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Seattle Pacific College

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# Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Campus Views</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Table of Contents</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Board of Trustees</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History of Seattle Pacific College</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faculty</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>School Song</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Library</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life's Spring Time</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Reverie</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portrait Painters of America</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edwin I. Fuller</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alumni Notes</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>College</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seniors</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juniors</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sophomores</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freshmen</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Academic Seniors</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class Poem</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior Report</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior Information</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class Will</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior Information</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juniors</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sophomores</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freshmen</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eighth Grade</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commercial Department</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Depression Department</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Historical (Alum)</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Religious Work</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chorus</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Religious Work</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chorus</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athletics</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Society</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Alleghany Society</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tri-Campional Debating Club</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Boys' Vacation</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dormitory Life</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Excursions from the Editor's Journal</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Excursion to Bremerton</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magnolia</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reception</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jokes</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Advertisements</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Pages:** 20 to 38
Very early among the settlers of the Northwest were formed members of the Free Methodist Church which later resulted in the organization of the Oregon-Washington Conference, which has since been divided into the Oregon, Washington, Columbia River and Southern Oregon Conference. At the Seventh Annual Session of the Oregon and Washington Conference, of which B. T. Roberts was the general superintendent, and which was held at Seattle, Washington, June 18-20, 1891, the committee on education, consisting of J. C. Norton, J. Glen, J. C. Scott and H. H. Pease, reported to the conference. In the latter part of the report we find these words: "We believe the time has fully come for God to favor this conference with a Christian school. Therefore, Resolved, That it is the sense of this committee that we take action at this time toward securing proper location, and raising necessary funds, and that the work of building begin as soon as the location and means are secured." This report was adopted by the conference. The gift of the original portion of the present campus by N. B. Peterson determined the location of the school at Seattle. The first building was of brick four stories high, and by March, 1893, it was sufficiently completed to enable the opening of a school. The trustees obtained as the first principal Alexander Beers.

The work included the grammar department, but later high school work was undertaken, and in 1896, Seattle Seminary, as the school was at first called, graduated its first high school class. The class consisted of one member, Winifred Grantham. Since then classes have been graduated every year from the high school or academic department.

In 1894, Mr. Beers having become an active member on the Board of Trustees, Clark W. Shay was secured as principal, and with the exception of the year 1899-1900, when Chancellor N. Bertells was principal, continued until 1902 in that capacity.

As the work grew it became necessary to enlarge the accommodations, and a frame building of two stories was erected for the ladies' dormitory.

In 1902, A. H. Stillwell was secured as principal and served two years in that capacity. In 1904, Alexander Beers was again elected principal and A. H. Stillwell, associate principal, Mr. Beers taking the work of Field Agent and Mr. Stillwell continuing in the more intermediate connection with the school.

The work seemed to demand another building and the present administration building was erected. Soon after another building, a larger ladies' dormitory, was erected and the first building was remodeled into a young men's dormitory. The campus was also enlarged by purchase, increasing the size from five to about eight acres of land.

In 1910 the curriculum was extended so as to include the first two years of college work, and later was increased to a four-years college course.

The principal and associate principal were by the trustees changed to president and vice president.

In 1913, by a vote of the trustees, the name was changed to Seattle Pacific College, and in the same year the first college class was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. This class consisted of three: Ward F. Folsom, Mrs. D. A. Newton (nee Lois T. Cathey) and Ruth H. Sharpe. In 1916 Dr. O. E. Tiffany was elected president and continues in that office.

No history of Seattle Pacific College would be complete without making mention of the generosity of H. H. Pease, who has given so largely from year to year toward its support and enlargement. A recent large donation has come from Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Norton.

The present existence of the college is proof of the loyal support of its constituents in this growing Northwest. It is most
 gratifying that so many of the former students have gone as missionaries to the foreign field. This year two more, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver R. Haslam, sailed for Japan. The college has sent its students as missionaries to Japan, China, India, Africa and the West Indies.

Space will not permit the enumeration of the names of its students who have gone out as ministers and evangelists, and it is the redeemed lives of its former students that form the compensation for the sacrifices and labors of those who have made Seattle Pacific College possible.

The motto that formerly adorned the walls of the old Chapel still animates its students and teachers, “Not to be ministered unto but to minister.”

Omar A. Burns.

SEATTLE PACIFIC COLLEGE

Seattle Pacific College has survived the storm and stress of a quarter of a century. The difficulties and vicissitudes of organization and re-organization of a new institution in a new part of the country have been met and surmounted. The institution as it stands today possesses a beautiful campus of eight acres, four commodious buildings, and a student registration of over two hundred. It is the largest and best equipped Protestant boarding school in Seattle. The college provides educational opportunities under influences distinctly Christian. It stands for high scholarship, efficient workmanship, and leadership based on character.

The small private college is especially strong in the development of leadership. The classes are generally small and homogeneous in character. Self-reliance, uprightness of life, and dependability characterize the personal side of the educational and religious training. The Bible is given a prominent place in the course of study. As an institution, we believe in Christian education—an education that not only gives students knowledge similar to that acquired in other schools and colleges, but leads students to accept Christ as a personal Savior, and fits them for Christian service in whatever field of labor they may become employed.

The most serious problem that has confronted the new administration in the past two years has been that of a heavy indebtedness. This problem has been solved through the generous gifts and subscriptions of some eight hundred friends. As soon as the properties have been realized upon and the subscriptions paid the indebtedness will be cancelled. The college stands at the present practically free from debt and ready for a constructive policy that will enable it to adequately meet the spiritual and educational needs of the Christian people, not only of the Free Methodist church, but of the great city of Seattle and the various holiness denominations of Washington and the surrounding states.

The attendance of the school should increase year by year until it numbers five hundred students. This will necessitate more buildings, larger and better equipment, and a constantly increasing faculty. Thus far the work has been carried on largely through the various donations and subscriptions of the church and friends of the college.

The educational work has been done largely through the heavy sacrifices made by the teachers. The average salary of college professors at the present time is about $2,200. The teachers of this institution have rendered faithful service in the class rooms, in the dormitories, and in the religious activities of the school for about one-third the average cost. The time is at hand in the development of the institution when more adequate allowances must be made for the faithful and consecrated teachers. This will necessitate a substantial and permanent endowment. The most pressing problem of the immediate future is an endowment of at least $100,000. It should not be difficult to realize this amount in a great, rich, and prosperous city like Seattle. It should come mainly from large gifts from the city, from property willed to the school and from wealthy people interested in maintaining vital Christian education.

Seattle Pacific College should enlarge her borders, and become the center of all the deep spiritual movements of the Northwest. From her halls should radiate a spiritual power that shall vitalize every agency that stands uncompromisingly for spirituality. The institution should furnish society, business, and the church, an increasing number of young men and women that are thoroughly Christian, adequately educated, efficiently trained, and thoroughly dependable. They may constitute relatively a small number compared with the large number turned out from educational institutions; yet they may command dominating influence because of their forceful personality and superior leadership.

The new quarter century on which we are entering must be one of fruitful and precious service, of larger material equipments, of keener vision, of greater achievement, of better methods, of higher educational standards, of deeper spirituality, and above all of a fuller knowledge of God and a closer union with Christ.

Orrin Edward Tiffany.
FACULTY

Orrin Edward Tiffany, A. M., Ph.D., President
Economics

Omar Allen Burns, A. M., Registrar
History

Grace English Tiffany, Dean of Women
Education and History of Art

Jessie C. Millican, A. M.
Latin

Francis W. Ross, A. M., Preceptress
Modern Languages and English

Lessa Fay Burns, A. B.
Expression

Burton Linton Beazile, A. B.
Mathematics and Physics

Lena Duell Vincent, A. M.
Psychology

M. Raymond Roberts, B. C. S., Preceptor
Chemical Science

Zelpha B. Roberts, Ph. B.
English

William Washington Cathey
Chorus

Harris W. McKinley
Piano

Daisy E. Frederick
Grammar Department

Myrtle Blake Owen
Primary Grades
SCHOOL SONG

Tune: "Little Brown Church in the Vale."
There's a college in the 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.

FIRST CHORUS.
Oh, hear, hear, hear, hear,
Hear of the school in the Westland
Oh, hear of 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 desert sand.
For 'er there will bloom in our memories
The flowers of remembrance so dear.
And forget-me-nots in their beauty
Will scatter perfume everywhere.

LAKE CHORUS.
All hail! hail! hail! hail
Hail! to the school in the Westland.
How our hearts swell with love and with mirth.
All hail to our dear S. P. C.

BURLINGTON BEEGLE.

LIFE'S SPRING TIME

How happy and care-free the maiden and youth,
Who frolic about us in innocent truth;
Few clouds and few burdens to sadden their glee,
And life is all rosy from breakfast till tea.

As the bird in the tree-top, they sing as they play,
No care for the morrow; all's well for today.
Fair youth with its charm, with its magic and glow,
Can teach us there's gladness for mortals below.

This spring-time of life, with its bright golden hours,
Shines out as the crystals on dew-laden flowers.
As sunset's last glow gilds the close of the day,
So brighten our lives as we follow youth's way.

Let's learn from the children, let's play we are glad,
And find joy in doing, forget we were sad.
Let's enter the heart-life of youth with its cheer,
Let's be God's own children, and trust without fear.

VINIFRED THULINE.

A REVERIE

The afternoon sun shone brightly in the cloudless sky. A gentle breeze stirred the verdant foliage of the trees. Underneath the forest a green velvety shade enveloped the earth. Here and there the sun's rays sparkled and glistened through the tangle of boughs and leaves, giving them an appearance of beauty and splendor. Now and then a robin struck up his cheerful note, while in the distance the call of the grouse to his mate was heard.

