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Seattle Pacific College

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Choosing.
Ruth Sharpe.

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

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

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

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

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

As he spoke, they passed a modest little chapel near the street and through the open windows burst the old loved song, "Rock of Ages.

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

The two strangers sat as under a spell while the truth of the words sank into their hearts and the touching story of Christ's sufferings and death pleaded eloquently: "Son, daughter, give me thine heart." As the last earnest plea fell from the old man's lips, Lenore Clayton rose weeping and slipped quietly to her knees and in humble expression found the Savior; but George rebelled and grew proud.

"This thing, he paralleled with himself, "is only for the weak, afflicted and outcast. With my wealth and happiness, why should I humble myself?" And in silence his heart rejected.

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

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

"I am happy."

"Were you not happy before?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Lenore?" he asked at her husband's excited tone.

"Why, George, what is the matter?"

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

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

Suddenly she comprehended all.

"You must go?"

"I'm afraid so."

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

And then there was no turning her aside.

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

And with that there was no turning her aside.

Now the task was to the daily routine, while George departed for his work in town. But unusual things awaited him today. The business men were excitedly discussing the war, figures took uncertain

The hospital tents were simply deluged with the trampled ground. The cries of command or dying agony, the trampling of horses, the piercing roar of its blue depths reflected the wavering image of the sunny heavens amidst the horrors of war on the field of battle.

Across one end of it the fitful breezes had ceased its play and the still walls, then charged and set to toward the scene of conflict and a red light was seen.

"Fire!"

"We must fight!"

"Fire!"

The hospital tents were on fire.

At one end of it the fitful breezes had ceased its play and the still walls, then charged and set to toward the scene of conflict and a red light was seen.

"Fire!"

"We must fight!"

"Fire!"

The next day, Lenore sat quiet and sad, with a heavy heart.

"Lenore, how could you? You, but God is good, so good."

"And I, too."

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

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

Making of an American by a Lady.

Samuel Toddman.

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

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

The next day, Lenore sat quiet and sad, with a heavy heart. Her injuries necessitated her return home. She searched for Mr. Clayton's former heart and found the same old minister with an added fervor. When the story of Eternal Life, a silent silence fell upon the listeners and one, at least, heard with quivered heart the old tale: "Now, give me this thing heart. What an earth had he to boast of now? Wealth, home and happiness were his no more. Even Lenore he had given up for death, and broken-hearted, he chose that better part, found in Christ alone.

The next day with a sad and peaceful heart he sought the little old home. Close upon the water's edge, where a light rainbow tossed capriciously on the frisky waves, nestled the little white cottage encircled by cool, vine-covered verandas. From under the slanting porch peeped many old-fashioned windows with their fresh white curtains.

Across one end of it the fatal boxes had ceased their play and the mirror of its blue depths reflected the wavering image of the sunny heavens above it. Along the farther shore, the tall trees bowed gravely to their waters counterparts, while behind them rose the verdant hills and distant, knotty mountains, wrapped in the purple haze of solemn twilight.

Above them hung the arch of a gloomy cloud, as though resentful of the brightness of the sky.

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

He opened the door, and stooped rebukingly. Then with a joyful step forward: "Lenore? George?"

"Lenore! George!"

Sleepless minutes passed.

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

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

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

"You? Oh, then we may begin our life anew in a more noble place, and the excellence of the glorious scene without but dimly reflected their own perfect joy.
thousand and furnish a bag of pocket money besides.”

Then he must devote upon her pleasant future. She was

received to Peter Simmons, whose vacation would begin Tuesday. At Friday she would give up her pasture to be supervised by a Miss Tipton. Of course, when vacation continued, Peter would make a hasty trip to Chicago, where Sarah was now employed. After the rapid kind of an

been found and proper ceremonies observed, they adjourned early for a visit to Niagara; a short tour through New England States; one day at Mammoth Cave, and from thence northward to St. Louis, their home. As Peter filled a responsible position drawing one hundred and thirty dollars monthly, Sarah saw nothing to fright the chill's charming prospects.

Peter reached Chicago Wednesday morning. Sarah was confined to her work during office hours. Therefore Mr. Simmons planned to visit several of Chicago’s beauty resorts during the day. “At 6 o’clock this afternoon he entered Miss Banning’s office and dropped a telegram into her bag. She read: “Simmons, I can clear three thousand on the Stan- hope deal if you are here to help me. Come at once and I’ll give you half.”

