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WASHINGTON MISSIONARY COLLEGE

TO
M. ELLSWORTH OLSEN

To show our appreciation of the high ideals that have ever been held up before us in all our class work; for the untiring effort to make this College a great spiritual factor in the work of the message; and for that personal touch that has so endeared him to the hearts of his students, we dedicate The Commencement Annual of The Sligonian.



M. ELLSWORTH OLSEN



Faculty

Washington Missionary College

1916-1917

The Faculty

BENJAMIN F. MACHLIN, President.

M. ELLSWORTH OLSEN, Ph. D., Registrar, English.

S. M. BUTLER, Librarian, Bible.

CHRISTIAN M. SORENSON, History.

HEBER H. VOTAW, Pastoral Training and Evangelism.

CHARLES C. LEWIS, A. M., Public Speaking.

OTTO M. JOHN, A. B., Science.

ELON G. SALISBURY, B. S., Mathematics.

CLEMEN HAMER, Piano and Voice.

EDWIN F. ALBERTSWORTH, A. M., Hebrew, Greek, Philosophy.

HARRY W. MILLER, A. B., M. D., Hygiene, Tropical Diseases.

L. E. ELLIOTT, M. D., Dispensary Clinic.

D. D. BEEKMAN, D. D. S., Dentistry.

ANGELIA W. WEBER, A. B., Normal Director.

RULAND BOWEN, Asst. Business Manager.

MRS. M. M. QUANTOCK, Matron and Preceptress.

MRS. EDITH E. BRUCE, Preceptress.

BARBARA KNOX-ALBERTSWORTH, Harmony, History of Music.

MRS. J. L. SHAW, Missions, Denominational History.

RUBIE M. OWEN, Sewing, Millinery.

MRS. HELEN M. WILLIAMS, Bible Work.

MRS. C. M. SORENSON, Critic Teacher, Intermediate Methods.

MRS. MARIA FONTANA TRUMMER, Spanish.

ETTA SPICER, Art.

PAULINE SCHILBERG, German.

B. B. SMITH, Commercial, Printing.

ELIHU WOOD, Woodwork, Carpentry.

MRS. LENNA SALISBURY, French, Latin, Gymnasium.



MRS. M. M. QUANTOCK	ELON G. SALISBURY	MRS. J. L. SHAW
OTTO M. JOHN	BENJAMIN F. MACHLAN	CHRISTIAN M. SORENSON
EDWIN F. ALBERTSWORTH		CLEMEN HAMER
CHARLES C. LEWIS	M. ELLSWORTH OLSEN	S. M. BUTLER
BARBARA KNOX-ALBERTSWORTH	HEBER H. VOTAW	MRS. LENNA W. SALISBURY





MRS. C. M. SORENSON
 B. B. SMITH
 MRS. EDITH E. BRUCE
 L. E. ELLIOT
 PAULINE SCHILBERG

ANGELIA W. WEBER
 HARRY W. MILLER
 ELIHU WOOD
 LAURETTA KRESS
 RUBY M. OWEN

NOEMA FONTANA DE TRUMMER
 FRANK L. CHANEY
 ETTA SPICER
 D. D. BEEKMAN
 MRS. HELEN M. WILLIAMS



WASHINGTON MISSIONARY COLLEGE

One Young Man

B. F. MACHLAN

“ONE earnest, conscientious, faithful young man in a school is an inestimable treasure. Angels of God look lovingly upon him, and in the ledger of heaven is recorded every work of righteousness, every temptation resisted, every evil overcome. He is laying up a good foundation against the time to come, that he may lay hold of eternal life.”—*Counsels to Teachers, page 98.*

Too few young men, and the same may be said of the young women, really know or appreciate the value of reserve force, a force stored up by the exercise of the principles of earnestness, conscientiousness, and faithfulness, which is the “good foundation against the time to come.” It is the capital of the individual possessing it, a capital to which mere wealth in dollars and cents cannot be compared.

In its last report, Bradstreet’s gives as the cause of thirty-three per cent of the failures of the last ten years, the lack of sufficient capital. No man in business can hope to succeed unless he makes provision to meet any emergency that can possibly arise.

Guns intended for our government battleships are taken to Sandy Hook, and there loaded much beyond their normal capacity, and fired to see whether it is possible to burst them. Many that do not stand this severe test would not burst in ordinary use; but the government must know to a certainty that they are equal to any emergency.

In every engine there is a reserve, over and above the horse-power required for ordinary use. If you order a thirty-horse-power engine, the builders will make it forty-horse-power, giving it a reserve of ten-horse-power. Ordinarily this surplus power is not required, but the builder must make no allowance for failure.

It is not the good surgeon, but the superb operator, the man who knows a little more about anatomy, who has a little steadier nerve, a more acute touch, and a little better education, that is sought to perform the delicate operations in the emergency when life hangs by a thread.

Most of the training of horses for speed is done for the last few seconds of the race. There are plenty of horses that can come up to this point with comparative ease, but it is the last few seconds that test the reserve of training, of spirit and of blood.

Had it not been for the reserve force in the character of Daniel as he stood before the King of Babylon, or of Joseph as he administered the affairs of Egypt, these men of God could not have accomplished the mighty things recorded of them; and this reserve was made up of earnestness, conscientiousness, and faithfulness, stored in the heart when as boys and young men they chose to be taught in a Christian school and give themselves to the service of God.

The business world demands capital, the government requires tested weapons, the manufacturer insists on being furnished with perfect machinery, the public calls for superbly trained men for the professions of life. God's cause demands men of reserve power, tested men, true men, men whose powers of endurance are sufficient to hold to the end of the race, superbly trained men, men, yes and women, who are earnest, conscientious, and faithful, whom God can look upon as inestimable treasures in his work.

Washington Missionary College stands for these principles and its doors are open to all who desire to enter the service of God. Read again the quotation with which this article begins and decide to be that "One Young Man."

A Farewell

M. E. OLSEN

THE editor of THE SLIGONIAN has requested me to write a few lines for this number of the paper by way of farewell. I gladly embrace the opportunity to express my appreciation of the pleasant associations I have enjoyed in Washington Missionary College during the eight years in which I have been a part of the institution. While it has been a College only for the last few years, the aim of the institution from the beginning has been to prepare young men and young women for positions of usefulness in a great reform work, and under the blessing of God this aim has been realized.

In the department of English my endeavor has been to make the work eminently practical. While aspiring to high standards of intellectual excellence, I have felt most desirous of seeing my students grow in spirituality and devotion to the cause of truth. Language has ever appealed to me chiefly as a means of helpful ministry. To be able to use words wisely and prayerfully, with a due sense of their large possibilities for good and for evil, has seemed to me one of the more important results of the study of English. I have been more solicitous that my pupils should attain to an understanding of the subject in its larger and more practical aspects than that they should make glib recitations on the daily class assignments; for once a good understanding

has been achieved, it cannot but become something of a passion to make daily improvement in the use of so potent an instrument as the mother tongue.

In the study of literature our aim has been to follow the spirit of the instruction, "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely . . . think on these things." And in the perusal of these works of tried merit, we have endeavored to penetrate somewhat beneath the surface and appropriate those deeper lessons of faith and love and humility with which great literature is instinct.