An old man carrying a Bible in one hand and a cane in the other rambled through the woods. His face wore more the heavenly than the earthly look. He came to a moss-covered knoll in the shade of a large pine and sat down upon it to recover his strength. He opened his Bible and began to read. The gentle rustling of
the leaves and the cool shade enticed him to lie down and he was soon deep in a reverie, lost to the surrounding world. The time changed and he was in his youth. A pale-faced boy clad in patched garments was playing in the garden. He wore a serious look upon his face, too much so for one so young as he. The gate hung upon one hinge and here and there pickets were missing. The house, which perhaps at one time had had a coat of paint, was blackened and browned by the weather. The boy suddenly stopped playing and ran to meet his mother who had stepped through the gate.

"Mother, what is the use in trying to be anything?" he asked. "Dad has gone off on another spree and you know how the boys point their finger of scorn at me and cry, 'There goes Ernest, old drunkard White's son.'"

"Yes, I know, but you must try, son," she answered in a gentle tone, a look of sadness stealing over her face.

"But I am ashamed to walk the streets. If it were not for you I would get out of here," he replied bitterly.

"Oh, Ernest, please do not do anything like that. I could never live through it. Hurry now and get your books, you must study hard in order not to fail in the eighth grade examinations."

Ernest gathered his books together and went tremblingly and tremblingly to school. Life indeed did not seem worth living.

On the first day of March a revival meeting began in the First Congregational Church. A friend invited him to attend the meeting and he consented, little thinking that such a small thing as an invitation would change the whole course of his life. He attended every night, but because he had never heard the true gospel preached he did not at first understand its real significance. A whole week passed and he seemed untouched by the Spirit. Sunday came, and as he sat listening to the testimonies of the Christians, the Spirit struck conviction to his heart which caused him to fail in his lessons and he and his most intimate friend quarreled and came to blows.

"Dad has gone off on another spree and you know how the boys point their finger of scorn at me and cry, 'There goes Ernest, old drunkard White's son.'"

The Spirit soon spoke peace to his troubled heart. Ernest dashed his fear and prejudice aside and rushed to the altar when the opportunity was given.

The Spirit soon spoke peace to his troubled heart. Ernest went out from this crucial hour into a new world. His fondest joy and cherished ambition were alike given over to Him who can take the little things and make them resplendent with His own life and power. Everything seemed changed. A bright smiling countenance replaced the former look of sadness and misery.

A few years passed, and the Spirit whispered to him to turn from his life of sin. With great drops of sweat gathered upon his forehead. Now the contest seemed in favor of the enemy, now in favor of the Spirit. Each force seemed to realize that the decision made at this time determined the destiny of his soul. With one desperate effort Ernest dashed his fear and prejudice aside and rushed to the altar when the opportunity was given.

Several years passed and no further point of interest except his devotion to his mother. Because of his love for her he left school at the end of his Sophomore year to work. Now and then the dim consciousness would steal over him that he must preach the gospel, but he was so engrossed with other things that it made little impression upon him. Conditions continued to grow worse in his home. His father more confirmed in his habit and becoming less capable of conducting his affairs came home from a spree one Sunday morning in a bad humor. Ernest pleaded with him to give his heart to the Lord, but he angrily said, striking him over the head with a stick.

"I'll teach you better than to meddle with my affairs," he said.

"The Lord seemed to whisper, 'Tis enough.'"

Ernest turning away, said, not in anger but in sorrow, "This is the end."
shake off that he must preach. Darkness settled down upon his soul, and he left the Chapel in a troubled state of mind. He walked out into the woods to fight the battle alone. All the power of the evil one seemed to be hurled against him. Thoughts of dying with starvation haunted him and in great agony he prayed God to show him His will. The struggle lasted for hours, and in the small watches of the night, weary and faint, Ernest laid down his will and the peace of God broke in upon his troubled Spirit. Righteousness had won the victory. God had conquered and sealed his covenant by giving Ernest this promise: 

"Seek ye first my kingdom and my righteousness and I will add all these things unto you."

Among the charming young ladies who entered college with him, none was more popular than Elsie Graves, a little whirlwind of moods and emotions. The association of the months that followed sufficed to prove to him that the place this blue-eyed, fair-haired girl had come to fill in his life could never be filled by another. At last they came to the closing hours of their school life. The Junior-Senior banquet closed at eleven o'clock. As Ernest passed through the corridor to leave the building he became aware of the presence of Miss Graves awaiting her roommate. Endeavoring to compose his tumultuous emotions, he said in a low tone:

"Miss Graves, you have been very busy tonight."

Elsie murmured something about "a splendid reception."

"Yes," he interrupted, sharply, "but it is annoying to listen to empty praise people never give a second thought to."

"I'm sure people do mean what they say; I believe you have done honor to our college and to yourself."

But she was not prepared for what followed. He stepped forward and grasped her hands.

"O, Miss Graves, do you really think so? Do you believe that I have chosen well? If it is really so, I can leave the college contented."

Elsie could only gasp, "I don't understand."

"Well, let me explain."

He led her to a seat in a secluded spot and spoke rapidly.

"Miss Graves, I suppose you know how I have worked my way through school. It's been pretty strenuous and all that, but I have enjoyed it but for one thing. I couldn't get used to being without my mother, but these years I have been guided by your ideals. You have changed my life and I want you to approve it. Elsie forget any personal consideration. She arose and extended her hands.

"Ernest, I do approve, I honor, I revere you for your choice."
PORTRAIT PAINTERS OF AMERICA

Until the middle of the last century men sought ideals and motives in art from the past. Then began a time of revival. The works of Velasquez were found to exist; also, those of Rembrandt; the Oriental art of Japan was brought to light for the first time. The first Americans to turn men's attention toward art and realities of the present; to cause them to see the beauties of their own day, and to make discoveries of countries and people existing in the art world could have been no other than James A. McNeil Whistler. His attitude toward the world, the fine distinction of his personality, and his choice contributions have kept his art in isolation. He has never departed from the sweet and wholesome to satisfy his own desire for new and sensational forms of expression. Probably the most noted of his works is "The Portrait of My Mother." Sitting in profile in a plain room, her hands folded on her lap and her feet resting on a footstool—thus denoting rest—the expression on her face silently speaks of a charming youth. Her black dress, her white lace cap and kerchief are all significant of motherhood. And, as we gaze upon this picture, do we not feel the same peace and reverence that would steal over us if we were in the presence of our own aging mother? In direct contrast to this is "The White Girl," a characteristic study in white. She stands apart from all contact with the world, her dark eyes revealing sudden surprise and still allowing self-reliance. Linked together, the very poise of the girl and the simple color scheme are suggestive of maidenhood.

Sharing with Whistler the honor of being among the very few notable painters of the day is John Singer Sargent. While Whistler has sought for the imaginary significance, excluding his art in a region of poetry, Sargent, his direct antipode in motive, has maintained his grip upon the actual, picturing the material import of realities.

Reviewing Sargent's position as an artist recalls the single exhibition of fifty portraits and seventy-five sketches at Copley Hall, Boston, in 1899. Born in Florence of American parentage, he was reared in the midst of refinement and education, surrounded by the beauty and noble memorials of the galleries and streets which belong to Florence alone. At the age of twenty-three he painted a portrait of Carolus, which showed a work purely his own. His exhibition of fifty portraits represented at least fifty distinct persons, which proves that he never repeated his compositions nor his schemes of color, nor showed perfunctorness, nor weariness of brush. Although lacking depth and intimacy, his portrait of Mr. Marquand reveals an intensity of nervous force rather than of intellectual effort. In all his works are noticed interesting little accents of individuality that distinguish him from others without too keenly differentiating. His greatest fame lies in mural panels, one of which hangs in Boston Public Library.

The four prophets, Amos, Nahum, Ezekiel and Daniel, stand together, and yet, each seems to be alone. Each has a characteristic position, revealing again the marked individuality of Sargent.

Still younger than either Sargent or Fuller, we find Gilbert Stuart in a studio in his early teens. There is little doubt that he is the earliest of American masters of painting. He was the son of a "snuff grinder," of a frolicsome disposition, averse to studying, and addicted to drawing. While paying a visit to the family one day, Dr. William Hunter, a clergyman, saw some of his early sketches, and, recognizing the talent and deciding to help the boy artist, he presented him with a box of paints and brushes, to the great delight of the youth. At the age of thirteen he received a commission to paint portraits, two years after which a Scottish painter carried him off to Scotland, but he soon returned home. In 1775 he again set out for London to become the pupil of Benjamin West, where his popularity, within a remarkably short time, thronged his studio with people of wit and fashion. He "tasked himself to six sitters a day," then flung aside his work and devoted himself to society. Louis XVI, George III, the Prince of Wales, Sir Joshua Reynolds, John Kemble and Benjamin West, his master, are among the most famous of his studies. All the while he was eager to paint George Washington, the one whose heroic qualities had most fascinated his imagination. This portrait, which is known as the Athenæum Portrait of George Washington, and with which most American school children are familiar, but of which probably very few know the artist's name, was executed against Washington's own desire and intentionally left unfinished. It shows the left side of his face and reveals the late autumn of his life when most of his work had been finished. It represents him as indeed the Father of his people. Many copies of this famous portrait have been made. Stuart worked to express grace, sentiment and character. In Washington he found all three—hence his masterpiece. He is not considered as a painter of great pictures, but of great portraits.