“How do you think of it, dear?” he finally asked.

“On Peter, be all things, go. It will defer our wedding a few days, but fifteen hundred will help wonderfully in furnishing our new home.”

Well said, my dear, but I must leave on the 4 o’clock this afternoon. Barnides and I can close the Stanhope bargain Saturday. Miss Tipton relays you Friday. Then—let me see—why can’t you come to St. Louis’ Saturday morning on the 7 F’ly? We can be married there on Sunday and begin our honeymoon Monday following.”

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

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

“Peter,” she called, thoughtfully, “that Vanguard note comes due to-morrow. It would save a heap of trouble if you could take this five thou- sand to her tomorrow at 9 o’clock. She secures at the St. Louis before Saturday.”

Tell them I will bring the remaining two thousand when I come.”

Mr. Simmons acted upon the suggestion.

Sarah’s portion of the agreement transpired exactly to the letter. Miss Tipton came on Saturday. It would save a heap of trouble if you could take this five thousand to her tomorrow at 9 o’clock. She secures at the St. Louis before Saturday.”

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

Throughout the following night he suffered intense mental agony. By morning he reached to Detroit as a murderer. He was informed that the lady he had shot was only a showcase model used, of course, for advertising the clothing fitted thereon. From this Mr. Simmons took warning and began life anew. Past railroad experience together with the death of the former manager elevated him to his present position as manager of the Grand Trunk Railway.

When Peter finished his autobiography Sarah extended him a standing invitation to visit her little school when labor would permit. He accepted and they parted as true friends once more. Mr. Simmons remembered the invite. Four months rolled by before he paid several visits to the district institute of learning. Later these calls were transferred from the school to Sarah's boarding house. In due season—after he had proven himself a true man—the expected union occurred. During his following summer vacation the newly-acquainted Grand Trunk Railway manager and wife made a two months' tour in Europe.

During this event their routine of life has been that of two faithful and loving companions. On their forty-second wedding anniversary an expressionist delivered a large Edison phonograph at their residence in Port Huron, the original of which was sent by the Grand Trunk Railway manager and wife made a two months' tour in Europe.

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Twelve
The Cascade—June '15

and while the rest stepped back in fear. He sprang forward and grabbed
containing a woman and child.

The struggle continued but a short time, for assistance was at
undoubtedly be a collision.

been splintered in the close conflict between boy and beast.

to enter Dan at all! Why, Spot'll beat him all

been. Although Herbert, for such was his name, spoke so confident
ly, he did not believe what he said, for they all knew Dan's merits.

was the same one that spoke before of the good time he was going to
narrow good time next week. More'n one guy'll get his spirits up,

bellowing from the topmost branches of the old trees, while many of
many of the races, he took in the situation at a glance.

shouting for a chance to see the race where the race was to start and as

nearly as possible, the particular of the race, he turned a radiant face to
his companion. "Say, Dick, it's the 'fair play' that wins, after all isn't it?"

Man's Great Teacher.
Elton Smith.

Only one life to live! What a startling announcement, and how this
universal knowledge strikes us with somber solemnity and awe when
not under serious considerations.

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

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

They have wished for such a privilege but have only failed in their
efforts to gain it.
Who is able to put a price upon time? Who can conceive of the possibilities which lie obscured in the golden moments which are swiftly passing by? What man can fathom its depth? The world challenges him to step forth. No one can comprehend it. Its value is far too intrinsic for human mind to calculate.

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

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

To know the unknown has always been the propelling force of human progress. It was in the quest of this treasure that the wealthy queen of Sheba shook off the alluring bonds which held her to her native country and, with a train of canals, journeyed over sandy deserts to that great religious center of the world in order that she might live at the shrine of wisdom and carry away many precious jewels of thought from that renowned philosopher and intellectual giant of the ages.

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

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

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

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

That all preceding propinquity of the twentieth century demands to know the mechanism and origins of things; and this is becoming more minute and minute the object of all scientific research. How proper and just it is that this great plan of world-wide activity should be carried on. It is interesting and it is interesting to all who studies the examples of the great men and national heroes of the past who inspire us with renewed courage and we readily consent that the reaching of their heights is probable because they teach us to rise.

