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The Cascade, 1920

Seattle Pacific College

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THE CASCADE

PUBLISHED BY THE
ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE
Seattle Pacific College

JUNE 1920
Seattle Pacific College

S. P. C. is rich this year in the character and quality of its student body. The halls are well filled with an enthusiastic, eager, and scholarly company of Christian young men and women. A fine spirit of loyalty, harmony, cooperation and mutual helpfulness pervades the entire institution.

The scholarship has been above the average. The number of students winning honors is increasing. There is a healthy, intellectual growth. The student duties are undertaken in a serious way. There is a disposition to undergo the study strain for a longer period. There is a growing desire for real scholarship.

The hearty response of the students to the standards established by the associated student organization has made student government a grand success. Good conduct is becoming an attitude of mind and a habit of life.

The recreational life of the College is sane, diversified and constructive. The daily exercises cultivate poise and good form. The military drills develop team work, physical strength and respect for law and order. Outdoor tennis and basket ball give the glow of health and develop the discipline of routine life. They produce good comradeship. They bring one close to the heart of nature in all her native grandeur in wood and sea and mountain.

The spiritual life of the student body has been broad and deep; the religious activities have been diverse. Evangelism, Bible study, mission work, Sunday School training, spiritual life conferences, prayer and praise services have all contributed to make the year quite ideal in the field of Christian education.

The purpose of S. P. C. for the future is to serve an ever increasing number of young men and women who seek Christian education that they may minister effectively in things of the Spirit in whatever field they may be called to serve the Master.

—Orrin Edward Tiffany.
To

Our President

DR. O. E. TIFFANY

in appreciation for what he has done and is doing for Seattle Pacific College, and for what his untiring efforts will mean in the future development of the school, we respectfully dedicate this

CASCADE ANNUAL

Orren Edward Tiffany
Appreciation

We, the long-suffering Cascade Staff, wish to thank the Associated Student Body for their help in publishing "The Cascade" for we feel that without their loyal assistance this could not have been successfully accomplished. We are very grateful to Warren Cathey for his faithful work in arranging and collecting the advertisements. We desire also to thank the faculty for their advice and encouragement. We hope that the friends and subscribers will be satisfied and pleased with our attempt.

"It's the good apple tree that has the most clubs thrown at it."

—Riley.
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Our Faculty and Our College Classes
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Political Science.

Registrar
Omar Allen Burns, A. M.,
History.

Dean of Women
Grace English Tiffany (Normal),
History of Art.

Preceptress
Grace Lawton Marston.

Proctor, Boys' Hall
William Frame Clark, A. B.,
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C. May Marston, A. M.  
Modern Languages.

Burton Linton Beegle, A. B.  
Mathematics.

Ethel L. Oberhouser.  
Science.

Sylvia A. Miller, A. M.  
Latin.

William Washington Cathey.  
Chorus.

Lenna Fay Burns, A. B.  
Expression.

Milo M. Mackinder (Normal).  
Principal Commercial School.

Vera F. Richards.  
Piano.

M. Kathryn Amberger.  
Office Secretary.

Daisy E. Frederick (Normal).  
Grammar Grades.

Bessie Galbreath Clark, Ph. D.  
Matron, Boys' Hall.

Charles Wesley Millican, A. B.  
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Jessie Millican, A. M.  
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Our College Classes
John Root
"The time I have lost in wooing
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies in woman's eye
Has been my own undoing."

Mrs. Miller
"Of course she studies; it
must be so,
And yet she's always on the go."

Roy Millican
"One of the pillars of the
Senior Class,
In every walk of life he's
sure to pass."

Clara Tiffany
Class of '21

SENIOR REPORT

The old motto "A cat may look at a king" was all that gave me, a verdant freshman, courage to gaze longingly at the Seniors as they marched slowly and solemnly into the assembly—that Investiture morning. It was a great occasion and I tried vainly during the address to stretch my imagination on ahead to the time when I would be a college senior. Since that feat was impossible I turned back to the days when the honorable Seniors were mere Freshmen too.

On a long ago September morning in 1917 I beheld a trembling class enter the portals of S. P. C. A few of that class took a brief survey of school life and left for parts unknown. The next year John Root deserted school to preach in and near Spokane. The rest of the class struggled bravely on.

1917-18 the class had all of three members. Three little Juniors when the year was done, two went away and then there was one. One Junior kept up his class the next year and as he returned hopefully in September he found, to his unbounded joy and relief, that he had two class mates, Mrs. Miller and Mr. Roy Millican. The music began again and I awoke from my reverie. As these three Seniors with great dignity marched out of chapel, and as I thought that strange things do happen I decided not to give up, for "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

THE SOLITUDE OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

After W. Cowper (but some distance in rear)

I am monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to refuse.
In our class meetings, held on rare days,
I say and I do as I choose.
O Solitude! Where are the lights
For which sages would willingly pay?
Better dwell in the midst of class lights
Than reign in this horrible way.

I am out of humanity's reach—
Must I finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech
'Till I start at the sound of my own?
My old class mates, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
But alas! Recollections that rend,
Soon hurry me back to despair.
OFFICERS

Elmer Root President
Harold Lane Vice President
Beulah King Secretary-Treasurer
Nellie Lane Representative
Beulah King Cascade Reporter

Colors: Green and White. Motto: "The impossible is not imagined."

Yell: Razzle, Dazzle,
Hobble, Gobble,
Zip! Boom! Rah!
College Sophomores!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

CLASS '22

"We are seven."
We are judicious. We can boast of a president who is also president of the Associate Student Body, of the Athletic Club and of the Student Volunteer. We can boast of a vice-president who is assistant business manager of the Cascade. Our secretary-treasurer is a worker of the Olive Branch Mission. Our sergeant-at-arms is president of the Ministerial Association and our class representative is joke editor of the Cascade. Of our two laymen, one is Leader of the Girls' Prayer Bands and the other one—married!

We are literary. Last fall it was our privilege to entertain (3) the Student Body with the rendition of an Autumn program. We exploited the glories of Autumn in song, poetry and prose. Then, too, we furnished the students with much useful information in our Bible program as we set forth the literary merits of the Bible: its narrations, its lyrics, its didactic and epic poetry, its orations, its monotones, its ritual psalms and its rhapsodies. Later our class participated in a debate in which the two sides argued and counter-argued the question of restricted immigration of labor. As our opponents were Freshmen, of course we were the victors.

We were wise. Resolving with all our getting, to get wisdom, we have plodded steadily toward the goal of ultimate success. 'Tis true that our class was the first to raise its colors on the flag pole—also that our sergeant-at-arms requested an ammonia gun and blunder-bus to keep order in our class meetings, but that was many months ago. We are older now and know better.

We are young. We still have many things to do and many things to leave undone. We still have many things to learn and many troubles to surmount, but being young we have high hopes for the future, a deep determination to do our best and a broad vision of the need of the great world of ours.

We are teachable—knowing that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" and that if we "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness all other things will be added unto us."

—Beulah King
OFFICERS

Margaret Matthewson, President
Willis Lightle, Vice President
Dorothy Dingle, Secretary
Emma Corson, Treasurer
Mae Armour, Representative
Bertha Carbaugh, Cascade Reporter


Yell: "Rouse 'em freshmen.
Sonse 'em, Sonse 'em freshmen.

FRESHMAN REPORT

Step right this way, ladies and gentlemen! Our next exhibit is the College Freshmen Class. Keep at a safe distance, for they are not as harmless as they seem. Why, certainly, I'll point out the most peculiar specimens. It's no trouble at all, I assure you, for I enjoy displaying them. I'll tell you the name and characteristics of each exhibit.

The first one, the one in this corner, is Gladys, the despair of all monitors because of her habit of smiling out loud without provocation. She came from the wilds of Minnesota.

This small one is Emma, who was captured in Ohio. Her brilliant smile has fascinated one of our professors.

Allow me to display our human question mark, Rachel of Idaho. Be careful, gentlemen—your sex is not popular here.

This quiet retiring one? You mean Gladys, but don't awaken the slumbering spirit of mischief or I cannot be responsible for the result.

This is our greatest prize of all—the only one of its kind in the class. Willis, please step forward and smile for the ladies. But alas, we cannot keep him, for the bonds of matrimony are swiftly tightening around him. "Another good man gone wrong."

If Dorothy can behave one second, I'll present her next. This is a rare specimen who is much given to wandering near long lanes in the moonlight.

This is our famous weather prophet, Fay. She knows exactly how to control the weather and may possibly be induced to demonstrate appropriate weather for any occasion. For rates see Miss Armour.

The leader of this band will now advance and bow gracefully. Margaret keeps up the good reputation of the class.

Me (?) Why ladies and gentlemen—you all know me. I'm the one they blame for all mischief.

What do we do? Why, we do everything. I'm telling you all this in strict confidence so don't say I said it. We nearly make the S. P. C. and I don't see how it could run without us. We are the biggest part of the C. G. H. C. and are lavish with our pep. We gave the best program in November—a Dicken's play. How do we know that it was the best? Why, we say so!

We entertained the College department at an anti-slang party in February and that night we discovered how inadequate was the English language when it was deprived of its embellishments. Countless were the beans we forfeited!

Ladies and gentlemen, it is time to pass on to the next exhibit of the Classes.

BERTHA CARBAUGH.
BOOK II

Our Academic Departments and Grades
SENIOR REPORT

Seniors! How very soon that name will change to verdant Freshmen. We, the class of '20, are now nearing the close of our high school days but only to set out into wider fields of learning. So quickly this year has passed but "all" has been well for the Seniors.

Late in September this jolly class went to Woodland Park to play tennis and all will remember how it rained.

Our Junior friends in October showed us a royal time when they fed us doughnuts and coffee around a cozy fire at Bailey's peninsular.

Near Christmas time we gathered in the Domestic Science room and spent a very delightful evening. While there we roasted wiensers and told interesting stories.