These are some of the things that we have unitedly strived to accomplish in our English classes. If we have had some measure of success, the credit is due under God to the students who have so loyally co-operated in the work, and to the hearty and intelligent support of the faculty. As I leave to enter another field and take on responsibilities which will be new to me, I feel as never before my own weakness and inefficiency and I humbly ask the prayers of my associates that I may be divinely strengthened.

What W. M. C. Has Been Doing This Year

BY THE FACULTY

THE prosperous hand of the Lord has been over the Washington Missionary College during the year 1916-17. The enrollment was the largest in the history of the institution, and the interest manifested by both teachers and students has made the year one of advancement along both spiritual and intellectual lines. Thirty-eight graduates received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Seven music students finished their work during the year, and a large class of Academic students were granted diplomas. In all there were fifty-nine graduates.

Great interest has been taken in the raising of the College Fund, and the students have worked faithfully to reduce their pledge of \$7500. More than \$500 was collected for the Harvest Ingathering which proved to be a great blessing to the student body.

A large company of students have gone into the canvassing field for vacation, and nearly all of the graduates have been placed for the coming year. The prospects for the year 1917-18 are very encouraging, and we invite all our brethren to pray that the Lord will greatly bless Washington Missionary College and that it may accomplish the work under God that his cause demands.

B. F. MACHLAN.

THE work of the Bible department is conducted in eight classes as follows: Old and New Testament History, Academic Doctrines, College Doctrines, Daniel and the Revelation, Epistles, and first and second year

Bible Workers' Classes. Elder Votaw, who is in charge of the Pastoral Training work of the College, teaches New Testament History and Academic Doctrines; Mrs. Williams has charge of the Bible Workers' classes; and the other classes are handled by the writer. Each of the Academic classes meets four times a week; the College classes recite three hours a week. It is the aim of the department to make the students familiar with the fundamental truths of the Bible rather than to seek for something striking in character. The College Doctrines class is conducted mainly by members of the class. Students of this class are expected to prepare each day for a ten-minute talk upon the subject for the day, to be given if called for, and to answer any questions or criticisms by members. The teacher acts mainly as guide and referee. In the study of Daniel and the Revelation particular attention is given to the history showing the fulfilment of the prophetic predictions.

S. M. BUTLER.

ONE feature of interest in connection with the English department of the College is the steady growth in the number of students who are taking this work, most of which is elective. When I began my work in the Seminary in the autumn of 1909, there were only six students in the College department and I think twenty-nine in the preparatory classes. The next year I had more, and the year following there was a further increase. Our growth has been most rapid, however, during the three years in which the school has been a full-fledged College. This year we have an enrollment of more than 175 in the College department, and if we add our Academic pupils it will bring the total up to above 250. The students have shown their willingness to help by contributing cheerfully toward the decoration of the walls and ceiling of the recitation room, and the gathering together of a collection of useful illustrative material in the form of old pictures and prints. But best of all they have shown that heart interest in their work which springs from the desire in all things to please God.

M. E. OLSEN.

THE past year has been a most encouraging one in the history of the Music department. Among other branches of activity have been interesting classes in Sight-singing and Hymnology, Harmony, and History of Music which have been well attended. An enthusiastic chorus of sixty-five members prepared and rendered the cantata "Crucifixion" by Stainer, together with selections from Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

A large class of private piano and voice pupils has continued throughout the year, doing excellent work. Pupils' recitals, which have been well attended, have been given at different times.

An interesting feature of the year's work is the graduating class

of seven young ladies—the first to complete the work as outlined for the piano. Their graduation recitals included the following compositions: Sonata Opus 2, No. 3, Opus 26 and Opus 27, No. 2, by Beethoven; Sonata Opus 7, by Grieg; Etudes Opus 10, Nos. 5 and 12, Opus 25, No. 9, Polonaise Opus 26, No. 1, Fantaisie Impromptu, Berceuse, Ballade Opus 47, Nocturne Opus 32, No. 1, Trois Ecossaises, by Chopin; Liebestamne Nos. 2 and 3, the Nightingale, by Liszt; Valse Opus 34 No. 1, by Moszkowski; Impromptu Opus 28, No. 3, by Reinhold; Prelude in C sharp Minor, by Rachmaninoff; La Fileuse, by Roff, and Hungarian, by MacDowell.

The department is hoping to add at least one new piano to its equipment.
CLEMEN HAMER.

A MARKED increase in enrollment in the Mathematics department has been manifest during the present year, nearly doubling that of last year. The interest in the work has been good and few have failed to secure good grades. We attempt to emphasize the practical, and to turn the student out of the class well prepared to use mathematics as a tool in other departments. Classes are filled this year in the following subjects: Arithmetic, Algebra I, Algebra II, Plane Geometry, College Algebra, Trigonometry and Analytics. Prospects are favorable for large classes in Calculus and Surveying next year.

We are thankful for the co-operation we receive in this department from all, especially the students.
E. G. SALISBURY.

THIS past school year, the department of Social Sciences has offered three courses of particular interest at this time of economic, political, and religious unrest. In the course of History of Philosophy, unusual interest has been manifested on the part of the twenty-five students enrolled. There is no history more fascinating than that of the rise, progress, and decadence of various systems of thought. The many great, outstanding problems—the Relation between Reason and Revelation, the Conflicts between Science and Religion, the question of the Freedom of the Will, and kindred other perplexing matters—have all been thoroughly canvassed and a solution sought for. All in this course have expressed themselves as being greatly benefitted by it, by means of which they are better able to understand and appreciate the world's thought and to know how to relate themselves as Christians to the same.

A course of similar beneficial results, though in an entirely different field, was that given in Political Economy. In the age of Industrialism in which we live, it is imperative that one be conversant with the various financial institutions and economic terms in present usage. The agricultural movement as exemplified in intensive and extensive farm-

ing and increased production, as well as the various phenomena of distribution, exchange, and consumption have all yielded economic data of great worth. The efficient Federal Reserve System and its functions and results were carefully considered. The course has been of especial practical value to prospective conference presidents and school heads who will as a matter of course have much administrative and counsel work to do.

Political Science, the third course offered this year, has confined itself to inquiries as to the origin and nature of the State, its value and place as one of the institutions of society, and its relation particularly to religion. This course would be a fair introduction to those who later might be called to religious lines, who expect to interview legislators and judiciary in the interest of Sunday legislation, as well as being an excellent handmaid to historical investigation. Such modern courses as these should be given more and more in our schools.

E. F. ALBERTSWORTH.

“You Have Never Stood in the Darkness”*

*You have never stood in the darkness,
And reached out a trembling hand,
If haply some one might find it,
In the awe of a lonely land,
Where the shadows shift so strangely,
And the quick heartbeat is stirred,
If only a leaf be rustled
By the wing of a passing bird.*

*You have never stood in the darkness;
You do not know its awe,
On our land a great Light shineth,
Which long ago you saw,
For the Light of the world we ask you,
We plead for the Book which shows
The way to win his footstool,
Which only the white man knows.*

*O voice from out of the darkness!
O cry of a soul in pain!
May it ring as the blast of clarion,
Nor call God's host in vain!
By the pierced hand which saved us,
Let ours do their work today,
Till from those who tremble in darkness
The shadows are swept away.*

—*Illustrated Missionary News.*

*Words used by an Indian chief as he pleaded that to him and his people might be sent the white man's Book of Heaven.