Yet, a looking thought熏ils its way into our minds, taking its place in the path of life. Is it not true that we are always thinking of the great names of the past and their fame?

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

In the days of ancient times a company of tourists wander their way through the natural resources of the mountains, walking along the paths of least acquaintance.

Those journey admirers are geologists. They have come to watch nature grow, and dive into the past through the study of rocks and minerals.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Can one learn nothing the great supreme object of man by the face of nature and its workings, which are but the replica of the divine?

Say, it is not so.

Like a diamond seeker would look into the air for his treasure or an oil magnet scour the drifting sands of Sahara, so likewise have oceanic mortals searched in the animal and mineral kingdoms for the point wherewith to trace the original source of success and over which their wandering toes stumbled centuries ago.

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

But those tones are now becoming fainter and fainter as though at last they fairly become entranced with the educational environments in which they have so fortunately been placed.

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The Faculty.

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

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

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

Mr. Beers—"A big man with a big heart."
Mrs. Beers—"Tender, loving, true."
Prof. Stilwell—"Look up and smile."
Mrs. Coleson—"Faithful service shall have its reward."
Prof. Burns—"A gentleman of rare good qualities."
Miss Morrow—"A fair countenance and a pleasant manner."
Miss Marston—"I must not be idle one moment."
Prof. Bagley—"Tall, stately, dignified."

When I Am In His Will.

Wade Folsom.

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

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

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

And when this temple totters in life's eve,
And chilly winds of death around me blow,
'Twill then be joy to know my work is done
And learn it is His will for me to go.
Mrs. Bagley—“Such a cheery little body.”
Prof. Marston—“Take him all in all, he is a man.”
Mrs. Marston—“A perfect woman, nobly planned.”
Miss Lawrence—“Mischievous eyes, curly hair and much knowledge with all.”
Miss Hunter—“A warm heart and a merry smile.”
Miss Tong—“A good heart with much determination.”
Miss Whisner—“Sweet music hath charms.”
Mr. Haslam—“Full of business and hustle.”
Tressa Marsh—“Our silver-tongued oratress.”

College Song.
B. L. Beggley, Col. '18.

Tune—“The Little Brown Church In the Vale.”
There’s a college in a valley in the westland,
Not far from the sea’s heaving side,
Where hearts e’er are happy and cheerful,
As their joys ebb and flow with the tide.

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

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

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

For’er there will bloom in our mus’rugs
The flowers of remembrance so dear,
And forget-me-nots in their beauty
Will scatter perfume everywhere.

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

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

Ward F. Folsom.

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

Mrs. Dana A. Newton.

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

Class Poem.

Ruth Sharpe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Four years ago the college Seniors of Nineteen Fifteen were Freshmen. The college consisted at that time of six members, Tressa Marsh, Lilian Perry, Ruth Sharpe, Wesley Morgan, Mr. Hishikawa and Lois Cathey.

That first year is a bright spot in our memories. Botany hikes, February picnics and trips in the rain are among the events lying nearest to our hearts. None of us will forget the organizing of our Alpha Club. We were appointed as officers, and the Alpha meetings were held every Friday afternoon. Our lightness and gaiety gave way to seriousness and thoughtful conduct.

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

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

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

We love our Alma Mater, and will ever remember the days spent here. They will be recalled as bright stars dotting the skies of our lives, which we hope may be useful and an honor to our dear old college.
There is nothing so inspiring to a student, or any one else, as to feel within possession the end, goal, or reward for which they have toiled. Every member of the Alpha Club feels they have climbed to the top of another hill as they look back upon the lesser hills of former years. And there is a profound satisfaction in at last having produced a graduating class this year. Three cheers for the First Senior Class.

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

"You are young and full of life, and life is full of trouble; When you are wed to some dear man his burden will be double. Be always young and full of life, for life is one long struggle; Be sure to marry some dear man—Tis easier pulling double."

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

Notwithstanding her twin relations to home and school, Mrs. Neumyer has been a very active member of our Alpha Club. It has enrolled three Seniors, three Juniors, four Sophomores, and four Freshmen. Mr. Ward Pfeifer, '15 is our principal chorister; Mr. E. A. Hensley, '16, members with the Faculty. Miss Cook, '16, is unanimously voted our good school Samaritan; Mrs. Ward, '17, is the indispensable pianist. And what would we do without Grandpa?"