Feb. 27 marks the date of the Senior leap year gathering. Only time will tell what was accomplished that evening for the girls performed their duties tactfully and seemingly successfully.

Campus day found the Senior girls in the kitchen and dining room while the boys worked faithfully on the college tennis courts. We all enjoyed our dinner but most of all the yells produced by the Juniors. We found out what a splendid class the next year's Seniors will be, for during the same afternoon and evening we had the pleasure of their company at Edmonds. The evening was spent by taking walks on the shore and later by partaking of the supper. Thrilling stories were told around the campfire and several forgot all past misunderstandings and the trip home was one of comfort and ease.

On an evening in the later part of March the Senior girls thoroughly enjoyed themselves at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Graham, who were formerly students at the S. P. C., at a birthday surprise given in honor of Tillie Harvey, our quiet Senor.

April has been the fortunate month for the Seniors. Dr. and Mrs. Tif- fany cordially entertained us at their home one evening. We all appreciate the kindness and encouragement they gave us.

One Wednesday morning just as the clock was striking eight we sat down to a delicious breakfast prepared by our beloved faculty member Miss Marston. Everything was decorated in our class colors and flower and between courses "toasts" were given, in honor of our hostess and class president. We'll always remember "Sweet Sixteen" and Light (lo) Buns.

The College girls initiated us Senior girls into College life by giving us the pleasure of a slumber party one cold night. At four the next morning we met with the college and Senior boys for a hike and ate breakfast on the beach and returned in time for school.

(Continued on page 25)
Maximo Conde—"We wonder at the idiosyncrasies, the anfraduosities of his lexicographic tendencies."

Ruth Stahl—"Tis every woman's privilege to speak her mind."

Lorene Henry—"Little, but Oh! My!"

Isabella Booth—"We like her voice; her every act; We're proud of her—that is a fact."

Reta Henry—"With cheerful voice and pleasant way She seems to find life always gay."

Cash Crawford—"I shun your jokes and parties bright And walk alone in paths of light."

Lenna Mae Burns—"Grave as a judge but very nice If you can only break the ice."

Tillie Harvey—"Silence is a good motto."

Ruby Stipe—"Against the blues this lovely maid has fought She never worries much with serious thought."

Elvina Meehan—"Why think? 'Tis likely to prove fatal."
SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

How very important we felt when we put a notice on the bulletin board, Sept. 16, 1916, that there would be a class meeting for the purpose of organization. We began our career as six shy, retiring freshmen. It is with great delight that we undertake to tell you something of our past history during the brief four years allotted us for high school training.

Our first year was spent in rather a quiet manner, with not many to molest us or make us afraid. However, besides making a success of our studies we made at least one wise decision. We chose for our class colors, the much admired purple and white, which we have retained during all four years. The white stands for purity of precepts, and the purple is the harmonious blending of blue for truthfulness and red for courage; the combination of which is symbolical of royalty. With such colors before us, how could our class be other than successful?

Although it is customary for the freshmen to challenge the sophomores to a debate, we were so studiously engaged in pouring over fascinating (3) Latin books and ciphering Algebra, that we had no time for arguments. The school year 1917-18 found four members returned. One had gone to serve his country on the fields of France, and another had entered the society circles of Spokane. However, our little company was strengthened by seven new members, making a total of eleven for our Sophomore class.

Our motto: “Not merely to exist, but to amount to something.”

Class Code: “The Natural.”

Flower: Purple violet.

February 8, 1918, our class gave a programme in honor of Lincoln’s Birthday. In this we generously displayed our various talents and proved that we were worthy of attention. On April 26th we showed that our social interests were not at all dormant, by taking a troop of twenty for an outing to Atlantic City. We were accompanied by our faculty member, Prof. Beagle, and were also honored by the presence of Mrs. Beagle and Prof. and Mrs. Roberts. All proclaimed the trip a grand success.

Due to illness, two of our members dropped out the first semester. Then another was called to his parents on a ranch in Alberta, Canada; and still another left for his home in Bellingham. Our number now was only seven, and of these, only three reentered as Juniors for the school year, 1918-19. Two especially ambitious members who were anxious to get out into the world, deserted the Juniors, and entered the Senior class. Two were compelled to stay out because of Ill health, and the two attended schools elsewhere. Two of our boys are also now in the service; one in the army and the other a Marine. But our class was bound to prosper. In September 24th, 1918, at our first class meeting in the “Arts” of the Administration Building, we enrolled nine members. Of these, one dropped out, but the second semester our number was increased to thirteen (which proved up to be “Lucky Number” for us). We continued to hold our class meetings in the “Arts”, where we were unmolested. We very wisely chose Mrs. Puffer, who is now in India, for our faculty member. For our motto we selected, “Not for school, but for life do we learn.”

The Junior English class under the direction of Miss Marston, gave a very successful programme in honor of Longfellow. In our class were several Seniors, and our combined talents made the undertaking a grand success. Scenes from “The Courtship of Miles Standish” were represented by Senior talent, and the Juniors entertained their audience by giving “Hawaii” and “The Story of Evangeline.”

Many were the interesting and exciting experiences of the Juniors! The Seniors gave us a delightful time by taking us to Bremerton, where we spent most of the day. The most enjoyable feature of the trip was coming home on the boat, just as twilight was softly falling over our beautiful Puget Sound. The stars were twinkling merrily in the deep blue sky as our steamers pulled out for “Home.” We enjoyed a light lunch and then entertained ourselves and others by singing familiar songs.

We will not tell you much about the Junior-Senior debates, for, well— the Seniors thought they could debate better, but of course we didn’t! But we cheered them lustily, and forgave their conceit, and on April 10th, 1919, we joined those illustrious Seniors on the campus at 6:30 A. M., and took them across Lake Washington in a dear little launch. And such a jolly lunch! All former grievances were forgotten and we resolved to make the day bring full of happiness. After having had an enjoyable boat ride, we landed at a most delightful place. We played many games and then served our guests with cakes, ice cream, warm beans, salads, and—all, the table spread. Then we played more games and finally began walking logs. There a “jolly Junior” was contentedly sitting on the end of a large log, when some mischievous boys jumped down upon the log. It began to roll furiously by and the wind under. Shortly after, while she sat behind a nice little store and ate whipped cream, cakes and delicious fruit salad, etc., the merry company once more enjoyed a real feed. Now just ask any Senior of last year if they weren’t royally entertained! In the evening we all returned home, tired, but happy and with our arms loaded with large trilliums, and our hearts light and merry.

We were able once more to show our genius by artistically decorating for the Seniors at Commencement. After delivering their orations, the graduating class were tired, so our faculty member, Mrs. Puffer, and Miss Marston gave the Seniors a pleasant time in the Laboratory, where they served us with ice cream and cake, and after listening to some well rendered toasts, we separated for the evening.

—Tressa Alberts
We, the class of 1920, feeling as we do, that a passport is about to be given us, putting a happy and timely end to a brilliant career, do hereby make, publish and declare this our last will and testament.

ARTICLE I

First: To Dr. Tiffany and Miss Marston, our faculty adviser, we bequeath our deepest appreciation for their advice and guidance in seeing "us through."
Second: To the faculty in general, thanks and the right to think any member of next year's class and the right to enforce any rules and regulations which were not enforced upon us.

ARTICLE II

First: To Dr. Tiffany we also bequeath a new patent waste paper basket that magnetically attracts misplaced papers and candy wrappers.
Second: To Prof. Burns the sole right of choosing the morning hymn.
Third: To Miss Oberholser we bequeath a perfect eye to note all of the vacant seats during the morning assembly.
Fourth: To Prof. Clark the unlimited use of his imagination to be expended upon the participants in the morning exercises "Peach gazing, gaze."
Fifth: To Prof. Beegle with much appreciation we give another hard working, brilliant, well behaved Physics class.
Sixth: To Prof. Mackinder unanimously we donate the Assembly clock which will enable him to get to meals on time.

ARTICLE III

First: To the Juniors we leave a book of instructions on how to occupy Senior seats in a manner becoming to the dignity of a Senior.
Second: To the Sophomore class we leave the use of the fountain to relieve their throats after vainly trying to explain an unexplainable absence.
Third: To the Freshmen we give honorable mention for which they should be duly thankful.

ARTICLE IV

First: Otto Lightle generously leaves to Warren Cathey his knock of laughing.
Second: Isabelle Booth leaves her brother to any responsible College girl who will look after him during his adolescence.
Third: Cash Crawford to William Fisher the right to turn off any alarm clock that breaks into the tranquility of his speeches.
Fourth: Lenna Mae Burns leaves to the thoughts of one of the Juniors the memory of her modest retiring, but none the less sweet and attractive qualities.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our names on the first day of June the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty.

—Senior Class

(Continued from page 18)

At the home of Prof. and Mrs. Burns our class spent a very profitable evening.
The Senior class our worthy opponents, who challenged us for a debate but never popped the question, have also been very kind to us and entertained us royally and to them we give much thanks.
We have heard from our class adviser of 19, Mrs. Puffer, who is now in India and found out that she still holds an interest in our welfare.
We, the class of '20, expect to gain success and live so our Alma Mater will be proud of us.
—Frances Hill.

Senior Yell: Rickety-Rick! Jiggers and ticks!
If we should leave you
You would be in a fix?

ODE TO THE SENIORS

Why is that poor Senior sitting
Gazing mutely into space?
Why is he so sadly gazing
With that lost look on his face?

Yearningly he gazes upward
Then he looks upon the floor,
And I hear a sigh, heart rending:
"I must write two pages more."

Then I see a wild light gleaming,
Gleaming in that Senior's eye,
As he cries, "An inspiration
I must have one or I die."

Madly doth his pencil scribble
"Racing o'er that page so white
Thank my stars, my essay's finished!
I can sleep again this night."

