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# THE CASCADE

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June Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen

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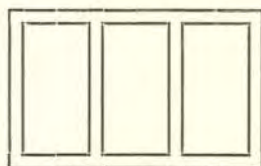
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# THE CASCADE

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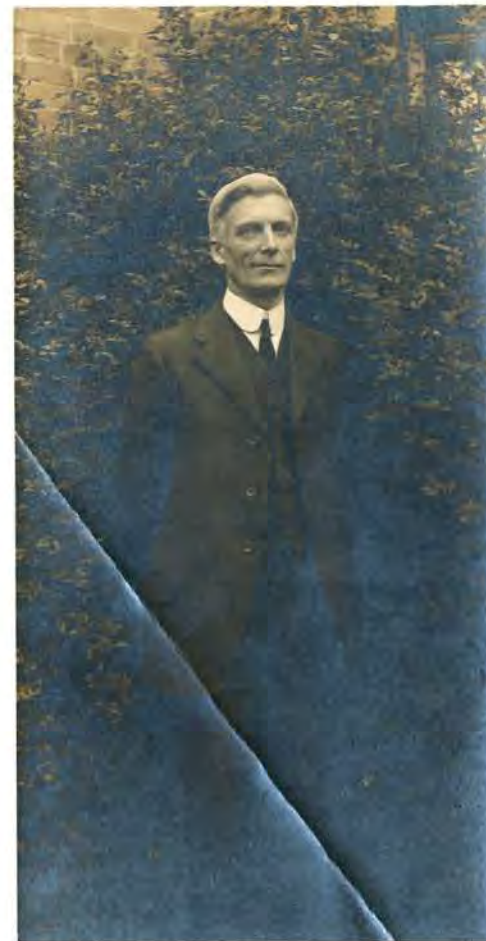
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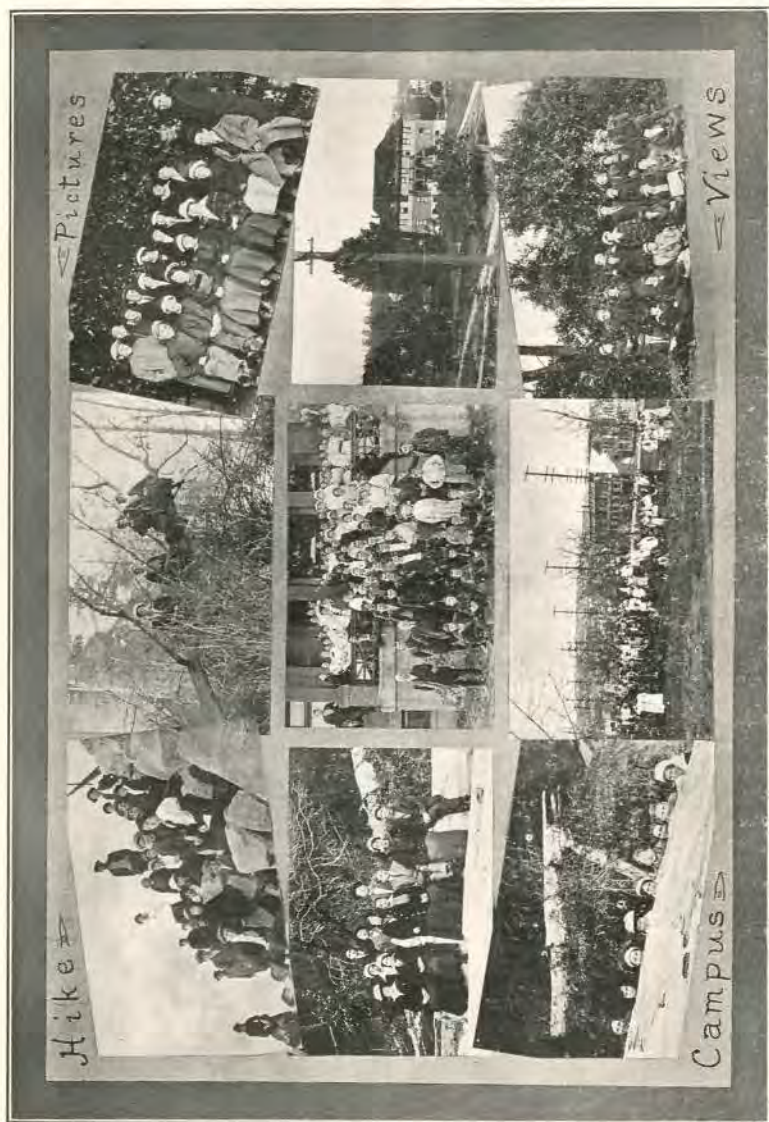
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*Bishop Wm. Pearce*

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# Literary

Thuline

## Choosing.

Ruth Sharpe.

The warm summer day had grown weary of her seat upon the throne of earth and as she dozed in breathless sleep, the twilight elves assembled slyly, one by one, until their airy shadows quite obscured the last faint flush of her rosy face. The fanning of their tiny wings aroused the gay night breezes and the trees bowed gratefully to the cool air.

George Clayton walked leisurely down the street, a calm satisfaction in the joy of living, lighting his strong, manly features.

"It's a pretty good world that we live in, isn't it, Lenore?" he turned to his companion.

"Yes, Goerge, it is a beautiful world, but," and she looked up hesitatingly, "do you think we are really doing our part to make it better?"

"Why," he laughed, "what more can we do than be happy in it? We have all that heart can wish. Come, you need not think such sober thoughts."

As he spoke, they passed a modest little chapel near the street and through the open windows burst the old loved song, "Rock of Ages." The two paused. Something held them. Then, "Let's slip in for a minute," and together they noiselessly joined the worshipers who, with simple dress but radiant faces, lifted their voices to their Creator. This tangible, holy atmosphere was something unknown to the newcomers. The singing ceased and a reverent silence fell upon the bowed heads as the old white-haired minister with hands uplifted to heaven, and voice now vibrant, now tremulous with earnest supplication, prayed that that night some wandering heart might come to know the Savior. With face aglow and eyes lighted by the inward fire of his message of divine love, he stood before the people.

The two strangers sat as under a spell while the truth of the words sank into their hearts and the touching story of Christ's suffering and death pleaded eloquently: "Son, daughter, give me thine heart." As the last earnest plea fell from the old man's lips, Lenore Clayton rose, weeping, and slipped quietly to her knees and in humble expression found the Savior; but George rebelled and grew proud. "This thing," he parleyed with himself, "is only for the weak, afflicted and outcast. With my wealth and happiness, why should I humble myself?" And in silence his heart rejected.

Mr. Clayton's devotion to his wife was sincerity itself, nor had she ever known unkindness at his hands, but as they turned homeward that night, she felt a keen sense of his displeasure and it cut deeply, notwithstanding her new-found joy.

"Lenore, I wish you had not done this thing."

"I am happier."

"Were you not happy before?"

"I thought so, but I am satisfied now."

Still he felt vexed at her and out of sorts with himself and the world in general. He tried to conceal it, however, and turned his thoughts to other matters, but in the following trying days he marveled at the added sweetness in her life and hungered secretly for he knew not what.

Early the next morning Lenore awoke, sleep played truant to her

eyes and, with the mingled feelings of living in a new world, she watched for the resurrection of the day. At first invisible it came, and as it rose there drifted through her mind some poet's words:

"An angel, robed in spotless white,  
Bent down and kissed the sleeping Night.  
Night woke to blush; the sprite was gone.  
Men saw the blush and called it Dawn."

At last full glorious, the queen of day sat upright on her throne, and Lenore with happy heart went about the breakfast duties.

"Lenore!"

She started at her husband's excited tone.

"Why, George, what is the matter?"

As he held the morning paper toward her, her eyes fell on the awful words "War, War, War!"

She looked at him with wide eyes. Then together they read the page, and he was strangely silent.

Suddenly she comprehended all.

"You must go?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Oh, this is terrible. God deliver us." She dropped weakly into her chair and he was helpless to comfort her.

Suddenly she sat upright with a strong purpose settled in her bright eyes and firm chin.

"How selfish of me to act so, George. I shall go, too."

In his turn he looked amazed.

"Lenore, you mustn't. You—"

"Oh, but I shall. Why did I take my nurse's course if not to use it? I shall be a Red Cross nurse. This is my opportunity to do something worth while."

And then there was no turning her aside.

Directly she took up the daily routine, while George departed for his work in town. But unusual things awaited him today. The business men were excitedly discussing the war, finances took uncertain foundations and all ordinary procedure was in chaos. In two weeks' time, Clayton's business was in ruins and he himself a common man.

Then came the call for him to go to the front. Despite all entreaties to the contrary, Lenore persisted in her determination to go also, and in due time was accepted as a field nurse.

Together they turned their faces toward the scene of conflict and a few days later were in the midst of the horrors of war on the field of battle. The armies stood in silent walls, then charged and set to in deadly combat until the dead and wounded wove a deep, unseemly carpet over the trampled ground. The cries of command or dying agony were swallowed up in the dirge of cannon and the trampling of horses' hoofs.

With fearless boldness Clayton rode at the head of his men and with a dash drove the enemy from the position. As he waved his hat with a shout of triumph, a bursting shell hurled him from his horse and he was left with his fellow-fallen comrades.

