

1917

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The Sligoonian

Autumn Number

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Holding On

B. F. MACHLAN

"THERE is a mark and here is a ball," said a shrewd employer to thirty applicants who had answered an advertisement for a boy; "let me see which one of you can hit it oftenest." All missed the mark.

"Come back to-morrow," said he, "and see if you can do better." The next day brought but one little fellow who said he was ready for the test; and, when he tried, he hit the center every time.

"How is this?" asked the man in surprise.

"Why," said the boy, "I wanted the place very much, to help my mother, so I practiced all night in the shed." It is needless to say that he was engaged, for he was a boy made of the right stuff, and he brought it out for use and promotion. Many a boy has sat down and bewailed his failure to do the thing he had undertaken, that had he taken hold with determination and kept that hold, he might have been rejoicing in abundant success. Taking hold is only a part, and the smallest, at that, in the battle for success.

It is related of Tamerlane that, when closely pursued by his enemies, he took refuge in a ruined building, when, left to his solitary musings, he espied an ant tugging and striving to carry a simple grain of corn. His unavailing efforts were repeated sixty-nine times, and at each brave attempt, as soon as he reached a certain projective point, he fell back with his burden, unable to surmount it; when lo! the seventieth time he bore away his spoil in triumph, and left Tamerlane reanimated and exulting in the hope of future victory. Young man, you do not know how many other young men, closely pursued by difficulties and hedged about by seemingly overpowering circumstances, are watching you, as did Tamerlane the persistent ant, and who are influenced by your success or failure.

Thousands of men have been failures because they did not hold on. They *almost* learned a trade. They *almost* secured a college education. They *almost* made a success in business. The Patent Office is full of

contrivances which are *almost* successes. If the inventors had held on a little longer, they might have achieved the longed for success.

“Never give up, there are chances and changes,
Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one;
And, through the chaos, High Wisdom arranges
Every success, if you only hold on.

Never give up; for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,
Is the stern watchword of ‘Never give up!’”



Let Us Smile

The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from the heart,
That loves it fellowmen,
Will drive away the clouds of gloom,
And coax the sun again.
It's full of mirth and goodness, too,
With many a kindness blent;
It's worth a million dollars
And it doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness, when
We see a cheery smile.
It always has the same good look;
It's never out of style.
It nerves us on to try again
When failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement
Are good for me and you.
It pays a higher interest
For it is merely lent.
It's worth a million dollars
And it doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy,
You can wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times, before you can
Squeeze out a suggy tear.
It ripples out moreover
To heartstrings that will tug,
And always leaves an echo
That is very like a hug.
So smile away folks—understand
What by a smile is meant.
It's worth a million dollars
And it doesn't cost a cent.

—Harriett Medairy.



Improvements Add Value To College Property

The opening of this term of school at W. M. C. finds several marked improvements on the campus and near by, which enhance the value of the school property.

Sunshine Cottage

For quite a while need was felt for a home to which students, threatened with sickness, might retire for rest and treatment. This need has been fully met in Sunshine Cottage, a newly built, four-roomed bungalow standing at the north-west edge of the campus. All students who visit Sunshine find in its quietness and sweetness a genuine relief.

Lyndon Cottage

Mr. Ahrens has been transferred from West Cottage and given Lyndon as a boys dormitory. Lyndon stands just above the roadway, and in such a position that it is in plain view from the College front. All the boys are well pleased with their rooms.

College Building Painted

A coat of white paint has been applied to the College building so that its walls stand out boldly on the campus. Several other of the dormitories have been internally remodeled and revarnished.

Carline and Pavement

The rails for the new car line have been laid to Sligo bridge, and as soon as the track is connected at the city end, cars will run to the edge of the campus. This will save the students about a mile's walk. A new cement pavement is being laid along the car line.

Students' Association

THE new officers for the Students' Association for the first term of 1917 are as follows: President, Mr. V. Dietel; Vice president, Mr. G. Miles; Secretary, Miss Holder; Assistant secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Resseguie; Treasurer, Mr. C. L. Ross.

Sligonian Boosted By Students

At the first meeting of the Students Association on October 22, the students of W. M. C. proved that they intend to stand back of the Sligonian. The new officers received an enthusiastic welcome. This enthusiasm displayed itself in speeches and in the large number of subscriptions that were taken.

Professor Machlan's Offer Accepted

After the officers were elected the students and teachers spoke. Several students testified how the Sligonian had been the means of bringing them to W. M. C. and teachers verified the value of the paper to the College. Professor Machlan then arose and renewed the offer he had made a few days before—that if fifty students would stand responsible for five subscriptions he would give twenty.

Subscription List Grows

The students accepted the challenge bravely. When slips were passed out and names taken it was revealed that the number of subscriptions had over doubled itself, and stood at about seven hundred. Several of the Faculty remarked that they had not recently seen so much interest manifested and enthusiasm displayed as in this meeting.

Changes in Faculty

Several new Faculty members have been added to the teachers' staff to fill vacancies made at the beginning of this term. Most of the new members have had years of experience in teaching and thus form a strong force of instructors.

Professor Chaney Secured

The English department, recently made vacant by the call of Dr. Olsen to South Lancaster Academy, has been filled by Prof. C. L. Chaney, of Australia. Professor Chaney's fifteen years experience in teaching, aside from his ability

as an administrator makes him a valuable help to the College. He is the Faculty adviser of the Sligonian. The assistance of Miss Jessie Evans has also been enlisted for the English department.

The Music Department

Mrs. Stratton has been secured to fill the vacancy of Professor Hamer. Her experience as a vocalist in Europe, and her teacher's experience in the New England states, makes her a competent head for the Vocal department. Miss Viola Severs has had extended experience in teaching music before taking up the piano work in W. M. C.

Science Department Gets Help

The growth in the Science department has made it necessary to divide that work for two instructors. Professor J. N. Kimble, a former Student of W. M. C., and teacher in New York state, has been secured to share the work with Professor O. M. John.

