection and loyalty for W. M. C. I want to have to work and sacrifice as the rest of the students do for theirs."

Mrs. Pemberton looked gravely at Dorothy. So this was the spirit that the college had given her girl. Well, the long separation was worth while, if she had learned the lesson of cheerful sacrifice.

"Dorothy Virginia," said she, "I sympathize with you, and I shall not urge you to accept your Aunt Bessie's invitation. But remember, it is not easy to earn fifty dollars in this small village. What do you plan to do?"

"Well, you see for one thing, I thought I would pick berries during the season. I ought to earn at least ten dollars at that. Then, you know, I was offered five dollars for the doilies and towels I embroidered last summer. As I put them in my 'hope chest', I can still sell them if Mrs. Roberts wishes them. And grandmother, don't you recall how eager they were for my candy last year at the Y. W. C. A. reception? They told me if I was here when they had it again, they would pay me a good sum for making candy for them. Now, don't be shocked or say 'no' the first thing,—but I am going to try and work old Mr. Bolsby, who they say wouldn't give a penny to missions for the world, into giving me twenty-five dollars for our new school chapel. If I can get him to give a donation to the college and

be a 'cheerful giver' at the same time, I shall think I have really earned the money."

"Alright my dear, it won't hurt to try. But don't forget that if it seems too hard your grandmother will help you out."

Dorothy set to work with a will. Many a night she came in with a very tired back, and stained hands from her berry picking. She would not stop, though, until she had earned her ten dollars. Many an hour or half-hour, she spent trying to get old Mr. Bolsby to be a 'cheerful giver', but not until two days before vacation was over did he relent. Then one night he said to Dorothy Virginia, "Take this envelope with you, my dear, and remember what is in it only slightly expresses the admiration of an old man for a girl who has the courage of her convictions, and has won me over to the point of putting a 'slice of myself' into her beloved Washington College."

Dorothy walked home on air, but when she opened the envelope, she found, not the hoped for twenty-five dollars, but a check for one hundred dollars.

"Oh, Grandmother," she cried, "I have earned twenty-five dollars by myself, and now this one hundred dollars is almost the same as earned by me. Isn't it lovely though? They can't ever say again at the college that I don't feel the joy they do in giving, can they?"

Dorothy Virginia left for college early in September. Her grandmother had never mentioned donating anything on her own behalf to the college fund since the first day's discussion, and Dorothy did not feel that she should suggest it. So they parted with never a word about giving, except as Mrs. Pemberton praised her granddaughter for faithfully and cheerfully accomplishing her task. When Dorothy Virginia was leaving, her grandmother gave her a new traveling case "filled with the articles you love," said she. On opening the bag in preparation for retiring, Dorothy Virginia began to investigate her new treasures one by one. In a side pocket, she discovered a little black wallet. For a moment she hesitated opening it (sometimes the joy of anticipation is greater than that of realization), but finally she tore open the envelope, and along with a check for two hundred and fifty dollars signed by her grandmother, she found a note which read:

"Dear Dorothy Virginia,—

This check only represents the money I had planned to spend for your vacation at your Aunt Bessie's. I feel that you have more than earned it by your summer's work and sacrifice. It is yours to use as you like; but I have a faint suspicion that the Students' Association will get every penny of it for that new building."

"I wish I were a boy for about half a minute," said Dorothy Virginia, "I should say, 'You bet it will.'"

The Two Brothers

ALBERT MUNSON

KARL and Jacob Strauss had been ploughing on a sunny hillside of their farm in Prussia. It was noon time, and as they led their horses to the watering trough, they were talking seriously. Jacob, the younger brother, was speaking.

"A man must know definitely what he is going to do. I tell you, I'm not going to kill! I'll show them that they can't force my conscience! I've made up my mind, and Germany or no Germany, I will not change it."

Karl was in deep thought, and as they passed slowly down the lane he raised his head and said solemnly, "Jacob, God knows about me. This is such a great crisis that I cannot say what I will do. I know this much: if I do remain faithful, it will be by his grace alone. My fate rests in his hands, and come what may he will help me to do the right thing." At this they reached the house and prepared for dinner.

At the close of the meal their sweet-faced mother sat down by the fire and began to weep. Karl quickly arose and putting his arm around her said, "Mother, what is the matter, are you troubled about us?" In response she handed him an Imperial dispatch, the sight of which made Karl very grave and drove the blood from Jacob's face.