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

Cont. on page 36.
Dellno M. Higbee.
"Whence is thy learning? Hast thy toil O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"
"Darling, I Am Growing Old"

Bessie T. Higbee.
"Thou art a constellation of virtues; Thou art the moon, Thy husband, the man in the moon.
"Sleep, Baby, Sleep"

Fred R. Gill.
"Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.
"Coax Me"

Laura M. Dubois.
"This lady with a lamp shall stand In the great history of the land, A noble type of good. Heroic womanhood."
"I'm Afraid to Go Home In the Dark"

Winfred N. Thuline.
"Teraphs share with thee Knowledge! But art, O man, is thine alone!"
"The Old Folks at Home"

Edhel B. Laupauagh.
"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye. In every gesture, dignity and love.
"Keep Sweet"
Estella C. Peterson.

Harold W. Mann.
"He's a man who dares to be Firm for truth when others flee."
"School Days"

Cecilia E. Johnston.
"O music sphere descended maid, Friend of pleasure, wisdom's maid."
"It's Just My Way"

Ralph L. Stewart.
"When to mischief mortals bend their will, How soon they find fit instruments of ill."
"Daisies Won't Tell"

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

Gladys J. Smith.
"As sure as a pearl And so perfect, a noble and innocent girl."
"Desire Be the Tie That Binds Our Hearts"

Elton B. Smith.
"Firm man with empires in his train."
"Not Because My Hair Is Curly"

Grace S. Root.
"Humility, that low, sweet root, From which all heavenly virtues shoot."
"O Sweet Rest"

"Etherea'sum is the height of Man; it is the passing from the human to the divine."
"Where the Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way"

W. Archibald Stephens.
Departure.
CLASS POEM.
Winifred Thuline.

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

Dear college—yet we did not guess
That we should feel this tenderness
Within our hearts, when often we
With roused thoughts, our feet were
Traversed the distance oft between
The bays and on the campus given.
Without appreciating then
The full true worth of book and pen;
Yet yet the view of yest was vain
And bearing had a magic charm.

For it, three years we have toiled
Are charmed years to bear in mind.

Your plain brick walls, the humble grace
You wore to careless stranger eyes,
Another meaning had for us.

As with a backward gaze we peer
To note the past—its hopes, its dreams,
'Tis with regret we leave these scenes.
Here have our minds enlarged in thought
And confidence increasing brought.

'Tis to the goal at last. We face
The future now, and life's stern race.

'Tis with joy we dwell away in the distance dim,
Click us into it with strength and vim.

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

Class History.
Ethel B. Lawpaugh.

Four years ago twenty timid boys and girls entered, with fear and trembling, the cold brick walls of "College Junior." How all earnestly to avoid all attention of their upper-classmen, but, to their serializers, all eyes seemed fastened upon them.
We did, however, feel that one friend yet remained, for from the lips of Prof. S.—proceeded such words of welcome and consolation that time were most rapidly. And so we came to that most exciting time, when, face to face with the Sophomores, we knew our honor was at stake. In that famous debate. But, to our expected surprise, we came through with flying colors.
This year soon rolled by and again we entered the halls of learning as "College Junior." But with numbers somewhat diminished.
Again, in that same debate, did the honors remain with us, as it had but once previously in the history of the school.
We congratulated ourselves on our success in retaining the honors.
We, too, participated in the usual routine of hikes, etc., with spirits light and still plentiful.
Upon entering the third year we were happy to find our number had increased and we were tried to come up to the name of "College Junior." Near the close of the year we were very suddenly notified that it was customary for the Junior class to entertain the Sophomores. We realized fully that this demanded a full treasury, but we were delighted that the proceeds were to be used in such a noble cause. The evening is long to be remembered. It was soon followed by the day when the Senior class of '26 left the far end of the assembly hall deserted and lonely. Then and not till that did it dawn upon us that our career as "College Junior" was nearing the close.