Other Departments

All the students welcome Mrs. Griggs back to her place in the Latin chair. Mrs. Chaney's help to the Normal Department makes it a strong department this year. Professor E. F. Dresser, former principal of Shenandoah Valley Training Academy, teaches a large class in General History. The other departments remain the same as last year.

Music in the Air

EVERY Tuesday night we like to have our windows up so we can hear the music by the W. M. C. orchestra. There are more than twenty pieces. Besides ten violins, there are cornets, claronets, traps, a flute, cello, trombone, mandolin, and bass. Mrs. Stratton directs the orchestra.

Mr. Fred Greiner is president of the orchestra. Prof. J. N. Kimble, vice president; Mr. Gerald Miles, secretary and treasurer; and Mr. Victor Dietel, manager.

Preparing for New College Building

Preparations for the New College Building which is to be located on "the point" by South Hall, are now begun. A large tool house has been built and already tools and material are being collected for the work. Professor Wood, who has charge of all preparations, is being helped by several of the students. The next issue of THE SLIGONIAN will deal with the New Building more fully.

New Student Store

The place to buy things is at the new College Store in the basement of the dining hall. It is open a half hour after breakfast and dinner. Mrs. Dimmock and Miss Virginia Shull, the salesladies, are prepared to sell you anything from a bar of soap to nut bromose.

Ice cream cones were the specialty for the first week; one hundred were sold on the first day. However since cold weather the number of ice cream sales is like the cones—they taper off.

The Faculty Reception

On the third Saturday night after school opened the Faculty held the annual reception in the Dining Hall, for the students.

The Faculty members formed a long line from one entrance to the other end of the room. About eight o'clock the reception hall was crowded with girls and boys. Each one was received by Mr. Ahrens, welcomed by President Machlan and then introduced to the teachers.

All were entertained by music for a while but then broke up into groups to chat and get acquainted. After singing "America," the groups separated and everybody returned to their rooms.

Sanitarium

ALTHO the evening of the twenty-third of October was stormy, the Takoma Park Church was well filled for the Commencement Exercises of the Nurse's class of 1917. The four classes marched in and the graduating class took its place on the rostrum. The following program was then rendered.

Invocation.....Elder Stewart Kime.
 Quartette "The Close of Day"
 Oration.....Mrs. Maude Miller
 Address.....Elder F. M. Wilcox
 Solo.....Mrs. Stratton
 Presentation of Diplomas.....Dr. H. W. Miller.
 Benediction.....Elder Stewart Kime.

The Class of 1917

President.....Ira R. Scheirich
 Secretary.....Mrs. Maude M. Miller
 Motto....."The Need is the Call"
 Flower.....Yellow Crysanthemum
 Colors.....Maroon and Gold

Class Roll

Miss Naomi Brewer
 Miss Nellie Burdick
 Miss Esther Groll
 Miss Bernice Hammond
 Miss Helen Kahlstrom
 Miss Mary Kisz
 Mrs. Maude Miller
 Miss Hermione Tanner
 Miss Sissie Winn
 Mr. Ira Sheirich

On the evening of October 21, the seniors gave the graduating class a warm reception in the gymnasium. The gym was artistically decorated with maroon and gold crepe paper, supplemented by autumn leaves. The program, which was probably the best that has been given on such an occasion, was as follows:—

Selection..Review and Herald Orchestra
 Piano Duet.....Misses Alberta Munch
 and Jennie Shafer
 Class Prophecy....Miss Mabelle Howard
 Vocal Solo.....Miss Elizabeth Munch

Reading "Life in Turkey"...Miss Despina Keanides
 History of Nursing....Dr. H. W. Miller
 Piano Duet.....Misses Alberta Munch
 and Jennie Shafer
 Selections..Review and Herald Orchestra
 Mock Clinic.....Member of senior class

Refreshments were then served. An artificial fountain was concealed among some of the many colored leaves and nectar distributed to the guests from it.

News Notes

Dr. H. W. Miller has just returned from the Fall Council of the North American Division Conference at Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. Minner on their way to Peru have been visiting at the Sanitarium very recently. Mrs. Minner was formerly head nurse at the Boulder, Colorado, Sanitarium while Mr. Minner was at Union College.

There has been an epidemic of la grippe among the nurses of the senior class. The victims were Miss Jennie Schafer, Miss Alberta Munsch, Miss Mabelle Howard, and Miss Despuria Keanides. They have all recovered and are about their duties once more.

A new sanitarium annex is under construction on the lot between the Nurse's dormitory and the College building. The new building is of the latest model and will contain a fine up-to-date operating room. It is roofed and the workmen are rushing the job to a quick finish.

Weddings

HERR—HOTEL

ON Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, October the third, Mr. John Hotel and Miss Mary Herr were united in marriage by Elder W. A. Spicer at Miss Manola Roger's home, 124 Carroll Ave. The rooms, which were beautifully decorated, were filled with guests. Every one wished

Mr. and Mrs. Hottel a happy prosperous life. After visiting a few days in Virginia, they went to Tuenessassa, N. Y. where Mr. Hottel will be the principal of the Fernwood Academy. Mr. Hottel will teach History and Bible, Mrs. Hottel, Music and English.

SANDAKER—CHRISTIANSSEN

Mr. E. M. Christiansen and Miss Brynhild Sandaker were quietly married at the home of President Machlan, September the eleventh. They are now living at President Machlan's home.

GERHART—SCHILLING

Just a week before school opened Mr. Charles Schilling and Miss Irma Gerhart were married at Sellersville, Pa. They are students here this year.

MILLER—KIMBLE

Prof. Norman Kimble and Miss Alice Miller, graduates of W. M. C., were also married, September, fifth. We are glad they are here to help us with our work.

FREY—GREINER

Mr. Fred Greiner and Miss Rena Frey were married in New York City, September the twenty-ninth. They are here now. Mr. Greiner is attending school.

Commercial Department

THE commercial department has been given the rooms formerly occupied by the mathematics department. These rooms have been fully equipped with new sanitary desks and furniture; With an enrollment of over fifty students the work is progressing nicely. Professor Smith has charge of the business department and Miss Schillberg has the stenographic department. The demand for competent stenographers and bookkeepers has made it advisable to strengthen this line of the college work by giving a thorough course with an academic prerequisite.