The next day was the sorrowful time of parting. Her heart heavy with anguish, the mother knelt with her boys in prayer; and then throwing her arms around them gave her final admonition: "O, my dear ones, be true to the principles which I have taught you from your boyhood!" Choking with manly emotion they turned from the dear old home, and swinging into step, disappeared over the hill, their faces streaming with tears.

Jacob very soon forgot his grief and began to respond to the thrill of martial music; but Karl plodded on in silence seeming now and then to move his lips in prayer.

* * * *

It had been whispered that the army was about to begin a great drive, and thousands of troops were hurried into the zig-zag trenches long before daylight. Already the deep reverberating roar of cannon shook the ground. Away up among the first rays of the rising sun an English airman was securing the range. Even the sullenness of the clouds seemed to warn them of the horror that was to come. Karl and Jacob stood in their places, pale and sick at the thought of their first baptism of blood.

The sun glared red over the low hills, and suddenly the Battle of Ypres was in full blaze. The sharp staccato orders of the captains, the rattle of machine guns, the booming of cannon which developed into a steady roar, and the thundering crash of shrapnel shells, combined to arouse in every man the old spirit of the Huns. Karl spoke to his younger brother: "Jacob, don't forget what mother said. Today we must each stand alone." Jacob's only response was to hiss through his clenched teeth: "*Vaterland!*" His whole being was thoroughly aroused. In spite of himself Karl began to feel the lust for blood. Then he prayed in sheer desperation, and as he prayed a great calm came over him and his soul was at peace.

Without a moment's notice the order for a general charge passed swiftly through the trenches and in an instant the plain was alive with Germans. Onward they swept; machine guns tore horrible gaps in the advancing lines. The lines paused, closed the gaps, and then swept on. Jacob, one of the foremost, yelled in fiendish fury, and plunged his bayonet into an English giant who rose out of the trench before him. The trench had been captured, but Jacob forgot his part in the victory that had ended a long day's fighting.

As darkness came on he began creeping from man to man in search of his brother. "Karl, is that you?" The poor fellow was kneeling by a prostrate form. "O Jacob, hold my head up. I see a great company of angels with crowns. Jesus is with them. . . . Tell mother that I will meet her in the great Fatherland when Jesus comes." The youthful head sank, and from the dying lips were muttered the words, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

At a joint meeting of the officers of the General Conference and the North American Division held in Loma Linda, it was urgently requested that Professor J. L. Shaw, president of Washington Missionary College, be released from that office to serve as Assistant Secretary of the General Conference. After careful consideration, the College Board reluctantly consented, asking Professor B. F. Machlan, who is at present the principal of South Lancaster Academy, to act as president of the College during the coming year. Professor Machlan has had long experience in educational work. In addition to work in the public schools, he has occupied places of responsibility in our denominational schools, both in Australia and America. He is well qualified to bear the burdens of college leadership.

While we students regret the loss of President Shaw, we nevertheless extend to Professor Machlan a promise of hearty cooperation with him in his efforts to make this College a strong center of physical, intellectual, and spiritual education.

R. S.



COLLEGE NEWS NOTES

ON Saturday evening, March twenty-eighth, the members of the Quadrangle accepted the cordial invitation of Miss Jessie Evans to meet at her home on Willow Avenue. Their welcome and the pleasant entertainment will not soon be forgotten by the members of the Quadrangle. The meeting was called to order at eight o'clock by President Brines, a few business items were considered, and then all listened to a reading of Edward Everett Hale's "My Double and How He Undid Me," which was given by Mr. Shellhaas. Mrs. Caviness recited Van Dyke's "Only a Handful of Clay." Being encored, she impersonated an old woman giving the young folks an account of her love affair. Miss Bollman furnished the music for the evening by rendering some vocal solos. "My Ain Folk," a Scotch song, was especially enjoyed. Delicious refreshments were served, and after some unique toasts were given to the hostess, the meeting adjourned.

MISS SADIE HOOK was called to her home in Iowa, on account of illness in the family. She will not return this year.

MISS MILDRED STUART spent the week end at her home in Arlington, Virginia.