But the faculty in session
Cruelly marred each spotless sheet
"Spelling poor, punctuation missing;
Please condense, for time is fleeting."

—College '23

B. M. C.

M. J. M.
Junior Report

As the Seniors step out, we, the Junior Class, will take their place, leaving behind us a record never equalled before in all the history of the school. We believe strongly in doing things well and whatever is attempted by the Juniors is certainly a success. On a hike given in honor of the Seniors in a cozy woods near the far end of Lake Washington we shall long remember the savory eats and that delicious walnut cake.

Our class friend, Mrs. Bardell, entertained us one night at her home. We played games, listened to the Victrola and finished a perfect evening with refreshments.

Another evening was happily spent by the Seniors and Juniors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Benston. We made fudge to the music of the Victrola and then played games while the candy hardened.

To all of the classes one of the greatest events of the school year is Campus Day. Our work was to clean the campus and this we did with great vim—until noon. Then we found our table artistically decorated by Miss Richards, our faculty member. The old rose and gray appeared more beautiful and the primrose sweeter than ever before. After a dinner enhanced by frequent yells, the Seniors took us to Edmonds Beach by stage and we surely had a great time. We sat around a large fire built in the cave and speculated as to how soon the incoming tide would chase us away. Some think that the ride home was the best part of it all.

Now as spring is here, many other interesting things will transpire.

—Ruth Maxwell.

Colors: Old Rose and Gray.

Motto: "When Duty whispers low, 'Thou Must,' the youth replies, 'I can.'"

Yell: Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax.
Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax.
Give 'em the ax, Give 'em the ax.
Give 'em the ax, Where?
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck.
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck.
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck, Right in the neck. There!
ASSEMBLY HALL
OFFICERS

Wesley Matthews _______ President
George Rhodes _________ Vice President
Rosabelle Fuhrmann ______ Secretary
Lillian Prosfeld _________ Treasurer
Carlton Booth _________ Class Representative
Mabel Aldridge-Cascade Reporter

Colors: Blue and Gold. Motto: Not yet, but climbing.

Razzle-dazzle. Boom Kie.
Yip-Zodie-kie.
Sophomores! Sophomores!

SOPHOMORE REPORT

Who are we? Sophomores! What do we do? Wait and see—
We began doing things in September and we have not quit yet. To get
acquainted, one day in September we hiked to Magnolia Beach, where every-
one had a lively time in spite of such minor annoyances as rain, mud and
burned beans.

Everybody stood in open-eyed wonder as the Sophomoresfiled into
the Halloween affair in the new Basement Dining room. We were brilliant
in black and yellow. The long and the short of it, Paul Johnson and Harold
Tsenbath caused much amusement.

1920 was used by a leap year evening at Cathay’s. Many and strange
were the specimens who were dragged protestingly to the scene. We won’t
tell what time we got home.

We hereby extend our sincere thanks to the 8th grade boys who so
kindly cared for our coats and hats while Miss Oberholser, our faculty ad-
visor, entertained us in her Domestic Laboratory.

Another time we graced Ballard Beach with our presence, long enough
to eat the good things we had so painfully carried all the way from school.
We tried to sit around the fire and still be out of the smoke, but we found
it impossible, so back we came, through the gently falling rain.

Census Day found us ready for business, for it was our pleasant (?)
duty to clean the X0 building. Allan Stickney guarded the doors to keep us
from escaping before we finished. At noon our table was voted the most
beautiful, because of our unusual decorations. The aforesaid decorations
did not materially decrease our appetites, however.

The Sophomores are also desirous for those things that pertain to the
higher life, and early in the year our Sunday afternoon prayer band was or-
ganized.

—Mabel Aldridge.
FRESHMAN REPORT

Allow me to introduce you to the Class of 23, a better there never was. The year has been for the Freshmen, a strenuous, but never-the-less, a most enjoyable one. Not daunted by the continual rainy weather, they succeeded in launching several duly good hikes which were immensely enjoyed by those who took part in them.

Perhaps the most interesting of these was the united hike of the Freshmen-Sophomore classes to North Beach. We left the College one Friday afternoon with Misses Tiffany, Carlough and Lawrence as chaperons. After a long ride on the trolley, we arrived at Golden Gardens and from there hiked to North Beach. We had a delightful time gathering driftwood, building a fire, roasting wiemers and playing games on the beach. After eating we decided that we would hike all the way back to the College, a distance of about four miles. It sprinkled a little as we were returning but we all agreed that we had a very pleasant time.

An interesting Sophomore-Freshman hike to Alki Point was chaperoned by Miss Oberholser. We built a fire in an old oven which had previously been put to the same use by hikers and after a great deal of smoking we finally boiled our coffee and eggs and served the meal which was the excellent feature of the hike. While we were at the beach it started to snow and consequently we were somewhat wet when we arrived at the College, nevertheless we had an excellent time and are hoping to visit the Point again some fine spring day.

Another important event in the annual of our history was the Sophomore-Freshman debate, which took place on the 20th of February. The Sophomores won the debate but we all know that they can't do it again. The question was, "Resolved: That Capital Punishment should be Abolished in all the States." The Freshmen debators took the affirmative.

There has been quite a bit of changing around this year; new students coming in and old ones going out, so that our number has not remained the same. However we still maintain that we have the select class if not the largest. We are very sorry to announce that several of our classmates have been down with the "flu" thus causing them to miss part of the year's work.

But let us leave the class pounding away at Latin and Algebra and turn our thoughts upon spiritual matters. We rejoice to be able to say that we have as a class, not forgotten the one thing high over all, that is to keep spiritual. We are glad for having had the fellowship of Christian classmates and teachers. At the beginning of the second semester the Freshmen organized a Sunday afternoon prayer band. After a few meetings the band joined that of the Sophomores, who had organized earlier in the year. These meetings have been a source of help and blessing. —Jack Lievay.

OFFICERS

Ruth Cathey  President
Jack Lievay  Vice President
Alma Henry  Secretary
Beatrice Rea  Treasurer
Jack Lievay  Class Representative
Jack Lievay  Cascade Reporter

Colors: Cherry and Black. Motto: "Not at the top, but climbing.
Yell: Rickety Rackety Rust!
Zipity Boonity Bost!
Never-the-less
You'll have to Confess
There's nothing the matter with us!
MUSIC AND THE SCHOOL

Music must have an important place in the curriculum of every college. We must meet the need of our country in supplying the demand for professional musicians. Many of the high schools, colleges and universities give full credit for vocal, instrumental and theoretical studies; and several of the large cities have made the study of one of these, obligatory throughout the grade and high school work.

While the work of finishing a musician, will, perhaps, always be left to the Conservatory of Music, yet the college must be the foundation builder of the musician, through his college course, before specializing.

Although handicapped by lack of adequate equipment and room, the Music Department has increased considerably this year, under the direction of Miss Richards. Forty-seven students have been enrolled and the work has been scheduled on the basis of a School of Music. All courses were offered and credit given.

Seattle, being a center in the Northwest, attracts many of the concert musicians so that the musical advantages of Seattle Pacific College far surpass those of any of our schools.

The outlook for a Music School at Seattle Pacific College for the coming year is good and the splendid work done this year will, no doubt, have a large part in the foundation of greater things musically in the future for Seattle Pacific College.

THE COLLEGE CHORUS

Where is a man who when he hears his national air, does not feel his veins pulsate with patriotism? When we hear the good old hymn "Jesus Lover of My Soul," do not our minds go back to the time when mother taught us by her knee?

Are we not made to feel better when we hear a chorus render Gau's "Holy City," or Henry Wessel's "Calvary," or Richard Worrhol's "He Is Risen," or Mendelssohn's "Elijah?" Do we not really enjoy Cowan's "Rose Maiden?" But where is there an equal to the "Hallelujah" chorus from "The Messiah?" Where is there a man with his Greek or Latin learning who is as well known as this man Handel who has stirred the whole civilized world with his Oratorio "The Messiah?" These are some of the numbers the X. C. Chorus have given.

The great Evangelists of the world are looking for men and women who are efficient in music to help them lead the world to Christ. Are we doing what we can to prepare ourselves, so that when the door of opportunity opens we will be ready to enter?

--- W. W. Cathey.
THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

The commercial department has been organized for the purpose of giving the young people a good business education. This department offers courses of instruction that will enable young men or young women to become expert stenographers and bookkeepers. It also aims to give the students the greatest amount of practical knowledge along general business lines; to give them the training that will build character, and develop the qualities that mean success in life.

The commercial course in the Academic school, like the classical, scientific, and normal courses is a regular four years course leading to graduation and a high school diploma. This course is so arranged that one after finishing it may enter the college; i.e., he will have in his favor the required number of credits for college entrance. The course in college leads to the degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science and is open to high school graduates or those who have had equivalent work. The B. C. S. course requires two years. To those who are not able to attend school long enough to take advantage of the above, the department offers a one year bookkeeping course and a one year stenographic course. Any one completing either of these will be given a diploma.

The work during the past year has been made very successful and interesting. There has been a fair enrollment. The instructor, Professor M. Mackinder, has had years of experience teaching business branches. The number of subjects taught are included in other courses and are taught by different members of the regular Academic and College faculty. In Bookkeeping much individual instruction is given and this plan enables each student to make the best use of his time. Personal instruction is given in stenography if necessary.

Next year promises to be an excellent one with a large enrollment in this department of the school. Young people, boost the School of Commerce in the Seattle Pacific College that others may take advantage of the opportunity to obtain a business education at a very low cost in a fine religious school.

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

An important and interesting part of our college work is the expression department which has been under the instruction of Mrs. O. A. Burns. A number have followed this course and have been trained along the lines of public speaking and expression.

The class have given two public recitals, one Dec. 12, 1919, and the last one May 10, 1920. These recitals were much appreciated and the students showed results of careful training.