Sligo Briefs

Mr. Shull assists Mr. Bowen in the W. M. C. business office.

Mr. Leland and Mr. H. E. Wagner have charge of the Gymnasium ticket office.

Miss Carrie Sims is the assistant librarian.

There are six persons in the dentistry class.

Miss Reese has charge of the laundry this year.

The college jitney has been remodeled. Mr. Van Voorhis is still the driver.

Mr. Dimmock has promised us "Johnny Cake" every morning, so here's where we get a wheatless meal.

Harold Machlan, C. Masson, Percy Cowles, Lula Ferris, Norman Clapp and Victor Barrows are attending George Washington University in the city.

The ten minutes before the Faculty comes into chapel is spent in singing, Mrs. Stratton directing the singing.

Among those that have spoken to us in chapel have been Elders Quinn, Russell, Dr. Kress, Elders Stray, Haskell, Votaw, Hooper, Griggs, Paap, and Boyd. We hope to profit by their instruction.

Thursday, October the eighteenth, was the day the W. M. C. students went out with the Harvest Ingathering. Although we did not reach our goal of \$501, we hope to soon.

Alice Palmer and Kathleen Myer enjoyed a few days stay in Sunshine cottage.

Mrs. R. G. Bowen is kept busy in the book store.

Among those having been to the Sanitarium for treatment are these students: the Misses Melvina Horton, Delphia and Eulah Morton, Rose Craig, Frenita Stahl, Kathleen Meyer, and Mrs. Gertrude Resseguie.

On account of illness Professor Hamer resigned, Miss Severs taking his place as music teacher. We hear that both Professor Hamer and his wife are improving in health. They are in Michigan now. Miss Severs and her mother live in the Hamer house.

In the chapel, the evening of October first, everyone enjoyed the music recital given by Miss Mary Herr. This was her graduation recital. She was assisted by Mrs. Stratton who sang several selections.

"Daddy" Reed is having his room papered; and from the furniture he recently purchased some students have thought he may have decided to bring a new member into our school home. But we believe that "Daddy" has no such serious intentions in mind.

Every Saturday night when the bell rings, the boys and girls hurry to the dining hall. It means there's to be a march. Mr. Ahrens directs the marches for us.

"Those who can be ready in five minutes may go to the city to hear Sousa's Band," was what Professor Machlan said when he came in the dining room on Saturday night, October 13. About thirty students said, "It was great."

Sunday evening, October 28, about fifty students enjoyed a Hallowe'en entertainment given by Misses Jiron and Wilcox at Elder Wilcox's home. The music, games, and refreshments afforded pleasure for everyone there.

Instead of studying on Hallowe'en night, the students spent the evening in the gymnasium having a good time. They played games and marched.

Wednesday evening, October 31, many of the students attended the Martin Luther celebration at the Lutheran church on Thomas Circle.

In looking over the list of students it is noted that nine have whole scholarships and six have half scholarships; seventeen are working their entire way through

school and twenty-nine in part. This year we have eight students more than we had at this time last year. Eight of our last year's students are now in foreign and forty are at work in the home field.

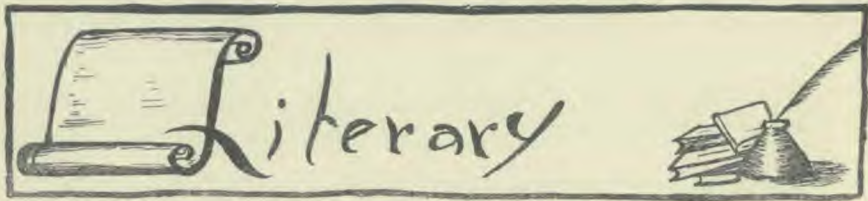
Professor Wood accidentally cut the artery of his wrist October the twenty-ninth while trying to help some one who had had an auto accident. He is able to be back at work now.

What's in a Sign?

Couched between two brick flats on Ninth Street, is a low shop which holds up on it's bleary windows the sign: "NEVER IDLE PRINTER." The curious passer-by stops to investigate such a boastful sign. He looks in and finds the press dust-covered and papers strewn around. A pair of pet white mice spring from a cage in the corner of the show window and put their tiny paws against the glass—proxy proprietors and truly "Never Idle Printers."

Meatless Meal

WHEN the demand for a wheatless meal came, students of W. M. C. had to gradually accustom themselves to the demand, but Johnny cake came to the rescue and now they are faring well. However, when the meatless meal was called for it seemed that W. M. C. students had absolutely no trouble at all to obey to the fullest extent of the law. In fact, Mr. Dimmock says there has not been one single call for ham, pork chops, chicken, sausages, hamburger, steak, veal, mutton, turtle soup, or any of the "fifty-seven varieties." Students of W. M. C. are saying further: "Mr. Turkey, we don't want anything to do with you either. Thanksgiving is coming soon, but 'Old Boy' you might as well sleep till noon, we're not going to touch you or disturb you in the least."



Woodrow Wilson—The Man

C. LOUIS AHRENS

NOT since the glorious days of Lincoln, not even since Washington, has any man so felt and understood the throbbing heart of America as our President. Woodrow Wilson is the embodiment of leadership, idealism, and patriotism. Few presidents have had such full comprehension of the solemn office in the gift of the people, and fewer still are they who have made such a complete surrender of all personal comforts to make the nation a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

The growing menace of the "blood and iron" policy held terrors for us, but not until the "mailed fist" thrust itself to our very throats did we awaken to the peril of its taking from us our most cherished possession—our democracy. And as our champion, there arose The Man; he came as a leader, as a nucleating force, as a clear rallying cry to our slumbering sleepiness. He fits into this crisis of ours as skin fits the hands, bringing purpose, solidity, and courage—unsullied and unwavering—into the struggle for a nobler fulfillment of the hopes and aspirations of those whose life blood bought our first liberty.