BY EUNICE FOSKET, Col. '91.
EDWIN J. FULLER

From among the Alumni of the Seattle Pacific College there stands one in singular prominence. Of all the vocations followed by our Alumni, he alone, represents us in the great international work done by the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Fuller was a graduate of the class of 1910. After completing his preparatory course here he attended the Teachers' Bible Training School in New York City, graduating in 1913. While there he was elected president of the student body organization. He was president of his class in 1909 and also president of the Alexandrian Society in 1908. He is now the president of the Alumni Association of the S. P. C. 1917-18.

During the year 1913, he was assistant religious director and in 1914, became Religious secretary, which position he has since held. At the Y. M. Mr. Fuller is busy from early morn until late at night, yet never too weary to give an encouraging word or a cheery smile to the one in need.

This summer when Seattle, the famous Y. M. C. A. camp, opens, will find Mr. Fuller in charge, until the return of Mr. Arr Allen, now in France with the Y. M. So efficiently has Mr. Fuller discharged his duties and so effective has he been in his work here in the local Y. M. C. A. that it is possible he will soon be sent across to do his bit in the hats of the Y. M. "Over There."

I he very sure
That no man will learn anything at all,
Unless he first will learn humility.

EDWIN J. FULLER
to and including the year 1905. Then there was a lapse until the year 1910. Two went out from this class. Another lapse of three years when the missionary call was answered by two from the class of 1913. There have been no representatives sent out to the foreign field from classes since that date. However, we understand that a representative from the class of 1908 and another from the class of 1910 are planning to go out this fall.

Remembering the missionary purpose of the school, may we express the hope that we will in the future place more emphasis on our fundamental purpose and aim and seek to create in the hearts of our students a greater missionary zeal. One of the ways in which we will bring about this desired result will be by a deeper prayer life on the part of each individual member, not and including the year 1910.

Books are delightful when prosperity happily smiles; when adversity threatens, they are inseparable comforters. They give strength to human compacts nor are grave opinions brought forward without books. Arts and sciences, the benefits of which no mind can calculate, depend upon our fundamental purpose and aim and seek to create in the hearts of our students a greater missionary zeal. One of the ways in which we will bring about this desired result will be by a deeper prayer life on the part of each individual member, not only of our Alumni, but of our faculty and students at the school.

E. J. FULLER, President '18.
Miss Ellen Kindig, '06, has been a member of the Commercial Department of the school this year. We are informed that Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Puffer have offered themselves for service on the foreign field where they expect to go to India.

Miss Grace Droz, '10, is attending Cheney Normal this year. Miss Florence Alberts, '17, for the last nine months has been teaching in Cloverland, Washington. She contemplates attending the Bellingham Normal this year.

We are sorry to note that on account of Rev. John Logan's failing health, he is unable to fill a pastorate this year. He has just left for Alaska, in hopes the trip may prove beneficial to him.

We have had the pleasure of having Miss Mattie Peterson, '02, returned Missionary from China, as a member of the Bible Class this year. She will leave for China again some time during the last of August or the first of September.

Miss Celestine Tucker, '17, of Portland, Oregon, gave up her maiden dreams, to become the wife of Mr. George Allen, of this city. They expect to make Seattle their future home.

The class of 1917, welcome Miss Dorothy Irene Leise, as an honorary member to their class. She is the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leise.

Tressa E. Marsh became weary of single blessedness and without telling any one decided to try her hand at cooking for two. We were sorry to learn that in a recent accident, Tressa's husband was seriously injured, his arm being broken in two places and quite badly crushed.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Kimble are now rejoicing over the advent of a baby girl to their home.

Miss Mary Irene Stipe, '17, feeling her need of a change and rest, after being a Senior, permitted Mr. Ralph Rock to take her for a wedding trip.

Addie L. Cook is now a member of the faculty at the Los Angeles Seminary, Hermom, California.

Letha Jones, Eleanor McLaughlin, Violet Haviland, Floyd Hopper and Althea Marston, all have left their single stations in life and are filling double ones.

Jack Wood, '14, is a member of the Aviation Corps, in Texas.

Lois Catton, '12, is teaching this year in Alaska.

William Aldridge, '13, toured to Seattle, on his wedding trip last summer.

HELEN GRIFFS.

TESTED FAITH

Has God forgotten to be kind?
Can we no longer mercy find
With His sovereign will?

Dark waves of bitter anguish roll,
Which flood the depths of every soul
And seek to do us ill.

Our troubled souls, through every blast,
But faith still stands and anchors fast
To the enduring Rock.

The Star of Hope shines through the dark,
And guides the way of our frail bark,
Though fierce the tempest's shock.

These point to God's eternal love,
And show, by testing, He will prove
Our loyalty to Him;
'Tis in the furnace He designs
To perfect weakness, and refines
The soul He seeks to win.

Because our trust in God alone,
Our refuge, His eternal Son,
Great Shepherd of the sheep,
He will be near when troubles press,
And when our souls are in distress,
His angels shall us keep.

And since on Him our love is set,
And His great love has paid our debt,
A song of praise we'll sing;
Then faith shall shine more clear and bright,
And through the darkest, deepest night,
A glad Amen will bring.

NANCY C. MERRITT.

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

Speak low to me, my Savior, low and sweet,
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Verne L. Damon is our representative of the 1918 Senior class of Seattle Pacific College. He is a minister's son, born in Orleans, Nebraska. He entered the primary grades at Glenville, Minn., and at eight years of age joined the Free Methodist Church at the same place. He took eighth grade work at Orleans Seminary and academic work at Greenville, Illinois. A great ambition to become a college professor manifested itself and Verne began to teach school. He was then sixteen years of age. He taught four winters in South Dakota, besides teaching Ancient and Modern History one year in Wessington Springs Seminary. After moving out West, he was granted a local preacher's license in 1912 by the Oregon Conference. He taught school three years in Cowlitz County, Wash., the last year of which he was principal of the public school at Ostrander, Wash. His great ambition to become a professor was now realized. Mr. Damon then became a student during two summers at the University of Washington. He continued his college work at the Seattle Pacific College for two years, during the first year of which he married Myra M. Burns. Another great ambition of his life was thus fulfilled. He was also president of the Associated Students of the College in the same year. He has now concluded his college course at S. P. C. and passed an important milestone in his educational career. We are proud of him and it is an achievement of which he may be justly proud; this accomplishment of our upper classman will serve as an active stimulus to the rest of us who are on the way.

(Continued on Page 27.)

We, the Junior class, can have some appreciation of how Adam, the first man, must have felt before he lost his rib. That is to say, very much alone. As to other comparisons, we have no further comment. At the beginning of the school year, our class consisted of two members, but this was reduced to one at the close of the first term. The sole remaining member has loyally stood by the colors and still retains his place.

In a retrospective glance over the school year, we would say that our association with the student body has been most pleasant, while the instructors have been a constant inspiration to us. Junior hikes, class meetings, and other affairs have been largely dispensed with for obvious reasons, but otherwise we believe we have been in the thick of the battle, maintaining our ground, and playing our part according to the best traditions of the school. Most of all, the ready knowledge and scholastic attainments of our illustrious Senior, have constantly inspired us to strive for higher heights in the realm of learning. We look forward to the Senior year with confidence.

SOPHOMORE COLLEGE

Just three! But, oh, what a hard working trio. With the exception of the College Senior class ours has been the busiest of any class in school. Each one is a member of the executive committee, each holds offices in the associated student body, and each has been actively engaged in the work of the Cascade.
deed, the timely suggestions and kindly advice of Mr. Root, the 
president of the associated student body, have done a great deal 
toward the success of our Annual. Our class is thoroughly or-
ganized, each member having two offices. Besides his regular 
college work and the duties devolving upon him as business man-
ager, Mr. Hill has made record time in completing a course in 
wireless telegraphy at the Y. M. C. A. In addition to the regular 
college work, duties of editor-in-chief of the Cascade, Miss Hazel 
Alberts has been secretary of the associated student body. But, 
in spite of all our outside duties we have enjoyed our college work 
this year. We have proved that "life is real, life is earnest," but 
we have learned so to mingle pleasure and duty that the one is 
not excessive nor the other arduous.

COLLEGE FRESHMEN NOTES

Freshmen! Our high school course is ended, and once again 
we are classed as "verdant Freshmen." But we find it a delight-
ful change in spite of the greenish hue.

The college freshmen class opened the year with an enroll-
ment of eight members and with but one exception each of us 
has plodded steadily along.

Writing two and three English themes a week affords un-
usual daily exercise and calls into play all our dormant faculties. 
The tasks which we formerly considered difficult we now sur-
mount with ease.

So engrossed were we in solving logarithms in "Trig." and 
in the pursuit of our other studies, we were unaware of the peril 
of one of our members. We noted the change—but too late. 
Cupid had succeeded in piercing her heart—while we stood idly 
by. Class meetings were called and secretly we tried to decide 
what the occasion demanded. So it happened Miss Rose of '17 
one day was hurriedly called into Room 1, where she was pre-
sented with a sterling silver carving set as a token of our esteem 
for "her and her's."

From among the many delightful times enjoyed by the Fresh-
men class our trip to Fisher Flouring Mills stands out in 
singular pre-eminence. We left the campus with our 
chaperon, Mrs. Robb, about one-thirty, arriving at our 
destination an hour later. Here we were escorted through 
the mills by a congenial young man, who patiently 
explained us concerning the intricate details in manufacturing flour. 
After seeing and examining the whole process, we wended (as 
they say in poetry, I believe) our way toward the West Seattle 
Ferry. We reached the city about six P. M.

Upon our arrival on the campus, we were immediately halted 
by one of the "prep girls," who wanted to shoot us with her little 
Brownie, much to the confusion of our timid members, especially 
"The Little Martin Boy" who gasped, "Well, it didn't hurt, after 
all."