SATURDAY evening, April first, the girls of South Hall gave a farewell "spread" for Miss Ethel Whittemore before she returned to her home in Graysville, Tennessee. The delicacies were spread on the floor of the upper hall, and the girls, in Japanese attire, were seated against the walls of the corridor. Numerous candles cast a soft glow over the scene and gave to it a charming appearance. Toasts were given, songs sung, and there was such a general good time that Mrs. Griggs had great difficulty in separating the girls for the night.

ON the evening of March twenty-third Professor Hamer directed a march for the home students in the Dining Hall. After the march refreshments consisting of ice cream and wafers were served.

GREAT excitement pervaded the dining room at noon on the twentieth of March when the Junior flag was seen floating from the flag pole of the College building.

MR. RICHARD FARLEY, '15, recently paid his Alma Mater a short visit. Mr. Farley is at present engaged in ministerial work at Charlottesville, Virginia.

THE Quadrangle gave the evening of April first to the study of great naturalists. Miss Waggoner in an interesting and original manner told of John Burroughs and the way he studies nature at "Slabsides" and "Woodchuck Lodge," effectively reading his poem entitled "Waiting." Mr. Little read some characteristic descriptions from Burrough's nature books. The early life of Charles Muir was very entertainingly sketched by Miss Chrisman with selections from his autobiography.

DR. FREDERIC MONSEN, of the New York Archeological Society, lectured to the students on the evening of March sixteen. The subject was "The Land of the Navajos." The lecture was interesting and instructive and was well illustrated with beautiful views.

MR. C. V. LEACH has been chosen to take the work of the Columbia Union Field Secretary, succeeding I. D. Richardson. Mr. Leach is an old student of the College.

SATURDAY evening, April eight, Doctor and Mrs. Olsen entertained the Comparative Literature, Journalism, and Nineteenth Century Prose classes at their home. An informal program was given, consisting of music, the reading of some of Eugene Field's poems, a guessing contest composed of the reading of selections and quotations showing the characteristic style of different authors, and some interesting stories from Robert Louis Stevenson and Seumas Mc Manus, read by Doctor Olsen. Delicious refreshments were served by the attractive little daughters, Louise and Alice. A pleasant evening was spent by all.

MISS MATILDA ERICKSON gave an interesting talk on the "Organization of Young People's Societies" at the Missionary Volunteer meeting held April first.

MRS. W. L. GREEN and daughter, Miriam, of Harrisburg, Pa., are visiting Mrs. Greene's niece, Miss Katharyn Fickes for a few days.

MR. PAUL HOTTEL recently visited his brother John at the College.

MISS LAURA PATTERSON has returned to school after having spent about four weeks at her home in Pennsylvania, whither she was called by the serious illness of her mother.

MR. WILLIE WILKINS responded to the call of spring recently by spending a few days on the farm at his home in Virginia.

ELDER AND MRS. N. W. PHILIPS spent a few days visiting their son, Eugene, at the College. They plan to make their home in Washington, where Elder Philips will assist Elder Harter in the tent work of the coming season.

AGAIN the numbers of the "faithful few" in the Dining Hall have been decreased. Miss Enola Freeman was called to her home in St. Louis, Missouri on account of the ill health of her mother. The evening before she left, the girls of her dormitory gathered in the Dining Room for a marshmallow roast. The light from the hearth made a pleasing picture, as the girls seated on cushions around the fire told stories and played games. Light refreshments were also served. After a jolly time of roasting marshmallows, it was decided to have some flashlight pictures taken, and then to say "Good-night."

WHILE visiting in the East, previous to their return to China in the fall, Elder and Mrs. R. F. Cottrell spent some time with Elder Cottrell's aunt, Mrs. M. M. Quantock.

FORTUNATELY for those interested in baseball, our Friday afternoons are generally pleasant. Every minute of the time is improved, and some interesting games have already taken place.

MISS WORTHIE HOLDEN recently enjoyed a visit from her brother, Dr. W. B. Holden, of the Portland (Oregon) Sanitarium. During his visit he occupied the chapel hour. The object of his talk was to cheer the dull and homely, and to frighten the bright and beautiful. He admonished us to surmount our obstacles, and improve our opportunities, assuring us that money and good looks are undesirable advantages.