The hospital tents were simply deluged with the wounded and dying. Lenore sped from one to another, her heart torn by their suffering, but her hand steady and her head cool. Unceasingly she prayed for strength and wisdom and as she bound many an unsightly wound she snatched a minute here and there to whisper the story of the Savior's love. How often was her reward a happy smile on a dying face.

Toward the close of the day a startling cry chilled her heart: "Fire!" The hospital tent was on fire. With frantic, superhuman strength they dragged the wounded from the tent, nor did she know that the last bandaged face she struggled to rescue belonged to her husband. The last one saved, she turned and hastened rapidly to the nearest officer for instructions. But half way there, a crazed, runaway horse overtook her

and left her unconscious on the ground.

After the smoke and confusion of battle had given place to the broken hush of night, long companies of pale, still figures were borne away to the neighboring hospitals. Motionless and unconscious, Mr. Clayton was carried with the rest to fight an uncertain battle for life.

The next day, Lenore sat quiet and sad, with a heavy heart. Her injuries necessitated her return home. Her search for Mr. Clayton brought her nothing but the conviction that he was among the slain.

Weeks rolled by and late one chilly evening, a sad-faced solitary man walked slowly down a quiet street. At length he became conscious of something familiar calling up a past memory. Oh, yes, it was the little old chapel and again in solemn notes of worship sounded the old song, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." Unconsciously he entered and found a seat. There were the same earnest faces, the same holy reverence and the same old minister with an added fervor in his prayer. As he rose to break the Bread of Eternal Life, a vibrant silence fell upon the listeners and one, at least, heard with stricken heart the old plea: "Son, give me thine heart." What on earth had he to boast of now? Wealth, home and happiness were his no more. Even Lenore he had given up for dead, and, broken-hearted, he chose that better part, found in Christ alone.

The next day with a sad but peaceful heart he sought the little old home. Close upon the water's edge, where a light rowboat tossed coquetishly on the frisky waves, nestled the little white cottage encircled by cool, vine-covered verandas. From under the sloping porches peeped many old-fashioned windows with their fresh white curtains. At one of these Lenore had been accustomed to sit quietly, rocking to and fro. Through the arches of the young shade trees, rising tall and straight above the neat, grassy lawn, sparkled the broken surface of the little lake. Across one end of it the fitful breezes had ceased their play and the mirror of its blue depths reflected the wavering image of the sunny heavens above it. Along the farther shore, the tall trees bowed gravely to their watery counterparts, while behind them rose the verdant hills and distant, kingly mountains, wrapped in the purple haze of solemn royalty. Above them hung the arch of a gloomy cloud, as though resentful of the brightness of the sky.

As Mr. Clayton slipped down the path to the house, the cloud slid behind the hills, a fresh breeze sprang from its hidden place, a bird startled him with its sudden song and as he passed the window he fancied the rocking of a familiar figure just within, and the echo of a low cry.

He opened the door and stopped motionless. Then with a joyful step forward: "Lenore!" "George!" Speechless minutes passed.

"I thought you lost to earth and me, Lenore."

"And I you, but God is good, so good."

"Yes, 'tis true, for I know him now, also."

"You? Oh, then we may begin life anew on a more noble plane," and the radiance of the glorious scene without but dimly reflected their own perfect joy.

## Making of an American by a Lady.

Samuel Troulman.

If Sarah Banning had ever worked hard, it was the past summer. When all expenses were cancelled, her books showed a snug little profit of seven thousand dollars. "My, won't the Vanguard Home hurrah to see this come in?" she said to herself. "It will meet their note of five

thousand and furnish a heap of pocket money besides."

Then her mind dwelt upon her own pleasant future. She was betrothed to Peter Simmons, whose vacation would begin Tuesday. On Friday she would give up her position to be superseded by a Miss Tipton. Of course, when vacation commenced, Peter would make a hurry trip to Chicago, where Sarah was now employed. After the ruptured knot had been tied and proper ceremonies observed, their schedule called for a visit to Niagara; a short tour through New England States; one day at Mammoth Cave and from thence northward to St. Louis, their future home. As Peter filled a responsible position drawing one hundred and thirty dollars monthly, Sarah saw nothing to blight their charming prospects.

Peter reached Chicago Wednesday morning. Sarah was confined to her work during office hours. Therefore Mr. Simmons planned to visit several of Chicago's beauty resorts during the day. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon he entered Miss Banning's office and dropped a telegram into her lap. She read: "Simmons, I can clear three thousand on the Stanhope deal if you're here to help me. Come at once and I'll give you half."

"What do you think of it, dear?" he finally asked.

"Go, Peter, by all means, go. It will defer our wedding a few days, but fifteen hundred will help wonderfully in furnishing our new home."

"Well said, my dear, but I must leave on the 4:30 this afternoon. Burnsides and I can close the Stanhope bargain Saturday. Miss Tipton relieves you Friday. Then—let me see—why can't you come to St. Louis Saturday morning on the 7:15? We can be married there on Sunday and begin our honeymoon Monday following."

"Just what I am thinking, Peter. Of course you will meet me at the depot, without fail."

They agreed to this and after a hasty farewell Simmons receded toward the door.

"Peter," she called, thoughtfully, "that Vanguard note comes due tomorrow. It would save a heap of trouble if you could take this five thousand to them, for I can't possibly be in St. Louis before Saturday." Tell them I will bring the remaining two thousand when I come." Mr. Simmons took the money and hurried for the train.

Sarah's portion of the agreement transpired exactly to the letter. Miss Tipton came on Friday. After surrendering the books to her successor and bidding a final adieu to Chicago, Miss Banning boarded "the Flyer" for St. Louis.

However, no Peter Simmons awaited her arrival at the St. Louis Union depot. Still her confidence remained unwavering. Mr. Simmons had never before broken a single promise. Surely his past honesty was a true index to his present fidelity. Possibly the deal—a contract to manufacture one hundred and fifty stanhopes—required more time than Peter had expected.

Thus she soliloquized while going from the depot to the Vanguard warm welcome.

"I'm so glad you have your bill settled," began Sarah.

"Bill settled—to which bill do you refer, Miss Banning?"

"Why the five thousand you owed on this building, of course."

"You must be mistaken, Sarah. We were forced to renew it yesterday."

"You don't mean to say Mr. Simmons hasn't given you the five thousand dollars?" queried Sarah nervously.

"He hasn't been to our home this summer," answered Mrs. Sherman kindly. "Did you send it by him?"

Sarah responded that Peter was very busy, so she would call at his office and get the money.

In a few minutes she entered Peter's employer's office. "Good morning, Mr. Burnsides, I believe?"

"Correct, lady," he said, offering her a chair.

"May I speak with Peter Simmons?" asked Sarah abruptly.

"I suppose you may, if you can locate his whereabouts."

"Why, isn't he under your employment—didn't you send him that telegram last Wednesday?"

"Madam, I discharged Simmons last month. I gave him repeated warnings about liquor, but he continued the game and for it—he is discharged. Concerning the telegram you mention, I know nothing."

"The rascal! the dirty scoundrel!" she muttered. Still her affection for Peter was too strong for any anger to be harbored in her breast. Yet because financial obligations were pressing at the Vanguard Home Sarah notified proper authorities, hoping, if possible, to regain the stolen money.

Attempts of public and private detectives proved alike fruitless. Since the proposed marriage could not now transpire Miss Banning was forced to devise some means of support. She was a graduate from the Chicago University and held a teacher's life certificate in the state of Michigan. Thither our heroine went, where, with but little difficulty she secured the position as teacher in a district school near Port Huron.

On the second Monday of school a ten-year-old boy, carrying a blue racer crossed the playgrounds. Their teacher was terrified at the sight, but the pupils seemed perfectly familiar with Blue Tom, as they nicknamed the lad, because he tamed so many blue racers. By inquiring she learned that Blue Tom lived only one mile and a half from the school.

"Surely the boy ought to attend school," she argued. With this thought in mind Sarah went that evening to see his parents. When the object of her visit was explained the lad's mother began:

"Yes, teacher, I'd be awful glad for our Tommy to get sum eddication. But nairy a one of the other teachers would have him around, 'cause he allus caught and played with snakes. They sed he wusn't cut out for books, no how, an' so we've jest had to keep him to home. His daddy ner me don't know much 'bout schoolin', so we can't learn him much. And, asides, Barnum & Bailey are a-tryin' hard to get him to take up with their circus an' studdy snake charmin'." But, lady, ye look kind, an' ef ye could put up with our boy an' make something out uv him, me an' his pappy would be mighty glad—we would. I allus said that he had the makin' of a man in him, but his daddy jest laffs an' says it's a mother's fancy. But ef ye're willin' to let us, we'll send Tommy to yer school an' feel much obliged fer yer kindness."

Thus—with all parties agreed—Blue Tom started to school. The former teacher's reports were only too true. Tom did not know there was an English alphabet. During school lessons he carved canes, manufactured whistles and frequently enjoyed a peaceful siesta. Recess and noon hours were spent either in playing with a pair of blue racers he kept caged in the coal house or in sauntering aimlessly about the campus. Miss Banning had a thorough knowledge of children; she felt convinced that something was responsible for the youth's abnormal conduct. Moreover, she determined to find what that something was.

With this determination, the truth was soon unveiled. Daily, under the pretext of feeding his reptiles, kept improvised in the coal house, Blue Tom drank a pint or so of beer. For second course he whiffed a cheap cigar. With a knowledge of the disease Sarah set about for a remedy.