The following September we entered S. S. for the last time, with numbers fourteen; but we felt encouraged knowing it was quality and not quantity that counted. Our Senior meetings were quite pleasant and most numerous. But when it came to deciding on Class Pina, the girls unfortunately chose a pin that did not appeal to the artistic taste of the boys—but that worked out in the most satisfactory manner. There have also been other similar instances, but hardly worth the mention.
Our social times have been quite pleasant and the evenings spent together, with kind friends, have been the delight of our hearts.
Realizing that this is all a thing of the past, brightens our minds with sweet memories, yet saddens our hearts to think it is gone. All have been engaging stories to lift us higher in this life. And each bright epoch in our history has meant one round higher on the ladder of time.
Such press on, climb on, till on we must, knowing that life's greater battles yet await us. Prepare for these we must, and thus bid you, each and all, a fond farewell, and, classmate dear—
We merely have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part, when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill not be a sigh, a tear;—
But part we will, without much mourning;—
And, departing, we will say—
"Not "Good night," but bid "Good morning"—
In that land of happier day.

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Thirty: The Cascade—June '15 Thirty-one

Class History.
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But part we will, without much mourning;—
And, departing, we will say—
"Not "Good night," but bid "Good morning"—
In that land of happier day.
Ebbing Day.

Ethel B. Laughagh.

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

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

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

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

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

Because of our having made it complete
And sped away on its airy flight.

And the world around was made more bright
Because of its rich and radiant light.

We, the members of the class of 1913, in the county of King and the state of Washington, being of sound mind and memory, and about to depart from Seattle Pacific College, do hereby publish and declare this our last will and testament, and in the following, to wit:

To our ever agreeable juniors, all financial surplus.
Our success in Seattle Pacific College, to the Faculty.
Our art of mischief making to Mary Scott.
Endless perseverance, to Celestine Tucker.
To the members of the Sophomore class a "Little Caesar Pop.
Our 915 "Kitchen Pass" to Margaret Whitesides.
All over-supply of "Artichoke" to Miss Lawrence.
To our worthy Freshmen, our "constant success" in debating.
And to all who have helped us in our high school career, a hearty farewell.

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

In witness whereof, we have signed our names and affixed our seals this 2nd day of June, in the year of our Lord 1913.

SENIOR CLASS OF 1913.
Choosing a Vocation.

Oliver H. Hallam.

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

Modern education is a necessary factor and plays a most important role in the progress of civilization; but even in view of this fact we can not but realize many weaknesses and errors due to imperfect and faulty systems. What is a complete school education to a young man who is deprived of proper associations and competent, sympathetical advisors? Perchance there is a fortunate case of good providence he may step forth as a maker of himself and his surroundings, and shine forth in his own sphere as a man among men, all because he followed the inner chimes against him. But are not these chimes which found a better place than those about him? But we must consider. When left alone youth is all too apt to spring forth as an untaught colt and waste the great store of energies and opportunities in face of even the best opportunities, strewing along the path of life the broken pieces of a storm-driven bark. With thoughtful consideration can we not feel deeply concerned because of this situation. The question which thus comes to us is, How shall we meet the problem with a suitable and effective solution? The answer is not so easy one not shall a present attempt be made toward its ultimate solution. A glimpse of some places involved and a few suggestive ideas merely, will be considered.

Difficult the situation may seem, there are some conclusions which may very readily be drawn. We have already realized the need of instructing the youth by means of the principles of the family, of the state, and of the race, in matters of general social, political and intellectual importance; and that a chance is being more and more the specific need and demands of the individual. We can not meet them in a general way, we can not resolve their intricate advancement by the general progress and betterment of society and social conditions. Each case must be a case of a varied angle according to the conditions involved. Then as youth cares out involuntarily for vocational guidance with a host of men and women of the highest degree of intelligence well seasoned with the nobility of moral principle.