THE Comparative Literature class gave Doctor Olsen a surprise on his birthday, March twenty-eight. Mr. Rebok read his biography, and Mr. Brown voiced the sentiment of the class in expressing appreciation of his teaching by presenting him with a bust of Dante.

WHILE visiting relatives in the East, Mrs. Mumma recently called at the College to see her niece, Miss Mary Herr. Mrs. Mumma is a teacher in one of the Indian schools in Arizona.

THE Greek History class recently visited the Museum and Art Gallery, to study Greek Architecture and Art.

THE publishers of the SLIGONIAN advertise only those firms which they can unhesitatingly recommend. We bespeak for them the hearty co-operation and patronage of our subscribers. To assure our advertisers of your support and sympathy, mention the SLIGONIAN when purchasing.

H. F. B.

SANITARIUM ITEMS

WALTER S. BROWN goes to Melrose Sanitarium. J. B. Blosser of Virginia will take his place as fireman.

C. T. BLISS will go to the Wabash Valley Sanitarium, where he will take up work in the culinary department.

ROBERT COKER recently visited his sister at the Sanitarium. Mr. Coker attended the College last year.

MR. RAHN is expected to return from the Florida Sanitarium soon, to continue his nursing here.

MISS BEULAH BROWN has returned from a visit to Wilmington, Delaware.

THE patronage of this institution was never better, it being filled to almost its greatest capacity. The hospital in the city is also well filled, with a daily growing patronage.

SOME of the recent patients registered at the Sanitarium are: Senator and Mrs. Culberson, of Texas; Mrs. Shawalter, wife of Congressman Shawalter; Mrs. Shapiro, of New York City; Mr. Blackman, of New Jersey; Mr. Tolson, of Baltimore; Miss Shaver, from Virginia; Miss Farris, from Tennessee; Mrs. Eastman, from California; and Mr. L. N. Muck, from College View, Nebraska, who is editor of a paper for the blind.

ELDER KIRKENDALL, who was recently obliged to give up his work in the Chesapeake Conference on account of declining health, is now with us. His daughter, Miss Myrtle Kirkendall, attends the College.

A CENTRAL heating plant and laundry have been completed, and with a few slight adjustments, are now operating nicely. This improvement supplies a long felt need.

ANOTHER important improvement is the re-arranging of the patients' dining room. It has been redecorated, and the floor covered with green cork linoleum. The various tints and colors on the walls and ceiling blend very nicely with the floor covering, giving the dining room a cool and restful appearance.

THE Sanitarium Gymnasium and Natatorium plans have been completed, and the excavating begun. The Sanitarium family has pledged \$1000.00 for this enterprise. The building will be 60 by 35 feet, and the swimming pool 18 by 50 feet.

MRS. GEORGE MUNSCH, of Macon, Georgia, was a recent guest of Misses Elizabeth and Alberta Munsch, nurses at the Sanitarium.

THE SLIGONIAN

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF WASHINGTON MISSIONARY COLLEGE

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M. ELLSWORTH OLSEN, Ph. D., <i>Faculty Adviser</i>		

Foreword

ALMOST from the very first, the students of Washington Missionary College have wanted an official organ to represent before the public their College and its various activities. Our people throughout the Union Conferences of the East have a right to know, and ought to know, of the progress of an institution which they have so generously aided in establishing. Fathers and mothers who have children in the College, young people aspiring to obtain a Christian education, former students of the Foreign Mission Seminary, and all others interested generally in educational matters, will, we believe, receive our efforts with toleration, at least; and, we hope, with ever increasing benefit and pleasure. Students of our sister colleges who are already so fortunate as to possess an "Educational Messenger," a "Student Idea," or a "Student Movement," will doubtless rejoice that another portion of the critical public is now removed from the "seat of the scornful," and takes its place among those striving to produce an ideal college paper. With you, we will strive to advance the cause of education, and to enlist recruits for its growing and advancing army.

Furthermore, it will be the aim of the SLIGONIAN to bind the cords of fellowship about the teachers, the undergraduates, and the Alumni of our College; to give the news about everybody and everything pertaining to our Alma Mater; and to bring to the light of day the bright-

est and best literary efforts of aspiring young authors and journalists.