And he is an idealist! Far back into the nineteenth century we find him protesting in signed articles against secrecy in government affairs, crying out against the evils of diplomatic intrigue. During his collegiate days at Princeton he is seen relinquishing a desired prize well within his grasp because he would not, even in scholastic debate, advance arguments in support of what he deemed an oligarchic theory. With his students at Princeton, later, he fought the tendency to glorify money, and scourged the drift toward plutocracy. In his books "liberty" and "progress" are favorite words, and every utterance, written or spoken, breathes a mighty faith in the oneness of the American people. His student days and his professional years were marked by good cheer, and the kindness that flows only from a noble heart. Nobody ever sang a better song, told a better story, or placed a higher value upon the joys of the purity of social intercourse. This is our man; he is our idealist.

But he is more; he is, above all, a patriot. There was a time when he, in the face of sneering and laughter, continued a steady, confident course, and because of it, he is now the "voice of a nation." And deep in the heart of the nation an abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of love, justice, and brotherhood remains untouched.

Over the seas the manhood and flower of great races are being crushed to death. And soon millions of our own will follow them. They are precious lives, rich in the possibilities of creation and production, but they will be blown away on the winds of a vast destruction, for there is a price to pay for our liberty and they have gone to pay it. In the red light that streams from the death-grapple in Europe, it has become possible for the Ameaican people to see clearly the path that must be trod. Because, there is nothing really worth while in the lives of nations or individuals that is not paid for by almost unbearable suffering; we have a price to pay for our continued liberty, and our young men are paying that price.

And he—The Man—understood it. For only a few days before the declaration of war he said: "God forbid that we should have to use the blood of America to freshen the colors of our flag. But if it should ever be necessary again to assert the majesty and integrity of those ancient and honorable principles, that flag will be colored once more, and in being colored will be glorified and purified."

His heart shrank from it, but there was a price to pay, and he knew the paying of it would glorify and purify our flag.

So for the sacred rights of justice, liberty and humanity our hero stands, a leader, an idealist, a patriot. In the words of Shakespere, "he is great, and the elements so mixed in him that all the world might stand up and say, 'This is a man.'"



On Sligo Hill

Sligo's merry waters trickle,
Takoma's business, steady runs,
But on the sloping campus mickle
College days have now begun.

The walks resound with pad-e-wack,
The colored curtains fly,
The air is brisk and all is well,
November days go by.

Merry rings the morning bell,
Bright faces beam afresh with cheer;
Laughter sounds throughout the halls,
All's happy for the coming year.

Marion's Awakening

MARGARET PHILLIPS

SATURDAY night had come again. The evening entertainments were over, and the girls were returning to their rooms. Down in the south wing some busy, but very quiet preparations were being made. It seemed that in an incredibly short time four girls had slipped unseen into Number 10.

All but one of them were "last year" girls, but they had taken in one more because she was Dora's room mate. On such occasions they choose to call themselves the "Super-Six."

"Girls," began Marion with a superior toss of her head, "I have a very important bit of news to tell you. I've been saving it for the last two hours, and I can't keep it much longer. While I was resting during the second march tonight, I overheard Miss Leighton talking to Grace Roberts. I caught just enough to know she was telling her about the new girl that came yesterday.

"I'll bet she wants her to be put in Grace's room," interrupted Ruth.

"Who is she and where did she come from?" chimed in the rest.

"Please don't interrupt me again, and I'll tell you all the information I have on the subject. She is from somewhere out West and from a good family, so Miss Leighton said."

"By her clothes she looks as if she might have come from Noah's Ark, and I don't see how a good family could turn out such a looking creature," sarcastically remarked Dora.

"I didn't get a very close look. Seems like tho, she did have beautiful hair, but then, she looks so sad we would all be going around like this," and Marion began to imitate a funeral march that would have done credit to Sarah Bernhart.

The girls were ready to burst out laughing when steps were heard in the hall. Instantly the few remaining sandwiches, and the fudge disappeared under the bed. All was silence.

The danger past, Marion took up the subject again:

"I'm going to Grace the first thing in the morning and make a fuss, for we don't want her near us. There is plenty of room on the next floor."

"That's my opinion," said Ruth.

"And mine, too," added Dora.

Just at this point the lights went out, and the girls returned to their rooms.

The next day the girls went to Grace and finally to Miss Leighton, but to no avail. The result was that Elizebeth Grey, the new comer, received an icy welcome, and was the subject of much comment and criticism.

Again four girls slipped noiselessly and unseen into number 10. They came empty handed this time for Marion had been ill for three days, and the Doctor had ordered perfect rest and quiet.

But even though she was suffering she had insisted on their coming, for it would never do to have the "Super Six" miss its meeting. Besides there was the confession, the dream, that she must tell them.

Miss Leighton had been in to make her comfortable for the night, so they knew they would be undisturbed.

"Girls," she began, "you don't know how sorry I am to break up the fun of the 'real' meeting but our stomachs, purses, and"—she paused, looked earnestly at the sympathetic group near her—"and I hope our hearts will be better for it."

She dropped back upon the pillow, and a look came into her eyes that the girls had never seen before. It was so unlike Marion to be grave and serious. She had always been their leader; nothing was too perilous for her to attempt.

Tonight all the old adventuresome, funloving spirit was gone, and in its place rested a calm, sad sweetness that made her more beautiful than they had ever seen her. Unconsciously they all drew nearer, no one caring to break the silence.

"Girls," she began again, with a strange seriousness in her voice, "I have a confession to make, but first I must tell you my dream."

While I was lying here, the door opened softly and there stood an angel. I was so frightened it seemed I could neither move nor breathe. As he came toward me, he smiled, and, O girls! it was the most wonderful smile I have ever seen! I forgot all my pain as he took my hands and said, "Come with me."

"I did not dare to ask where we were going but followed him on and on. At last we came to a great building. Over the door I saw written, "Hall of Records." We passed through several long corridors. The sides were lined with desks. At each one sat an angel busily writing in a book.

"You know it wouldn't be natural for me to keep still long so I ventured to ask the angel what they were doing."

"They," he said, "are the guardian angels of the people on earth, and at the close of each day they come here to write up the records."

"I had noticed two books on each desk. Some were the same size, but on most of the desks one was larger than the other. The an-

gel explained that one book was for the good deeds, the other for the bad ones, and that the books grew in size according to the amount written in them.