Calling Tommy to her desk Friday, Sarah promised to excuse him from all lessons the following week, providing he would help work out some experiments. He would have to remain after dismissal, as the experiments could not be done during regular school hours. The lad was delighted with the proffered change and lingered at school Monday evening to learn what "teacher" would do.

Sarah produced a gallon pail containing a little wheat. This she filled with whiskey. Tom stood a passive onlooker, wondering what should

follow.

"Now, my boy, you may go home. We shall do more tomorrow evening."

By the following evening most of the whiskey had soaked into the wheat. Sarah handed this wheat to Blue Tom, instructing him to scatter it along the shore of the Schmitz pond—a large pond near by, frequented by flocks of wild ducks. When he had accomplished this task and returned to school, Miss Banning gave him a cigar to smoke.

When you finish your smoke just put some of the cigar ashes in this cup of coffee. Then stir thoroughly and drink it."

With this accomplished their work for Tuesday evening was completed.

Blue Tom hurried home, felt sleepy; crawled into bed, and slept until 10 o'clock the next forenoon. Although still sleepy, the boy did his morning chores and trotted off to school. Four o'clock that afternoon Miss Banning and Blue Tom crossed the meadow to Schmitz pond.

"My, just lookee there," shouted Tom, as he bounded along the margin of the water and caught seven wild ducks. Two were wobbling along on the shore, three were turning sommersaults in their vain attempts to walk; and the last two were actually trying to swim on dry ground. Tommy looked for his whiskey-soaked wheat, but not a grain could be found. Evidently it had been eaten by those seven ducks. Now he understood the teacher's lesson. If whiskey would make wild ducks act so silly it would surely do as much for himself.

When the couple again reached school Sarah opened a cross examination. "Now Tommy, why did you come to school so late this morning?" Tommy answered frankly:

"I'm sorry, teacher, honest I am, but I couldn't help it. I didn't wake till 10 o'clock. Mamma said she tried to real hard and couldn't make me wake. I went to bed early last night cause I was sleepy and when I did get up I still seemed about half asleep."

Sarah explained how cigar ashes (he drank them with his coffee) would put any one to sleep. Blue Tom's eyes were opened and opened wide. He promised to become a teetotaler and likewise quit the smoking practice.

Tommy had scarcely left the school house before Peter Simmons, Sarah's former lover, entered. "Miss Banning," he said, "I came to return that five thousand you entrusted me with last summer," and he dropped six thousand upon her desk. "I know I am unworthy even to be in your presence. Therefore let it suffice that I have quite liquor; have reformed, and have really been converted. Only grant my one petition—tell me you forgive me and I shall feel satisfied." Sarah assured him all was freely forgiven and he hurried away. Miss Banning watched Peter's receding form until it was obstructed from view by a grove of maplewood. She forwarded the money to the Vanguard Home and continued her duties as teacher.

The remaining weeks and months of the school year quickly came and went. Blue Tom attended school regularly and true to his word eliminated tobacco and drink from his list of refreshments.

Miss Banning experienced great delight in knowing Peter had willfully returned the stolen coin. This knowledge greatly stimulated her hopes that he might even yet prove himself a true gentleman.

But how time did fly! When school closed Sarah was re-employed as teacher for the ensuing year. These seven months slipped quietly by. At the beginning of her third year it became evident that Blue Tom was completely flunking in his school work. However, he had become a Goliath morally and was competent to work circumspectly in the rough-and-tumble of life.

Financial obligations were forcing him to work. So at the tender age of twelve we find him starting out to shift for himself. Miss Ban-

ning accompanied him to Port Huron, where he expected employment. The boy's only ambition, if he had one, was to become a railroader. So they entered the employer's office in quest of labor as train boy.

Here they received a chilly reception, the lady being informed that the Grand Trunk Railway did not employ infants such as Tom. Just then the new manager of the road entered. "Give the infant work and see that he receives good pay." These words addressed to the employer were uttered by Peter Simmons.

He would have retired from the room, but Sarah earnestly besought an explanation of the change wrought in his life.

"Miss Banning, I thought my presence must surely seem very loathsome to you—you whom I robbed, of both money and friendship. But if you can endure me long enough I'll gladly comply with your request."

She assured him that the past was entirely forgotten—that a regenerated heart could atone for a life of sin. With a feeling of ease, Mr. Simmons related his story, which space here will permit of only a brief summary.

After proving traitor and stealing her money, Peter made for Detroit, fell in with a wild set and became involved in a drunken scrape. During the fighting he drew a "twenty-two" and fired at his opponent. Although intoxicated Peter saw that his bullet miscarried and struck a lady who was standing quite near the window in a clothing store.

Throughout the following night he suffered intense mental agony. By morning he resolved to face his record like a man. When he presented himself to the Detroit officers as a murderer he was informed that the lady his bullet struck was only a showcase model used, of course, for advertising the clothing fitted thereon. From this Mr. Simmons took warning and began life anew. Past railroad experience together with the death of the former manager elevated him to his present position as manager of the Grand Trunk Railway.

When Peter finished his autobiography Sarah extended him a standing invitation to visit her little school when labor would permit. He accepted and they parted true friends once more. Mr. Simmons remembered the invite. Ere a month rolled by he had paid several v'sits to the district institute of learning. Later these calls were transferred from the school to Sarah's boarding house.

In due season—after he had proven himself a true man—the expected union occurred. During his following summer vacation the newly-wedded Grand Trunk Railway manager and wife made a two months' tour in Europe.

Dating from this event their routine of life has been that of two faithful and loving companions. On their forty-second wedding anniversary an expressman delivered a large Edison phonograph at their residence in the suburb of Port Huron. Attached to the phonograph was the following note:

"Orange, —, July 4, 1904.

"Dear Mrs. Sarah Simmons:

"Am sending this (one of my latest modeled phonographs) as a token of my appreciation for your influence upon my life.

"As you well remember, the whole of my school days is somewhat less than three years. Therefore my English is improperly phrased and anything but fluent. Being thus handicapped I find it wholly impossible to express my thankfulness which you so much deserve.

"You will rejoice to know your simple lesson with the intoxicated ducks and cigar ashes has ever remained branded upon my life. Had it not been for that lesson, mine would have been a far different course than it is.

"My vacation begins July 15th. If it will not inconvenience you and your husband too much I shall be pleased to spend a few days at your home and enjoy a visit with my only (school) instructor. Awaiting your



earliest convenient reply, I am,

"Most sincerely your ex-pupil,

(Blue Tom) Thomas Alva Edison (Electrician).

P. S.—Prior to the time you became my teacher, my quotation was:

"I have a healthy body to grow both strong and tall.

Tobacco helps a little, and so does alcohol.

And in my mouth they're sure to go

And here I am to prove it so."

"Since I gained your acquaintance, I have exchanged it for:

"Render unto Caesar the honor that is Caesar's,

And unto women the honor that is women's."

## Dan.

Ruth Sawyer.

It was a warm day in June. The little town of St. James, Nebraska, was apparently calm and quiet. Everything betokened nappiness. Birds caroled from the topmost branches of the old trees, while many of the honest shepherd dogs were to be seen lazily sunning themselves and snapping at the buzzing flies that circled about their backs. In fact, the warm summer days was having an effect upon life in all its forms.

Following the main street of the little village—for there is scarcely more than one street—we come to the one store of which the place boasts. Here a new scene meets our gaze. A group of boys have gathered in front of the door. Some are seated on old barrels or boxes while the rest are standing near. General excitement seemed to prevail.

Presently one, somewhat larger than the rest, spoke, rudely pushing his neighbor aside as he did so. "I tell you fellows we're going to have a rousing good time next week. More'n one guy'll get his spirits up, too."

He was answered by a good-natured boy whom we will call by the name of Clarence. "Why, Herbert, how is that? Of course we all expect to have a good time, but—"

"Oh, you'll find out soon enough, won't he, John? My, but they'll be mad!"

Here another speaker broke in, changing the subject, which he surmised had gone far enough. "Well, boys, how do you think the races will come out in the fair. It's not very often we have a big fair like this one next week. Are you going to race with Dan, Clarence?"

"Yes, Dan's a good-natured little beast, and I think he will enjoy the race as well as myself, so we've decided to try, anyway."

"Oh, Dan won't hold a candle to my pony, Spot. You're a simpleton to enter Dan at all! Why, Spot'll beat him all hollow." The speaker was the same one that spoke before of the good time he was going to have. Although Herbert, for such was his name, spoke so confidently, he did not believe what he said, for they all knew Dan's merits.

More would doubtless have been said had not their attention at this moment been called to something very unexpected. A crashing noise was heard and looking up they saw a horse come tearing down the narrow road. From the opposite direction a light buggy was approaching containing a woman and child. If something was not done there would undoubtedly be a collision. Clarence took in the situation at a glance and while the rest stepped back in fear, he sprang forward and grabbed the reins. The struggle continued but a short time, for assistance was at hand. The collision was avoided, but the bone in Clarence's arm had been splintered in the close conflict between boy and beast.

So the young hero was taken home, the doctor called and he was

soon made comfortable. But during the next few days he spent many weary hours grieving over his disappointment in being thus cheated out of this opportunity of raising his favorite pet in the eyes of the villagers.

Days passed and now it was the morning of the seventh and the races were to be that afternoon. Clarence sat gazing from the window when his friend, Dick, came into the room. "I say, Clar, it's a mean shame but listen, won't you let me ride Dan into the races? I'll be careful of him and—we want to see 'Spot' get beat."