Friday evening Mar. 7, the class gave a recital at the Kenney home, and the old people enjoyed it immensely.

Besides her class and private work, Mrs. Burns has trained the students who appeared on the Friday afternoon programs.
DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

The Domestic Science Department was organized in September 1919. New equipment, including a good gas range, was purchased and a class of enthusiastic girls soon began work.

The course for the year included plain cooking as French pastries, etc., also decorating tables preparing and serving dinners.

At the beginning of the year two of the members of the class gave a public demonstration in scientific pie-making.

The fourth term the class served dinners using the Russian style of service.

The class has been able to do some work in catering and have filled special orders at various times.

The sales from cakes, ice-creams and other desserts amounted to over fifty dollars thus making the department nearly self-supporting.

KING ARTHUR'S COURT

At the beginning of the year, we, the seventh and eighth grade departments elected for our King, Cecil Bradish. Of course a king would do no good without a queen, so the choice of one was our next step. The king and queen were incapable of handling our government without help, so we elected a secretary and treasurer.

No government is a government without laws, therefore we adopted a constitution. Laws are added as we deem it necessary, and these are to be obeyed in and out of school as far as possible. These laws could not be carried out alone so each boy of our court took the oath of Knighthood. These knights are to keep order and they are taught only deeds of chivalry. All new members of the school who come in are to serve first as pages, and then as squires for a certain length of time. The ladies all take the oath and become Ladies of the Round Table.

Last but not least in our government are secret service detectives whom no one but the king and queen know. These detectives are to report all cases of eating candy, chewing gum, or throwing notes—things that from our constitutional standpoint are crimes against our government. Crimes worthy of mention are punished by making the guilty one a page and again making him work up to knighthood by good behavior.

Every two weeks we have a court assembly, party or hike. On these occasions we have very good times. We believe our government is "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

—Mildred Bangs.
The College girls met early in September and organized the College Girls' Hiking Club with Clara Tiffany as leader, Dorothy Dingle as assistant, May Armour as treasurer, Nellie Lane as secretary, Lorena Pettegill as Cascade Reporter, and the remaining six on the menu committee. It has made the College Department more popular, and has established an enviable reputation as an exceedingly lively and entertaining "bunch." Those who were at the Valentine Event and the 1920 Mixer will long remember the unexpected.

The Four A.M. Hikes

Both girls at the same time asked, "Is it three-thirty, yet?"

"It must be for I have been awake for a long time."

"Yes, so have I."

The first speaker had been vainly endeavoring to catch a ray from the street light on her watch, but with an, "It looks half-past two," arose and turned on the light.

"It's sure-pop two-thirty."

"My, time moves slowly when you want it to move fast."

"Yes, and we can't wait for it to move, we must get some sleep."

Silence for fifteen minutes; one yawned, the other answered.

"I wish it were half-past three."

Thus the time was occupied until from under one of the pillows came a muffled tinkling. Both girls jumped to shut off the alarm for fear of waking those not concerned. Hurried dressing, interspersed with suppressed laughter over nothing-at-all followed. Stealthily they moved down the stairs and across the campus, whispering in tune the slogan of the event.

"Shall we gather at the fountain?"

They were there but two, who, as the others peered into the darkness, gradually proceeded into full sight. The whole set off down the street with much merriment. They met but few people, a night watchmen, who scrutinized, stared, grinned, then watched them out of sight. They were slightly confused as to directions once, but regained their course, passed the Locks, and arrived safely at the beach beyond, in spite of much groaning and unavoidable stumbling.

Some went for wood and some for water. The latter had the most thrilling experiences. At the first house in which a light was found, a Scandinavian told them that the water had to be gotten at a "farmhouse back on the hill." In their attempts to find their way "back on the hill," they became entangled in a fence in an old lady's back yard whose dog wakened her. She evidently thought they were robbers of some sort, until they explained that they were merely on an exploring expedition for water. She straightway in-
formed them that it was to be obtained "on the other side of the sound." The party proceeded "back on the hill" to another lighted house. Here lived a bachelor who had not quite outgrown his youthful days, anyway, he gave them a part of a pail of water for it was "hard to reach" the "farm house back on the hill." The water carriers returned, their way made plain by the gray light peculiar to the early morning.

The fire was crackling and in a short while coffee was made. They feasted on no ambrosia that morning, altho it was as good as any food the gods ever ate, for they had post toasts, shredded wheat biscuits, toast, roasted bacon, apples, preserves, jelly, cookies, and last but not least dill pickles.

The faint hues of the eastern sky appeared soon to be overclouded, for the clay was to be dark and stormy. But the weather did not affect the spirits of these Hikers, who returned with just time enough to "clean up" before school.

L. P.

THE INITIATION BREAKFAST

We do hope that the most of the Seniors will return to take work in the college department next fall, and in order to appeal to their good-time sense, we initiated them to one of our hikes. 'Tis a side affair, we had a "slumber party." Contrary to the prophecies of some of the older people that it would be a "slumberless party," we obtained enough jeep so that we rose eagerly at half-past three and were waiting at the fountain for the boys by four o'clock.

Going around by the road, we walked to the beach at Fort Lawton, and here the Seniors received the initiation proper. They were taken one at a time to a secluded place, blindfolded, and there they solemnly vowed and declared:
1. That I will try to be as angelic as the members of the original hiking club.
2. That I will never reveal club secrets.
3. That I will always wash my neck and ears, even if the water is cold.
4. That I will never leave my gloves in my escort's pocket.
5. That as far as I am able, I will forever renounce masculine society.

They were told to open their mouths and to eat— as the cold, slimy thing touched their tongue—a worm. As they spluttered and wondered, the bandage was removed and they were sent to their breakfast.

Before leaving the beach, we gave them our password, after their solemn promise was given never to reveal it. Here it is, and it must be said very fast.

"Moni moni jumembo jumembo
Shu ne shobi te no abio
Cofe no monair."
Now after all has been said and done I think you can see that we have a very non-secretive secret organization.

It is almost a certainty that whoever met us that morning on our way home was cheered for their day’s duties. At the top of the hill, behind S. P. C. we played three-deep and drop-the-handkerchief until the bell began to ring, when we sped away and entered the auditorium ready to plunge again into the depths of book lore.

—L. P.

IN Imitation of CHAUCER
SPRINGTIME
When “Stern Sir March” has stalked away,
And let “Fair April” have her sway,
She moistens all the flowers and roots,
Till from them spring the small green shoots
And warmed by her sweet breath grow
Till folded buds begin to show;
When all the birds begin to come
And gather swigs to make a home
And while they work they like to sing
To fill the wood with chirruping;
Then in the heart of man there comes
Till from them spring the
To fill the
And roots.

A longing, too, to make new homes,
To wander far neath skies of blue—
And far away to start life anew;
When signs of all these things appear
You may be sure that spring is near.

RUTH STAHL.

When school began last fall my old heart was filled with gladness, because I knew that once again the halls of the Ad Building would ring with merriment and the campus would be a place of many sports. Of course, it is very quiet and restful during the summer vacation, but I am always anxious and eager to have the students return, for it is really lonely without them. I enjoy seeing their bright and smiling faces and hearing their happy shouts of laughter.

When this school year began I saw a few familiar faces and many new ones, and I knew that soon I would hear plans for hikes, outings, entertainments, etc. And to be sure, one Friday afternoon after rhetoricals, I heard Dr. Tiffany say: “I am requested to announce that there will be a general hike to Magnolia Beach at 4 o’clock. All desiring to go will please meet in front of the Ad Building. Please bear in mind that you should keep in sight of your chaperone, and don’t have her chasing after you.”

After this, all was bustle and confusion. Everybody talked at once, and various were the exclamations which I heard, such as: “Where are we going? Who’s the chaperone?” and “Are we to have any eats?”

Exactly at the appointed time everyone was ready and anxious to start. I watched them as they went up over the hill, and their happy voices and peals of laughter came back to me. It must have been about an hour later that I saw two girls come rushing down the hill. They had a look of distress on their faces, and I knew immediately that there was something wrong. As they passed hurriedly by, I heard one of them sadly exclaim: “What made us forget those beans?” Soon they came back again, their search had proved in vain; there were no beans to be found. I learned afterwards that the beans had been taken in the first place, so the girls’ trip back had been quite unnecessary.

The hikers announced their return about 9 o’clock by singing as they came over the hill: “There’s a college in the valley in the Westland.” They met on the campus to say good-night, and talk over the good time they had had. I heard of “swell lifts,” “delightful boat rides,” and “pleasant strolls” down the beach, and, of course, every one enjoyed the hike out there.
For the next few weeks, nothing of very much importance happened, but as Hallowe'en drew near, I heard exciting plans, and on the evening of October 31, Hallowe'en was celebrated in the new dining room, which had just been completed in the Girls' Hall. The room was decorated with evergreens, black and orange crepe paper, cornstalks, and jack-o-lanterns. They played games and were entertained by a number of good Hallowe'en readings and ghost stories. About 9 o'clock I saw them march up from the basement into the large dining room upstairs, where they stood in line for a cup of coffee, a doughnut and an apple. At 10 o'clock the gathering broke up, and every one declared that the evening had been a great success.

As every one knows, the students of S. P. C. are generally a jolly bunch, but at examination time, really you would hardly know them. They always come across the campus to laughingly relate the morning of October 31. Here at Washington's birthday, instead of coming out and jolly running about as every one declared that the gathering broke up.

For the baby and the toothpicks

"Now, Mrs. Funnell, you just sit down and rest awhile, I know you are tired, and let the rest of us finish up," So spoke Mrs. Hemphill, the Doctor's wife, and one of the social lights of Drumheller.

"No, Miz. Hemphill, by the time you've gotten up as many picnics as I have, you'll know there ain't no such word as tired. Yer either plumb tacked out or yer able to be around and lookin' after things." The scanty auburn curls surrounding Mrs. Funnell's head bobbed an energetic emphasis to this profound truth as she polished a small dish with added zeal. "I am going to put the toothpicks in this. Miz. Whyte, you've bring' em in 'sposed?"