Is it any wonder that from last year's class 50 per cent of us 
returned to pursue college careers at the S. P. C.? For S. P. C. 
is the best school in the Northwest.

(Continued from Page 24.)

During his two year sojourn with us, Mr. Damon has been 
active in the promotion of all branches of college activities, and 
we have appreciated his presence, his pleasant ways, and shy 
shyness. Most of all, he has set for us an example worthy of 
 emulation in the consistent and thorough manner in which he 
has responded in class recitation. Always prepared, he could be 
always depended on for a satisfactory answer; an admirable trait. 
Mr. Damon has also seemed especially interested in vocal music— 
allen—and the melodious strains of his d-desire to 
sing have often charmed us. We venture the humble opinion that he has 
a bright future along that line.

We all have our ambitions; some of them are mild and reason-
able; some of them are wild and extravagant. Some, we out-
grow before accomplished, but some are fulfilled, and we fancy 
that we can see the beam of satisfaction in the eye of Verne as 
he receives his well-earned diploma from the hand of our presi-
dent this year. We are glad that he has been with us and we 
with him all success in the future.
ACADEMIC SENIORS

WILLIS LIGHTLE
Entered 1915. Scientific course. Pres. class; member Phils, chorus.
"Like the oak on the mountains, deeply rooted and firm, Erect when the multitudes bend to the storm."

ALICE STIPE
Entered 1915. Scientific course. Sec. class; member of Althepians.
"Smiling in the morning, Smiling all the day; Smiling, smiling always In her own sweet way."

WINIFRED DEVEREAUX
Entered 1917. General course. Member Althepians; chorus.
"As pure as a pearl, and as perfect; A noble and innocent girl."

ALICE CATHEY
Entered 1913; re-entered 1918. Classical course. Vice-pres. class; chorus; member Althepians.
"Sunny she is, full of fun; Truly a friend to be loved."

DAISY SLAUGHTER
 Entered 1917. Scientific course. Member Althepians.
"In her blue eyes so bright and wise, we see that true worth is shining."

ALMA NELSON
Entered 1915. Classical course. Member Althepians.
"Eulogized with principles both just and good, And for these principles she bravely stood."

NELLIE LANE
Entered 1917. Member Althepians and chorus.
"And still the wonder grows, That one small head can carry all she knows."

HAROLD LANE
Entered 1917. Class treas. Member Phils.
"In thy face I see the map of honor, truth and loyalty."

BESSIE MILEHAM
Entered 1917. Classical course.
"A perfect woman, nobly planned; To warm, to comfort, to command."
LOIS KING  
Entered 1917. Classical course. Member Althepians.  
"A maid of true and loyal character."

BEULAH KING  
Entered 1917. Scientific course. Member Althepians.  
"A quiet worker, always on the job."

CARRIE MILLS  
Entered 1912. Classical course.  
"Earnest study procures results."

ETNA FOSKET  
Entered 1917. General course. Member Phi Mu, chorus.  
"A steady, sober sort of gentleman."

CLASS POEM

FAREWELL TO S. P. C.

Four short years have swiftly passed  
Into eternity,  
Since we first as Freshmen class  
Entered the S. P. C.

With each succeeding year of toil  
Our love still stronger grew,  
Until affection's endless coil  
United us and you.

We trust when thrust on Life's broad wave  
To follow our own course through,  
Full many a heartache we may save  
By lessons learned from you.

You've raised our maxims and ideals  
Unto a higher plane,  
The gratitude each Senior feels  
Eternal shall remain.

We're glad for all advantages  
Of true Christianity,  
For here we're free from ravages  
Of Infidelity.

We've learned to trust in God above,  
In every time of need.  
He's proved to be a God of love  
When His commands we heed.

Now we're equipped to storm life's tide  
By all we've learned from thee,  
Farewell, dear friend so true and tried,  
Farewell, dear S. P. C.  
BEULAH B. KING
SENIOR REPORT

A stranger in the school looking at certain dignified persons (labeled Seniors) would hardly believe that four years ago these same young people were as verdant and bashful as—well certain Freshmen that we might mention, but will charitably refrain. We can sit now and calmly smile over what at one time was tragic. Perhaps the most horrible thing in school life is the first time we walk into Assembly Hall alone. Every eye seems centered upon us, and of course something is wrong with our hair or clothes, or in trying to appear entirely nonchalant we fumble with our pencil and it falls to the floor, and, horrors! everyone titters and the distance to our seats seems to be little less than a mile, while the closer we get to it the farther it seems to slide from us. With our countenances reflecting the glory of the rising sun, we stumble along, fairly falling into our seats, as into the kind arms of a benefactor. And yet, now, seeing certain fair ones in a similar predicament, we can smile at their agony, forgetting the tragedy it is to them, and seeing only the comedy it is to us.

It is a decided shock to think of those days, and the present ones. Calm, cool, quiet, dignified, are just the names for us.

Our first class meeting this semester was a grand success. Did you ever get a live, jolly bunch together and not have a good time? Mr. Willis Lightle, our former president, was immediately and unanimously re-elected; Miss Alice Cathey, who entered in January, was allowed to be vice president if she'd promise to be real good. Miss Alice Stipe was re-elected secretary; Mr. Harold Lane, treasurer; Miss Daisy Slaughter (don't be alarmed, she isn't as dangerous as she sounds), representative to Associated Students; Mr. Etna Foskett, marshal, and Miss Alice Cathey, Cascade reporter.

The semester has been a very busy one, indeed, for the Seniors, so the holidays and good times we had planned had to be given up. We can hardly wait until the evening we shall have our grand entertainment by the Junior class. Already we girls are fighting among ourselves for the honor of escorting Lawrence Sharp and Lewis Foskett, the Junior boys.

The class was very pleasantly entertained Monday evening, May 6th, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Tiffany. We appreciate the kindness to us.

And then the Senior Reception, perhaps one of the most thrilling events in the life of a student. Did you ever notice how friendly everyone is toward the Senior class about this time of the year? Don't bite—when your turn comes. It's not be-
And for every graduation
There's so many things to do,
Worst of all is that oration
Which so often makes me blue.

Most all folks have many troubles,
Others do, as well as me,
So my energy redoubles,
And harder then I'll work, don't you see?

Beulah B. King.

CLASS WILL

We, the Class of 1918, of Seattle Pacific College, being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament, to wit:

First—We give to the Faculty our grateful thanks for carefully piloting us through the stormy seas of our High School career.

Second—To the Juniors—Our seats in Assembly Hall, with the loving admonition that they spend at least one-third of their study periods in said seats.

Third—To the lower classmen—Our worthy example—take heart, we were as you are, when we were young.

Fourth—To the Commercial department—the privilege of having our pictures adorn your walls.

Fifth—To the College Students—some of our classmates—watch over them carefully—they are precious.

Sixth—To Dorothy Dingle and Catherine Lund—Two of our priceless Senior boys. Note—This is a real sacrifice.

Seventh—To a Junior Girl—Our third and last Senior boy.

Eighth—To Ruby Stipe—Her sister's charming manner and winning ways.

Ninth—To the lonely paths and campus of S. P. C, the memory of days when Class '18 wandered hither and yon, shedding sweet fragrance of wisdom in her wake.

Tenth and last—To our beloved Alma Mater—our sincere love, and endless devotion to the Halls of learning where we accumulated the vast amount of knowledge that we now possess.

Signed, sealed, published, and delivered as and for our last will and testament.

CLASS 1918.
JUNIORS

The Juniors of this year are now standing on the threshold of their last year at S. P. C. It is with mingled feelings of joy in our accomplishments and sadness over our departure that we are waiting to enter that door which will mark the zenith of our high school life. What will our career as Seniors be? Can our past history at all reveal what our future will be? Perhaps!

The class of '19 certainly showed its shrewdness by the selection of this year's officers. Our president, Margaret Mathewson; vice president, Carol Fussel; secretary, Irene Squire, and treasurer, Lewis Fiskett, are in every way capable of their positions.

Nineteen-eighteen has certainly been a pleasant year for the Juniors. The evening at Catherine Lund's home, and the hike to Fort Lawton will always be remembered as two of the most important dates in the history of the class of '19. The Christmas program, given entirely by the Juniors, was a fine success. We were pleased to see so many visitors present and to hear their remarks of appreciation.

Always something new! You may depend upon it, that if the Junior class is going to do anything it will have something new and attractive to present. You will find this true of the Junior-Senior entertainment. But—hush! It's a secret!

L. E. S.
FRESHMEN

President, Elmer Trepus; treasurer, Ruth Maxwell, secretary, Elvina Meehan; Cascade reporter, Muriel Britten.

Class Colors—Old rose and gray.
Class Motto—B 2.
Class Flower—Four-leaf clover.

The Freshmen mustered up several good, jolly hikes this year, which all who attended enjoyed very much. The first hike was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Roberts when we went to the Locks (not Silco, however), which are now inaccessible. The two most important features of the great lunch were the facts that M. Corde, then our president, did the serving, and the exceptionally good salad was made by "Everyone's Favorite," Mrs. Rose.

Another interesting hike was chaperoned by "Our Champion," Mr. Beegle. We had a splendid time roasting weiners and marshmallows, but we didn't get to sleep very early that evening because everyone drank too much of the rarely tasted stimulant—coffe.

There have been a few changes in the membership of the Freshmen class, but we still, as at the beginning of the year, consist of the "Select Seventeen."