In the College, the SLIGONIAN will champion all that is progressive, worthy, and honest, and will earnestly oppose all that is not. If it has a personality that proves a factor either here or abroad, it will be the personality of the students and teachers of good old W. M. C.; for the editors will faithfully endeavor to reflect their spirit, their thoughts, and their ideals.

These are just a few of the things that the editors and managers have in mind as this, their maiden effort, goes to press. We hope you will pass over the mistakes gently and tenderly, for we have tried to do the best we could, along with our many school duties. May this and further numbers bring to you a message of true College spirit, of good cheer, and good fellowship.

C. H. L.

Our Dedication

THE SLIGONIAN makes its appearance to supply a very definite need. We have felt this need since the Washington Missionary College was established, and it has increased with each passing year. We rejoice in the opportunity that is now provided for expressing to some extent the hopes and ambitions of the student body, as well as to share with others the good things we have here. Up to this time it has seemed impossible to conduct a students' paper. But we hope and believe that once started, it will find a welcome among the many friends of the College which will more than make possible its continuance as long as the school shall stand.

The SLIGONIAN has been established by the Students' Association of the College. In fact all the student movements have had their beginnings in this organization; and it was formed for just that purpose. The association includes all the students of the College as its members. Each member has the privilege of voting on all questions that come before the association for action. In this way there is secured both unity and harmony in whatever may be undertaken. We feel that only by the combined strength of all the students can the best success be made possible. We do not want any Achans in the camp. The Students' Association is an organization empowered to act upon student matters, always, of course, under the advice and counsel of the Faculty. Its aim is to cultivate true college spirit, the spirit of loyalty and devotion that inspires action.

Representing as it does the school as a whole it has for its standards the aims of the institution. But those standards are exactly what the students make them. For after all, the success of the

school depends to a large extent upon each student's relation to it. If the standard of class work is set high, it means that the students themselves make possible those standards. The desire in their hearts to accomplish something really worth while, will widen the influence and raise the standing of this institution more than any other one thing.

We confidently hope and expect that the aims of the students will find an outlet, not only in the immediate interests of the school, but also in the work as a whole. The inspiration obtained here leads to a fuller consecration for the work in the field. The work here is to a large extent theoretical and preparatory, and for this reason vitally essential. There is every reason why the school and field should be united in the closest relationship, and cooperate to the same end. If this message means anything at all to us, it should mean everything. We cannot afford to give it merely a part of our time and effort.

The SLIGONIAN makes its appearance as an expression of these convictions. Its purpose is to bear a definite message, one of cheer and *hope*. If it cannot do that, it has no reasonable excuse for being published at all. But to do this the paper must have the active help and sympathy of all who call themselves its friends. Our intention is by "hard work" to make this paper the best that honest effort and ability can accomplish. But we believe in letting all who are interested have a share in it, thus distributing the burden.

It would do wonders to facilitate the publishing of the SLIGONIAN if we could somehow cause our friends to feel that their help is necessary. More than that, the degree of success the paper will ultimately secure is in direct proportion to the interest manifested by its patrons. It remains with our subscribers to say what the paper will be, for the best kind of material cannot be published unless we have means. And money only comes through subscriptions. We hope to have the hearty support of every loyal friend of W. M. C. in making this paper a success—a definite factor in the work of the College. To this work we dedicate the SLIGONIAN.

J. A. R.

It is not the purpose of the SLIGONIAN to criticise any one or any thing, but we stand for progress. Our editorial policy is not that of one person, or of certain persons, or interests, but for the general good. As far as possible it is the policy of all the students of the College.

You are therefore invited to help us mold this policy to fit your desires and needs. We want you to write for us articles on subjects of school interest. The SLIGONIAN is your paper. It stands for the sentiment of the College.

M. B.

The Ministerial Band and Its Work

JOE SHELLHAAS

THE Ministerial Band is composed of thirty young men, filled with an ardent desire to serve God, and be the means of proclaiming the gospel to those who know it not. Every Monday evening at six-thirty o'clock these young men meet to discuss the various phases of the minister's work.

Addresses on the work of the ministry are given by the various members of the class. Such subjects as "Delivery of the Sermon," "Mistakes of Ministers," "Materials for a Sermon," and "Pulpit Manners" are taken up. After the address, a discussion follows which is very instructive. The main idea of our Leader is that the work of the band be done by the members of the band.