Mrs. Whyte, the store-keeper's wife, had some difficulty in answering "Why, Mrs. Funnell" she stammered, her face the color of broiled beef steak. "—that is—L—"

"Forgot em," supplemented Mrs. Funnell coldly. "Well" with a martyred sigh "I might 'a known something would be forgot, and now I'll have to pika up after some of my own."

Exchanging a significant glance with Mrs. Whyte, Mrs. Hemphill took up the question, evidently not unbroached before "But really, Mrs. Funnell" she began soothingly, "I don't see that we need them."

But the effect was anything but soothing upon Mrs. Funnell. The auburn curls almost stood still in frozen horror and the still more auburn head bobbed an energetic emphasis to this profound truth as she polished a small dish with added zeal...

"Samantha Robbins, what have you got to say about it?"

A nervous laugh was heard from the vicinity of the salads, and a wiry bird like woman replied: "Well, it don't seem to me no more right we should have 'em. It 'd be better for the little ones. I 'm sure we don't want the new minister to expect too much at the start."

Perceiving that nothing could be gained from argument, Mrs. Hemphill and Mrs. Whyte dropped the question, and joined with the other women who were cutting bread, opening pickle jars, rescuing cakes from children, and doing the thousand and one other things that pertain to getting ready an annual Sunday School picnic in Drumheller.

Mrs. Funnell, in the meantime, having thought better of her heroic resolve to get the toothpicks herself, dispatched a small boy for that purpose to where her obedient little husband was paring potatoes, and she herself flew after a white bundle that she saw making its way off into the underbrush. Next to having her own way, Mrs. Funnell dearly loved this white bundle. It was her year old granddaughter whose young mother had died leaving the child to be cared for by her own mother. Mrs. Funnell separated..."
the baby from the sticks, moss and leaves, deposited it on a quilt, and went off in search of some one to look after it.

Little did she dream, while coyly tempting various young hopefuls with promises of apples, cookies, etc., to look after the baby, of the fire that was being planned for the toothpicks. Alas for the sisterly harmony of the ladies of Drumheller! The little imp of dissention had already entered their happy precincts, and was even then whispering dark plans in the pretty little ear of Mrs. Hemphill.

The boy was coming in sight with a card board box which she knew to be Mrs. Funnell's tooth picks. What could she do? Mrs. Funnell was bound to have them on the table, and she was just as determined not to. Suddenly a bold plan suggested itself to her. With courage born of desperation, she took the ominous card board box and put it under the corner of the improvised table on the ground. When Mrs. Funnell returned, having extracted the promise from two row checked girls to guard the baby with their lives, she found Mrs. Hemphill busily garnishing the salad dishes, and when she asked about the tooth picks, the latter, murmuring something about going to help finish the salad dishes, and ed the table cloth up and away to where a group of young people were building a fire on the other side of the grounds. The school teacher joined her, and together they distributed the marshmallows among the children, giving two to each one, to be roasted in the bonfire. This temptation proved too much for the rowy checked girls who were watching Mrs. Funnell's baby and vigorously bouncing it up and down in a vain attempt to induce it to sleep. They left it to its own ever, did not regret the departure of its guardian angels, but gladly seized the opportunity to exercise its lately found freedom, while the toothpicks had been concealed.

Soon it was making its way across the strip of green between the quilt and the table cloth with all the joy of achievement that a bird experiences when it first learns to fly, a boy when he first slays, or a father when he passes his first perambulator. At last it had reached the corner of the table, but wonder of wonders! what was that? Something had evidently been placed devices, and ran to claim their share of the marshmallows. The baby, how there just on purpose for baby fingers to clasp. It was altogether different from anything it had handled before, not round like a ball, not so hard as a rattie, but not so soft as it felt, and was a totally new discovery; and the granddaughter of Mrs. Funnell felt more elation than Columbus ever dreamt about. It was a great card board box, the charms of which were multiplied when the eager chubby fingers had found their way under a flap, partly opening the box, and revealing wonderful little sticks inside. Now this baby inherited a great deal of its grandmother's intuition, and she knew that she could not be left alone to enjoy the newly discovered prize, before some of the grown up tyrants that infest this world would wrest it from her, so with that instinctive tendency toward concealment which makes people lock their precious things away, the zest of the adventure growing every minute, till at last she found no longer smooth green grass beneath her, but leaves and sticks scattered over rough ground. This was not so easy to

travel, but this baby was descended from the Mayflower pioneers, and was daunted by nothing. Then, suddenly, its reflections were cut short and it found itself falling. Clutching her precious box, too frightened even to cry, the granddaughter of Mrs. Funnell closed her eyes and waited for whatever fate should happen to her. When she opened them however, she found she had not fallen far, and was in no wise hurt. She found herself in a little hollow, completely screened from the light by over hanging bushes and underbrush, indeed it was just such a place as she had been in search of, but she was completely exhausted after her strenuous exertion, and decided to postpone further exploration and go to sleep.

In the meantime Mrs. Funnell, after a fruitless search for the missing tooth picks, was just settling her mind in the virtuous consciousness of having done her best, when the sound of voices at the back of the booth drew her attention.

"Yes," Mrs. Whyte was saying, "I hoped when I didn't bring them, she would let the matter drop, but I am afraid she will have the ridiculous things on the table whether or not."

"Mrs. Whyte," came in a mischievous chuckle, "Can you keep a secret?"

Now, if Mrs. Funnell had been untrue to her womanly nature, and had not waited for the secret to be disclosed, all would have gone smoothly. Sad to relate, however, she said, instead how the toothpicks had been concealed from her, and then burst out in all the fury of wronged womankind on the astonished schemers. No one who had not seen Mrs. Funnell when incensed has any idea of righteous indignation. Her actions and words can be more easily imagined than described.

Mutually pledging never to speak to each other again the women parted in cordial animosity, but not for long. They were soon brought together again in a common aunts search for Mrs. Funnell's baby. The excitement of the tooth picks, absorbing as that had been, soon became swallowed up in a panic stricken anxiety for the child. Every one loved the baby and poor Mrs. Funnell was nearly frantic.

When passing the corner of the table Mrs. Hemphill noticed a thin white streak along the ground, upon closer examination, she found to be composed of tooth picks. Something prompted her to follow this line, and strangely enough, she followed the trail of dropped toothpicks till she came to the edge of the green. Then something white shining out from under the bushes caught her eye, and pushing the bushes aside, there lay the baby, with the box of tooth picks clasped in both chubby hands. Mrs. Funnell, who was a few yards away, saw her erstwhile worst enemy throw her hands up in the air and then drop on her knees in the leaves. With the speed that was remarkable even for Mrs. Funnell, she made her way to Mrs. Hemphill's side, and took in the situation at a glance. There are times when words are incapable of rising to the occasion, and for some minutes the
women, both untiring conversationalists, were perfectly silent. It was one of the most unusual tableaux ever witnessed in Drumheller; the prim and dainty Mrs. Hemphill, usually the essence of propriety, was hysterically sobbing and laughing on the ground, the auburn curls of Mrs. Funnell were dreadfully disheveled, and the now inspiring knosh had fallen entirely off, but the new tenderness that shone from her face made it one of the most beautiful things that ever was seen on the picnic grounds. Then, locked in each other’s arms, tears of repentance and relief raining down each face, they pledged a lasting friendship, with which neither tooth picks nor babies have ever been able to interfere.

---May Armour---

PARODY ON CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT

Noon day’s sin was slowly setting o’er the hill tops far away
Filling all the land with beauty at this part of one long day;
And the bright rays kissed the foreheads of the youths and maidens fair.
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she with lips so cold to say
Struggling to keep back the murmur “Noon-bell must not ring today.”

“Oh Floyd,” Hazel’s cold lips faltered, pointing to the dorm so old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy, moss grewn walls—dark, damp, and cold.
“I’ve a test in math this noon-day. It has tolled the noon-bell far out.
And its appearance lightened her fears somewhat and she resumed
At the ringimg of the noon-bell, and no earthly help is near.
“Professor, we’ll not come till quarter after,” and her cheeks grew strangely gray.
As she spoke in husky whispers, “Noon-bell must not ring today.”

“Hazel,” calmly spoke young Floyd, each word piercing her young heart
Like a gleaming death-winged arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart.
“Many times I’ve rung that noon-bell from that gloomy shaded tower:
Every day at quarter after, it has tolled the Noon-day hour.
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it right and gay:
Now I’m trusted, I must do it. Noon-bell must ring out today.”

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprang within the old dorm door,
Left the young man treading softly, steps he’d often trod before,
Not one moment passed the maiden, but with chock and brow aglow
Staggered up the narrow stairway, where the bell swung to and fro;
As she climbed the dusty stair case, on which fell no sunny ray
Upward still her pale lips saying. “Noon-bell shall not ring to-day.”
Out she swung her hat. The campus seemed a speck of green below.
There twixt hope and fear suspended, as the bell swung to and fro,
And young Floyd at the bell-rope, struck with fear, heard not the bell.

For he’d-ot this tell-tale noon-bell rang his Geo’try funeral Knell,
Still sweet Hazel, clinging firmly, quivering lips as wont to pray
Still her frightened heart’s wild beatings “Noon-bell shall not ring today.”

Firmitly down the narrow stair case—that brave deed that she had done!
Would be told long ages after, at a quarter after one.
Down the distant walk comes Professor, Hazel sees him, and her brow
Lately white with sickening horror, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face, still haggard, with the anguish it had worn
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye, was moved to say,
“Go, your questions wait,” cried Beegle, “Noon-bell did not ring to-day.”