Clarence started. It was the first time the thought had struck him. Of course, Dick could ride the horse and it would be the very same thing. So he gladly gave his consent to the new arrangement, only saying as Dick started out: "But, Dick, be fair, whatever comes! We know that Herbert will do whatever he can to make spot win, but let's us be fair, anyway."

Looking from his window Clarence could see the place where the race was to start and as the appointed time came he watched with intense interest the scene outside. "There is Spot and Clove and Boxer and Pet and there comes Dan," he murmured.

But we will go nearer to the interesting activities.

A crowd have gathered on either side of the track and the horses are prancing eagerly up and down. The signal is given and they take their places. Dan impatiently paws the ground. The hat drops and they are off. By the time they have gone half the distance only three remain, Pet, Dan and Spot. Suddenly Pet stumbles on a loose stone and is left far behind. Now Dan and Spot are side by side. Spot's rider and owner, Herbert, is furious. He sees he is losing ground. His eyes flash—the goal is almost reached. He hesitates, but he knows Dan's weakness and he is willing to profit by it. Herbert urges his little horse faster—a sudden bound and Spot and Dan are again neck to neck. Another bound and Spot is a foot ahead. Now Herbert leans far over in the saddle and grabs and roughly pinches one of Dan's ears. The results were as he expected. Dan's heels flew an incredible distance in the air and Dick landed in a pile of brush. Herbert laughed triumphantly, but the race was not yet run. A scream arises from the crowd! Spot becomes frightened. In vain his young master tries to guide him, for he runs here and there

Suddenly a cry is raised and cheer after cheer follow, for the race is won. Dan was not content to stay where he had left his rider, but bounded forward until he was far past the last goal.

Dick, who had not been hurt by his tumble, now came forward and, taking Dan's bridle, led him back to his master. When Clarence was acquainted with the particulars of the race, he turned a radiant face to his companion. "Say, Dick, it's the 'fair play' that wins, after all, isn't it?"

## Man's Great Teacher.

Elton Smith.

Only one life to live! What a startling announcement, and how this universal knowledge strikes us with wonderful solemnity and awe when put under serious consideration.

Where and how can we get the most out of it? This is the question which looms up in the pathway of each and all.

No power is given to mortal being to recall one day, or even one hour, of time after it has flown.

Many have wished for such a privilege but have only failed in their efforts to gain it.

Who is able to put a price upon time? Who can conceive of the possibilities which lie shrouded in the golden moments which are so swiftly passing by? What man can fathom its depth? The world challenges him to step forth. No one can comprehend it. Its value is far too intrinsic for human mind to calculate.

Where is the one that is accomplishing his best in the improvement of time?

Is there any cave which can uncover or any peak which can reveal such a one? From all apparent conditions a limit to improvement is as distant as the bounds of infinite duration. What great progress and achievement is being attained at the present in placing mind over matter? Yet more greatness is being shown in the strenuous efforts put forth from day to day to make things a little more complete; and we ask, "What is complete?" Can man conceive of a zenith in advancement? No pinnacle of imagination can reach it. No mental picture can form conceptions by which to scale its height. But contemplating what might be by what has been convinces one that the world is now only wading in the shallow waters of a babbling brook of knowledge which shall eventually draw its participant out into the fathomless ocean of deep and wonderful mystery.

To know the unknown has always been the propelling force of human progress.

It was in the quest of this treasure that the wealthy queen of Sheba shook off the affiliating bonds which held her to her native country and, with a train of camels, journeyed over sandy deserts to that great religious center of the world in order that she might kneel at the shrine of wisdom and carry away many precious jewels of thought from that renowned philosopher and intellectual giant of the ages.

It was also at the feet of Gamaliel that another personage of antiquity bowed to inquire his way out of the deep, dark chasms of uncertainty into the plains of light and truth.

But what can these ancient worthies teach us? For the intelligence of a juvenile now is nearly tantamount to the combined knowledge of the B. C. ages.

The discoveries of today are uncovering the ignorance of yesterday, and thus the world is steadily moving onward.

The elements of the atmosphere are being analyzed and appropriated. Nature is being studied and scrutinized. Mechanical devices are increasing. Laboratories are being enlarged and are becoming more numerous. Minute organisms are being peered at through microscopes. Millions of worlds are being discovered from year to year, and animal life also is taking its turn through the scientific gauntlet of the world for study and inspection.

That all prevailing propensity of the twentieth century demands to know the mechanism and origin of things; and this is becoming more and more the object of all scientific research. How proper and just it is that this great plan of world-wide activity should be carried on. It is interesting and it is beneficial.

In connection with this we study the examples of great men and national heroes of the past.

We admire them. They inspire us with renewed courage and we readily consent that the reading of their lives is profitable because they teach us new lessons.

Yet, a lurking thought steals its way into our minds, taking its place in the form of an inquiry.

Is all this knowledge adequate to place us on the right avenue of life and fill our minds with those floods of higher thought and learning which will be conducive to the best good of mankind?

In the days of midsummer a company of tourists wend their way through the natural resources of the mountains, walking along the paths

of least acquaintance.

These scenery admirers are geologists. They have come to watch nature grow, and delve into the past through the study of rocks and minerals.

They move on slowly among the towering pines and tree-like ferns, examining all the while the species of each newly discovered plant, and being especially careful not to let anything escape their observation.

Finally they approach an unusual valley of grandeur over whose sides the sunlight gleams in wondrous beauty and almost supernatural splendor.

In watching this scene the climax of their joy has been reached, and they fairly become entranced with the educational environments in which they have so fortunately been placed.

At noontide they sit on the mossy banks of the ravine and talk to all creation in the silent language of nature, and now and then there falls upon their interested gaze a solitary boulder or lonesome crevice, over which a drooping blue-bell has chanced to hang its head, or a bleeding heart has exhausted itself in its vaulting ambition to grow upward.

And all around the air is fragrant with flowers and filled with sweet cadences wafted to their ears from the throats of twittering canaries or with the soft melody of splashing waters as they flow towards the sea.

At night they look up into the starry heaven and watch the shooting beams of the Aurora Borealis as they glide across the broad blue canopy on the ether waves of space.

From this their curiosity as to the origin of things gains to them, sooner or later, a magnificent description of the frigid region around the north pole, with which the sun plays in some peculiar magnetic action, causing that beautiful phenomenon in the northern sky.

As a result of these observations, Arctic explorers go on their daring expeditions and accomplish their great feats of discovery, until now no nook or corner of the earth is unknown.

Almost every isle has been sighted, every snowfield crossed, and every ocean plowed through. How wonderful this all seems. Yet, is this knowledge sufficient? What is really worth while?

Can one learn altogether the great supreme object of man by the study of nature and its workings, which are but the replica of the divine?

Nay, it is not so.

Like as a diamond seeker would look into the air for his treasure or an oil magnate scour the drifting sands of Sahara, so likewise have pedestrian mortals searched in the animal and mineral kingdoms for the pearl which lay in their meandering path of success and over which their wandering toes stumbled twenty centuries ago.

Through the din, noise and rumble of a hurrying universe we hear in tender and distinct tones from the noble and supreme example of men: "Come, learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart."

But those tones are now becoming fainter and fainter as though at some near date the voice shall be entirely lost on the sands of a degenerated sphere, not to be revived until the sounding of the final trump.

Can it be? But, ah, where is the educated world today? Do they comprehend the significance of one lesson from the ethereal land? Temporal knowledge alone is a dangerous thing. Drink deep or taste not of the soothing waters of the celestial fountain.

But, oh! how needful at this critical age and period of time is an all-searching, sympathetic look from the stairs of Pilate, which might appeal unto the sensibilities of man because he has neglected the position of servant and clamored after the chair of Lord.

A young stripling of tender years catches a gleam of a bright future, and on account of natural endowments he climbs the ladder of success, round by round.

In later life we see him mounting, as it were, upon eagle's wings to the lofty crags of political prominence and popularity. But shortly, be-

fore he is hardly aware, the tick of the watch reverberates throughout those spacious halls of fame, announcing to him that he has served his time and must tender his resignation.

Then the next one following takes his place while he descends in the evening of his earthly career with the words of Wendell Phillips on his lips.

"How prudently most men sink into nameless graves while now and then a few forget themselves into eternity."

Pure learning and high ideals shall not be so obtained and will not even be seen in the scanning of the gardenlike arena from the roof of the world, the Himalayas.

It shall not be found in the crumbling antique walls of China or on the golden shores of Australia.

It can not be reasoned out in the mosque of Mecca or searched among the art galleries in the Vatican of Rome.

Neither will it be heard in the administrative halls of Westminster or discovered in the crossing of the slippery glaciers of the Andes.

But where will it be seen, heard or discovered?

Nowhere on any route until the philosophy of the Christ is placed as supreme on the most prominent desk; His teaching made the guide of the student, the citizen and the statesman; His life taken as the model of mankind and his name recognized as the only one by which immense throngs of humanity anticipate at some future time "On the living cars of lightning driven, to wheel triumphant around the plains of heaven. then man shall know even as he is known.

Then will he be enabled to speak to the small portion of learning here as Bryant spoke to the waterfowl:

"Thou art gone. The abyss of heaven hath swallowed up thy form.