A little while ago, a talk was given on "Personal Work" which impressed us all, and when it was finished, it seemed that the spirit of the Lord so moved us that we felt the need of consecrating our lives anew to the work of soul winning. One by one each spoke of his desire and determination to have a deeper experience, and to engage in personal work.

The field work of the band has been increasing. During the months of February and March, 521 tracts were given away, 30 sermons preached, 154 missionary visits made, 33 letters written, 14 cottage meetings held, and various other items of missionary work accomplished. The spirit of active service has taken hold of all the members, and is making itself manifest in a material way. Growing in spirituality, doing active field work, and studying the work of the minister, the Ministerial Band looks forward to great things. We pray that it may continue its present work, and be the means of saving many souls.

The Quadrangle

THE one literary society of Washington Missionary College owes its origin chiefly to Dr. M. E. Olsen, head of the English Department. Under his encouragement in the early part of the school year 1914-15, the students of the advanced English classes and some others organized the Quadrangle for the purpose of providing an opportunity for literary discussions and round table talks. At first its members included all students in the advanced English classes, but during the present school year it has been found desirable to limit the membership to the Senior and Junior classes, with the Alumni and Faculty as honorary members.

As the Quadrangle aims to represent all departments of the College, its discussions cover a wide range of subjects. The programs at the fortnightly meetings have consisted of papers, talks and discussions on the Architecture and Art of different periods, studies of the life, style, and works of classical and modern authors, the development of science during the last century, and a comparative study of the universities of Germany and England.

The social side of life is also given its place. Early in the year there is held a reception for the Faculty and new members of the society, and the last meeting of the school year is followed by an annual banquet. By no means least among the enjoyable evenings for the Quadrangle are the times when we are invited to Doctor Olsen's home.

Although the Quadrangle was founded for literary purposes it has not used all its efforts for its own enjoyment and interest. During the two years of its existence it has been active in originating and promoting various student activities.

CHARLES PATTERSON.

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 In a fellowless firmament,
 There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
 Where highways never ran—
 But let me live by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
 Where the race of men go by—
 The men who are good and the men who are bad—
 As good and as bad as I.
 I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
 Or hurl the cynic's ban—
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
 By the side of the highway of life,
 The men who press with the ardor of hope,
 The men who are faint with the strife.
 But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
 Both parts of infinite plan.
 Let me live in my house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

* * * * *

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
 Where the race of men go by—
 They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
 Wise, foolish—so am I.
 Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
 Or hurl the cynic's ban?
 Let me live in my house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

—Sam Walter Foss.

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LEAVING 14TH AND KENNEDY STS.—Starting at 6:15 a. m. cars will be operated on a 15-minute schedule until 9 a. m. On a 30-minute schedule from 9 a. m. to 3:45 p. m. On a 15-minute schedule from 3:45 p. m. to 7 p. m. On a 30-minute schedule from 7 p. m. to 12:30 (midnight).

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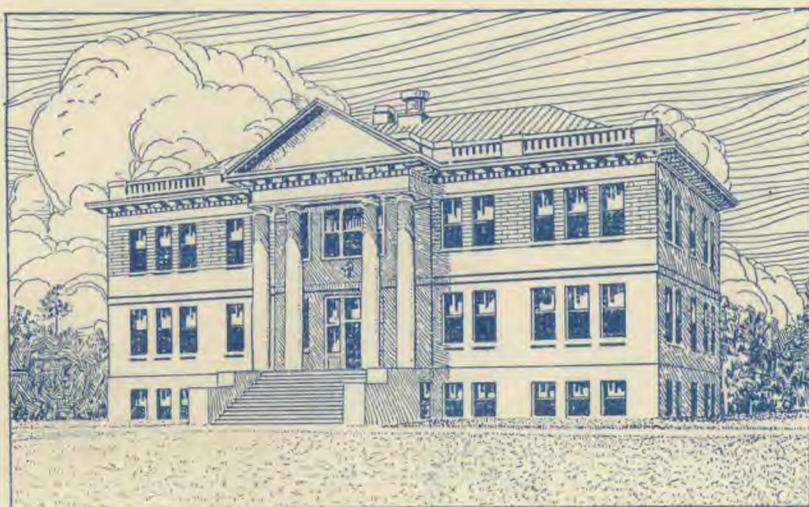
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