Graduates

Washington Missionary College

1917

JOHN C. THOMPSON, Minnesota. Graysville Academy, '10-'12. Oak Park Academy, Iowa, '12-'13. Union College, '13-'15; *Academic Course* '14; Secretary of *Messenger*. University of Minnesota, '15-'16; Kappa Sigma Fraternity; Adelpian Club; Minnesota Union Dramatic Club. Washington Missionary College, '16-'17. Business Manager of SLIGONIAN; Quadrangle. A. B.

VICTOR BARROWS, Vermont. South Lancaster Academy, '11-'16. *Bible Training Course*. Washington Missionary College, '16-'17; Treasurer of Students' Association, '16. A. B.

GRADYE BROOKE, Georgia. Southern Training School, '05-'09, *Literary Course* and *Music Course*. Atlanta Conservatory of Music, '09-'11, Piano forte. Teacher of Piano and Voice, Southern Training School '11-'13, '15-'16. Washington Missionary College '16-'17; Secretary of Quadrangle. A. B.

THOMAS ALEXANDER LITTLE, West Virginia. Foreign Mission Seminary, '11-'14; Washington Missionary College, '14-'17; Vice-president of Students' Association, '15-'16; Treasurer Senior Class, '16-'17; Quadrangle. A. B.

JESSIE RUTH EVANS, District of Columbia. Emmanuel Missionary College, '12-'13. Washington Missionary College, '13-'17; *Academic Course*, '14; Secretary of Junior Class, '15-'16; Missions Editor of SLIGONIAN, '15-'16; Treasurer of Quadrangle, '16-'17; Secretary of Senior class, '16-'17. A. B.

CHARLES H. PATTERSON, Pennsylvania. Charleston High School '09-'12, General Course. Mount Vernon College '13-'14, *Academic Course* 14. Washington Missionary College '14-'17, *Ministerial Course*. President of Junior Class '16; President of Senior class '17; President of Ministerial Band '16; Quadrangle. A. B.

JOHN Z. HOTTEL, Virginia. Mt. Vernon Academy, '11-'13. Foreign Mission Seminary, '13-'14. Washington Missionary College, '14-'17; President of Students' Association, '15-'16; Quadrangle. A. B.

JOSEPH SHELLHAAS, Ohio. Pleasant Hill High School, Ohio, '08-'12. Miami University, '12-'13. Mount Vernon Academy '13-'14. Washington Missionary College, '14-'17; Quadrangle. A. B.

RACHEL SALISBURY, Maine. South Lancaster Academy, '10-'15; Editor of *Student Idea*, '13-'15; *Bible Training Course*, '15. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17; Secretary of the Quadrangle, '16; Associate Editor of SLIGONIAN, '16; Secretary of the Sligo Sabbath school, '16; Vice-president of the Senior Class of 1917; Quadrangle. A. B.

DENTON E. REBOK, Pennsylvania. *Academic Course*, Carlisle High School, '11-'14. Washington Missionary College, '14-'17; Assistant Manager of SLIGONIAN, '16; Manager of SLIGONIAN, '16-'17; Young Peoples' Leader, '16-'17; Assistant in English, '15-'17; Leader of Foreign Mission Band, '16-'17; Quadrangle. A. B.

HOMER C. BAUMGARTNER, Pennsylvania. Mt. Vernon Academy, '10-'14, *Academic Course*. Washington Missionary College, '14-'17; Quadrangle. A. B.





CLASS MOTTO:

To Answer the World's Need

PHILIP SCHANK, New York. South Lancaster Academy, '10-'15; *Scientific Course*, '15. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17; Assistant Superintendent of Sabbath school, '17; Quadrangle. A. B.

HUGH WELLINGTON WILLIAMS, Michigan. *Academic Course*, Union College, Cape Town, South Africa, '09-'12. Washington Missionary College, '14-'17. Secretary Claremont Sabbath school, South Africa. Quadrangle. A. B.

J. NORMAN CLAPP, New York. South Lancaster Academy, '12-'15, *Ministerial Course*. Emmanuel Missionary College, '15-'16. Washington Missionary College, '16-'17. President of Class, '15. Superintendent of Sabbath school, '14-'15; Quadrangle. A. B.

MARIAN BROOKE, Georgia. Girls' Boarding School, '08-'10. President of Freshman Class, Montevalla, Alabama. Southern Training School, Graysville, Tenn., '10-'13. *Preparatory Medical Course*, Union College, '13-'14. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17; News Editor of SLIGONIAN, '16; Students' Assn. Executive Committee, '15-'16; Quadrangle. A. B.

JAMES ALVIN RENNINGER, Pennsylvania. Northumberland High School, Penna. *Academic Course*, '10. Foreign Mission Seminary, '11-'14. Review & Herald, '14-'15. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17; Associate Editor of SLIGONIAN, '15-'16; Editor of SLIGONIAN, '16-'17; Quadrangle. A. B.

MARY HERR, Pennsylvania. Linden Hall Seminary, E'Town College. Mt. Vernon College, *Business Stenographic Course* '13. Washington Missionary College, *Academic* '15; Quadrangle. A. B.

FRANK L. CHANEY. Union College, '95-'96. *Nurses' Course* Battle Creek Sanitarium, '96-'97. Three years educational work among colored people of N. C. Australasian Field, '01-'16; three years principal of N. Z. Intro. School. Taught eight years in Australasian Missionary College; Headmaster of A. M. C. School, '15-'16. Washington Missionary College '16-'17; Quadrangle. A. B.

VESTA ANDREASEN, Minnesota. South Lancaster Academy, '09-'10. Danish-Norwegian Seminary, '10-'16, *Academic Course*, '14; Secretary Philharmonic Society, '15; Secretary of Sabbath school, '15-'16. Washington Missionary College, '16-'17; Asst. Secretary of Sabbath school, '17; Quadrangle. A. B.

DAVID M. SOPER, Pennsylvania. State Normal, Mansfield, Penna. '94-'96; *Normal Course* '96. Teacher in Covington, '96-'98, Mansfield, '98-'99. Syracuse University, '99-'01. Principal of schools in Pennsylvania and New York, '02-'16. Washington Missionary College, '16-'17; Quadrangle. A. B.

Arthur Gibbs, Kettering, England. Wellingborough Grammar School, '05-'06. Foreign Mission Seminary, '10-'12. Teaching, '13-'14. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17; Assistant Superintendent of Sabbath school, '15-'16; Quadrangle. A. B.

ERIC M. MELEEN, Illinois. Union College '09-'10. Broadview Seminary '12-'14; President of Broadview Literary Society, '13; President of Senior Class '14. South Lancaster Academy, '14-'16; President of Young Peoples' Society, '15. Washington Missionary College '16-'17; Quadrangle. A. B.

JAMES NORMAN KIMBLE, New York. *Academic Course*. Washington Training College, '06-'07. South Lancaster Academy, '07-'10 Treasurer *Student Idea*, '09-'10. Teaching New York, '10-'12; Wisconsin, '12-'15. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17; Quadrangle. A. B.





CLASS COLORS:

American Beauty Red and Silver

EDNA SMITH TROUT, Pennsylvania. *Academic Course*, Drexel, Philadelphia and South Lancaster Academy, '10-'15. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17. Secretary of Y. M. V. S., South Lancaster. *Nurses' Course*, Melrose, Mass. and Jamestown, N. Y. '10-'12; Quadrangle. A. B.

LAURA PATTERSON, Pennsylvania, Wellsboro High School, *Academic Course* '10. Teacher in public school, '10-'14. Washington Missionary College, '14-'17. Leader of Teachers' Band, '14-'15. Assistant Librarian, '16-'17. Quadrangle. A. B.