"At last, we reached the end of the building and there in one corner was a little alcove with just seven desks in it. And girls, can you imagine how I felt when I saw our names engraved on the first six, and Elizabeth Grey's on the seventh?"

"The angels had just finished their records, and as they turned to leave, they looked at me. O that you could have been with me! I felt lonely, and afraid. I wanted to hide, but I could not move. I knew they were reading my very thoughts. As they passed on, my angel motioned for me to come nearer, and as he began to write my eyes were rivoted to the page. There was written the times I had broken school rules; all the fun I had made of poor old Mrs. Day; and there, it seemed to me in letters of fire, were the cruel words I had said about Elizabeth, and the horrid gestures I had used in making fun of her, and the influence I had over the rest of you."

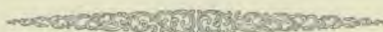
Marion stopped and closed her eyes, but two great tears rolled down the flushed cheeks. Not a word was spoken for each girl was thinking of the record her angel had written. Presently she opened her eyes and continued.

"After he had finished writing in that book, he opened the book of good deeds, but O how pitifully small it was in comparison to the other! A few short sentences were all he could write. He laid down his pen, and led me to Elizabeth's desk. Opening the book he told me to read."

"Girls, if we had only known, how different it all might have been! I could not not have endured the privations, the sorrow, and the longing for love that she has had to endure." When I came to the last page, and saw how I added to her heart-ache, I burst into tears and fell at the angel's feet. He gently lifted me and whispered. 'Be brave; with Christ's help try again.'

"With that, I awoke to find myself in our own little room, in our own dear College. Girls' forgive me, and let us make a vow together."

Following their leader, they promised each other before God to undo the past by living unselfishly for others. Soon they were known as the "Perfect Seven."





In Home Fields

"THE CANVASSING WORK, properly conducted, is missionary work of the highest order; and it is as good and successful a method as can be employed for placing before the people the important truths for this time." Vol. 6. Page 313. Little do we realize, while engaged in the canvassing work, what good we can do. If we enter into it wholeheartedly with the purpose of soul winning, it will be a blessing not only to others but also to ourselves.

While engaged in this work the past summer I had many rich and interesting experiences. One which impressed me very much was a talk with a lady who seemed to be searching for light. While showing her "Bible Readings," she became intensely interested in the chapter on the prophecies and remarked that she had never read of Nebuchadnezzar's dream. After I had finished showing her my book, she again mentioned the dream; so I took my Bible and explained it to her the best I knew how. Before I had finished, she said, with tears in her eyes, "Isn't it wonderful? Does the book tell more about it? If it does, I want one."

Many are waiting and longing for these truths to be brought to them. They may be reached by the canvassing work, whereas they could not be reached in any other way. Money could not buy the experience I received from my summer's work. It has proved to be a great blessing to me; and I pray that it may to others.

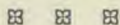
MABEL CASSELL.

At the close of the school year it becomes necessary for us to decide how we are to spend the vacation, and this decision means much to us. When school closed last spring, I wondered if it would not be best for me to accept a position with a definite salary, and thus be sure of earning enough money to continue my education this fall. As there was some fear that the increased price of our books and the entrance of our country into the war would make it harder to earn a scholarship, to return to the canvassing field seemed quite a sacrifice; and it was with some reluctance that I decided to do it.

On some of those hot July days as I was climbing the hills of Vermont, far away from anyone I knew, I would often stop to rest; and thoughts of home, friends, and shade-trees would creep into my mind. But after a moment I was glad to be right there, for that was where I felt I ought to be. Strange though it may seem, it is just these hot days, or rainy days, which bring the greatest success; and it is well that this is so, for if ever one is inclined to become discouraged it is then. However, it was easy to see that the people were more eager for the truth than ever before, and as a result I came here this fall having delivered more books than any previous year.

There are many things which make me glad that I spent the summer in this way. If ever there is anything which makes one feel his dependence upon God, it is the colporteur work; and he cannot but be drawn nearer heaven when he feels this dependence. Then one's education is not complete until he has received that broadening which comes from visiting so many homes, and coming in contact with so many different minds. As it is the doing of that thing which is hard that brings real strength; so it is the knowledge of that accomplishment which brings the greatest pleasure.

GERALD E. MILES.



During the past summer it was my privilege to be connected with a large tent effort in Newark, N. J. I say privilege, because an opportunity to work in a large city may not come to me another summer. From my experience I have been impressed that the night is far spent and the work of God is fast coming to a close.

In the Newark effort hundreds of people became interested in the truth preached by Elder J. W. MacNeil. The interest manifested by the people was not superficial, but emanated from a deep desire to know more of God's truth. The stirring events now occurring are causing serious thoughts in the minds of all classes of people. The attendance on Sunday evenings was approximately one thousand, while during the week it was about seven hundred. Over five hundred people voluntarily handed in their names, requesting literature and that our workers visit them, — a task that seemed overwhelming to the five workers. The burden of warning these interested hundreds is becoming heavier and heavier upon God's messengers of truth. The people, with outstretched arms, are crying for help. Young men, young women, what are you doing to prepare yourselves for work in the Lord's great harvest field next summer? Be ready to receive the special blessing that comes to those who are thus engaged in His service.

HOWARD L. SHULL.

What is more pleasant than the joy of service! and what is more satisfying to the soul than to feel that you have been a help to someone! Both of these feelings are yours when you are engaged in the Bible work, or any other part of the Lord's work. You may come in at night all tired out, yet feeling very happy because you know that you have done service for your King.

We have heard much about the educational value of canvassing, and I believe that canvassing is educational; but I am also convinced that the Bible work is a great educational factor. A Bible worker has to work with all classes of people: the rich, the poor, and the middle class. She must learn to be tactful, and to adapt herself to the needs of each of these classes, if she wishes to appeal to them and be a successful Bible worker. She must enter their homes, and converse with them of things that are of interest to them.

The Bible worker not only teaches other people from the Word of God, but she also gets a much firmer, stronger grasp of the precious truths found therein; nevertheless, the great thing to be considered in Bible work is the benefits to others. One seed of truth sown may result in wonders for God.