Yet on my heart deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone

Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,

In the long way that I must tread alone,

Will lead my steps aright."

### *When I Am In His Will.*

*Wade Folsom.*

When skies look black, and waves lap high and foam,  
And terror comes and moves where all was still,  
'Tis pleasant, then, to know that God is near  
And guiding my weak launch at His own will.

When chasms hold a bottomless abyss  
As steadily I climb life's shifting hill,  
Where snows are deep and rocks are rough and loose,  
I cannot fall when I am in His will.

It matters not where I am found at work,  
The place I hold was only meant for me,  
And harmony it gives and, sweeter still,  
My life to others shall a blessing be.

And when this temple totters in life's eve,  
And chilly winds of death around me blow,  
'Twill then be joy to know my work is done  
And learn it is His will for me to go.



### *THE FACULTY.*

Twenty-two years ago, when much of the northern portion of the city was yet a wilderness, our president and his wife came to Seattle to take charge of the Seattle Seminary. There was then only one unfurnished building on the stump-covered campus. The first school year opened with a mere handful of pupils. The outlook for a Seminary was anything but encouraging. Yet, with unfaltering courage, Mr. Beers and his good wife labored and prayed that Seattle Seminary might indeed become a flourishing Christian institution of higher learning. With the broader vision of faith they looked down through the years and saw an enlarged campus, blossoming with flowers and shrubbery, and dotted with beautiful buildings. Over the entrance gate they could read in blazing letters, not "Seattle Seminary," but "Seattle Pacific College." Out from this college they beheld teachers, ministers and missionaries going forth even unto the ends of the earth.

With this vision in view Mr. and Mrs. Beers have toiled on through the years, gathering around them a faculty of noble, devoted men and women, each teacher seeming to be especially interested in each individual pupil.

For their timely warnings, for their wise admonitions, for their helpful guidance, we, the student body, give grateful honor to our beloved president and our faculty.

Mr. Beers—"A big man with a big heart."

Mrs. Beers—"Tender, loving, true."

Prof. Stilwell—"Look up and smile."

Mrs. Coleson—"Faithful service shall have its reward."

Prof. Burns—"A gentleman of rare good qualities."

Miss Morrow—"A fair countenance and a pleasant manner."

Miss Marston—"I must not be idle one moment."

Prof. Bagley—"Tall, stately, dignified."

Mrs. Bagley—"Such a cheery little body."  
 Prof. Marston—"Take him all in all, he is a man."  
 Mrs. Marston—"A perfect woman, nobly planned."  
 Miss Lawrence—"Mischievous eyes, curly hair and much knowledge  
 withall."  
 Miss Hunter—"A warm heart and a merry smile."  
 Miss Tong—"A good heart with much determination."  
 Miss Whisner—"Sweet music hath charms."  
 Mr. Haslam—"Full of business and hustle."  
 Tressa Marsh—"Our silver-tongued oratress."



### College Song.

*B. L. Beegle, Col. '18.*

Tune—"The Little Prown Church In the Vale."

There's a college in a valley in the westland,  
 Not far from the sea's heaving side,  
 Where hearts e'er are happy and cheerful,  
 As their joys ebb and flow with the tide.

Chorus.

All hail! hail! hail! hail!  
 Hail! to the school in the westland!  
 All hail to the school near the sea—  
 Come join in our grand swelling chorus.  
 Give a shout for our dear S. P. C.

There she stands sweetly resting 'neath the hillside,  
 No prettier spot in the land,  
 She appears like a spring in Sahara,  
 Like a fount in the lone desert sand.

Oh, long may she dwell in that valley,  
 That green, sun-kissed dale in the west,  
 Where nature is constantly smiling  
 And lulling the weary to rest.

Fore'er there will bloom in our mus'ings  
 The flowers of remembrance so dear,  
 And forget-me-nots in their beauty  
 Will scatter perfume every where.

Chorus for last verse.

Oh, hear! hear! hear! hear!  
 Hear of the school in the westland.  
 Oh, hear of the school near the sea.  
 How our hearts swell with love and with rapture!  
 All hail to our dear S. P. C.



## This Section

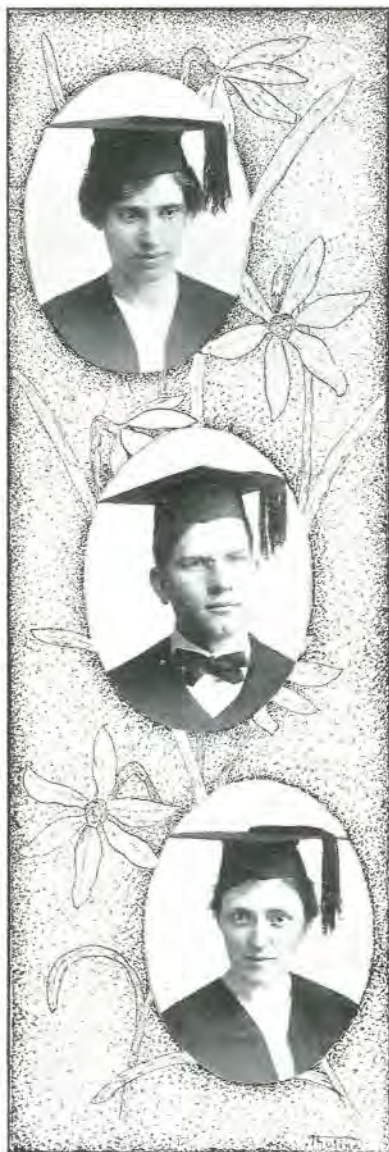
is dedicated to the

## First Graduating

## College Class

# 1915

## Seattle Pacific College



**Ruth Helen Sharpe.**

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
I must be measured by my soul:  
The mind's the standard of the man."  
-- Watts.

**Ward F. Folsom.**

"Inflamed with the study of learning  
and the admiration of virtue; stirred up  
with high hopes of living to be brave  
men and worthy patriots, dear to God,  
and famous to all ages."  
-- Milton.

**Mrs. Dana A. Newton.**

"Build thee more stately mansions,  
O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more  
vast,  
'Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell  
By life's unresting seal!"  
-- Holmes.



**Class Poem.**

*Ruth Sharpe.*

Once before we stood as Seniors,  
Proudly scanning life's broad main.  
But its problems needed wisdom,  
So we entered school again.

Now once more we've reached a summit,  
For our toil has not been vain;  
But we always shall be students,  
More of knowledge's wealth to gain.

The past four years we worked and studied,  
But, ah me! sometimes we've strayed  
Into paths of fun and frolic  
And more difficulties made.

Mischievous and lively Freshmen,  
How we love those happy days,  
When we rambled on unthinking,  
Out of wisdom's model ways.

Later on we grew more sober,  
Under school life's work and care,  
Then we thought more on our lessons,  
Less upon the wayside fare.

Now at last, that we are Seniors,  
Life looks long, the world looks wide.  
The mount we've climbed look like a mole-hill,  
Other mountain peaks beside.

We have set our faces upward,  
Men and women, trim, to be—  
Seek to grace our alma mater,  
Though our numbers be but three.



## Class History.

Lois Newton.

Four years ago the college Seniors of Nineteen Fifteen were Freshmen, green and verdant, two being students here and one in Trevecca College, Nashville, Tennessee.

The class in this institution consisted at that time of six members, Tressa Marsh, Lillian Perry, Ruth Sharpe, Wesley Morgan, Mr. Hishikawa and Lois Cathey.

That first year is a bright spot in our memories. Botany hikes, February picnics and trips in the rain are among the events lying nearest to our hearts. None of us will forget the organizing of our Alpha Club, nor the good times we had going from home to home, holding our meetings.

Each year brought changes. One or two dropped out, although we could ill spare them from our number. We grew more sober and dignified, for let me assure you it is no small task to attend college. Our lightness and gayety gave way to seriousness and thoughtful conduct.

At the beginning of our last year there were but two of the original class to graduate. Soon our ranks were increased by the arrival of Ward Folsom, from Trevecca College, and now we are three.

This past year has been somewhat different from our first one four years ago. To be sure, we engage in the same hikes and are eager for Alpha meetings, but we are Seniors now, and feel the responsibility of our final year, realizing that whatever we do in college must be done now.

Instead of feeling that we are finishing our preparation for life we appreciate the fact that we stand at the threshold, equipped with a little book knowledge and ready to begin our real work and study.

We love our Alma Mater, and will ever remember the days spent here. They will be recalled as bright stars dotting the skies of our lives, which we hope may be useful and an honor to our dear old college.



## History of Seattle Pacific College.

Myra Burns.

As one who cons at evening,  
O'er an album, all alone,  
I sit and muse upon  
The years now past and flown.

Yes, they are gone, for as the wheel of time moves steadily onward with never a pause in its course, we have left the years of college life behind us to push onward into the future, where there are new hills to climb and new victories to win. Yet, are these years, though past and gone, forgotten? Ah, no, they will never be forgotten as long as memory shall last in the minds of those who have daily trod these halls of learning, for they are imprinted there as upon tables of stone. Time alone can efface them from our memory.

As we look back through the years, we come to the first year when this new enterprise was first launched. No grander or more noble work could be undertaken than this, the education of young men and women under the influence of Christian teachers and fellow students. This school already provided for the education of children from the youngest in the primer class to the senior high school student, and now, instead of forcing them to leave and go elsewhere for their higher education, where their Christian and social surroundings are so often undermined by undesirable influences, they were permitted to stay here and continue their educational work.