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

The Cascade—June '15

Thirty-five

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

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

First of all—in view of God and heaven, and the obligations of humanity to divinity—and likewise greatest of all, should come the question as to the relationship existing between the individual and his God. In order to meet life in its fullest bearing, in order to formulate proper and normal conceptions of life, and in order for that comprehension and pose of character so glorious and so desirable, there must be a genuine harmonizing of the natural and spiritual in the young field. With this done the next logical step should be, How can I best serve humanity? Here is a grave problem and also a most important one. How can he be settled by the young person who has taken the first and greatest step in making God the Lord of his Life?—Piously and thoughtfully; and with a complete and voluntary resignation to God's will, and plan, should the best possible advice concerning the choice of a life occupation be sought, alike in the progress of education, in the varied experiences and observations of life, and from those persons most worthy and capable of offering the best and most unbiased suggestions. No man can live to himself, and consequently he cannot live successfully and joyfully without the counsel and wisdom of his friends and superiors. The individual, however, must make the final choice, and with all obtainable counsel in hand he should consider these three things: Where are the neediest fields of labor? Which are I most adjoined to in consideration of all places and conditions of my life? And, is it possible for me to find an open door or even to force an open door into the desirable or at least appreciate, sphere of life? These questions, in order to a wise choice, must be fixed with an open heart and an unprejudiced mind, and after final consideration and earnest prayer—and not until then—should the choice be made. Nor should a hasty conclusion be reached, for experience and observations have hardly taught us that careful and prayerful deliberation is most wise and exceedingly gratifying in the end. God himself is not happy in His hands and their execution. Did he not spend six days or periods of time in beholding the finished product of our planet when he could have spoken it complete with a world? And did He not take centuries and even millenniums to express His great eternal heartache in the sublimest event of Calvary? For Christ was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, but He was not actually slain nor was redemption's price paid until this world was thousands of years old.
In view of these facts and suggestions it will be possible for us as young men and young women to face life more squarely, more intelligently, and to invest our lives in spheres of usefulness that will never lose the inspiration and character which we may impart to them by our whole-hearted sacrifice and devotion.

Easy it is to spread my life In passing joys and pleasures; But quite a different task is mine To fill our world with fairness.

Cont. from page 24.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We regret to say that this is the last time that we shall be permitted to appear as Juniors. We have had such an exceedingly interesting and pleasant year that we dislike to see the time approaching when we have to bid adieu to the Seniors and the dear old Seattle Pacific College and, oh, yes, the new bell. However, we are not sorry that we cannot be Juniors always, for there is a true saying that the younger generations must take the place of their elders, hence we must take the place of the Seniors. Of course, we can't expect to fill this place so satisfactorily as the Seniors have done; nevertheless, we shall try to the best of our ability.

The members of our class shall soon separate for the summer vacation. Mr. Matthewson, our class president, will probably stay in Seattle this summer. Miss Bull expects to return to her home near Snake River, where she will be privileged to indulge in peaches and cream. Miss Whitesides will return to Portland. Also Mr. Barry. The rest of the members will probably stay in Seattle during the summer, and we are expecting to see everyone back next year.

Farewell till next time.

Sophomores

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

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

The Cascade—June '15

Freshmen

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

Alethepians

One more year has gone into the past and our "dear old Club" has come safely through the conflict with banners unfurled. We have had many interesting times during the past year, and the many pleasant occasions are long to be remembered. However, it is not all over, for we are just looking forward to a most unique time to be enjoyed in the "Green Woods," where nature in all her grandeur will but add to the beauty of the hour. Words cannot express the appreciation of our hearts for the faithful efforts of each officer and member in making the club a success during the past year. And to each and all of the Alethepians, to our Brother Phils, to the faculty and friends, we extend our best wishes for a most joyous summer vacation.

Philopolemicals

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

Alexandrians

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

Athletics

The editor tells me I can have only one hundred words, so I'm going to use this last report in one final boost. The past year has been one of profit. The tennis and basketball instruction given by Mr. Haslam has started many new players in the right manner. During the fall and spring our courts have been filled every available hour by some set of tennis players. We were engrossed in basketball through the winter. The Athletic Club has been a success this year and we hope to see it still more successful in the years to come.

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

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

The several recitations by Mrs. Burns last Friday were also greatly appreciated. The main feature of the month was the reception given by the president and his wife to the Seniors and Alpha Club. An interesting program was given by the Alpha Club, after which refreshments were served and a very pleasant social evening it was.

Miss Lillian Perry has recently forsaken her maiden life and taken unto herself a new name. Charles McKinnon, '99, is still a pharmacist in this city. Among Seattle's electricians is Mr. Glen Smith, '03. Miss Sarah Peterson (1900) is now a teacher in her home city—Seattle.

Since graduating from a medical school in Chicago, which Earl Thomas, '07, has now attended, Homer Wheaton, '07, has been placed on the list of physicians of a St. Louis hospital. Frank Milligan and his wife (Amie Boddy) are now home on furlough from China.

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

The editor says I may write only one hundred words, so here I must stop.
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I EXPECT to pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

—GRELLET.

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