EIGHTH GRADE

THE GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT

The grammar department is one of the liveliest in the school. It has enrolled forty-three students during the school year, of which fifteen are graduates. We feel very proud that we have successfully laid a firm foundation for our future education. We have had a pleasant time pursuing our studies with earnestness and willingness, desiring to do well. We have also had a great many more hikes than any other department in S. P. C. We enjoyed our lunches on the beaches of Magnolia and Fontleroy, also boating and eating roasted weiners and toasted marshmallows, to say nothing of several unscheduled adventures of scaling cliffs and falling back to try again. We are looking forward to enlarging the enrollment and to better equipments, and are expecting to accomplish more in the future than in the past. The eighth grade graduates are an organized class, with a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and a Cascade reporter.

W. H.
COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

This is the first year that the Seattle Pacific College has announced a full course in commercial branches. Up to the present time only bookkeeping has been offered. For the fall term were added to the equipment of the business department ten new commercial desks of the latest design, two more type-writers and a Dalton Adding Machine.

An experienced instructor from Chicago was secured as principal of the department who has had practical experience in merchandising and banking circles.

We are glad to announce that there have been enrolled in the main courses of the department eighteen students, while a large number that are enrolled in the other branches of the school have been taking typewriting.

Aside from their regular work, some of the students have helped throughout the year in the clerical work of the school. Dorothy Ongie has acted in this capacity, serving as private secretary to the President of the College.

All were enthusiastic volunteers in the "Great Spring Drive" to lift the load of indebtedness from the school. Whenever the drive workers rushed in with a great number of letters and circulars that must go out on the next mail—instantly the tranquil (Continued on Page 43.)

JUNE, 1918

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

At the opening of our last Semester we were glad to hear that our Expression teacher, Mrs. O. A. Burns, would be with us for the remainder of the year. This announcement gave pleasure, not only to those who had been obliged to fearfully take their places in rhetoricals, but also to those who felt the need of special instruction in the art of public speaking. Therefore you might readily know we were glad to hear that a general course in public speaking was to be given, as well as lessons in private instruction. And as we have taken up the work and are now fast approaching the close of the year it is with a feeling of appreciation that we anticipate the privilege of being able to sum up the benefits derived from this field so new to our experience.

Although at present there may be small signs of a Booth, a Webster, a Henry, or a Clay still it would be hard to prophecy what the outcome of these small beginnings may chance to be.

As for the results obtained we will leave it for those who shall have the opportunity to attend the Expression program, to form their own conclusions.

J. M. R.
we were given a parole extending through Christmas and New Years.

Again we hauled up our anchor, and set sail for “Port Examination No. 3,” which we entered January 23rd.

Our ship was pronounced ready for further sailing, so we donned our colors in splendor, preparatory for dress parade, February 8th, on which elate the sophomore program, in honor of Lincoln’s Birthday, was given.

Only ten days later, Edwin H. Frink, who has rendered our ship excellent service, was called from us, to his home in Fishburn, Alberta, where he took up the duties of a “Canadian rancher.”

We touched shore no more for some time, but meanwhile, we were not without activities on board our ship. For instance, we each wrote a sermonette on “The Character of the American Sunday.” Later we each produced an essay on “The Future of Alaska.” Soon we turned in some very remarkable book reports, in which we all became famous writers, and noted travelers.

Gordon Thayer’s famous speech on “Hooverizing” was quoted, in which he exhorts all to buy hard, cheap candy, rather than luscious chocolates, since the hard candies are so much cheaper and last much longer. We also learned the art of Domestic Science. Our famous baker, Lloyd Ritchie, explained carefully the art of bread-making, although Minnie Rex objected somewhat to his method. Ruby Stipe expounded a plan for “constructing” ice cream, but, upon a dispute over a minor phase, it was agreed upon that Charlie Phillips and Ruby should each serve their shipmates with ice cream made according to their own plan. It is needless to say all disputing ceased. Charlie heroically memorized and recited to us a summary of a chapter on exposition, impaired and recited to us a summary of a chapter on exposition, improved.

Having been absent from shore for some time, we entered “Port Examination, No. 3,” March 29th, and came out much improved.

April brought tranquil days and moonlight nights, which exhilarated our spirits immensely. Accordingly, April 26th, our entire crew, including our pilot and his wife, landed on the shores of Lake Washington, at a harbor called “Atlantic City,” accompanied by Professor and Mrs. Roberts and twenty other of our good friends. Delicious coffee, roasted weiners, and toasted marshmallows, sandwiches and cookies, bananas, etc., trimmed us up in good condition, and the rowing on the lake left in our hearts pleasant memories, which will never be forgotten.

We have now set sail once more, and are preparing to make our final landing for the year 1917-18, at “Port Examination No.

1. Having safely embarked there, we shall feel we are “monarchs of all we survey.” We do not, by any means, intend to discontinue our course there, but we are then granted another furlough for three months; but in September we shall all return with a reinforced crew, to broaden our knowledge of the waters, and set our good ship, “Class ’20,” afloat in the great sea of “Juniors.”

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued from Page 40.)

class room was changed into one of the busiest offices in the city. Post haste, the work was done!

We would not leave you with the impression, from our above candid assertions of their merits, that our students are one-sided in their development. They take second place to no one in the athletics and recreations of the school. Our C. S. boys are the strength of the college basketball team, and we have a team in tennis that has held the undisputed championship throughout the season.

Our class hike, as anticipated for the near future, is to be to Ravenna Park, the beautiful natural park of Seattle, about three miles from the school. We will take our lunch, of course, and spend a whole day in frolic together before we separate at the close of school to go our various ways in the world of action.

And I wonder the ways! They are not boastful of themselves. You would think by their practice advertisements that they were all going to turn book agents, then you would change your mind and decide that they were going to be everything from shoe merchants to hatters. Then when they went to writing letters you made up your mind that they might be anything from grocery bookkeepers to bakers. But sometimes they unknowingly betray their secret hopes and ambitions—as by asking if it would be allowable to put their practice ads. in the daily paper “just for fun.” And one young lady has been collecting advertisements pertaining to improved fixtures for automobiles to take home to California on her vacation.

But again—to speak seriously, the Commercial Department will ever be counted one of the greatest assets to the school. They enter into their studies with as much enthusiasm as they do their play. Time does not hang heavy on their hands.

If they enter into their life work, and we have no reason to doubt, with as much good will as they have manifested in their study and practice work, the doors of opportunity and success will swing wide at their approach.
In these days of war and bloodshed when so many of our boys are "over there," and our President has called for the cooperation of every man, woman, and child, there is no place for the one who lives for self.

We all have great plans for the future when we have spent our last day of school life and go out into the wide world, then—ah, what an enviable career will we carve for ourselves.

But what of the months and even years of preparation which lie between us and that eagerly anticipated time? Are we so absorbed in our own life and plans that we have no time or thought for others? Alas, it is but too natural to so completely lose ourselves in the thoughts of our own education and our own problems that our minds become oblivious to the needs of those around us. And what is a true education? Is it not that which, along with the development of our minds, teaches us to recognize the good in others, to understand and know how to help them, that which teaches us how to serve our fellow men? This definition does not narrow, nor does it limit the value and advantages of an education. On the contrary it supplies the largest possible field of development and opportunity; it includes within its scope every variety of occupation or profession.

Each must learn the lesson for himself. Fortunately a wealth of daily opportunities is daily offered. We are closely associated with our fellow students, and can to a certain extent understand their difficulties, smooth the rough places, and encourage the disheartened. Often a few moments of friendly conversation are the means of lifting one above his disagreeable thoughts into a world of new and pleasant associations. The knowledge that
someone is interested, that someone cares, relieves the loneliness, the homesick feelings, and brings with it an atmosphere of sunshine and friendliness. Expressions of appreciation for our instructors lighten the multiplied duties of both teacher and pupil.

But if we may help others in our school life, so may we bring joy and sunshine to those whom we meet in the church and in the community. We are not as closely associated with these, as with our school friends, but small things may bring great results.

The cheery countenance, the pleasant smile, the encouraging word, the friendly glance; did you ever stop to consider what these can do?

But, after all, does it really pay—this life for others. Ah, who can conceive of the great reward? We are told by one who has made a thorough study of the question that, “He that saiveth his life shall lose it,” is a doctrine quite as applicable in the school as in the church. On the other hand, if we live for those around us, if we are thoughtful of their welfare, we become self-forgetful. Thus we have an ever increasing supply of happiness, for it becomes natural to seek, almost involuntarily, a remedy for unpleasantness.

“Cram into a mind all possible knowledge, leave it untouched by this vital influence, and the life will remain narrow and unprofitable.”

A WORD OF SYMPATHY

In the first week in April Professor M. R. Roberts was called to his home in Chicago, by the death of his father. Most sincerely do we extend to Professor and Mrs. Roberts our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of bereavement. We are aware that words are inadequate in times of grief, but we know that Professor and Mrs. Roberts are acquainted with the source of all real comfort, our Father in heaven.

It is to be regretted that this paper must go to press before Bishop Pearce is heard in a series of meetings which begin the latter part of May. We look forward to a spiritual feast and believe God will make him a blessing in helping to establish those who go from these Christian surroundings to their various occupations for the summer vacation.

BUS. MGR. NOTE.—On account of present conditions we owe an apology to our patrons for the reduction of the size of our paper.

The religious work in Seattle Pacific College receives more emphasis than any other phase of school activities. An unusually large number of spiritual men have been secured to speak to the students. Outgoing missionaries, ministers and laymen have brought inspiration to the school that will doubtless bear fruit in the years to come.

In September of last year a College course in Bible was offered to students and outside friends. A number of the prominent ladies of the community who joined the class evidenced their interest and appreciation by their faithful attendance four times a week. Dr. Tiffany's able teaching of the Word received many commendatory expressions.

The first semester was brightened by several interesting and helpful addresses. Dr. G. D. Watson, the noted minister and
author, gave the best exposition of the first Psalm that it has
been our privilege to hear.