This new department was introduced September, 1910, with a class of six young people. During the winter months of this first year another new enterprise was started, in the form of *The Cascade*, the first issue appearing in December, 1910.

The second year saw the addition of the Sophomore class, composed of three students, with a Freshman class of six. During this second year another step was taken in the form of the Alpha Club. This was organized Friday afternoon, November 27, 1911, but its organization was kept a complete secret until Sunday, March 31, when the announcement was made that a public program would be given by this club the following Friday evening. All through the year this club held literary meetings, with many and various social functions. Who that were there cannot forget the picnics and "feeds" at various hours and places?

The third year found a membership of eleven college students, but the Junior class work was not introduced until the fourth year, or September, 1913. The present year sees us with a senior class of three. We are proud of the record made by this department. After a career of only five years we have this class, which will graduate the second of June.

Some interesting facts may be noted here in regard to our honorary members. They number in all eighteen. One, Wilbur Cook, a member of the first class, has gone home to that beautiful land where sorrow and sighing are no more. Miss Ethel Ward is a missionary in India. Two are married, and we hear the rumors of wedding bells in the near distance, so be on the lookout. Two graduated from other colleges last year; three are attending universities this year; five are teaching, two of them in Seattle Pacific College. The others are engaged in work at home or in business.

With such a record as this, let us push the Seattle Pacific College to the front. Let us pray for it, pay for it, and work for it.



### *College Alpha Club.*

There is nothing so inspiring to a student, or any one else, as to feel within possession the end, goal or reward for which they have toiled. Every member of the Alpha Club feels they have climbed to the top of another hill as they look back upon the lesser hills of former years. And there is a profound satisfaction in at last having produced a graduating class this year. Three cheers for the First Senior College Class.

The youngest and smallest of the Seniors bears the dignified prefix, "Mrs." Upon interview, she tenders the following advice:

"You are young and full of life,  
And life is full of trouble;  
When you are wed to some dear man  
His burden will be double.

Be always young and full of life,  
For life is one long struggle;  
Be sure to marry some dear man—  
'Tis easier pulling double."

Of course all words of advice must be tempered with caution, in this case as well.

Notwithstanding her twin relations to home and school, Mrs. Newton has been a very active member of our Alpha Club. It has enrolled three Seniors, three Juniors, four Sophomores, and four Freshmen. Mr. Ward Folsom, '15, is our general choirster; Mr. E. A. Haslam, '16, numbers with the faculty; Miss Cook, '16, is unanimously voted our good school Samaritan; Miss Ward, '17, is the indispensable pianist. And what would we do without Grandpa '18?

The most interesting feature to us of the past month was the enter-

*Cont. on page 36.*

## Academic Seniors

### Faculty Member

C. May Marston

### Motto

Einem Schritt zum Lebensziel

### Class Flower

White Narcissus

'15

### Class Colors

Blue and White



**Dellno M. Higbee.**

"Whence is thy learning? Hath  
thy toil  
O'er books consumed the midnight  
oil?"

"Darling, I Am Growing Old"

**Bessie T. Higbee.**

"Thou art a constellation of vir-  
tues;  
Thou art the moon,  
Thy husband, the man in the  
moon."

"Sleep, Baby, Sleep"

**Fred R. Gill.**

"Measure your mind's height by  
the shade it casts."

"Coax Me"



**Laura M. Dubois.**

"This lady with a lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood."

"I'm Afraid to Go Home In the  
Dark"

**Winfred N. Thul'ne.**

"Seraphs share with thee  
Knowledge: But art, O man, is  
thine alone!"

"The Old Folks at Home"

**Ethel B. Lawpaugh.**

"Grace was in all her steps, heav-  
en in her eye.  
In every gesture, dignity and  
love."

"Keep Sweet"







**Harold W. Mann.**

"He's a man who dares to be  
Firm for truth when others flee."

"School Days"

**Cecilia E. Johnston.**

"O music sphere descended maid,  
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid."

"It's Just My Way"

**Ralph L. Stewart.**

"When to mischief mortals bend  
their will,  
How soon they find fit instru-  
ments of ill."

"Daisies Won't Tell"

**Estella C. Peterson.**

"In small proportions we just  
beauties see,  
And in short measures, life may  
perfect be."

"Lost Chord"



**Gladys J. Smith.**

"As sure as a pearl  
And as perfect a noble and inno-  
cent girl."

"Blest Be the Tie That Binds Our  
Hearts"

**Elton B. Smith.**

"Stern man with empires in his  
brain."

"Not Because My Hair Is Curly"

**Grace S. Root.**

"Humility, that low, sweet root,  
From which all heavenly virtues  
shoot."

"O Sweet Rest"

"Enthusiasm is the height of  
man; it is the passing from the  
human to the divine."

"Where the Silvery Colorado  
Wends Its Way"

**W. Archibald Stephens.**

*Departure.*

CLASS POEM.

Winfred Thuline.

O college home, so strong, so fair  
 Our slow feet linger on your stair;  
 Perhaps we shall no more return,  
 Yet will our hearts in memory yearn  
 For by-gone scenes and restful hours  
 Spent here beneath thy shady bowers.

Dear college—yet we did not guess  
 That we should feel this tenderness  
 Within our hearts, when often rest  
 With restless throbs; our tired feet  
 Traversed the distance oft between  
 The halls and on the campus green,  
 Without appreciating then  
 The full true worth of book and pen;  
 And yet the glow of youth was warm  
 And learning held a magic charm  
 For us. These years we leave behind  
 Are charmed years to bear in mind.

Your plain brick walls, the humble guise  
 You wore to careless stranger eyes,  
 Another meaning had for us,  
 As with a backward gaze we pause  
 To note the past—its hopes, its dreams,  
 'Tis with regret we leave these scenes,  
 Here have our minds enlarged in thought  
 And confidence, increasing, brought  
 Us to the goal at last. We face  
 The future now, and life's stern race,  
 Watching away in the distance dim,  
 Did's us meet it with strength and vim.

Farewell, dear school, farewell to thee,  
 With backward glance we seem to see  
 Dear kind school mates, whose eyes entreat  
 Remembrance. Never more to meet.  
 Put we have taken manfully  
 "One step towards life's destiny."

*Class History.*

Ethel B. Lawpaugh.

Four years ago twenty timid boys and girls entered, with fear and trembling, the cold brick walls of "Seattle Seminary." How all endeavored to avoid all attention of their upper classmen, but, to their sad dismay, all eyes seemed fastened upon them.

We did, however, feel that one friend yet remained, for from the lips of Prof. S.— proceeded such words of welcome and consolation that time went most rapidly. And soon we came to that most exciting time, when, face to face with the Sophomores, we knew our honor was at stake, in that famous debate. But, to our expected surprise, we came through with flying colors.

This year soon rolled by and again we entered the halls of learning as Sophomores, but with numbers somewhat diminished.

Again, in that annual debate, did the honors remain with us, as it had but once previous in the history of the school.

We congratulated ourselves on our success in retaining the honors.

We, too, participated in the usual routine of hikes, etc., with spirits light and still carefree.

Upon entering the third year we were happy to find our number had increased and we sure tried to come up to the name of "Jolly Juniors." Near the close of the year we were very suddenly notified that it was customary for the Juniors to entertain the Seniors. We realized fully that this demanded a full treasury, but we were delighted that the proceeds were to be used in such a noble cause. The evening is long to be remembered. It was soon followed by the day when the Senior class of '14 left the far end of the assembly hall deserted and lonely. Then and not till then did it dawn upon us that our career as "Jolly Juniors" was nearing the close.

The following September we entered S. S. for the last time, with numbers fourteen; but we felt encouraged, knowing it was quality and not quantity that counted. Our Senior meetings were quite peaceable and most numerous. But when it came to deciding on class pins, the girls unfortunately chose a pin that did not appeal to the artistic taste of the boys—but that worked out in a most satisfactory manner. There have also been other similar instances, but hardly worth the mention.

Our social times have been most enjoyable and the evenings spent together, with kind friends, have been the delight of our hearts.

Realizing that this is all a thing of the past, brightens our minds with sweet memories, yet saddens our hearts to think it is gone. All have been stepping stones to lift us higher in this life. And each bright epoch in our history has meant one round higher on the ladder of time.

But press on, climb on, toil on we must, knowing that life's greatest battles yet await us. Prepare for these we must, and thus bid you, each and all, a fond farewell, and, classmates dear—

We surely have been long together,  
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
 'Tis hard to part, when friends are dear—  
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;  
 But part we will, without much mourning,  
 And, departing, we will say  
 Not "Good night," but bid "Good morning"  
 In that land of fairer day.

## Ebbing Day.

Ethel B. Lawpough.

I looked away to the golden west  
E'er the white winged wavelets had gone to rest  
The sun's last ray kissed the sky good night  
And sped away on its airy flight.

The vast horizon was left aglow  
As though it with gold and crimson did flow;  
And the world around was made more bright  
Because of its rich and radiant light.

So, may it be with life's setting sun,  
When day is o'er and our duty is done,  
The world may be brighter and full of cheer  
Because of our having lived here.

For on, still on, in the future will live  
The influences of the deeds we did,  
And if of kindness and of love  
Souls will be lighted to that realm above.

Then life will be fuller and flow more sweet,  
Because of our having made it complete.  
Thus let us each, with a heart sincere,  
Brighten the world with hope and good cheer.

