

June 1st, 1911

# The June 1911 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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# The Cascade



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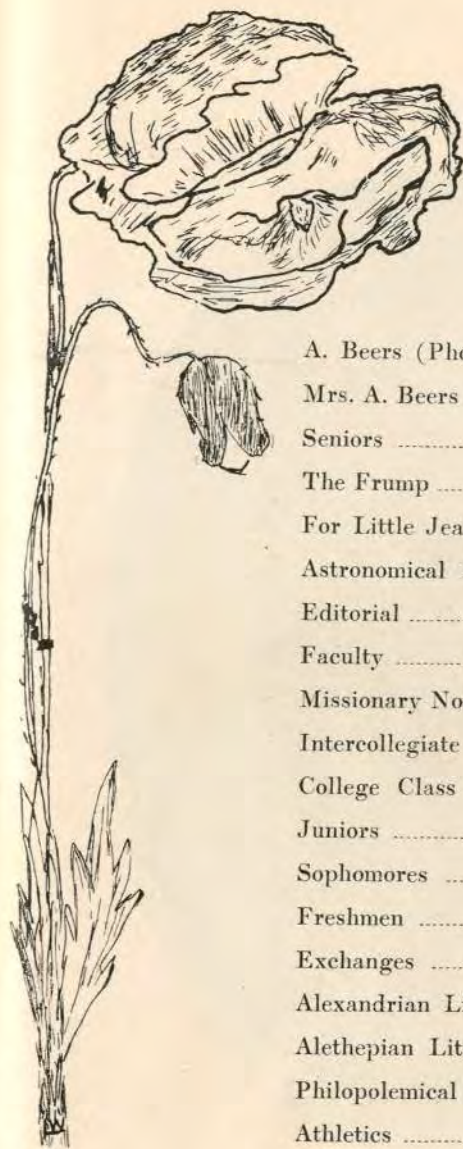
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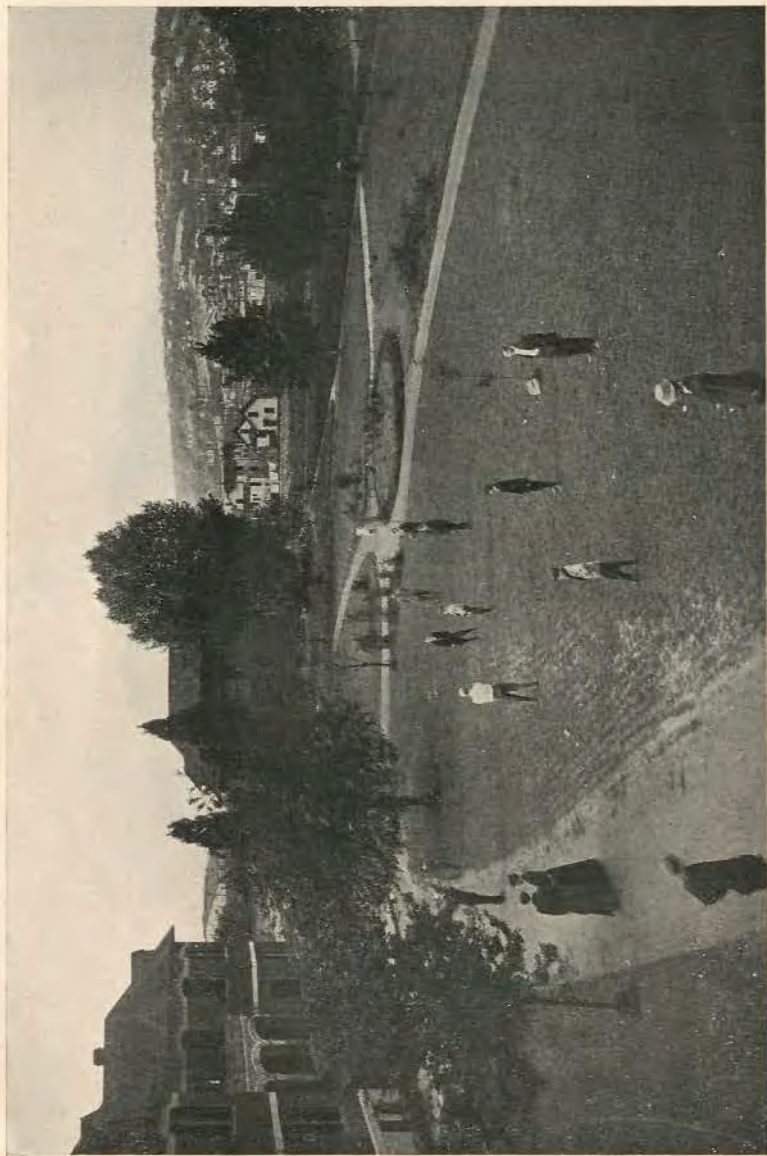




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**Campus From Boys' Dormitory**

LENDORS



HOMER WHEELON '11



# The Cascade



## **R. E. Cochran**

President of the Class of 1911,  
and Editor of the Cascade.

His melodious strains always  
soothe the aching brow,  
Calms the careworn and inspires  
all to nobler walks in life.