CLARENCE E. WHEELER, Kansas. Kansas Agricultural College, '11. Union College, *Special Normal Course*, '15. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17; Foreign Mission Band Leader, '17; Assistant Sabbath School Supt. '17; Quadrangle. A. B.

LEE DONALD WARREN, Pennsylvania. *Academic Course*, Shunk, Penna., '12. Mansfield State Normal, '12-'15, *Normal Course*. Principal at La Porte, Penna., '15-'16. Washington Missionary College, '16-'17; President of Quadrangle. A. B.

HARVEY G. GAUKER, Pennsylvania. Mt. Vernon College, '09-'14. President of Y. P. M. V. Society, '10-'12; *Academic Course*, '14. Washington Missionary College, '14-'17; President of Ministerial Band, '14; Assistant Superintendent Sligo Sabbath school, '14-'15; Preceptor Washington Missionary College, '15-'16. A. B.

JOHN I. KNUDSON, Oklahoma. Southwestern Junior College, '09-'15; Glee Club, '10-'15; President Y. P. S., '13; President Ministerial Band, '14. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17; Quadrangle. A. B.

E. LAMBERT PARRISH, New York. Buffalo High School, '07-'11, *Academic Course*; Teacher '11-'12. South Lancaster Academy, '12-'14; Washington Missionary College, '15-'17; Quadrangle. A. B.

PASTOR FREDERICK LEE, Pennsylvania. *Academic Course*, South Lancaster Academy, '01-'08. Foreign Mission Seminary, '08-'09. Central China Mission, '09-'16; Superintendent of Honan Mission. Washington Missionary College, '16-'17; Quadrangle. A. B.

LULA H. FERRIS, New York. Cleveland High School, N. Y., '08-'12, *Academic Course*; Treasurer of Senior Class, '12; Secretary of Sabbath School, '10-'12. South Lancaster Academy, '12-'13. Emmanuel Missionary College, '13-'15, *Advanced Normal Course*; Secretary-Treasurer of Senior Class, '15; Leader of Bible Worker's Band, '15. Church School Teacher in Albany, N. Y., '15-'16. Washington Missionary College, '16-'17; Associate Editor of SLIGONIAN, '16-'17; Quadrangle. A. B.

HOWARD RICHMOND MILLER, California. *Academic Course*, Loma Linda, '08-'09. Fernando, '09-'12. Washington Missionary College, '13-'17; Sabbath school Superintendent, '14-'15; Leader of Ministerial Band, '14; Leader of Young Peoples' Leaders' Band, '15-'16; Quadrangle. A. B.

JULIAN MARTINI TVEDT, Massachusetts. Adington High School '06-'10; South Lancaster Academy, *Ministerial Course*, '13-'16; Vice-president Ministerial Band, '15-'16; First violinist, Worcester Symphony. Washington Missionary College, '16-'17; Quadrangle. A. B.





CLASS FLOWER:

American Beauty Rose

FLORENCE MAE CHRISMAN, District of Columbia. Mt. Vernon Academy, '03-'04. *Business Course*, Columbus, Ohio, '08. Stenographer and Assistant bookkeeper in the Ohio Conference office, '08-'11. Stenographer and teacher at Fox River Academy, Ill., '12-'13. Washington Missionary College, '14-'17. *Music Course*.

LEONA HUGULEY, Texas. Keene Academy, '12-'14. Washington Missionary College, '14-'17. *Academic Course*, '15. *Music Course*.

MINOLA F. ROGERS, District of Columbia. Washington Missionary College, '13-'17. *Academic Course*, '16. *Music Course*.

MARGARET ESTEP, District of Columbia. Shortridge High School. Metropolitan School of Music. Washington Missionary College, '13-'17. *Music Course*.

VIOLA A. SEVERS, New Jersey. Ocean Grove High School, '04-'06. New York College of Music, '06-'07. Melrose Sanitarium, '07-'08. Teacher of Music, '08-'09. Union College, '09-'10. Conservatory of Music, '10-'12. Secretary of Branch School of Music, '11. Teacher of Music, '12-'16. Washington Missionary College, '16-'17. Secretary of Sligo Sabbath school, '17. *Music Course*.

ETHEL WILSON, New Jersey. Lincoln School at Arlington, N. J. '12. Kearney High School, '12-'15. Vice-president of Junior Class; '15. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17. *Academic Course*, '16. Vice-president of Class. *Music Course*.

ETHEL MAE OTTERSTEIN, Minnesota. Maplewood Academy, '12-'16. *Academic Course*, '16. Washington Missionary College, '16-'17; Supt. of Silver Spring Sabbath school. *Bible Workers' Course*.



TOP ROW: EVA L. BOYD, ENOLA FREEMAN, MAE PAINTER, HERBERT HUGULEY, OLIVE T. BOYNTON, MILDRED L. STUART, IRMA B. GERHART
MIDDLE ROW: RUTH N. WILCOX, E. CHRISTIANSEN, STELLA M. GRUBE, L. ARTHUR KING, MAYBELLE SEELY, J. A. CHESNUTT, RUBY L. BOLLMAN
LOWER ROW: ETHEL WILSON, MINOLA ROGERS, MARGARET ESTEP, FLORENCE CHRISMAN, LENOA HUGULEY, ETHEL OTTERSTEIN, VIOLA SEVERS





THE JUNIORS

MARIA JIRON
ELMER CLAYTON
CECIL ROSS

EDITH M. OSGOOD
FRANK R. WOOD
CARRIE SIMS
VIRGINIA SHULL

INGEBORG HORTON
HILDA RUDY
WALTER A. NELSON



LAUNDRIA ARTHUR KING, Virginia, Richmond High School, '13-'14; New Market, '14-'15. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17. *Academic Course.*

RUTH NAOMI WILCOX, District of Columbia. Takoma Park Intermediate School, '13-'14. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17. *Academic Course.*

MAYBELLE STUART SEELY, District of Columbia. Washington Missionary College, '14-'17. *Academic Course.*

NORMAN E. WILSON, New Jersey. Kearney High School, '10-'11; Stevens Preparatory School, Hoboken, N. J. '11-'12. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17. *Academic Course.*

STELLA M. GRUBE, Pennsylvania. Mt. Vernon College, '12-'14. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17. *Academic Course.*

JOSEPH ALFRED CHESNUTT, Texas. Southwestern Junior College, *Commercial Course* '15. Washington Missionary College, '16-'17. *Academic Course.*

IRMA B. GERHART, Pennsylvania. Washington Missionary College, '12-'17. *Academic Course.*

EVA L. BOYD, District of Columbia. Takoma Park Intermediate School, '12-'13. Review and Herald, '13-'15. Washington Missionary College '15-'17. *Academic Course.*

MILDRED STUART, Virginia. Washington Missionary College, '13-'17. *Academic Course.*

INESS MAY PAINTER, Virginia. Stanley High School, '12-'14. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17. *Academic Course.*

ENOLA FREEMAN, Missouri. Washington Missionary College, '14-'17. *Academic Course.*

RUBY BOLLMAN, District of Columbia. Public School, Madison, Tenn., '13-'15. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17. *Academic Course.*

OLIVE BOYNTON, New Jersey. Middle Township High School, '12-'14. Washington Missionary College, '15-'17. *Academic Course.*

Man's Helplessness without God

Extracts from the baccalaureate sermon delivered by Elder I. H. Evans before the graduating classes of Washington Missionary College, Sabbath, May 19, 1917.