## Class Notes.

At the close of this year, and also of our academic course in the school, we, as the graduating class, are reminded of the startling fact that the real value of friends and of the many pleasant and congenial associations with students and faculty were never so fully realized as they are now, when the thought comes to us expressed in words, "We must part."

This frequent and seemingly uncalled for junction of a scholastic career is the hardest ordeal for us as a class to go through. This we frankly confess to one and all.

The great majority will meet and be together again, but it is incredible to think so of all. It shall not be as it was before. This is what seems to strike at the tender chord of each one of our hearts, yet we are gladdened with the thought that memory shall assist us in retaining a little share of the enjoyment which we once fully realized.

The class throughout its senior year has had many pleasant times together, which will always be recalled, especially the scenes in which our little juvenile member, "Wayne," played such a conspicuous and entertaining part. Him we shall never forget as the one who helped Miss Morrow in her efforts to gain our attention and "to stir up our pure minds by way of remembrance."

It is to be hoped by each member of the class in some future years to meet their little comrade and tell him of the enjoyment we derived in

watching his "pranks" in English class, especially the time when he chased his shadow. During the first part of the year Wayne's father and mother gave us a royal time at their home, and entertained us with games, which shall form another link in the happy chain of remembrance.

Again we cannot banish from our minds the thoughts of "Howie," who showed us at his home we would never be beaten but once, and that was in the act of carrying peanuts on a knife. Nevertheless, "Howie," the evening we spent with you was just splendid, and we love you still.

Another pleasant thought remains. In the midst of turmoil and the busy activities of life, we are now aware that the nine months which have gone to lengthen past eternity will not know us in the future by the cold title as Serious, Energetic, Noted, Independent, O. K., Resistless Seniors, but by a new name, which will make us think of that word "Alumni." Won't that give us a little comfort, eh, Lou?



## Class Will.

We, the members of the class of 1915, in the county of King and the state of Washington, being of sound mind and memory, and about to depart from Seattle Pacific College, do hereby publish and declare this, our last will and testament, and in the following, to-wit:

To our ever agreeable Juniors, all financial surplus.

Our success in Seattle Pacific College, to the Faculty.

Our art of mischief making to Mary Scott.

Fondness for dill pickles, to Celestine Tucker.

To the members of the Sophomore class a "Little Cicero Pony."

Our 9:15 "Kitchen Pass" to Margaret Whitesides.

All over-supply of "Anti-fat" to Miss Lawrence.

To our worthy Freshmen, our "constant success" in debating.

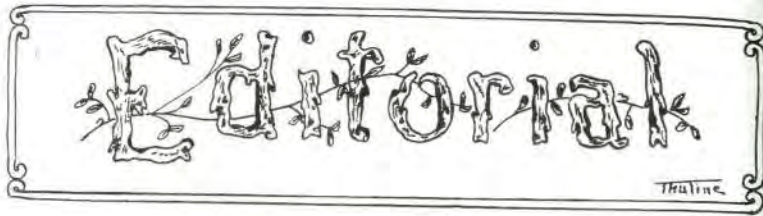
And to all who have helped us in our high school career, a hearty farewell.

Lastly we make, constitute and appoint Miss Black and Mr. Slaughter to be the executors of this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills made by us.

In witness whereof, we have signed our name and affixed our seal on this 2nd day of June, in the year of our Lord 1915.

SENIOR CLASS OF 1915.





## Choosing a Vocation.

Oliver R. Haslam.

Perhaps the most difficult problem confronting the young man and the young woman approaching the age of independence and self-reliance is that of a vocation in life. This is a natural and inevitable problem in every normal youth; and, whether intelligently and wisely, or ignorantly and unhappily, some one or other solution must eventuate. In view of this universal fact which must play and does play so important a part in the progress of the individual, of the state and of society, it is an astonishing fact that as a very general rule the youth must decide, almost unadvised, and often wrongly advised by his superiors, the course of life's pursuits. With this fact in view the youth in ascertaining his own course must leave to future time the proof of the wisdom and success of his chosen path.

Modern education is a tremendous factor and plays a most important role in the progress of civilization; but even in view of this fact we can not but realize many weaknesses and errors due to imperfect and faulty systems. What is a complete school education to a young man who is deprived of proper associations and competent, sympathetic advisors? Perchance thro some fortune of good providence he may step forth as a master of himself and his surroundings, and shine forth in his own sphere as a man among men, all because he followed the inner vision which foretold better things than those about him. But are not the chances against him? When left alone youth is all too apt to spring forth as an unbridled colt and waste the great store of energies and possibilities in face of even the best opportunities, strewing along the shores of time the broken pieces of a storm-driven bark. With thoughtful consideration we can not but feel deeply concerned because of this situation. The question which thus comes to us is, How shall we meet the problem with a suitable and effective solution? The answer is not an easy one nor shall a present attempt be made toward its ultimate solution. A glimpse of some phases involved and a few suggestive ideas, merely, will be considered.

Difficult tho the situation may seem, there are some conclusions which may very readily be drawn. We have already realized the need of instructing the youth by means of the past experiences of the family, of the state, and of the race, in matters of general social, political and historical importance; and now we are facing more and more the specific needs and demands of the individual. We can not meet them in a general way, we can not solve their interrogative advancement by the general progress and betterment of society and social conditions. Each specific need must be met from a varied angle according to the conditions involved. Then as youth cries out involuntarily for vocational guidance should not that cry be met with a host of men and women of the highest degree of intelligence well seasoned with the nobility of genuine altruism?

Indeed the responsibility should be taken more seriously by the parents and more adequate and intelligent home instruction given; and especially should the parents take into their confidence the youth and thus open the way to his heart whereby instruction and advice of

this character may be acceptable and effective. But too often is it the case that parents are incapable of properly advising their own children in vocational matters. Oftimes they are less educated than their children, and perhaps more often are they almost criminally negligent. The youth is thus pushed thru school and out into the world unprepared to meet fairly and wisely the problems of life, and by chance or thru sheer force of circumstances obtains a position or a mere job from which to gain a livelihood for himself and for those who may be depending upon him. Because of this fact some outside influence should be brot to bear upon him which would assist him in charting at least to some degree his course thru life. Furthermore, perchance the parents do their own individual part in directing the developing and promising young life, we can not doubt the wisdom of outside influences and varied experiences and suggestions. The parents can not often present in unbiased aspects a variety of vocational pursuits. Hence we see the need of vocational instruction, scientific vocational instruction in our educational systems. Not such as is narrow contracted or generalized, but such that will deal fairly and wisely,—yes, and individually,—with our young people and with this very important problem which they have to face.

Leaving these conditions as they are, let us now consider the question from the standpoint of the youth. How does the question come to him, and how may he best attempt to solve it?

First of all,—in view of God and heaven, and the obligations of humanity to divinity,—and likewise greatest of all, should come the question as to the relationship existing between the individual and his God. In order to meet life in its fullness and beauty, in order to formulate proper and normal conceptions of life, and in order for that completeness and poise of character so glorious and so desirable, there must be a genuine harmonizing of the natural and the spiritual in the young life. With this done the next and logical question should be, How can I best serve humanity? Here is a grave problem and also a most important one. How can it be settled by the young person who has taken the first and greatest step in making God the Lord of his life? Prayerfully and thoughtfully, and with a complete and voluntary resignation to God's will and plan, should the best possible advice concerning the choice of a life occupation be sought, alike in the progress of education, in the varied experiences and observations of life, and from those persons most worthy and capable of offering the best and most unbiased suggestions. No man can live to himself, and consequently he cannot live successfully and joyfully without the counsel and wisdom of his friends and superiors. The individual, however, must make the final choice, and with all obtainable counsel in hand he should consider these three things: Where are the neediest fields of labor? Which am I most adapted to in consideration of all phases and conditions of my life? And, Is it possible for me to find an open door or even to force an open door into this desirable, or at least appropriate, sphere of life? These questions, in order to a wise choice, must be faced with an open heart and an unprejudiced mind, and after final consideration and earnest prayer,—and not until then,—should the choice be made. Nor should a hasty conclusion be reached, for experience and observation have harshly taught us that careful and protracted deliberation is most wise and exceedingly gratifying in the end. God himself is not hasty in His plans and their execution. Did he not spend six days or periods of time in producing the finished product of our planet when he could have spoken it complete with a word? And did He not take centuries and even milleniums to express His great eternal heartache in the culminating event of Calvary? For Christ was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, but He was not actually slain, nor was redemption's price paid until this world was thousands of years old.

In view of these facts and suggestions it will be possible for us as young men and young women to face life more squarely, more intelligently, and to invest our lives in spheres of usefulness that will never lose the inspiration and character which we may impart to them by our whole-hearted sacrifice and devotion.

Easy it is to *spend* my life  
In passing joys and pleasures;  
But quite a different task is mine  
To well *invest* its treasures.



Cont. from page 24.

tainment on Friday evening, the 13th. The Alpha Club had the privilege of giving its final program before the school faculty, academic Seniors, and many other appreciative friends. After the program we were given the annual reception, together with the academic Seniors. The evening was highly enjoyable, and we feel like adding another year to our history.

The course of the Club this year has been rather checkered, but we are still in the land of the living and anticipate for next year unparalleled growth and advancement.



## Oratory Department.

Miss Cressa Marsh, Instructor.