Our highly esteemed friend, Rev. A. L. Whitcomb, of Oska­
loosa, Iowa, spoke to the students both in the autumn and spring.
By many illustrations he showed the difference between material
and spiritual ownership of an object. In his April address he
crowded a remarkable number of thoughts into a twenty minute
talk on a "Friend of God." Here is one thought, to be a friend
of God is to be a friend of all of God’s friends.

Mrs. Witteman, Superintendent of the Olive Branch Mis­
sion, has very kindly given the Saturday night meeting over to
the students of the College. Messrs. Mann, Trepus, Bishop and
Root each have charge one evening a month. During the Christ­
mas vacation Messrs. Root and Bishop held revival meetings at
the mission. The Lord blessed their efforts and the Superin­
tendent felt that she had chosen spiritual and efficient young men
for that meeting.

The College was fortunate in securing for a special address
the popular lecturer known as "Burns from the Mountains." Jim­
es A. Burns is lecturing under the direction of the Ellison­
White Lyceum Bureau. The story of his long years of arduous,
patient toil to establish a Christian school among feud cursed
ignorant mountaineers of Kentucky; the story of the many years
of teaching on a meager salary in which the primary teacher
received as much as the President of the school; the story of the
first student that went from that school to take up a higher
education and their return to share the burdens of teaching; the
story of the light that broke on the people of the mountains
scattering the blight of hatred and revenge: this story told in
Burns’ own manly yet pathetic way made one feel that from that
day the world must be made brighter and better even in the dis­

The subject of Christian Education received special attention
during the CAMPAIGN for raising money to clear the indebted­
ness on the College. Bishop Sellew, of Jamestown, N. Y.; Revs.
W. B. Ohmstead, Wessington Springs, S. D.; L. Glen Lewis, Mac­
Pherson, Kansas; F. L. Baker, Spring Arbor, Michigan; O. E.
Tiffany and B. J. Vincent, Seattle, Wash., were the speakers and workers in this successful "drive".

The students took a special interest in this effort to raise the funds necessary to clear the school indebtedness. A number of the older members of our body circulated subscription blanks and received pledges from different ones. As the campaign advanced an increasing interest was manifested. Many of the students doubled their subscriptions and others were inspired to give until the total amount reached the high figure of $1,610.

The feature which has attracted the widest notice is the "SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS" conducted by Rev. Joseph H. Smith, of Redlands, California. Two sessions were held, one in November and the other in April. In the first series the morning subject was a "study of the Bible spiritually," while the afternoon meetings were devoted to the study of "spiritual things Scripturally." Most of the April studies were in I and II Corinthians. Many friends and ministers attended these special meetings. The Holy Spirit was made welcome and many students and visitors received spiritual help.

We have three students who are making special preparation for the ministry and who devote their Sundays either in preaching at a regular appointment or supplying where needed. John M. Root is a member of the Columbia River Conference. J. R. Bishop and Maximo Conde are members of the Washington Conference. A number of others who have not joined the conference are actively engaged in religious work.

A sunrise prayer meeting which is attended by the members of the faculty and students meets in the chapel. A students' prayer meeting is held each morning just before assembly. The Wednesday noon Missionary Prayer Band and the Sunday afternoon Mission and Bible Study Class are an important part of our religious work.

VERNE LA DUE DAMON, '18.

God hath sworn to lift on high who sinks himself by true humility.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life of love
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

Prof. R.—"Kommen Sie hier!"
Robert R. (wrathfully) —"I did comb it."

If one looks over the history of mankind and notices the important part that music has played in human evolution and progress he cannot fail to be convinced of the truth of the opinion that music is not a luxury, but a necessity. We do not appreciate music in our country as we should. Our minds are too taken up with other work to pay attention to the long neglected Muse of music.

The Seattle Pacific College, realizing the importance of this art, has a well developed musical department under the direction of Mr. H. W. McKinley. Music is one of the greatest educators of the world, also an important element of modern culture. We hold that it gives one the proper degree of necessary refinement.
Credit is given all pupils for work which is done up to standard.
Next year we anticipate a still more profitable year.
Nothing could take the place of vocal music at our S. P. C.
On every hike, in every service and on every program are the ever inspiring strains of music to brighten the occasion.
Christmas morning a number of the students met at the church at half past four and caroled around the immediate vicinity and upon Queen Anne Hill. They received many treats and much appreciative applause.
Our chorus, which is composed of about fifty voices, many having never had any previous training, have learned a cantata, "The Rose Maiden," by R. E. Franellon, and composed by Frederic H. Cowen. They have also learned an oratorio by Handel, "The Messiah." This is his best known and most successful oratorio. All the students look forward with pleasure to the Wednesday evening chorus practices. We spend many a happy evening together. Although we work hard we enjoy it, for we have a very proficient and experienced director, Mr. William W. Cathy.

ATHLETICS
Athletics is one of the most important avocations in school life. It infuses loyalty and a spirit of fairness and helps to make better men and women of those who take part.
Our athletic activities this year were not as great as could be wished, for most of the boys were busy working, to cut down expenses. We have a good equipment for outdoor basketball and the boys who do not play tennis have taken a great interest in the game.
Tennis has been the chief athletic sport here this year. We have two good courts; one for regular tennis and one for lawn tennis. It is generally understood that the grass court will be fixed up as a regular court for next year. Last fall, just after school commenced, the students started to play tennis. At first it was pretty hard to determine just who was the best player or who the winning team would be, but Miss Willa Corson, from sunny southern California, soon won the place as champion in singles in all the classes except the college. Miss Minnie Rex, it is understood, held the championship last year. She did not arrive this year until after school had started. A game between the two champions was inevitable and after preliminary practice they played a close, exciting set, Miss Corson winning by a score of 6-4. It is to be regretted that Miss Corson is not playing this spring, but she is successfully completing a two years' commercial course in one year and says she is too busy to practice.
The most interesting match in the tournament was the one between Miss Dorothy Dingle and Morton Robinson. Miss Dingle’s lobs, skimming at express speed a bare inch over the net, are offset only by Robinson’s backhand cuts and placing. Robinson used a good cut-curve, but Miss Dingle rarely, if ever, failed to pick it up with a speedy lob return. Both players are safe and steady and would rather play on a sure thing than take chances. The match will be won by winning two out of three sets. The first set was won by Miss Dingle; score 6–4. Then Robinson began to play all over the court and won the next set after the closest playing ever seen on the court; score 19–17. The winner of the remaining set will probably have to work as hard or harder. The last score stood 6–6 when the players had to quit on account of the bell for dinner. They did not finish the set in time for the Annual.

The tournament championship will lie between the winner of this set and Rauch Bardell. General opinion says that Bardell will be champion, but it is a matter of conjecture only.

The commercial department has a fairly good tennis team in Miss Corson and Steele. The two have never yet been beaten in a set of doubles, though they have come perilously near it at times. Some of the college and faculty members are crack players, notably Harold Mann, Verne Damon and Burton Beagle.

This spring a tennis club was organized and given control of the court. Mr. Roberts, who is the commercial instructor and generally conceded to be the most formidable tennis “shark” in the school, was chosen as president. Willis Lightle, another good player who is not playing much on account of heavy school work, was elected vice president. Miss Corson is the secretary and treasurer and A. P. Steele the custodian.

The future glows bright for athletics in the S. P. C. Our swiftly vanishing school debt, our aggressive president and the general interest taken in this branch of school activities insures a stable line of athletics in the near future.

Arthur P. Steele.

Otos L. went into a barber shop one day and after waiting almost a half-hour for his turn finally said to the barber:

“Say, how long do I have to wait for a shave?”

The barber looked at him critically for a moment and replied: “About three years.”

Mrs. R.—“Doesn’t it give you a terrible feeling when you run over a man?”

Dr. T.—“Well, if it is a large man it does give one quite a jolt.”

Teacher—“Luella, run up that shade.”

Luella S.—“Impossible.”
The Althepian Literary Society had its first organization several years ago, and has since been a great asset to the social side of school life. During the preceding year the society was temporarily buried, but the last semester of this year saw its resurrection which, we hope, will be permanent. We had talked and planned about re-establishing the Altheps—but we were all quite surprised to hear the announcement for all girls to meet in Room II. And were we there? We certainly were, with bells,—for you know when there's anything that promises a little excitement and change the girls are always on hand. Miss Helen Griggs acted as temporary chairman and introduced the idea of again organizing. Surely we never appreciate our home talent unit! it is thrust to the front. Miss Griggs was brilliant and clever, and succeeded in making the meeting so intensely interesting that in three minutes every girl in the room was full of enthusiasm. Amid much excitement the following officers were elected for the year:

President—Miss Helen Griggs.
Vice-President—Miss Hazel Alberts.
Secretary—Miss Alice Stipe.
Treasurer—Miss Willa Corson.
Cascade Reporter—Miss Alice Cathey.
Honorary Faculty Member—Mrs. Roberts.

We had our first meeting in the parlor of the girls hall the following Friday. The room was crowded and it is needless to say that we had a jolly, profitable social time. We are quite proud of our Althep girls.

Mrs. Roberts is our faculty member. We greatly esteem her and appreciate the interest she has shown in our welfare.

Revival meetings and programs have interfered so constantly that we have been unable to have further club meetings. But we feel that in re-organizing the girls society, we have done something for which the future of the school will always be grateful.

We expect to have our President and Vice-President with us again next year, to make the Althepian Literary Society the grand success and social feature for the girls that it has been in the past. And our esteemed brothers—the Phils—will have to work hard to keep up with us.
The Philopolemical Debating Society is not a new young men's club but the former one resurrected; and patrons and students acquainted with college activities in the past remember, no doubt, its purpose and accomplishments. If it has not had so successful or auspicious a season as it has in the past, or will have in the future, the cause has not been lack of purpose, or ideals, or hopes.