“If you want your final grading”—led the students forth to work,
All their bright shots left behind them, neath the burdening nervous jerk.
Hazel came with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with anger deep;
Standing on the floor beside him, threw her Geo’try at his feet.

In his calm, strong hands he clasped it, read the theorms, one by one.
Whispered, “Hazel you must take it, thy poor deed was bravely done.”

---Ruth Maxwell---

THE RUINATION OF TOM

The stair door slammed. Mrs. Grayson started nervously, turned and gazed over her glasses at the door. There was nothing there, and indeed, after a careful scrutinizing of the room she was not able to locate anything. Again she searched each corner of the half dark room but the complete absence of all suspicious objects lightened her fears somewhat and she resumed her knitting. Slowly, and with fingers that seemed cold and unwieldy she continued her work.

In the corner of the room was a couch, covered with a large spread of a great variety of colors. It reached the floor both at the sides and at the end. All at once an object protruded against it at the end of the bed, soon making its appearance. It was the big marmalade cat. He moved stealthily across the room towards Mrs. Grayson, hesitating now and then to gaze about him lazily. His destination was at a distance of several feet to the rear of Mrs. Grayson’s chair. Langidly he washed his paw for a moment and then looking up at Mrs. Grayson wishfully, he meowed. She had not detected his presence, being wrapped in her knitting, and simultaneously with the sound from the cat, she jumped noticeably. Turning just enough to see the cat she dejectedly sent the hair brush flying toward him.

“My goodness, that cat will scare me to death yet,” she exclaimed as she noticed that the big mouser had beat a hasty retreat to the solitude under the bed.
Certainly, Mrs. Grayson did not enjoy being alone in the house. But such seemed to be her lot quite often. Everything that came upon her sud-

denly scared her, until she was constantly wondering what would happen next to set her nerves wild. Tom, her only son, was living in the city. He had
gone there nearly two years before, to study and work all that he could. Mr.
Grayson, her husband was frequently compelled by his employment to be
away from home over night, sometimes for several nights continuously. Each
day her fears increased, until at last she had decided that she would agree to
stay alone no more. She expected Mr. Grayson home some time the next day,
and she had decided just what she would say to him with regard to the mat-
ter.

Suddenly she glanced at the clock, hanging on the wall opposite where
she was sitting. It told her that it was past five o’clock. With a sigh of
mingled feelings, she arose, crossed the room and put her knitting on the
bed. Taking the clock with her, she

suddenly scared her, until she
gone there

with the kitchen, and commenced preparations for her supper. The cat

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the city. Now it is too late. Too much education will spoil anybody, and
I will never change my mind about that. If you had just kept him on..."

Mrs. Grayson interrupted her. “Why have you come to tell me this
again?”

“You have such a decided expression of displeasure. Then a

questioned. She

for the
girl and come right home.

It doesn’t seem that this would ever happen.”

“Sure. I would investigate. Now let me tell you what I would do. I
have that it all out while I was comin’ over here. You have time to ketch
the evening train, and that will get you to Boston before morning. Hunt
him up and make him leave that girl and come right home. If I was you I’d
never let him see a girl again. There aren’t any in this neighborhood, so
you oughtn’t to have much trouble in keeping him from marrying again.”

Again Miss Montgomery’s peculiar ideas of marriage were coming to the
front.

Mrs. Grayson was crying by this time. Yet she kept herself somewhat
under control. She looked sympathetically to her sister, and said slowly.
“Oh, Sarah, you have such peculiar notions. In marriage one gets one of
the greatest happinesses of life, and I wouldn’t for the world forbid it of
Tom if he was inclined that way. I don’t like this report at all, but some-

how I feel that Tom knows what he is doing.”
Miss Montgomery was at last touched enough so that she softened her tones. "Margaret," she continued, "you trust him too much. You don't know just what he could have gotten into in the city. Get him out of it at once, and it will be better.

The supper was ready and the two sisters drew their chairs up to the table. For sometime they ate in silence. Finally Miss Montgomery spoke up. "Margaret, do you remember that Miss Munson that you used to have for a neighbor? Remember she lived with her father and mother in the old Peters' home?"

"Oh, you mean Esther Munson?" asked Mrs. Grayson, after a moment. "Yes, that is the one. You know she used to help you can your fruit in the fall and she helped you put in your garden that spring that John was so sick."

"Yes—Esther—I remember her now." She sat gazing thoughtfully at her plate.

"She was what I call a good girl," continued Miss Montgomery, "I liked her just fine, but Tom didn't. That is another reason you needn't think that boys are so foolish. Tom couldn't have got a better wife than she would have made." She hesitated, but Mrs. Grayson said nothing in reply. Finally she continued, "Where did they go when they moved away from here?" Seems as if I remember that someone told me they went out near Chicago. That must be an awful place out there."

Mrs. Grayson shook her head. "I am not sure just where they did go. I was sorry to see them go too, but it couldn't be helped." You can't tell a boy just what he is to do. Perhaps Esther was a nice girl—yes, I agree with you that she was—but a person who tries to tick a wife or husband for another will never help to make the couple happy."

"Some more new fangled ideas of yours." Miss Montgomery eyed her sister scathingly. "I don't agree with you at all."

"No, again you are wrong." Mrs. Grayson arose. "But let's drop the subject now. If I go to Boston I will have to hurry."

Miss Montgomery said no more, but helped her sister put away the dishes. Then while Mrs. Grayson dressed she sat before the fire and frowned.

In ten minutes Mrs. Grayson had made her preparations, and she appeared in the door, apparently as yet undecided as to the proper course to pursue.

"I am going to take this clipping with me. I might need it." Again she glanced at the clipping which she held in her hand.

Miss Montgomery did not answer, but put on her coat and hat and after turning the lights out, they went out, locked the door, and were soon in the buggy. Miss Montgomery drove. She carried a whip, and this evening she did not spare it, but kept the horse on a continual run.

"Sarah," Mrs. Grayson remonstrated, "you will run that horse to death. Why do you beat him so much?"

Miss Montgomery laughed in derision. "It won't hurt him," she said.

"We haven't any too much time to make that train, anyway."

Again Mrs. Grayson lapse into silence. She was not sure that it was best to go to the city, yet she was anxious to see Tom. Hence she let her sister dictate the course, while she followed as an obedient servant.

There was not any too much time left in which to catch the train when Miss Montgomery pulled the sweating horse up at the depot. "Now, Margaret," she said decisively, "you must hurry and get your ticket. I can't get out, but you get it and hurry, for that train will be here any minute. When do you think you will get back?"

Mrs. Grayson shook her head. "I can't say, Sarah, I should like to get back on the train tomorrow evening, but I am afraid that I won't. John will be worried when he gets home and finds that there is not a soul there."

"Oh, don't you worry, Margaret. I will go up to the office and put a note there. He will be sure to get it, as he always stops there when he comes into town."

"Yes, Sarah, that is kind of you, but you know that I will worry, so you needn't think that I will stay in Boston any longer than is necessary."

"All right, Margaret. I don't know whether you will get back or not, but it's only a half-mile over there from my house, so I will meet the train. Some one will sure have to take you home, for you can't walk ten miles. I will go out in the morning and tend to the chickens. But now you hurry—hurry! It was the whistle. Now run, and good bye."

Mrs. Grayson disappeared inside the depot, and Miss Montgomery spoke to her horse, and was soon on her way.

At eight o'clock the next morning Mrs. Grayson left her hotel and summoning a taxi, she directed the driver to the address given in the newspaper. Fifteen minutes later, she sneeved before a magnificent residence, and opened the door. "This is the place, lady." Mrs. Grayson paid him, and moved slowly up the walk toward the porch. She was uneasy. She felt sure that Tom did not live in any such place. But she finally mustered the courage to ring the door bell, and presently the door was opened by a stately butler. She was much surprised and could not speak for the moment.

Finally she spoke. "Does Mr. Tom Grayson live here?"

"Yes, Madam," came the reply, "step inside, please." Following his bidding she entered, and then as if in explanation, she added: "Tom Grayson is my son."

The butler turned quickly and regarded her keenly. "Madam, Mr. Grayson has no living mother."
"Then I have made a mistake," she said quickly. "Pardon me for bothering you this way."

"No trouble at all," replied the butler kindly.

The taxi was waiting at the curb and Mrs. Grayson hastened to the car and asked the driver if he would take her to another address.

"Surely, madam," he replied as he opened the door for her to enter.

Handing him a card with Tom's address on it she sat back in the seat and closed her eyes, somewhat relieved. But the probable amount of the bill for the taxi service began to worry her presently.

It was but a few minutes until the driver brought the taxi to a halt before a rather cheap building. As she got out, Mrs. Grayson said to the driver:

"You will wait again?"

"Yes, I will be glad to," he smiled.

Mrs. Grayson approached the house quickly and rapped. A little old lady answered her knock.

"Tom Grayson lives here?" she asked expectantly.

"No, he left a few days ago, and I don't believe he left any address. I am very sorry."

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Grayson sadly, and turning she sped to the taxi. Reaching the car she entered and sank exhausted upon the cushion.

She was uneasy on her first journey. She knew that she would not be home until late in the afternoon, but she was too tired to ask the exact time. She had slept but little the previous night, and now in spite of her worries, she closed her eyes and soon was sleeping. She did not awaken until nearly sundown. Inspiring of the brakeman, she found that she would reach home in a few minutes more. She felt refreshed after her sleep, and then she began to wonder how she had happened to sleep all day thru the jar of the train.

Some time later, the brakeman entered the car and called her home town. She jumped up quickly, put on her coat and was soon making her way out of the car. Passing thru the waiting room, she glanced about to see if her sister were there waiting for her. But she was able to find no trace of her, so proceeded up town.

Entering Adams' Store, she looked about. Mr. Adams came from the rear of the store.

"Oh, Mr. Adams, are you going home soon?" she inquired.