I HAVE chosen as the theme for this hour, Man's Helplessness without God, and his Strength When Connected with God. I will read a scripture from the fifteenth chapter of John, verse five:—

“Without me ye can do nothing.”

This statement was made by our Saviour to his disciples, after they had completed their course of training under their great teacher. They had traveled with him, seen his miracles, heard his teachings, and listened to his counsel and instruction. Now they were receiving the last words that he had to pass on to them before his crucifixion,—
“Without me ye can do nothing.”

In saying this to his disciples, Christ gave them the principle which he applied to himself. Continually he recognized his utter dependence upon God. Notwithstanding he had creative power, notwithstanding he had brought worlds into existence, notwithstanding he had made man, and given life to beasts and all nature,—nevertheless in his relationship to humanity he recognized the fact that he could do nothing without the Father. “I can of mine own self do nothing,” he said; and again, “Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of himself.”

Christ ever depended upon his Father for his wisdom and strength. Though he was God's own Son, though he had creative power, though he himself was God, though he could do as he would, nevertheless in his ministry on earth, he continually depended upon God for wisdom and strength, and the power to do the things that he undertook to do to save men.

Thus, when Christ said to his disciples, “Without me ye can do nothing,” he only placed them in the position that he himself assumed toward his Father. Every man in this world is dependent upon God for his strength, his wisdom, his gifts, and ability. This is shown in many scriptures. In the instruction which the Lord gave to Moses concerning the building of the tabernacle in the wilderness, we find this declaration:—

“The Lord spake unto Moses, saying, See, I have called by name Bezaleel the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah: and I have filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship. And I, behold, I have given with him Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan: and in the hearts

of all that are wise hearted I have put wisdom, that they may make all that I have commanded thee."

Again, when God gave Solomon the promise of wisdom, the whole story shows that the superior wisdom of Solomon was the direct gift of God. And, my young friends, I want to tell you that the same God who lent skill to the workers on the tabernacle, who gave Solomon his great wisdom, and who has always bestowed upon men their powers of achievement, has given to you all the opportunities that you have enjoyed. Who gave you the power to go through college, complete your courses of study and come here as graduates on this occasion?—Not yourselves; not your fathers and mothers; not your inherited ability. If God could speak, would he not say, "It is I. I have given all these gifts to you, whether you excel in music, literature, science, teaching, or business. All the gifts that you possess you have received from me."

God wants man to recognize the source of all his gifts. When a man breaks his connection with God, he becomes a withered branch, unable to bear fruit to the glory of God. All mankind is far more dependent upon God than most of us appreciate. You people who are here this morning to graduate are dependent continually upon him and his power for success. Separated from God, you will become as withered branches, unable to accomplish any work to the glory of God.

The tendency of man in every age has been to exalt self. This is illustrated by Nebuchadnezzar when he took glory and honor to himself for the might of his kingdom and the building of the beautiful city of Babylon. All through the entire Christian age, man has always had a tendency in his heart to deify self. One lesson that every Christian must learn,—and the sooner he learns it the better for his experience,—is that man, separated from God, can do nothing to the glory of God. He then becomes like Samson when shorn of his locks, weak like other men. And though he may do other things, and do them praiseworthy, so that men think he is a success, God looks upon his work as a failure. When a man is filled with the Spirit of God, and lives in constant connection with God, he becomes a mighty factor in doing work which God would have him do. Because of this connection, man through his faith has wrought wondrous miracles. He has healed the sick and even raised the dead to life. And God is anxious to have his children recognize his controlling and immediate presence.

"Thrice blessed is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible."

Connection with God clears the vision, and gives a man a far clearer

insight into both the present and the future than it is possible for that man to have when disconnected from God.

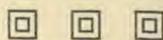
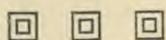
Without Thee, Lord: I'm blind: I cannot see:
My vision's hedged with human ills:
No prophet's eye is mine, nor can I be
But weakness left alone. The hills
Of strength, untouched, unseen, before me lie.
When Thou art mine, what change is wrought!
My vision's cleared, and with prophetic eye
I see the road to heaven I sought.

Men and women of the classes of 1917, I want to bring to you the message that I have been trying to emphasize all through this hour, that your strength depends upon God. When you forsake God, no matter what training you may have received, no matter what apparent success may crown your career, you become weak men and women. Perhaps you are looking at the great men of the world, wondering why it is that they have been enabled to do so many great things, when they do not know God. These great men of the world bear a different relationship to God than you do. Some of these men of the world may never have had their hearts illuminated as you have had yours. I venture the assertion that if you leave this truth and leave God, you will become weak, and will drift, and your life will go out in darkness. You will have neither chart nor compass to guide yourself to a haven of success.

I have seen scores, even hundreds, of young men come from schools, trained as you are, who have set themselves to do something, and because they thought they could do greater things without God, they forsook their faith in him. My friends, in an observation extending over thirty years of time, and in traveling about over this country, and in various lands, I know not *one* who has forsaken the religion that God has given to this people, who has accomplished any great results. But I have seen many men who thought they could do great things without God make utter shipwreck of their faith, and ruin their prospects both in this life and in the one to come. You can do great things *with* God, but *without* him you can do nothing.

My friends, I wish I could make such an impression upon you that you could never forget the words of my text, "Without *me* ye can do nothing." I would to God that I could burn these words into your hearts, so they might never be forgotten, whether you go to far distant lands or remain in the home lands, whether you sever yourself from the people of God, or remain with them, "*Without me ye can do nothing.*"

"To answer the world's need."



Even a Little Child

J. A. RENNINGER

CARROLL HARLAND was decidedly uneasy. A worried look was stamped upon his handsome, rather youthful features. As he sat there in the cozy library before the open fireplace, the light of the fire alone served to reveal his luxurious surroundings. But he was far from enjoying the moment. His gaze was riveted upon the glowing fire within the grate, but his thoughts were elsewhere. Now the lines of care seemed to take firmer hold upon his face as he recalled with a shudder the accident of that morning. Yes, it was his own fault, he admitted that, at least he thought so, but why should it worry him so. Such things happened every day; this was nothing new.

He remembered also that those two extra glasses of wine last evening had disturbed him all night and left him nervous and unsteady this morning. That was often the case now, but it had never resulted in anything like this—like what? Could he give it a name? Men called it an accident, but what must he think knowing the real situation? Was he going to shrink from facing the results of his own weakness? He remembered distinctly how his hand trembled as he operated his machine on the way to his office. It had worried him a little even then. He had been running along as fast as he dared for several blocks. The traffic grew thicker as he approached the central thoroughfares. Suddenly as he rounded a corner, a slip of a girl seemed to rise up in the way of his machine; there was a dull thud and the screeching of the brakes as he brought the car to a standstill, but not until he had passed a full length beyond. As they picked up the little girl—she was only a child of seven or eight—a sort of terror took possession of him.

“Only a little cripple girl knocked down,” a voice said.

“’Twas a reckless way of driving, anyway,” said another.

He was out of the car in a moment, and said without hesitation, “I’ll take her to my home, officer, here’s my card. Please phone to the hospital to send up a doctor and nurse immediately.”