ALICE MILLER.

Missionary Volunteer Society

THERE'S something alive at W. M. C: yes, many things, but one is the Missionary Volunteer Society. The surest sign of life is action. This action is expressing itself through the bands. Though some of the bands are scarcely organized, yet something is being accomplished. The officers elected for this year are: leader, Prof. John; assistant leaders, Dr. Hadley, William Scharffenberg; secretary, Ruth Atwell; assistant secretary, Mabel Andre.

The Foreign Mission Band meets every two weeks, with Mr. Trummer as leader. On October 12, Eld. Spicer talked to the members concerning the needs of the mission fields, and showed how this band can help to answer the calls that come from those in darkness. On October 26 Mr. Wheeler, who will soon sail for South Africa, gave an interesting talk concerning his chosen field.

The Ministerial Band, with Mr. Grant as leader, is already conducting two cottage meetings each week. Arrangements have been made for holding meetings in the hall belonging to the District Conference, and still other work is being planned. The purpose of this band is to give practical experience to those who expect to engage in this line of

work, so that when college days are over these young men will have more than a theoretical knowledge of the work to which they go. The Bible Worker's Band will doubtless work in connection with the city effort. Miss Mercereau is leader of this band.

There is a great need of leaders for the Missionary Volunteer Department; to aid in the preparation of young men and women for this work a Leader's Training Band has been organized. Mr. Miles is the leader. Here an earnest company of students gather to study the organization of this branch of the work, and the best methods of carrying it on.

Under the leadership of Miss Cassell the Literature and Correspondence Band promises to send out many papers and missionary letters. Much was accomplished by this band last year and we know that the present members will not do less.

Sabbath School

OUR Sabbath School has nearly two hundred members, in twenty-three classes. Prof. Caviness is superintendent; Mr. Ross and Mr. Miles, assistant superintendents; Mrs. J. N. Kimble, secretary; and Miss Trumble and Miss Jiron, assistant secretaries. With teachers and students enthusiastic in the study of the lessons the prospects are good for a profitable year together.

Antiques and Temples of India

WILBER R. NELSON

I PURPOSE to take the reader with me on a tour to two or three of the most interesting cities of South India. Let not the Westerner indulge in fears about the discomforts of travel. Comfortable second-class traveling rarely costs more than one and one-fourth cents per mile; and many, like myself, have traveled thousands of miles in third-class compartments for less than one-half cent a mile, without much other inconvenience than an excess of dust, and stiffened bones.

It will be convenient to start upon our tour from Nazareth, a mission station in the extreme south of the peninsula. A bullock cart is brought to the door in the evening, by one of the school boys. We put straw in the cart, then lay our bed on this; here we try to sleep while the cart goes bumping along over thirty miles of road to the nearest railway station, where we board a train. A few hours ride brings us to Madura.

This is a large, wide-awake centre of enthusiastic Hinduism. In the heart of this town of more than a hundred thousand people, stands its great temple, dedicated to Siva. The principal monuments of South India are its temples, which are the largest in the world. The Madura temple is only third in size, but in its upkeep and architectural beauty it far surpasses the two larger ones. It covers an area of fifteen acres, and its many towers furnish landmarks for miles around. It is built almost entirely of large granite blocks, some nearly sixty feet long. Its carving is very abundant and elaborate. Hinduism may be in a dying state, but this temple gives only intimation of life and prosperity as one gazes upon its elaborate ritual and sees the thousands passing daily to its shrine to worship. This temple represents the highest form of Hindu architecture and, like all else that is Hindu, its history carries us to the dim and distant past.

When Brahmanism reached Madura many centuries ago, Munatchi was the principal demoness worshiped by a people who were devil-worshippers. The Brahmans did not oppose the old faith of the people, but absorbed it by marrying Munatchi to their chief god, Siva; thus the Hinduism of Madura is Brahmanism plus devil-worship. The people today are much more absorbed in pacifying the devils, which infest every village, than in worshiping purely Hindu deities.

The main streets which lead to the temple are quite wide and well paved, while the others are rather narrow and filthy. Many of the streets are built lower in the center and here the refuse gathers until the monsoon rains wash it away. Most of the buildings are low and very old; many of them fall during the rainy season.

A run of two hundred miles brings us to the small state Cochin, on the west coast. We are impressed by the large Christian church in the little town of Cochin, in which only a few English people worship on Sunday morning. It was erected by the Portuguese four centuries ago, and is a charming study. Two centuries later the Dutch came, conquered the Portuguese, occupied their house of worship, and desecrated their tombs. In that church, today, one can find tomb stones with words inscribed on one side by the Portuguese to their departed friends, and on the other side by the Dutch to commemorate departed Hollanders.

But by far the most interesting sight in this old Indian town is the community of white Jews. No one knows when they came here; some think they arrived at the dispersion in the first century of our era. It does not require much imagination, as one enters the synagogue, to think of the synagogue in Nazareth of old. Here in the little school-room the children study and recite Hebrew. It is said there is hardly

a place where Judaism has undergone fewer changes than on this Western coast of India.

Only about two hundred yards farther on we find the synagogue of the black Jews. These are the descendants of those who were given by an ancient king to be slaves to the white Jews; and they with their masters, are still praying for the coming of the Messiah.

In these two cities, as well as all over India, the missionaries have met with stubborn resistance. However, the message of the soon-coming Saviour has been proclaimed until missions have been established in nearly all parts. Yet there is a great work to be done, and we hear the call of the hour.