Essentials of oratory. "By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we quote:

### *Enthusiasm.*

"The study of expression cannot be pursued in a careless or indifferent manner. It is only when the whole man is aroused that the imagination does its best work, and the muscles respond to the impulses of the heart and of the brain. It is necessary, therefore, to be thoroughly alert, gloriously alive.

### *Sincerity.*

"Affectation is a poisonous shadow that falls over any work of art only to blight and destroy. An orator should be artistic, not artificial. He must make his art the handmaid of nature, not the usurper or destroyer of all the native excellence that comes first hand from the Creator.

### *Imagination.*

"The imagination hath a stage within the brain, whereon is set all scenes that lie between the morning of laughter and the night of tears, and where his players body forth the false and true, the joys and griefs, the careless shadows and the tragic depths of human life.

### *Practice.*

"No man was ever born an orator. All who have won laurels from the fickle but generous public have done so by the aid of art, study, practice, persistent effort—these make the orator. Given in crude form a tender heart, a strong brain, a good imagination, a resolute will—the electric touch of art can call forth the most magnificent handiwork of

Cont. on page 43.



### Juniors

We regret to say that this is the last time that we shall be permitted to appear as Juniors. We have had such an exceedingly interesting and pleasant year that we dislike to see the time approaching when we have to bid adieu to the Seniors and the dear old Seattle Pacific College and, oh, yes, the new bell.

However, we are not sorry that we cannot be Juniors always, for there is a true saying that the younger generations must take the place of their elders, hence we must take the place of the Seniors. Of course, we can't expect to fill this place so satisfactorily as the Seniors have done; nevertheless, we shall try to the best of our ability.

The members of our class shall soon separate for the summer vacation.

Mr. Matthewson, our class president, will probably stay in Seattle this summer.

Miss Dull expects to return to her home near Snake River, where she will be privileged to indulge in peaches and cream.

Miss Whitesides will return to Portland. Also Mr. Berry.

The rest of the members will probably stay in Seattle during the summer, and we are expecting to see everyone back next year.

Farewell 'till next time.



### Sophomores

It seems there is always a sadness to the "last time." This is the last time we, as a class, will send in our report under this head. A year ago we came from the freshmen class full of enthusiasm and energy. Now that we have taken another step we are just as enthusiastic to go on. We feel that the lessons we have mastered and the varied experiences we have had will be of unlimited value to us in the future.

Our cry is "Higher yet," and next year will find us still plodding on.





### Freshmen

How quickly the Freshman year has flown! How we have enjoyed being Freshies! We are hoping that each member of our class will return to spend the Sophomore year at Seattle Pacific College. We have had such good teachers, such interesting studies and so many enjoyable hikes, I am sure we can never forget all of our good times. We would almost wish we could be Freshmen next year if we were sure of as good times as we have had in the year that is almost gone.



# Societies

### Alethepians.

One more year has gone into the past and our "dear old Club" has come safely through the conflict with banners unfurled.

We have had many interesting times during the past year, and the many pleasant occasions are long to be remembered.

However, it is not all over, for we are yet looking forward to a most unique time, to be enjoyed in the "Green Wood," where nature in all her grandeur will but add to the beauty of the hour.

Words cannot express the appreciation of our hearts for the faithful efforts of each officer and member in making the club a success during the past year. And to each and all of the Alethepians, to our Brother Phils, to the faculty and friends, we extend our best wishes for a most joyous summer vacation.

### Philopolemicals.

The literary days of the Phils are over for this year. Spring offers too many charming diversions from literary pursuits to permit extensive research in this line. In other activities the Phils are very prominent. In the evenings after school, on Saturdays and on Sundays, special delegations of Phils and Alethepians are seen to meet on the campus for the discussion of various phases of questions of the day. In this line the Phils have proven themselves very efficient, having gone into partnership with Miss Morrow, Prof. Marston, Mr. and Mrs. Beers for the rigid enforcement of the eighth rule.

### Alexandrians.

Is there anything more satisfactory than the knowledge that you have improved? I am sure each of the Alexandrians feel a happiness in their improvement. Although we did not get started as soon as we would have liked, we have made good progress. We now have a brand new "constitution," which, backed up as it is by some remarkable talent, will no doubt work wonders. Next year is not far off and we are already looking forward with enthusiasm for the future of our Alexandrian Literary Society.

### Athletics.

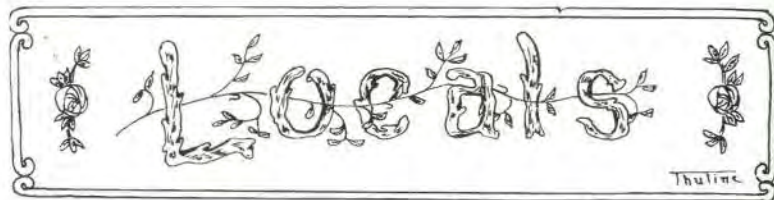
The editor tells me I can have only one hundred words, so I'm going to use this last report in one final boost.

The past year has been one of profit. The tennis and basketball instruction given by Mr. Haslam has started many new players in the right manner.

During the fall and spring our courts have been filled every available hour by some set of tennis players. We were engrossed in basketball through the winter.

The Athletic Club has been a success this year and we hope to see it still more successful in the years to come.

\* \* \* \* \*



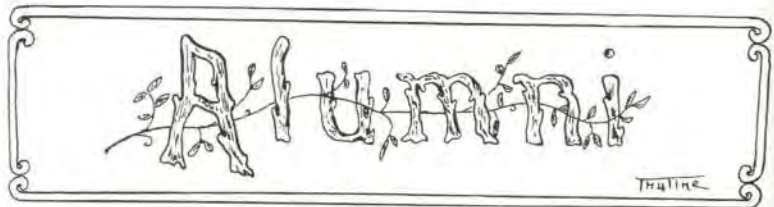
The past month we have greatly enjoyed several short addresses by Mr. Allen, returned missionary from South America; Rev. Paynter, a missionary from Ceylon, and Rev. Clause.

On May 7 the college and academic Seniors, with impressive solemnity, bade farewell to Seattle Seminary and installed the new name, and the same morning we were awakened by the melodious chiming of the new bell, which the Seniors donated.

The several recitations by Mrs. Burns last Friday were also greatly appreciated.

The main feature of the month was the reception given by the president and his wife to the Seniors and Alpha Club.

An interesting program was given by the Alpha Club, after which refreshments were served and a very pleasant social evening it was.



Miss Lillian Perry has recently forsaken her maiden life and taken unto herself a new name.

Charles McKinnon, '99, is still a pharmacist in this city.

Among Seattle's electricians is Mr. Glen Smith, '03.

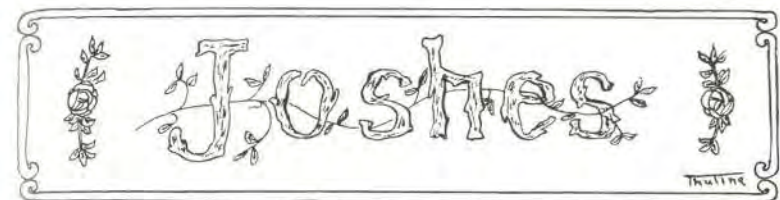
Miss Sarah Peterson (1900) is now a teacher in her home city—Seattle.

Since graduating from a medical school in Chicago, which Earl Thomas, '09, is now attending, Homer Wheelon, '07, has been placed on the list of physicians of a St. Louis hospital.

Frank Millican and his wife (Amie Boddy) are now home on furlough from China.

Clarence Thomas, '05, is now teaching a class in universal literature in this institution.

The editor says I may write only one hundred words, so here I must stop.



Stephens—"Are you quite sure this suit won't shrink if it gets wet?"  
Clerk—"Mine friend, every fire company in the city but two has squirted water on dot suit."

Prof.—"Why are the Middle Ages known as the Dark Ages?"

Wilder—"Because there were so many knights."

"My dear Ward, now that you have finished college, you must really begin looking for some sort of employment."

Ward—"But don't you think, mother, it would be more dignified to wait until the offers begin coming in?"

Ethel L.—"I should just like to see the man that I'd promise to love, honor and obey."

Gladys S.—"I'm sure you would, dear."

Prof. Marston—"Another good thing about babies is that they never go around telling the smart things their daddies said."

Prof.—"Jones is asleep. Will someone please tap him on the head?"

Mary S.—"Don't do it; you'll flood the room."

Vera Funnel—"I wonder why it is that we can never manage to be alone?"

Wesley L.—"It must be an act of Providence."

Lucile B.—"All extremely bright men are conceited, anyway."

Merton M.—"Oh, I don't know. I'm not."

Prof.—"What kinds of farming are there?"

Elton S.—"Extensive, intensive and pretensive."

Miss Long—"If there were four flies on the table and I killed one, how many would be left?"

Muriel E.—"One. The dead one."

Miss Marston—"They should take Wayne to the baby show."

Gladys—"Oh, no. He has gone to conference."

L. Dubois (getting her service in tennis after having missed three)—"You didn't think I would get it, did you?"

E. Smith—"Oh, I'll get you yet! I'm bound to get you."



Cont. from page 36.

God—an expressive man.

*Distinctness.*

"Speak the speech, I pray you, trippingly on the tongue; do not mouth it. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hands, but use all gently. Be not too tame, either, but suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you overstep not the modesty of nature."







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