Even now he wondered why he had not taken the little stranger straight to the hospital. That would have been much simpler to be sure, but it would not have satisfied him. One look into that pale face had decided him. He did not want her there, for something about the curve of the lip, the arch of the smooth brow, seemed to remind him of

something out of the past. He could not tell what it was, the resemblance eluded him.

Later as he stood watching while the doctor took care of the little patient, he could scarcely contain his anxiety. Even doctors sometimes failed to be sympathetic, and this one scarcely noticed him. When at last the child had been made as comfortable as possible, the doctor turned to leave the room.

"Is there any hope? Will she live?" he asked eagerly.

The doctor's gaze went back to the face on the pillows before replying. "No, Harland," he said shaking his head, "there's scarcely any hope. The left shoulder is fractured and there are internal injuries that will very soon prove fatal. Twenty-four hours is the most I can promise you and it may come sooner."

As the doctor passed down the stairs, he said over his shoulder, "I'll drop in, in a few hours to see if anything more can be done. The nurse in charge will take good care of the child."

"Thank you, doctor," was all he said.

Urgent business matters kept him at the office until late in the afternoon. But that pathetic little face was constantly in his thoughts. As soon as possible he left his work and hastened home. It was almost dark as he entered the house, and quickly mounting the stairs he was soon in the little patient's room. The nurse was arranging the light so as to shade it from the face of the child. He stood for several minutes looking down upon the little form, the face just visible among the bandages around her head.

"Has she been conscious at all?" he asked the nurse in a whisper.

"No, she has scarcely opened her eyes. The only thing she has said was to murmur over and over, 'mama, my mama.'"

"Let me know please if she awakens," he said as he left the room.

The nurse nodded. Then he made his way to the library.

Now as he sat there in the glow of the fire these events which had affected him so strangely suggested others of earlier years. His mind traveled back into a period that he seldom allowed himself to think about. It was too horrible to dwell upon. Now he could not resist them and he thought of his own early manhood and of his marriage to Mabel. Yes, "Mabel," he repeated the name softly. Where was she now? With that thought there came a sweeping surge of pain and distress. He arose and began pacing the room. Mabel had been everything to him, until he took to drinking, in an innocent way. No one could live more happily than they did during those years. What a joy had come to their hearts when little Ethel was born. She was a sweet, winsome baby, everybody said that. And here his brow contracted as if with severe pain. He could never think of that time without intense agony of mind. It was all horror. The night they brought him home

half intoxicated, the look upon his wife's face haunted him yet. The shadow grew larger and was reflected upon Mabel's bright face. She no more wore that cheerful expression of happiness. Then came that awful night, could he ever forget it? Returning home more intoxicated than usual he entered his wife's room with rather unsteady gait. She was gently hushing the cries of the baby, and looking with appealing eyes motioned him to come quietly. But he paid no heed. With a look on his face that even Mabel had never seen there before, he advanced to the crib. He grasped the little form there and without warning threw it from him.

As long as he might live he would never forget the cry that came from the mother's lips. Before it had ended she sank insensible to the floor, while he, sobered in a moment began to realize what he had done. Quickly lifting his wife from the floor he placed her upon the bed and then hurried over to where the child was choking and crying. His first impulse was to summon help, and after placing the child on the bed with the mother he went down stairs to the telephone. Returning to the room several minutes later he was amazed to discover the room empty, both mother and child gone. He quickly entered the adjoining room, but that too was empty and a search of the whole house failed to discover any trace of them. It all seemed like a horrible nightmare from which he would soon awake. He even heard the big front door close softly and wondered what it meant. Later he realized what had happened.

For months he had kept up the search for them sparing no means by which to locate his wife and baby. But all in vain; the earth seemed to have literally opened and swallowed them up. In deep remorse he had for several years refrained from touching any form of drink. The thought of that night was enough to make him dread the sight of it. Now he realized with chagrin that the habit had again crept upon him. Yes, surely, that alone was responsible for that little broken body lying so pale and still upstairs. How much she reminded him of what his own little girl might have been. Where was she now? Had she lived in spite of his cruelty that awful night? If so she ought to be about the age of that little child up there.

For several minutes he stood gazing into the fire, his body perfectly motionless. "Oh, it can't be that," he whispered at last.

He was startled by the sound of his own voice. He would see if it were true. The nurse answered his knock; and as he softly entered, he quickly turned his eyes to the bed. A faint flush overspread the formerly pale features, and the thin voice was murmuring indistinctly. He stepped to the bed and knelt there to get a better view of the face. He was struck with the familiarity of the expression, and quickly drawing back the sleeve from the child's arm, the truth was revealed.

Yes, there it was, that little three-cornered scar left there in baby days. There could be no mistake, she was his own child! Oh! what had he done? Would that she would open her eyes that he might speak to her and tell her what was in his heart. Almost like the answer to a prayer the little eyelids opened. The child looked into his face questioningly.

"Where am I, and where is mama?" she asked faintly.

"You are in your papa's home, and your mama will come as soon as we can find her. Where do you live?"

"Why, my mama and I live down in the old Derby house at the market. I never had a papa."

"Yes, dear, I am your papa and I want to find your mama and bring her here to you."

"My papa! Oh I'm so glad and mama will not cry any more."

"Not if I can help it." His voice was full.

"And you'll be nice to her always?" she asked wistfully.

"Yes, dear, if she will let me."

The little eyes closed dreamily. "Tell mama to be nice to you," she murmured. The lips moved for a moment and then were silent forever.

"Even a little child shall lead them," said the man with a sob in his voice.

What Is Poetry?

GRADYE BROOKE

THE question "What is Poetry?" is one that has provoked much discussion and criticism, and still does; for up to the present time no one individual has succeeded in fully and satisfactorily answering the same. Even the poets and critics themselves, who, above all others are supposed to know what they are talking about, differ greatly in their definitions of poetry. Shelley says: "Poetry is the expression of imagination; that which lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar." Contrast with this what Macaulay says in his famous essay on Milton: "By poetry, we mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion—something unreal and mechanical." And so we might go on giving many definitions of individuals who really desired to tell the truth about poetry, and who, so far as their definitions go, did tell the truth, but who almost inevitably singled out one side or element, defining that and leaving the other side undefined.

Mr McKail in his "Lectures on Poetry" says: "In defining poetry, as more generally in speaking or thinking about poetry, two different and incommensurate things are mixed up with one another, namely,

poetry as a function of life, a vital, creative and progressive energy, and poetry as an art or technique." Before beginning a separate discussion of these two elements constituting poetry, it is well for us first to fix in our minds the fact, that even though the two are formally distinguishable, which distinction is necessary to all clear thinking about poetry, yet they cannot be actually separated. We must remember that poetry is an art, and since there is no abstract art, poetry must necessarily be concrete. It must consist of both substance and form, both of which have a mutual and intimate relation. The substance can not exist without the form, neither can the form exist without the substance. How true this is in music and painting! The value of a musical composition does not consist of sound on the one side and a meaning on the other, but rather in the blending of the two. The meaning can only be obtained from the sound. Neither does the value of a picture consist of paint on the one hand and a meaning on the other. The meaning is *in* the paint. So it is with poetry. The value of a poem does not consist of the substance obtained by decomposing a poem, but rather in the harmonious blending of the substance and form into one beautiful whole, in which as separate elements they do not exist at all.