Your Duty

HAROLD RICHARDS

*What is duty? do you know it?
Can you recognize it's voice?
If you know it, then to do it,
Is your highest will and choice.*

*Duty comes with different faces,
Dimly shadowed in the cloud,
When our doubt the past retraces,
Daring not to speak aloud.*

*Duty once rejected, never
Comes with smiling face again;
But her visage, marred forever,
Sorrows for the sins of man.*

*Duty strives and never ceases
To instruct the soul that hears;
And his store of faith increases
As he journeys with the years.*

*What's your duty? have you done it?
Does she help you to decide?
In the stress of life's hard battle
Is she still your friend and guide?*

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Editorial

WE believe the Sligonian needs no introduction nor any apology. Altho scarcely two years old, it is an established reality, standing for W. M. C. and Christian principle. All the editors are new this year, but we have no reason to fear for the future of this paper, for we believe that the gathering momentum of interest in the College is bursting out by our side, and what more could a staff ask? We are also encouraged by the large number of subscriptions. The paper is yours and we want it to serve you; your desires are our privileges. We have thought some changes would make the paper better; they are on trial in this issue. We have placed the news notes in the front and printed them in eight point type, so as to give plenty of space for news. The College Areopagus is a new department for general discussion; a place where students may come to talk over problems and affairs of college, missionary, political and social life. We trust every student will feel free to make use of this department. C. L. R.

THERE is a feeling we have for our native land, called patriotism. We have a similar feeling toward our friends and the institutions that we hold dear but we do not call it patriotism; we call it loyalty. True loyalty means that we are willing at all times to give our best efforts, and our entire respect, to the person or institution toward whom we have this sentiment. Unless we are willing to make some sacrifice or work harder than we are actually called upon to, we are not loyal; we are merely following the path of least resistance. Remember this and do something for the "Sligonian." Be loyal to our College paper!

The opportunity which is offered to every live young man and woman through a college training should be improved to the fullest extent. America needs trained men and women now more than ever before. There are many worthy fields of service. To prepare better men and women for service is the work of our College.

It depends wholly upon the interest taken in our college days, while we are actually living them, and not in after life, how much we get out of them. If, as college men and women, we are not heart and soul in sympathy with, and loyal to, our College, then we have lost a great opportunity. For in early life to develop a true spirit of loyalty is to build up that big side of our character upon which in later life are built our ideals and ambitions. Be loyal to the "Sligonian" and to W. M. C.!

H. M. T.

IF Mr. Green went to the station, put down fifteen dollars at the ticket window and said, "I want a ticket," the office man would ask him, "To what place?" Should Mr. Green say, "Oh, I don't care, just so I pay for it," what would you think?

Are we doing like Mr. Green? Are we just going to school without any definite purpose, not caring, just so we pay for it? Let us have a purpose in life. We, who are living in these last days can't afford to drift with the crowd. Upon us, the young people, rests the burden of finishing the work of God.

God has given each of us some talent. Let us use it for Him. Seize the opportunity when it comes. After it has passed, it is too late.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen

The saddest of these "It might have been."

Set the goal you wish to gain

Then go at it with heart and brain.

And though the clouds shut out the blue,

Do not dim your purpose true

With your sighing.

Stand erect like a man

And know they can who think they can.

Keep a-trying.

C. A. S.

To the Timid Student

THERE are stores of ambition in every student; if unlocked and given expression in action they will enable him to bring things to pass. One of the greatest discoveries we can make is to find out ourselves, and learn that we can do things; and let this idea arouse, thrill, and inspire us on to action. The idea that everything worth doing is intended for someone else, keeps the average person too low. Every student should be a leader of some kind.

Are you leading or being led, a lifter or a leaner, a booster or a knocker? There are too many "flunkers" in this world who are afraid someone will laugh at them, who are afraid they can't make things go. Wake up! Get busy, stand on your own legs, buff the storm, face the music, do something besides making excuses, or worrying about conditions. Get out of the old rut, get a new vision of life, boost, push, and pull, go to work whether you feel like it or not, the exercise will do you good.

KENNETH GANT.

ADDED privileges bring added responsibilities. We are in school and thank God for the privilege, but we pray that we may faithfully discharge our responsibility. We believe there are some who would like to be at W. M. C. this year, but cannot. To such we say, "Do not be discouraged; set your stakes for next year and go after it now. Many did this last year and are here now. Isn't it better to work your way through school than not go at all? Meanwhile seek all the improvements you can. The Fireside Correspondence School offers a splendid means of instruction. Write to Professor C. C. Lewis the principal and he will be glad to help you solve this problem."

C. L. R.

We wish to express our thanks to Miss Christine Knudson for her valuable assistance in the art work for this issue.

We also appreciate the help of Misses Hattie Simmons and Julia Leland in the stenographic work.





Roll Call

Alabama: Ellen Bird, Kathleen Myer, Elsie Nelson, Sadie Rogers.

Alberta: R. M. Milne.

Colorado: Kenneth Gant, Genevieve Hanson, G. C. Wyman.

District of Columbia: Leona Bishop, W. E. Blosser, Ruby Bollman, May Boyd, Eva Boyd, Ethel Boyd, Charles L. Boyd, Marguerite Bourdeau, Mabel Bowen, William Bowen, Mrs. R. G. Bowen, Rena Burdette, Albert L. Chaney, E. M. Christiansen, Harold Coyl, Paul Cross, Elmer Cross, Grosvenor Daniells, Mrs. Luella Davis, Paul E. Davis, Edythe Detwiler, Mrs. J. C. Dimmock, E. F. Dresser, William Eastman, Pearl Enock, Margaret Estep, Clarence Gibbs, Mildred Godwin, Donald Griggs, Stella Grube, E. May Hollidge, Eva D. Howe, Robert Jones, J. M. Kennedy, Mrs. L. Kiehnhoff, A. L. Kiehnhoff, Florence Kimber, Samuel Kime, Gladys Kime, Bertha King, Wallace Koehl, E. N. Lockwood, Maude Lockwood, Lindon Lockwood, Ethel Longacre, Daniel Mitchell, Elizabeth Neall, Mrs. Arthur Nelson, Walter Nelson, Mrs. Myrtle Nelson, Wilbur Nelson, Mildred Overacker, E. M. Paap, George Paap, I. Mae Painter, Clarence Palmer, Alice Palmer, D. W. Philips, David Percy, Gladys Phipps, Anna Pryor, Willie Richardson, D. L. Richardson, Ruth Roberts, Mary Roberts, Marie Rogers, Wilbur Roggenkamp, J. Wilder Salisbury, Ethel Sanderson, Charles Schilling, Mrs. Irma B. Schilling, Grace Seely, Maybelle Seely, A. E. Shuster, Mrs. M. J. Smith, Agnes Sorenson, V. W. Sorenson, Hazel Spear, Helen Spicer, Louis G. Stevens,

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Iowa: Victor Diemel.