There was no club last year but with those in whom the memory of former "Phil" achievements was recalled, the need and value of such a club was apparent and the society was subsequently reorganized in January. Officers were elected by the direct primary method; all students sixteen years old and above wishing to join were allowed to vote. Well, to refrain from lengthening a short story, Cyril Hill was elected president, Deane Martin, vice-president, and Ray Maxwell, Winfred Thuline, Willis Lightle, and James Bishop elected to the respective offices of secretary, treasurer, musical director, and chaplain. The old constitution was brought forth and revised and though the command, "Thou shalt meet every Friday night" was inserted, it was transgressed with impunity whenever a hike or other function demanded attendance on the designated night, due probably to the preponderance of social rather than literary instincts, especially on the approach of spring.

While in the struggle for existence the Phils sometimes suffered, we hope to have a running start for next year and the more mature minds will endeavor to impress upon the disinterested the value of participating in literary assemblies and the rare training that results from practice in speaking and thinking before others.

It has not been exclusively a debating society, but we have endeavored to make it of general literary and educational value to the members. In our first meeting, largely impromptu, our president gave his inaugural address and the other officers swore (took the oath of office).

One night a grave case was thrust upon us. Two of the younger lads of the dormitory had run away without the permission of their guardian, Mr. Bishop, and had spent the evening in the city. We resolved ourselves into a court of justice, for the purpose of prosecuting the transgressors, by appointing a judge, prosecuting attorney and an attorney for the defence; and of the remaining members impaneled a jury. The defendants, accused of general insubordination, pleaded guilty after sufficient
evidence had been introduced by witnesses, and the jury was asked to prescribe a line of procedure for the chastisement of the guilty that they might be brought to see the error of their ways. The "line of procedure" was formed of the members of the jury between the legs of whom the sentenced juveniles were compelled to crawl while that form of corporal punishment which has been handed down from father to son for generations was administered with such effect that one of the boys immediately graduated from school and the other has become—a better boy.

There's a place for the Thibs in S. P. C. and there's no reason why we can't make it a source of enjoyment and educational training.

P. S.—Incidentally we expect to outclass the Altherrins next year as in the past.

W. D. M.

THE BOYS' VACATION

Have you ever taken a "cross-country" hike? If not, read the following. If you have, don't bother about it.

Twas a day in December in the year 1917. Seven fellows, tired of scholastic duties and drenched by breathing the air of real freedom, started out about 7 A. M. to participate in a genuine hike. The first objective point was the Issaquah Ferry, which was plying between the City of Seattle, Newport Landing and several way points.

The boys arrived at the wharf on schedule time, bought tickets and boarded the grand old "tub," which after a delay of twenty minutes slipped gently away from the shore and started off for Newport with an "easy indifference that was enchanting.

Of course it was a time of great pleasure and anticipation—but it began to mist, then sprinkle, then pour and finally it took the liberty to rain as it often does in the great Northwest. Did the boys care? Oh! not much. Especially was this true as long as the shelter lasted. But that was only an hour; and at the appointed time the ferry headed its proud bow toward the "woman's" town of Newport, and made for the landing like a British regiment after a German trench.

The "Seven" disembarked safely, and with their faces toward the storm they started for the desired goal—Sammamish Lake. One, two, three, and they're gone, with Verne L. D. and Cyril D. H. in the lead. (And I might say right here that Verne D. began to feel that he had been rather audacious in taking such a leading part, and in order to make known his change of view-point on the return trip he lagged behind about a quarter of a mile.) First one took the lead and then another, and to tell the truth all were really walking some. The road was muddy in places, rocky in places, and absent in places, but on they went, dodging raindrops and cutting off every hank in the road that they could. They remembered that in Geometry they had learned the shortest distance between two points is a straight line.

John M. R., Cyril D. H., and Burton L. B. decided to give a practical demonstration of this postulate. They came to a road that branched off from the main boulevard of sand and mud and which appeared to rise over a few knolls and again drop into the main road. They told the other fellows that they would be explorers and find a new way which could be taken on the return trip. And they were explorers and they did find a new way which could be taken on the return trip, but the sad part of it was no one wanted to take it. They walked up hill after hill in mud and water while the perspiration trickled down their foreheads. They felt like Balbasa about to discover a Pacific, but alas! a lonely wood-cutter shattered their Balbooa hopes. "How do you get to Sammamish Lake?" one boy asked. "Right back that road," was his reply, pointing in the direction from which the boys had come. What disarray! What consternation! Back they must go and back they did go, every step of the way to the main line. After a half hour's walk from there a note was found on the side of the road directing them to follow a certain trail which led to the desired lake, and they were glad to obey orders. The company was found, a fire was made, and the seven, (the perfect number), began to prepare hot coffee and the other delicacies common to camp life.

Having reached the objective point the "hungry seven" began the drive and in about twenty minutes had gone over the top, leaving only a few poor "crumbs" as a mark of their progress and success.

It was then time for the return trip. And they had to make the distance of four miles in 1 hour and 5 minutes and they did. As they approached the pier the ferry was seen pulling in from one direction and Verne L. D. from the other, and what a happy meeting it was. The boys went aboard and immediately took the liberty of making the "parlor" look like a Chinese laundry in which all were attempting to dry their drenched clothing. Every radiator was an "old friend" and from each coat sleeve ran off a miniature river. Some of the boys kept turning about before the hot pipes like a spit revolving in an old time fire-place. After some time of mirth and jollity, chills and shivering, but best of all a continuous hilarious spirit the tired boys rolled into the S. P. C. Campus no worse for the year—with one exception. Poor Verne!

B. L. B.
DORMITORY LIFE FROM THE GIRL'S VIEWPOINT

"There are two sides to a story" is an ancient remark, but to the dormitory girls of S. P. C. there is but one and that is the bright side. Day girl students cannot conceive the joys and pleasure of settling down in a cozy room in a building occupied by "just girls"—and, of course, the lady teachers. The people of Seattle are so sociable that we were not long in getting acquainted, and soon felt we were one large family.

Who can tell of the pleasures when we gathered in the large dining room around the blazing fireplace and enjoyed a sumptuous Thanksgiving dinner, composed of games, races and a short program after which all engaged in toasting weenies and marshmallows.

And Oh! the celebration of Christmas! Those of us who could not go home, dispersed the fact from our minds and all did what they could to make our College home seem real. At last, when the pumpkin pies were baked, cranberry sauce was ready to take from the molds, and all the other things that go together to make a Thanksgiving dinner, were ready, we all gathered in the artistically decorated dining room and found our places by "place cards." After dinner, we were pleasantly entertained by readings and a talk from our President. The problem of getting the dishes washed was quickly solved when aprons were put on the boys. In the evening we all enjoyed a "taffy pull."

Christmas eve a tree was erected in the dining room and about ten o'clock we enjoyed what its branches held. We, who lived too far to go home, took pleasure in helping prepare the dinner. Some got the turkeys (chickens) ready, others made the fruit salad, while the rest arranged the dining room. Now do not deceive yourselves by thinking the few things mentioned here comprise all our good times—not at all!—the midnight feeds and fudge making punctuated by the familiar sound of sweet strains from far in the distance. It was the lively band playing "Over There." Suddenly we heard muffled footsteps without. Some of us hurried to the window to see from whence it came. Just a short distance down the front walk we could make out the outlines of what appeared to be two young men. What business they had here, at that time at night was more than we knew; Ruth and Alice determined to find out and give them a little remembrance which would perhaps teach them not to molest the girls' hall on future occasions.

Filling a pan with water they hastened to the hall wall window where they coaxed the boys to come under the window, giving strong hints of two prospects. After succeeding in getting them in the desired position, they received a shower bath in place of the promised cake. At eleven o'clock the girls stilly slipped out into their rooms, declaring this the crowning event of the whole year in "Dormitory Life.

If you would know the pleasures of "Dormitory Life" at S. P. C. come and experience for yourself. F. C. '19.

DORMITORY LIFE AND REMINISCENCES

Boys' Viewpoint

To many casual observers as well as a few outside students who have never known the bliss of "dormitory life," there may seem to be much that is distasteful about its environment. Perhaps this is largely due to the fact that those who are thus disposed are able to see only the rough surface of the boarding students' experiences. That is, they have their eyes focused on the lonely halls, small rooms, a code of iron-clad rules, and the Prof. with his big stick to see that every boy walks the chalk, or steps to the music of bells to sleep, bells to rise, bells to eat, bells for study, until they are led to believe that the inside life of the boarding student is a continual round of monotony and sameness.

But to those who have had the pleasure of a few years in the dorm, the viewpoint is quite different. Here the part that may seem so distasteful to the outsider becomes the enjoyment of the former. The vacant halls are a part of their home, the small room is to them a place where they may hang their hats and live in pleasant surroundings, while the much feared prefect becomes their boon companion. These, together with the genial association of many schoolmates of good Christian character make for them a place of social and spiritual privilege.

In view of these circumstances the reminiscences of dorm life have for them some very interesting phases. For instance,
some young country lads enter school with a strange feeling of curiosity. They import with them much of the freedom of spirit that is incident to the farm, and soon fall in line with the new conditions. They find to their good pleasure that the strength derived from the prayer circles and the spiritual atmosphere of the school is very helpful and that the variety of social life is such as to banish the drudgery and weariness that might otherwise exist. However, not being accustomed to dormitory life they are apt to mingle with some of the boys for a good old time of rough and tumble, whereupon the preceptor appears on the scene, and through the hall echoes a commanding voice, “Boys! to your rooms, every last one of you! Where have you been reared, anyhow?” Immediately the newcomers stalk to their rooms with drooping heads and heavy hearts, muttering as they go, “Oh, up against it anyhow?”