In discussing the first named element, "poetry as a function of life," we recognize that this is the broader and more far-reaching element; for it is this element that interprets life. Poetry has arisen in answer to the definite need of mankind, appealing to man in a general sense, rather than to any group of men. The feelings that inspire the poet are the feelings that belong to the general heart of man. Shelley says: "Poetry is a mirror which makes beautiful that which is distorted." "The vital function of poetry," says Mr. McKail "is to make patterns out of life. This is what poetry has been doing from its earliest days and is still doing. This is what it will continue to do, and what ensures its progress and its immortality. So long as the instinct to make patterns out of life endures, so long as language is the means of giving shape to human thoughts and emotions and aspirations, so long will the making of poetry be a necessity, because through poetry alone can that instinct be satisfied."

The second named element—"the technique of poetry"—while not so important as the former, since it leaves out the meaning of poetry and deals exclusively with form, yet it is well worth consideration, inasmuch as it is a necessary element in poetry. Let us begin by distinguishing the difference in prose and poetry. The etymology of the word "prose" means "straight forward," and when speaking of it as a kind of composition we have reference to a composition that moves "straight forward," one that flows on continuously. The antithesis of prose, then, would be a language that does not move "straight forward"—one that is discontinuous. What only meets the requirements? Is it not poetry?

By many, verse is said to be the antithesis of prose, and while it is true that the words poetry and verse are frequently used interchangeably because of their similar meanings, yet there is a difference, which, although slight, is important. The term verse does not fully meet the demands of the antithesis of prose, so cannot be said to be synonymous with the term poetry in the strictest sense.

The main quality of poetry is not rhythm, as many suppose; for this is also a quality of artistic prose. Neither can we say that poetry must be metrical, for, broadly speaking, metre is not a necessary quality, although a very common one. Mr. McKail says: "The essence of poetry technically is that it is patterned language. This is the specified, central, and indispensable quality as a fine art. Pattern, in its technical use as applied to the arts, is distinct from composition generally. It is composition which has in it what is technically called 'repeat.'

The artistic power of the pattern-designer is shown in the way he deals with his repeat. . . In poetry, this repeat is what is known by the name of verse. . . In verses which are merely mechanical there is not the rhythm; in rhythm which is not in verses there is not the quality that constitutes pattern. Neither apart from the other is technically poetry." Thus we see that the specific quality of technical poetry is "pattern," which consists of the "repeat," or verse and rhythm. It must also be remembered that verse which consists of a series of detached units is not poetry; it fails in being art because it is not caught up in that larger and more flowing rhythm that appeals to our instinct for beauty, and charms our aesthetic senses. Poetry must give us thought, but thought "touched with emotion" and expressed in beautiful and musical language.

Acknowledgments

FOR the help and co-operation extended to us in getting out the Commencement Annual, THE SLIGONIAN BOARD wishes to extend its thanks and appreciation. We are especially indebted to Elder Evans for his Baccalaureate Address; to the faculty for their contributions; to the College Press for the typographical work on the paper; and finally to all who have assisted by contributing their pictures to this number.

ALUMNI ECHOES

You say, Mr. Editor: "We know that you will be glad to say a good word for W. M. C." We will. In fact most of our time since Commencement in 1916 has been used in trying to make our lives speak good words for Washington Missionary College. We have not made her famous; neither have we made her notorious. Everyone of our number is, I believe, either directly engaged in denominational work or in getting further preparation, and one third of these are in foreign fields. Wherever they are, the "Sixteeners" will, I believe, quit themselves like men—even as the classes that came before, and those that may come after, will do. Long live W. M. C.; faithful be her sons, and true!

C. H. LEWIS, *President, '16.*

1252 6th St., S. W., Washington, D. C.

I VERY much appreciate this opportunity of speaking a good word in behalf of my Alma Mater. Its faculty is composed of men who are not only well fitted for their positions by study and experience in teaching, but who are also Christians, as are nearly all the students. The education it gives is, therefore, equal to that given by any other of our colleges, and is at the same time in harmony with the Word of God. It is my candid opinion that the young man or woman who desires a thorough education—and who does not—can attend no better school than W. M. C.

W. C. WELCH, '16.

Takoma Park, D. C., 505 Tulip Avenue.

I HOPE to be writing W. M. C. soon, asking for information on an M. A. By that time I expect to have passed my first year's examinations (in Marathi) and as I have been putting in nine hours each day of hard study, six days a week and shall keep it up, I consider it a good year's work, at least though the most strenuous I have done. I am very keen on getting my M. A. and have to get it somehow.

Poona, India, 5, Solly Road.

ROLAND E. LOASBY, '15.

[Since this letter was written Mr. Loasby passed his examination in a very creditable way. When it was over he went back to his books, working as hard as ever.]

THE SLIGONIAN looks good to me, and every issue breathes the true spirit of W. M. C. I think of the old faces whenever I read the names so familiar, but I am made to realize that changes are constantly occurring. New hands are at the helm, but it is the same movement. And its spirit will never die out of the hearts of those who are true children of W. M. C.

W. L. BIRD, '16.

Huntsville, Ala., Box 414.

FOLDED away in a corner of her mind, a girl had safely tucked a resolution to obtain a college education. Friends said it was useless, unnecessary, almost wicked to take the time for it, especially since she had two perfectly good diplomas from South Lancaster Academy reposing peacefully at the bottom of her trunk. But after three years of church school teaching, with summers spent in tent work, enough was saved to enable her to enter Washington Missionary College. Did she regret going? Never for one moment. The golden year spent there, rich in associations, experiences, and needed lessons, has since proved of untold worth in the school of life. May dear W. M. C. continue to be to young people the "Gateway to Service" until our Saviour comes.

200 Columbus Avenue, Trenton, N. J.

ELLA IDEN, '15.

BUT one short year has passed since the class of '16 started on the devious paths which have led to the ends of the earth, since we said good-bye to our Alma Mater. But be it one year, or more as with previous classes, I am sure none of the graduates of W. M. C. will ever forget their College days, or the friendships then formed.

To our Alma Mater we are true
Wherever we may be,
To her principles we pledge anew
Our lifelong fealty.

Takoma Park, D. C.

JANETTE BIDWELL-SHUSTER, '16.

It has been our privilege to visit the College a number of times during the year to meet old friends and form new acquaintances. I have been acting as matron in the Shenandoah Valley Academy this year and find my work very fascinating, yet a visit to W. M. C. is a delightful treat. My sister is to look after the work of the young lady colporteurs in this conference this summer. I am sure we shall never forget the lessons learned at W. M. C., nor our friends there.

New Market, Va.

M. ALICE AND MADGE MILLER, '16.

BY this time we have become very much domesticated in the land of our adoption, the Dominion State, — Virginia. This state is the oldest English colony in the New World, with the result that even today we find the famous "F. F. V." (First Families of Virginia) spirit much in evidence. Our state is probably the most distinctly "Southern" state in the Union in its ideals and practices. The people are very conservative. In meeting this spirit of conservatism we have found the training received at the Washington College invaluable. Neither of us would exchange anything that could be offered us in the way of worldly gain for the years we spent in our Alma Mater.

MR. AND MRS. R. F. FARLEY, '15 AND '16.

Gordonsville, Va., Box 85.