Maine: Grace Adams.

Maryland: Pearl Betts, George Carroll, Edith Corner, Martha Glaser, Fred Greiner, Beulah Hurtman, C. L. Jones, Glenna Mears, Harriett Medairy, Alice Miller, Leo Reightler, Orpha Smith, H. E. Wagner, Emma F. North.

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Mississippi: William Tinsley, Mary Welch.

Missouri: Frank Giddings.

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New Mexico: Ethyle Coberly.

New York: Louis Ahrens, Carl Eaton, John Eick, Rufus Gibbs, Ruth Mercereau, Joseph Sangster, William S. Thompson.

North Carolina: Hiram Durepo, R. G. Strickland.

North Dakota: Anton Baybarz.

Ohio: Ethel Andre, Mabel Andre, Ruth Atwell, Mabel Cassell, E. R. Corder, Helen Daniels, Lowell Fritz, Mark Haggmann, Elsie Haughey, Mary Holder, Ethel Howard, Clifford Hubbell, Eulah Morton, Elizabeth Morris, Delpha Morton, Wallace Smith.

Oklahoma: Sue Gilliland.

Pennsylvania: Laverne Adams, Irma Baus, Lois Barrett, Thos. Beamesderfer, Harry Beckberger, Anna Daughenbaugh, Anna Detwiler, Florence Duff, Mary Duff, Roy Ertle, William Fisher, Ralph Gauker, E. E. Gloor, Freda Greenlee, Arthur Hill, Mrs. Lydia Hilton, Clayton Kelly, J. L. Long, E. McKnight, Janet Morris, Edith Osgood, Bessie Reese, Gertrude Resseguie, Merna Roth, Virginia Shelly, Maude Spencer, Ray Spencer, De Forrest Stone, Bessie Watkins, George Webb.

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India: Edna Quantock, Cremanand Vaisya.

Korea: W. K. Park.

Mexico: Alfred J. Cooper.

Panama: E. A. Brown, L. G. Crawford.

Peru: Frenita Stahl.

What About The Gymnasium Classes?

THE young ladies gym classes have been well attended, thirty having shown their enthusiasm by their regular attendance. They have made an excellent beginning with the exercises.

Mr. Carr, the instructor of all the gymnasium classes, has had the experience of the practical physical culture teacher and deserves much credit for the manner in which he conducts his classes.

The following fact is sad but true; the men's gym class has about six or eight members on which it may depend. Think of it, six or eight, out of about one hundred and thirty young men! The young ladies seem to have about three hundred per cent. more ambition than the majority of the young men, but the latter now have a chance to discredit this theory. What is the trouble? Let us hope that those who are able to take gymnasium, — and there are not a few, — do not have even a slight trace of ankylostomiasis.

Please remember that the gymnasium is open for the young ladies on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday, from two until nine o'clock, and the young ladies gym classes meet at five, on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. The gymnasium is open for the young men on Monday and Wednesday afternoon, also Saturday evening. The men's gym classes meet at five on Monday and Wednesday afternoons.

Come, young men, and show the young ladies that you are as wide awake and full of life as they are.

IRVING YELLEND

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "I've flunked again."

Many hands make light work;
Many feet make much scrubbing.

College Spirit

"COLLEGE Spirit,"—Yes, we have heard of it, it is an old word; it hangs on the door posts of our ears. But we repeat it. "What is spirit?" Spirit is that something which causes things to move; it leaves a trail—not all in one place either; it passes by and something has happened. It is an irresistible force. It is not confined or housed; it gets loose. If it gets onto the college campus it is called "College Spirit." Rightly controlled, college spirit is the life of the school; uncontrolled, it is sure destruction. It is like taking fire into a boiler house, controlled and confined, it pushes tons; uncontrolled, it burns the house down. But without fire nothing is done and all machinery stops. When college organizations totally lose their spirit, enough is said; just cover up the ashes and come away. When college organizations get so much spirit that their own governors will not hold them, look out and run. When a student manifests true spirit to the school organization, he does not do it by destructive means. To paint the sidewalks in broad figures and red letters, or tear down flights of stairs is not true spirit—that is only antagonistic ruffianism. True spirit is constructive. Its rightful home is in the Christian school. To put vivacity into the school principles is its work. If the school stands for "Brotherhood" put life into the word when a discouraged fellow is found trailing in your steps. If for "Truth," the word will shine brighter when you are fighting to uphold it. Student organizations are the handholds by which to hold up principle. Grab hold and stand by.

C. L. R.

United we go
Divided we stop.

He that choppeth his own wood is twice warmed.

Winter's Coming On

THIS old earth's turning dreary now
And putting on its gown.
Mother Nature's going to sleep agair,
For winter's coming on.

The woodlands all are dressing
In yellow, red and brown,
Preparing for a long, long sleep,
For winter's coming on.

The leaves are slowly falling,
They're dropping one by one;
A perfect sign, so old and true
That winter's coming on.

The squirrels and the chipmunks work
As though their task was fun.
They're storing food and nuts away,
For winter's coming on.

The farmer's too, are hustling,
Their work is almost done.
Every soul, it seems, is knowing
That winter's coming on.

But here's a group of students;
We're happy all day long,
We cannot stop to once regret,
That winter's coming on.

Through all the days and weeks and
months
While we are working on,
We think with joy of this one fact,
That winter's coming on.

The older students realize
That summer's past and gone;
They turn once more to W. M. C.,
For winter's coming on.

The new ones, too, are with us,
Their hopes and aims are one;
They enter work with willing hands,
For Winter's coming on.

And so we work together
And our hearts are gently won,
By our dear old Alma Mater,
While Winter's coming on.

—R. H. GAUKER.

*Early to bed and early to rise;
Love all the teachers and tell them no lies;
Study your lessons that you may be wise;
And buy from the firms we advertise.*

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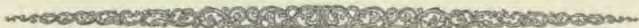
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