## **Tressa Marsh**

Secretary.

Such piercing eyes do ever look for  
mischief and to raid,  
But she who shuns a man must die  
a maid.

## **Ralph J. Milton**

Vice-President

President of the Alexandrian  
Literary Society.

The class poet.

Lynn & Co. Photo.

# The Cascade



## **Lula Meacham**

Grant graciously what you cannot  
refuse safely,  
And conciliate those you cannot  
conquer.

## **D. A. Sawyer**

President of the Tennis Club  
and the Intercollegiate Prohibition  
League.

Always devising plans to ac-  
complish the greatest results with  
the least labor.

## **Lilian West**

Her generous heart should scorn  
a pleasure which gives another  
pain.

Lynn & Co. Photo.



# The Cascade



**Lillian Perry**

The Baby of 1911.

**Elvis E. Cochran**

Assistant Editor of Cascade.

A husky lad with large lungs,  
loud voice and free to use it.

**Mabel Barnhart**

Where simplicity and modesty  
doth abide.

Lynn & Co. Photo.

# The Cascade



**Gem Lewis**

Thousands of liv'ried angels guard  
her,  
Driving far off each thing of Sin  
and Guilt.

**Everett A. Twousdale**

A student of the school since 1905.  
An intellectual giant and he  
knows it.

**Saidee Rose**

Those who have finished by  
making all others think with them  
have usually been those who began  
by daring to think for themselves.

Lynn & Co. Photo.



# The Cascade



Lynn & Co. Photo.

## Laura Deringer

Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,  
Domestic worth — that shuns too strong a light.

## D. A. Newton

Private Secretary of A. Beers.  
The great musician to be.

## Arvilla Wood

Entered the Seminary in 1909.  
She knew what's what, and that's as high  
As metaphysic wit can fly.

# The Cascade



Lynn & Co. Photo.

## Rachael Van Devanter

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

## Bessie Bixby

Her sweet countenance smiles on those who smile  
And weeps with those who weep.





## The Frump

Miss R. O. Van Devanter

Harrison Bedford stirred uneasily in his big raffia chair on the veranda of "Rockaway House." He had come in from an exciting single with Miss Hoyt; and, dead tired, had dropped into the first chair at hand. It was a sweltering day in June, and before he knew it heat and exertion conspiring against him, he had fallen fast asleep. And now here he was in the position of eaves-dropper, listening to an animated conversation about no less a personage than himself, carried on by his cousin Marjory, and chum.

He could not move without betraying his presence, so closing his eyes he cheerfully simulated profound slumber. "I'll snore audibly if it gets too bad down there on the steps," he said; pleasantly aware of the sensation he could create at will.

"I can't see what Harrison sees in that thing," came Marjory's complaint, "you're twice as pretty, Shirley." Harrison grinned—so that was the way the land lay. He would be more careful in the future. Shirley laughed apologetically, "Oh, no, I'm not, Margy dear—but really" (rather bitterly) "that Miss Hoyt is a horrible frump, isn't she?" I wonder who she is? A mere nobody, I presume. Anyway, Madge, she must be awfully poor or she'd not run around a summer resort like Ridgway in common gingham dresses. It's quite horrid, I think, even if they are becoming to her style of beauty."

"Style of homliness, I call it. I think she's the worst frump I ever knew. Cousin Harry seems quite mad over her. It's awful, awful. I'm so ashamed of him. I don't see if she's so poor why she didn't choose a cheaper place than Ridgway to summer in."

"Such a little snob," thought Harrison, "as I have for a cousin. Who'd a thought it? Well, I see it's my duty to cure her of it—that's plain. The idea of comparing that little fickle-headed boarding school Shirley to Deane Hoyt. Marjory must be mad, herself. Is it possible that she doesn't know who Deane is? Well, that is a good one."

The girls had risen and were walking slowly down the path, busily planning some feat or the other. Harrison rising in turn walked to the veranda rail, racquet in hand. "The foolish little snobs," he said, smilingly, "they will learn from a dear teacher now." His thoughts went back to Miss Hoyt as he had seen her last in her simple grey dress, and artistically dressed hair, coiled plainly behind. Instinctively he compared her beautiful young womanhood with the much puffed, over-dressed girlhood making its way to the gate. Remembered her as he had seen her in Rome, in April, when she had been presented to the Royal Arts Society. Contrasted her classic features and stature with the be-frilled prettiness of his cousin, and laughed lowly to himself.

"Miss Marjory will receive a jolt that if I am not mistaken will come mighty near jarring her off the map." Picking up his cap, he entered the house. "Well, that is a joke," he said, as he closed the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was about four days later that he chanced upon his pretty cousin

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all alone on the big veranda.

"Hello, Babe," he said pleasantly, "what's up?" Miss Marjory Knox Bellford looked indignantly up at her six-foot cousin.

"When you learn to address me properly, Harrison, then I shall be pleased to answer you." Harrison gave an aggravating whoop of delight at this new expression of dignity and playfully pulled at her fair curls.

"Say, you'll be an old woman soon at this rate," he observed gaily, "but seriously, little cousin, seriously, I have something to say to you. The fact is—several of my college friends, Yale fellows, are out here on the Coast this summer, and I've asked them out for Tuesday night."