Our College

*On the hill above the Sligo
Grouped around the circle green
Are the halls we love so dearly,
Where so many joys we've seen.
And forever to our College
We a tribute will award,
For we love each gray stone looking
Down upon the dark green sward.*

*When the winter storm king rising
Leaps adown the round hill's side,
And the spray drives 'gainst the boulders
Where the Sligo's waters glide,
And the branches overhanging
Creak, as tossed by rushing blast,
Then we love our College campus,
And will love it to the last.*

*When the spring days with their sunshine
Wake the violet and the rose,
And the birds invent sweet music
Where the green-leaved laurel grows,
We remember where we lingered
'Neath the oak tree's vernal shade
With an open volume, dreaming
How kings mighty empires made.*

*Yes, we'll always love our College
In the sunshine and the storm,
To our Alma Mater loyal
Ever will our hearts beat warm,
Let us live up to her standard
As the years pass one by one;
And with honor, true, devoted,
Finish what we have begun.*

—Janette Bidwell-Shuster, '16.

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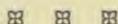
Editorial

If we cast a pebble into the sea, ripples immediately form near the pebble and keep moving outward for an indefinite distance. So it is with our influence, it extends indefinitely, although we may not realize it.

Sometimes if we do some wrong act, we find it convenient to think, "That is only a little thing, people will overlook it." But do people forget these little things? No, they do not forget them as easily as we may think. These little deeds count up, and finally our influence is not what it should be.

Every one has an influence either for right or for wrong. If it is what it should be, we can be of great help to those about us; if not, we will be a hindrance, and will be called upon to give an account of ourselves in the day of reckoning. So does it pay to be careless of our deeds and perhaps cause our brother to stumble, or shall we be careful, and then be the means of helping others to attain to greater heights?

L. H. F.



"LET him alone! It is of no use to offer advice. The only way he will learn is by his own experience." How often has the know-it-allness of young people called forth this remark from their elders. But is it really necessary for the young people of each succeeding generation to receive just the same "bumps" that their fathers received



LULA H. FERRIS

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E. R. CORDER

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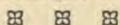
CECIL ROSS



before them? Not if they are educated young people. One noted educationalist says: "The sign of intelligence is the ability to profit by past experiences. The sign of educated intelligence is the ability to profit by the accumulated experiences of others."

Toleration is one of the effects of education—toleration of the ideas, ideals, religion, etc. of others. Our education is not broad enough if it has not taught us to have respect for the experiences and views of others, especially those who have been over the road before us. As we leave school this year, some to enter our organized work, and some to perform other duties, let us show that we have at least some degree of "educated intelligence." Let us honor and respect the advice and experiences of those older than ourselves. So shall we advance more rapidly,—and receive fewer "bumps."

O. D. O.



It seems to be the editor's privilege, or shall I say duty, to open his heart to his readers, in a way that he might not do otherwise. He may feel that what he has to say may not amount to much—sometimes it doesn't. Or again he may have a burden to say something that will help the other fellow along the way—whatever it is, there is some impelling motive that urges him on to declare himself.

Looking back over these efforts—good, bad, or indifferent—makes him wonder if he has succeeded in what he set out to do. Has he been able to make his paper the living factor in a living cause that it should occupy? For after all, my friends, work of this kind must have an objective, it must have a purpose. Just what that purpose is, makes the difference between success and failure—at least from God's standpoint. He who would please God will not always please his fellowmen.

On the other hand it may be a source of great satisfaction to aim to please those upon whose support his work depends. Unconsciously there is the tendency to arrange words and phrases, sentences and even whole articles with the end in view of making a strong appeal to the reader. This tendency within proper bounds is all right, that is to say where no principle is sacrificed. Just as soon as an editor begins to sacrifice principle for the sake of attractiveness just so soon his ideals begin to totter to their fall. And woe unto the man with low ideals. His work will be satisfactory neither to himself nor anyone else.

I deem it a worthy ideal to make everything in a paper be of such a nature that he who reads will be impressed with the value of its thought as applied to each personal experience. It may not always be offered in flowing language and in perfection of style; it may not even give a great fund of additional information. But if there is that earnestness of purpose, that makes each word pregnant with meaning; if there is power to take hold of men's hearts and cause them to exclaim, "There! I know he is right because what he says fits me," then there is reason to know that the effort to help has not been in vain.

If THE SLIGONIAN has been able to do this; if it has found a response in the hearts of its readers that will linger there long after its pages appeared—I shall feel amply repaid for the effort put forth. With the hope that in the future this paper may reach yet greater achievements and be instrumental in doing a great work for God, I earnestly commend it to those who take it up next year, that the standard of excellence may be held high and be a means finally in bringing many souls into the kingdom.

J. A. R.

One of the World's Needs

THE school year 1916-17 has been an active one for the Students' Association. From the first until the last some definite enterprise has been under way; and we are glad to say that something has been accomplished.

The Association, with the help of the Sligo church, raised over \$500.00 in the Harvest Ingathering campaign. Aside from this campaign all efforts were in behalf of the College Building fund. The money given by the students this year on their pledges totals \$890.67. The value of this amount is appreciated when we remember that this was largely given by students who work their way through school, and every hour devoted in the interest of this fund meant a personal sacrifice.

And so it always is. Very little of value is accomplished without sacrifice. We look out upon the field of achievement and see that the spirit and foundation of all successful endeavor is *sacrifice*; and the only results that are eternal are those that come from such efforts. It will continue to take this self-sacrificing effort to make the proposed new College building a reality. The demand for such a building is urgent, and the call for our help is imperative.

There are none who have entered within the walls of the Washington Missionary College as students but who love the "dear old school," and are willing to do all in their power to return the service, as far as such service can be returned, so freely given to them. This is especially true of the alumni; and because it is true their Alma Mater is hoping for valuable assistance from them.

The most opportune time to render service for the Washington Missionary College in its efforts for a new building, is during the present summer months. If we are to have a new building, now is the time to work for it; and so we hope that all who have pledged toward this building will endeavor to pay up their pledge this summer; and let every student sell at least one copy of "Christ's Object Lessons."

The need for the new building is great, and shall we not, one and all, "do our bit" this summer TO ANSWER this part of THE WORLD'S NEED.

WALTER A. NELSON, *President Students' Assn.*



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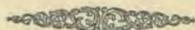
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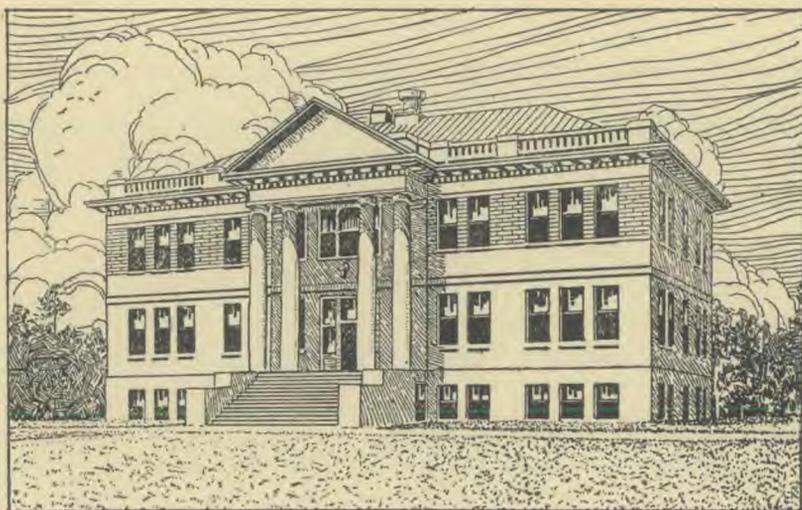
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