And thus as the years of their school career roll by a chain of pleasantries crowd into mind—of how L. J. becomes expert at midnight fire drill when chased by the preceptor, or how slumber is disturbed by the clattering of the bell and strange voices of the barnyard chorus conducted by W. M., G. G., and W. L. S., or how Skuzie conducts his candy kitchen on the first floor.

J. M. R.

EXTRACTS FROM THE EDITOR’S JOURNAL

Sept. 10.—Arose early, spent the entire morning at depot welcoming new students.

Sept. 11.—Registration day; everyone busy.

Sept. 12.—Newcomers made welcome to our church. New names were coined to fill a dictionary.

Sept. 13.—Everyone busy getting acquainted with everyone else.

Sept. 14.—Still much curiosity as to the characteristics and likings of the different students.

Sept. 16.—The newcomers made welcome to our church.

Sept. 17.—Everyone settles down to hard study.

Sept. 18.—Begin to get acquainted with our teachers. First students’ Tuesday evening prayer meeting.

Sept. 21.—Associated Student Body of S. P. C. held their first meeting for purpose of organization. John Root elected president; Willis Light, vice-president; Hazel Alberts, secretary; Harold Mann, treasurer; and Cecil Kelly, marshal. Perfect billows of laughter followed closely, one upon the other.

when the Freshmen, who had been sent from the assembly to elect a special officer, came in and read the results of their regular class election. Nothing daunted, their president promptly arose and proceeded to name his own candidate. The whole performance was excused because of their lack of experience.

Oct. 12.—School entertained by a program in honor of Columbus Day.

Oct. 24.—A party of friends of these old schoolmates serenaded the Newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Aldridge. After bidding our spirits during a circumspect tour we suddenly made the air ring with the enlivening strains of the “Bridal Chorus.” We eagerly watched for the two faces, and soon spied them peering from behind one corner of a curtain. You should have seen our hair after we hopped to the bottom of the tub for apples. We drank the water, we inhaled it, it filled our eyes, ears, noses, mouths—but we got the apples. Oh, that we might often serenade happy young couples.

Nov. 8.—The Juniors give us interesting information of the State of Washington.

Nov. 9.—The Grammar Department become Puritans and have the “First Thanksgiving.”

Dec. 25.—A large party enjoy Christmas caroling; also the delicious treats. Prof. Beagle is fond of singing by himself, apparently receiving much inspiration from the gauzy clouds floating overhead.

Jan. 12, 1918.—Because of the floods, several students extend their vacation.

Jan. 16.—While Prof. Beagle takes work at the University, Harold Mann enjoys teaching Algebra.

Jan. 18.—The Col. Eng. class obtain special permission to talk in library (it sounded like it) while studying Latin roots. Enough new words were coined to fill a dictionary.

Jan. 25.—The music lovers enjoy a concert given by the Y. M. C. A. orchestra.

Feb. 11.—First fire drill in history of the school.

March 18.—Rev. L. G. Lewis addresses the students. Among other interesting things, he told us that eighteen of our Presidents were college graduates; that seventeen were graduates from denominational schools; eight of the nine judges of the Supreme Court are from denominational schools; that clergy have furnished more sons for the Presidency than any other profession; every ninth President was the son of a clergyman.

April 2.—Tholine, Root, & Co. invest a portion of their capital in Liberty Bonds.
AN EXCURSION TO BREMERTON

With these fond remembrances of the school year, the picnics and excursions, will perhaps linger the longest. Our social gatherings in the several different parks of Seattle, have been exceedingly joyful, dispelling the strangeness and gloom from many a newcomer. But more appreciative than ever were a body of students, when on an auspicious day, of last September, a plan was made for an excursion to Bremerton to visit the Navy Yard.

On account of the strict war measures, we were unable to visit the interior of the Navy Yard. However, we stood on the outside and gazed with what glimpse we could of the great battleships which were in dry dock for repairs. After a visit through the town we marched to the most charming little park, for what some esteem the most important feature of the day—refreshments. The delicious dainties soon disappeared, too soon for those whose appetites were never slight, and especially large since they had been increased by the salt-sea air. We indulged in the games of long ago, those games which in childhood thrilled us with such delight.

With the setting of the sun we reluctantly left that memorable place and strolled toward the dock where we waited some time for our steamer. When it arrived, there was a mad rush for the upper deck, and as the land became dimmer in the distance, we looked out over the water and truly the evening was ideal. The moon was throwing iridescent beams of light through the fast moving clouds which were reflected on the water. On this evening the effect of the moonlight did not fail to come up to its reputation either in directing Cupid’s darts, or giving rise to song.

On this occasion the latter was the inspiration. The time passed all too quickly. As we were gazing, our home city loomed up before us and in a few moments, the steamer landed the noisy crowd at Colman Dock.

“MAGNOLIA”

The Seniors were hurrying everywhere collecting cups, spoons, lunch baskets, and every necessary article for the convenience of a “Hike”. Yes, a “Hike,” they had invited the whole school to go with them on a hike to Magnolia Beach, the favored spot in the hearts of the students of S. P. C. No wonder they were excited having such a responsibility resting upon their shoulders. But they were progressing beautifully and by the time the crowd had assembled every lunch basket was heavily laden with delicious things to eat and so they proceeded to take their departure.

After an hour’s pleasant walk the merry crowd came to a halt beside the rolling blue waters of Puget Sound, on the narrow beach which is protected on the opposite side by a high bluff covered with trees and overhanging with grasses and moss.

The sun had just begun to slip down behind the horizon and the rose-tinted clouds threw their reflection upon the majestic waters causing them to look as if the “Goddess of Jewels” had just passed by leaving a dazzling path behind her.

The “Hikers” were awe-stricken and drank in the beauty of the picture till some one of the crowd suggested that they get boats and follow the path of the sun across the water. In a few minutes several boats were filled with happy boys and girls gliding along, every dip of the silver tipped oar taking them farther away from those they left behind. Such fun that it was riding the waves as they rolled in from the high steamers passing by.

When they were far out on the bosom of the water, the party noticed that the rose color had almost faded from the clouds and twilight was stealing on. Could it be possible that it was growing dark? Yes, and upon looking back to the shore a large bonfire sent glowing lights far into the heavens and lighted the beach. Presently a sound came to them on the clear night air. They listened. The call floated across the water that lunch was ready and they must hasten back to shore. On arriving they were welcomed with the delicious odor of coffee, and then all were provided with long sticks on which to roast their wiener and toast their marshmallows, a favorite refreshment for “Hikers” at S. P. C. Such a time as we had! Some burnt their fingers and some their tongues, because they got in too big a hurry to eat that delicious,izzling hot wiener. Almost all had the pleasure
of getting their faces scorched a trifle from the heat of the camp fire. But what of that, that was a part of the fun.

After their hunger was satisfied they found seats on the nearby logs or stood around the camp fire and sang songs till the chapteon announced that it was time to start for home.

The walk was grand. Every one was in the best of spirits despite the intense desire they had to remain a little longer.

A. M. S.

"RECEPTION"

School had begun once more and students were flocking thick and fast to S. P. C. Some had been there before and of course they felt perfectly at home, but a great many were newcomers and naturally they were at first a little inclined to be reserved. In order to overcome this difficulty the faculty announced a reception to be held in the girls' parlor. Everybody was urged to come and leave all diffidence behind for this was to be a time of real pleasure.

The evening set for the reception was ideal. One of those rare, perfect evenings. The parlor was exquisitely decorated. Ferns and delicate flowers were draped about the mantel and above each door. On the center table and on the piano two beautiful vases of flowers were artistically arranged.

Presently the guests began to arrive. A group of girls, at the main entrance welcomed the guests and saw that each new student was made to feel at home. Another group of girls found it their duty to go through the form of introducing every one whether or not they had formally met before. This caused a great deal of laughter and helped to make everyone feel more welcome. After the guests were comfortably seated they were favored with several speeches from the prominent schoolmen. Mr. Kennedy, the former superintendent of the Sunday School, also gave a speech of appreciation, the evening being dedicated to him in connection with the reception since he was soon to leave for Canada.

After the program delicate refreshments were served and the guests gradually dispersed, declaring it had been one of the most interesting of social events.

Mrs. R. (after listening to Cyril's paper on Ideas)—"Yes, but let's write on something with which we are familiar."

"Where was your boy wounded?"
"In the pericardium region, they told me."
"Where's that?"
"Don't know—somewhere in France, I suppose."

A. M. S.

JUNE, 1918
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JOHNNY'S CONSCIENCE
A teacher in one of our city schools defined conscience as "something within you that tells you when you have done wrong."
"Oh, yes," said a little lad at the end of the room, "I had it once last summer after I'd eaten green apples; but they had to send for a doctor."

A PAINFUL DEATH
During a celebrated murder trial in New York City there were among the many interested spectators two men, between whom the following conversation occurred:
"The evidence will convict the prisoner," remarked one.
"Not only convict him, but hang him," returned the other.
"Man alive! they don't hang murderers in New York!"
"Well, what do they do with them?"
"Kill them with inoculation."

Ruth S.—"Whom do you suppose the mermaids flirt with?"
Locke S.—"With the swells of the ocean, of course."
Fresh Soph.—"Are you taking trigonometry?"
Soft Fresh.—"No, it was typhoid fever that made me look this way."

Lady—I'm worried about my complexion.
Doctor—You'll have to die.
Lady—I never thought of that. What color would suit me best, do you think?

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