In a few minutes they were ready to start. The ten-mile ride to her home passed uneventfully, little being said between them at all. When they finally reached Mrs. Grayson's home, Mr. Adams stopped and helped Mrs. Grayson to the ground.

"Oh, thank you ever so much, Mr. Adams. I am so glad I met you, for I could never have walked home."

Mr. Adams tipped his hat, and drove away rapidly. Turning, Mrs. Grayson noted that the house was well lit up. A feeling of gratitude welled up within her, and she felt strangely thankful for home. Coming up on the porch she opened the door quickly, expecting to find Mr. Grayson with a warm meal ready for her. How hungry she felt. She had eaten nothing since morning.

But a strange and yet a familiar voice reached her ear. "Tom!" she called, dropping her bag and rushing into the kitchen. Tom Grayson received her into open arms. Mother and son were together again after a long separation. When she opened her eyes, she glanced over Tom's arm and her eyes rested upon her sister. She had not noticed that there was anyone else in the room. Quickly she glanced around and saw Mr. John Grayson, her husband. Then her eyes met those of a young lady. She hesitated. Then Tom spoke up. "Mother, don't you know your old friend, Esther?"

"Oh, Esther, it is you!" she cried, and clasped Esther in her arms. I hardly knew you at first. It has been so long since you have been—"

She stopped suddenly.

The Rev. George Parsons was sitting to her right comfortably watching the scene. She gazed at him questioningly. "Then she turned to Tom. "Why, Tom, what does all this mean?"

Tom smiled winfully. "Nothing special, only, Mother, we are going to have a little wedding, and we were just waiting for you."

Tears came to Mrs. Grayson's eyes as she faced Esther again. Then all at once she thought of her sister. Turning quickly she saw that Miss Montgomery was busily studying the big maltese cat, which lay calmly in her lap. Sarah Montgomery did not look up. Mrs. Grayson smiled slightly as she read her sister's mind.

Turning again to Tom, she said, motherly, "Oh, Tom, you always were such a fine boy."

HAROLD LANE.
THE BELL

With apologies to Poe.

Dedicated to Our College Senior

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulence tells,
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek
Out of time.
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows,
Yet the ear distinctly tells
In the jangling
And the wrangling
How the danger sinks and swells—
By the sinking as the swelling in the anger of the bells
In the clamor and clangor of the bells
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
Of the moaning and the groaning
Wedding bells.

W. C. '21
E. T. '21
THE SNOW
After the sun had hid its face
In the west,
And almost all the human race
Seemed at rest.
Then the snow—God's filmy lace
Was our guest.
I like to think God sent the snow
Pure and white
To help us look to Him and grow
In His sight.
For He'll make us all to know
Truth and right.
If I say, "God have Thy way
In my heart
Help me to grow more every day
Like Thou art,"
He will help me in some way
Do my part.
The Snow is like God's purity
Which descends
Into the heart of you and me
And transcends
All the grace, humanity
To us lends.
I would rather do what's right
In God's eyes.
And know that He both day and night
Hears my cry
Than have power, fame and might
Till I die.
For I know that I can be
Here below
Where God's smile will rest on me
Where e'er I go
And my heart can always be
White as snow.
BEULAH KING.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

The Student Volunteer Band of Seattle Pacific College was re-organized soon after the opening of the school year. Elmer Root was elected president and he has ably officiated in that capacity throughout the year. Our band has ten members who have signed the Declaration card and there are five more members who are volunteers from the Academic department.

We meet every Sunday afternoon and each session is characterized by the presence of the Holy Spirit. The devotional part of every service has been an inspiration to each member and the study of our text book, "The Unfinished Task," has enabled us to get a clearer conception of the needs of the world and of the work before us. With this enlarged vision came the word of the Lord, saying more clearly than ever, "Go ye," and His precious promise, "Lo, I am with thee always." On the first Sunday of every month we hold a public service. It has been our pleasure to have several returned missionaries from our own and other denominations to address us at these meetings, and their talks have always been full of useful information and yet received the full light of the gospel.

We trust that the Lord may so open the way before us that our members may be privileged to labor for Him in the countries which have not

—Emma Corson.
To know Christ is the richest asset of human character. Whatever else education may do it cannot change the "corrupt heart" of man. It can only enlarge the channels for doing good. The power of Christianity will ever be the force back of all righteousness and virtue. S. P. C. has always stood distinctly as a holiness school. There is no thoughtful student who would ask for a change of creed or any lowering of her standard. The spirit of evangelism has been manifest in the school throughout the year. The Tuesday evening prayer meetings for the students have been seasons of great refreshing. Several students have been converted in these meetings.

Among the helps for keeping a spiritual atmosphere in the school have been the students prayer bands. These were organized at the beginning of the year. Prayer services are held at different hours during the day and we credit these bands for much of the success during the year.

There is also considerable missionary activity in the associated student body. During the past year they have raised two hundred seventy-five dollars for the support of Mr. Thuline, a former student of S. P. C., who is now on the foreign field.

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

A new band known as the Ministerial Association was organized at the beginning of the year. The association is made up of those students who plan to take work in the home land. Its purpose is to give them practical experience in preaching. Besides holding their own meeting on Sunday afternoon they have done some deputy work outside the school. Among these different services they conducted a three days' service for Rev. Bishop on the Sunnydale work.

Thru the kindness of Mrs. Witteman, superintendent of the Olive Branch Mission, Saturday nights are given over exclusively to the students. This gives the students an opportunity to testify to those in the depths of sin of the power of the saving grace of God. We might mention that the Olive Branch Mission is doing a good work and is worthy of all support that may be given it.

We have been impressed with the desire of the students in keeping the old paths. In all their activities there has been a spirit of unity to make S. P. C., worthy of the church with which she is connected.

—D. A. Cohagen.
REPORT OF DES MOINES CONVENTION

I am greatly indebted to the Seattle Pacific College Students for sending me as their delegate to the Student Volunteer Convention, held at Des Moines, Iowa, December 27—January 4. With representatives from forty nations it was indeed a privilege to be present in an assembly of over seven thousand students and returned missionaries, coming from one thousand universities and colleges of the United States and Canada. There were in that vast convocation men and women of every race and color. It was the largest and most cosmopolitan student convention that has ever been known. The purpose was to bring the students of today face to face with the world situation and impress them with their responsibility. The ideals were to make possible the evangelization of the nations in this generation, or the spreading of Christianity to all men everywhere.

Those present had the inestimable privilege of hearing the inspirational addresses of the founders of the Student Volunteer Movement. These men were mainly: John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Sherwood Eddy, Samuel M. Zoerner and Robert P. Wilder, who with consecrated lives to Christ and to selfless missionary work have gone to the uttermost parts of the earth studying, preaching, teaching and writing and their knowledge of the moral and spiritual condition of the world has been unsurpassed.

In the opening addresses of the convention John R. Mott made the following statement: "We came to catch a vision of a new world. It is an impoverished, a suffering and sorrowing world. It is a confused and bitter world, to be set into what moulds this convention must answer. It is a teachable and expectant world."

"We have assembled to accept a new challenge. God wants men as editors, professors, teachers, mediators, true statesmen and above all ministers of the gospel and missionaries to come from this convention". He also stated that a million people were doomed to starvation before the winter's close, in spite of all that could be done to save them. The average person gives very little time or attention to the economical moral and spiritual welfare of the people of heathen and semi-heathen countries. This is attributable to the fact that few are aware of the actual conditions which exist in the world in which we live. For this very reason the above mentioned men have been chosen of God to lead our nation's activities of searching out and revealing to us the serious situation. These remarks from the addresses given by Sherwood Eddy reveal his intense spirituality, as well as his wise knowledge. "The Armenians are looking to America. Eight hundred thousand of them have been massacred by the Turks in the last two years, and the Turks are making new invasions. India has one-fifth of the human population. If Jesus had gone to one village a day and would have lived until now, he could not have reached all the villages of India. One half of the world is calling in darkness for light. You have one life to live. Whom shall I send and who will go? Are you pure? Are you free? Have you a message? Are you right with God? It matters not so much where you are as what you are."

The influence and lasting inspiration received by so large a group of college men and women during those four days of spiritual and mental awakening and enlightenment will never cease to bear fruit. It is impossible to estimate the amount of good that will come from the Des Moines Convention, but it will certainly be recorded as one of the great milestones in the evangelization of the world.

—Elmer Root.
We judge any institution, educational or otherwise, by its finished product. The Seattle Pacific College offers as a finished product the thoroughly equipped young life ready to enter upon a career of altruistic service to this fast crumbling world. Such a life is propelled by a purpose. What the pole star is to the mariner, what the distant dynamo is to the steadily shining electric light, what gravitation is to the solar system, purpose is to the human soul. Just as the mariner looks to the pole star when all other directions are lost, so the mind gains its bearings by purpose. The unseen dynamo is the power that produces the glorious light; the purpose itself unobserved shines out thru the action of the life. Gravitation holds the planets in their orbits against all contrary forces. Likewise purpose keeps the life in its chosen path. The soul that conquers must be possessed of "the stern bravery of life." It is not so much the one who boldly marches up to the cannon mouth or the one who leads armies into the roaring maelstrom of the battle front or the one who makes or unmakes nations by a bold stroke of diplomacy, as the one, courageous, who firmly stands in spite of disappointments, misunderstandings, perplexities and criticisms.

Culture dominates. The soul who possesses this refinement towers above his fellowmen. Those who come into contact with it are caught and held by the silent pervasive power, being influenced to do its bidding. It cannot be grafted on but expands from the life within. Like the flower from the bud. "Culture is self poise; the balancing of all the faculties; the symmetrical development of the whole being; the rare indescribable essence of personality, chastened by great lessons well received." But with all these qualities the young life is yet unfurnished unless he has "that thread of the all sustaining beauty which runs thru all and doth all unite"—faith. Faith in his fellowmen and his God. As soon as the
poison of cynicism has entered his soul he has lost that human touch which binds him to mankind; for it is only by believing in others himself that he is able to inspire in them confidence in their own ability. Yet even this faith will find itself too sorely pressed by the trials and disappointments of life unless crowned and glorified by an unaltering trust in God. He who puts his confidence in the God of the ages looks beyond circumstances; beyond criticism; beyond life to God's great purposes that march right on unchangeable and to God Himself. To one with such a faith failure does not exist, for his destiny is linked with the eternal.

Alumni

OUR ONE BIG AIM

During the past year the Alumni Association of the Seattle Pacific College has had under way a project of much importance. The idea originated several years ago, but did not take definite form until our last annual meeting. At that time we decided to push with all vigor possible an Endowment Fund to be used for the benefit of the College. About $800 was pledged and some of this has been paid in. Our direct aim now is to raise this to a working fund of $2,500 within the next year and use the revenue from this fund to pay for a missionary scholarship in the Seattle Pacific College.

In going over the list of the members of the Association we note that twenty-three of them are, or have been, missionaries. Seattle Pacific College has always been noted for its Missionary activities, the credit for which rests largely with the highly esteemed wife of the former president of the college, Mrs. Adelaide L. Beers. This being the case, we feel that one of the highest tributes that can be paid to our Alma Mater will be through the establishment of this scholarship.

In order for us to secure this fund it will be necessary for every member of the Association to get behind it. At our annual meeting this year this will be the one big consideration, and we trust that a year from now we shall be able to report a full paid fund of $2,500.

This money will be invested in gilt-edge securities and will have every safeguard thrown around it to keep it in tact as a perpetual fund. The constitution of the Association amply assures this.

Our one big aim as an Association must be to make our Alma Mater one of the best educational institutions on the Pacific Coast. Shall we succeed?

E. A. HASLAM, '16 College, President.

ALUMNI NOTES

Mr. Louis Skazie (1910) has returned to the west with his family and has taken an appointment in the Oregon Conference.

During the past year, Verne L. Damon (1918, College) has been principal at Spring Arbor Seminary, Spring Harbor, Mich.

Last summer, Mr. Winfred N. Thuline (1919, college) sailed for India, where he is engaged in Missionary work with Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Puffer. Mrs. Puffer was for years a student and teacher in our school and is a member of the class of '08. Mr. Thuline will be remembered as one of the old Cascade artists.

Mr. Rollin E. Cochran (1919), the first editor of the Cascade, resides with his wife, Mabel Barnhart Cochran (1911), and family, at Turlock, California.

Edward Burleson (1905) is at present Office Manager at Nepage, McKinney & Co., of Seattle.

Rev. August Youngren (1903) and wife, Anna Millican Youngren (1903), will soon be back on a furlough from Japan. They have served two terms on the field already.

Ed. Fuller (1910) is still one of the secretaries at the Seattle Y. M. C. A. During the past year he has been treasurer of the Association, and is one of its most loyal members.

Harold Vincent (1919) has been attending Greenville College the last year.

James Bishop (1917) and Margaret Jones Bishop (1917) became the bride of single blessedness and joined hands last summer.

Others who were married during the past year are Cora Smith (1917), Hines, Vina Smith (1917 Hedley, and Helen Griggs (1917) Becker.

CLARA TIFFANY, Class of '21.
I. If you do not like these jokes,
And their dryness makes you groan,
Just stroll around occasionally,
With some good ones of your own.—Ex.

—RULES FOR PACKING THE TRUNKS

1. Begin early. Place in the bottom those articles you decided will not be needed. You will find this a great help on the last day when you want
something in the lower left hand corner. Your diving muscles will then be brought into play. Use the same stroke as you would in the Australian
crawl.

2. Plan to take all your old note-books and papers. Heavy law books are good. They will later serve as ballast to keep the trunk from slipping out of the baggage man's hands.

3. Press all your clothing and lay in neat piles on the bed. Then, if you are busy and do not finish, sit up at night or lie on the floor. By no means disarrange the clothing.

4. Always take a bottle of fountain pen ink. Green is the best color. Be sure to wrap something soft around it, a silk shirt or a party dress. Then if the bottle breaks you will catch most of the ink and will save the little pieces of glass.

5. The careful trunk packer spends at least a week before his departure in getting weight. Add weight at any cost. Then, when the last day comes and trunks are bulging with all the extra-minute articles, when those about you are straining and pulling and grinding their teeth, calmly and with a smile of infinite wisdom, mount the lid of your trunk and sit.

6. If you have added the necessary substances, your trunk will close and you will be the center of admiration and esteem.

—BUT—

Angry professor: Do you think this class is a joke, young man?
Student: No, sir; I'm not laughing at the class.

"Are you Mrs. Pleiregton-Haycock?"
"NO."
"Well, I am, and this is my pew."—Pelican.

Vulcan's lameness is attributed to his having slipped on a thunder peal while walking on Olympus.

Student: (translating) The-er-er-man-er-then-er-er
Prof: Don't laugh, gentlemen—to err is human.—Yale Record.

Bentah K.: "Yes, it's a Greek sorority, Omicron Kappa Delta."
Rachel W.: "Oh, I had one of those things once, but he died. He was too hard to feed."—

—NUMBER, PLEASE:

Professor of Psychology: How many legs has a Konnan?
Flustered Student: Er-er, six—I mean five.
Prof.: Wrong, same number as a Chinaman.

—WHAT WOULD YOU THINK OF:

A fountain pen writing its own epitaph before everything goes dry?
A psychology note book running a race with a history note book, with an angry student as coach?
A news reporter perched in the highest tree with a pair of field glasses making sure that no news escapes him?
A campus canary singing mournfully, "I know I got more than my share!"
A man who said that his brother belonged to one of the sororities?
A girl who says the typewriter doesn't "click"—only when it is in use?

Captain (to recruit who had been firing at a target and had missed every shot): What's the matter with the shots?
Recruit: I don't know, sir, they were all right when they left here.
Otto L.: There has been something preying on my mind all day.
Doc. C.: Let it alone; it will starve to death.

What you says goes, he sadly said
With eyes and heart aflame;
She glanced up at the clock, and then
She softly said his name.

Miss M. (in English): Warren, read us a metonymy.
Warren C.: I'm reading from Shakespeare.
Miss M.: But what are you really reading?
Warren: Nothing.

"How'd you get the black eye?"
"Well, you see I was taking notes."
"Well; I landed and the fellow who owned them came along."

Harold I.: Some folks think I'm more or less of a nut, but Prof. Burns says I've got a rattling good head on me.
Dorothy D.: Shake it and let's see.

Othoena: I'm sure of it. The kid's going to inherit my looks.
The food mother: That will be awful can't you make a will and disinherit her?
Harold I.: (translating French) Ce respect l'a ravi sa bouche et son visage.
This respect has taken away his mouth.

Miss M. (in Greek class): What verse has the next infinitive?
Rachel W.: Why, "the one having ears to hear."

"Was working in the powder factory dangerous?"
"Dangerous? Why, if I'd been working there until now I'd have been dead three months ago."—Ex.

"Lisa, what fo' yo' buy dat odor box of shoe blackin'?"
"Go on, nigger, dat ain't shoe blackening; dat's my massage cream."
—Ex.

To make me think—or perhaps to stimulate the mental processes—
Say, don't wink!
Ain't I the gink!

---BRAIN STORM---
Oh sacred muses nine
Help me to express the throes
And troubled brain that's mine
From reading too much polyphonic prose.

Ssssssssss-splash!
Little skyrocket sssohoot off in my head and
Fall sssspattering and sssssizzling into the water on my brain!
Oh my head!
I feel red!
And purple and orange and yellow and black!
I'll be blest
If I don't feel kind of amethyst!
I hear the saffron-colored winds,
Great swirling orange and verise striped gusts are tearing round and round
in the cranial cavity—where in the same and unspiring past biologists and psychologists said I had a brain.
Ah fain
Would I have back again
Those gentle gray and white breezes that played so soothingly thro' my soul.

I want to hear
Pale blue and mauve and the delicate elephant's breath!
I want to drink
Great revivifying draughts of green, with perhaps around the edges a little pink

---SOME CLASS---
Father: Is your teacher satisfied with you?
Son: Oh, quite.
Father: Did she tell you so?
Son: Yes, only the other day she said to me: "If all my pupils were like you, I would shut up my school this very day!" That shows I know enough.—Ex.

Lois C.: (translating in Virgil) "He (Troilus) hung up his empty neck."

"People have a natural bump of curiosity."
"Where does it come in?"
"It doesn't; it stays out!"

"Kay, in this case it makes him turn the page down.
Beegle: (in geometry class) Come on here and get to work.
Harold I.: I am. I'm generating imaginary lines.

Senior advice to Freshmen: If you want a thing well done, don't do it yourself.

A. C.: "Do you believe in preparedness?"
T. W.: "Yes, I like to be in arms."

Two girls met on the street and kissed. A boy passing said "There's another thing I don't like."
Girls: "What is it?"
Boy: "A woman doing a man's job."

Wesley M.: I am going to get ahead. (a-head)
Harold I.: You need one bad enough.

—BACK SLAMS
Miss Miller: What's the construction of the first word. Nyda?
Nyda: That's just what I was wondering.

—OH, BOY!
Wee Willie: He leads a hair-raisin' life out west.
Winnie: Cow punching?
Wee Willie: No; Rabbit farming.

Ranch B. (at barber shop) Are you the same barber that cut my hair last time?
Barber: No. I've only been here two years.

—INGENUITY
She: I thought I told you to come after supper.
He: That's what I came after.

"Generally speaking, Martha is—"
"Is what?"
"Why, generally speaking."

Walter F.: "Why, I always thought you were rather nice appearing."
Rosabelle F.: "I wish I could say as much for you."
Walter F.: "You could, if you would tell as big a one as I did."
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