"And you want me to—"

"I want you to hunt up enough girls to fill up the table, and afterwards we will have a little cruise out into the bay for a moonlight dinner later. The fellows will enjoy that, providing the girls are fairly good looking and as sensible as the average here in Ridgway. I must go now. I promised Miss Hoyt a canoe for the rest of the day——" He started down the steps, then paused. "He who hesitates," laughed Marjory, "Is saved," he answered. "Will you ask Miss Hoyt one of the first, please, Babe? That is, will you invite Miss Hoyt, Marjory?" Marjory laughed, but her tone was not reassuring. "I'll despatch a special messenger for her," she said.

Marjory's time was well spent the rest of the week in preparation for the event. For it was an event to her, an honor to be hostess to Harrison's friends, and she enlisted the social elect of the Ridgway summer girls to help her; and they all responded loyally to their leader's calls. Incidentally it may be added that Miss Hoyt's invitation got lost in the mail, or some other place closely allied perhaps. Anyway she never received it, as Harrison had forseen. Therefore, just to help a good thing along he had deliberately telegraphed to the boys that they were to meet the famous Deane Daskam Hoyt, R. A. F. A., that she was to be the guest of honor. They had laid their plans accordingly.

The dinner and the cruise by moonlight were both perfect of their kind, but despite Marjory's efforts to the contrary the conversation clung about the absent honored guest. Her fame, her ancestry, her genius, her beauty, even her great wealth, were all touched upon and the college fellows toasted her again and again. Marjory's spirits fell, these college men were unlike those she had read of—they seemed to bow reverently to this representative of the world of culture and genius, not to ridicule it, as she had fancied they would. She saw herself as she was, a snobbish, opinionated, woefully ignorant little girl just out of a boarding school, and she despised herself for it. She watched Shirley's confident airs until she wanted to slap her. "Ugh," she thought, "am I like that. Is it possible that I, too, am that sort?"

Finally the last course was served and her cousin rose to respond to a toast entitled (rather slangily, it is true) "The Real Thing." When he had finished they were all standing, and Marjory's heart seemed too heavy to



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bear. She felt sure that Harrison had intended it to be a lesson to her and she was heartily sick of it all.

A few days later at Harrison's request she went to call upon Deane Hoyt, in her unpretentious little cottage on the rocks. "Miss Hoyt," the maid told her, "is to be found only in the studio at this hour—no visitors," she added tersely, and poor Marjory was turning away when a sweet girlish voice called to her from the next room. Marjory found herself in a room of such richness and harmony in its every detail that this, her first interview with the great artist, was rendered much easier than she had expected. Perhaps Deane divined more than she let appear, for she was a very gracious girl and understood Marjory as well as her own mother could. "And, my dear," she said, as Marjory was leaving, "I am glad we have straightened these matters out, for (blushingly) for—I am—well—On the whole, you'd better ask Harrison about it."

"I fancy I can guess," laughed Marjory, "and I am very glad. It's a case of 'God bless you, my children,' isn't it?"

### For Little Jean

During the night, Dandy, the pony, had jumped the pasture bars and strayed away, and Harry, with a coil of rope across his shoulder, was trudging up the mountain trail in search of him.

Harry had the most cheerful whistle imaginable, but this morning he wasn't whistling. His freckled face looked very sober, and he walked with his shoulders drooped forward and his eyes on the ground. He was thinking of little Jean at home in the cabin, in the clearing.

Last winter the trails were coated with ice, and coming home from school one evening Jeanie slipped and fell. He and Herbert, a neighbor's boy, carried her home, sobbing and faint with pain. That was in February, and it was October now, but little Jean had never walked a step without the crutches old man Martin had whittled out for her, and just lately some days she never lifted her head from the pillow all day long.

The lump came back in Harry's throat again, as he felt Jean's thin little arms around his neck and heard her whisper, "Find Dandy and come back soon, Harry." Dandy was Jean's own. Harry suddenly kicked a stone which lay in the trail and sent it crashing down the mountainside. Why didn't folks have money? Aunt Mary said that Jean's knee could be cured if she could be sent to the hospital in the city. Aunt Mary and Uncle Mart worked hard all the time, but there was never any money. Uncle Mart was away on a hunting trip now, but usually he worked.

Harry stood looking absently across at the sunlight creeping down the side of Tatoosh, and, as often before, he thought "If he could only earn some money. Perhaps when the snow came he could trap some cats." Here Twister began to bark in wild excitement up the trail, and he started quickly on.

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He did not expect to find anything. Twister would go wild over a rabbit or a squirrel. Twister was a smart dog, of course, but he was young, and if there was anything he did not have a gun.

Twister's excitement increased, and soon Harry saw him under a tree in an open place just off the trail. His body was tense. Every hair bristled and his throat was almost splitting with the short, sharp yelling bark.

Harry went hesitatingly forward peering up into the tree, and suddenly he saw two glittering eyes looking down at him, and a slim body crouched along one of the lower limbs. At first he thought it was a wildcat, but it was too dark in color. Then he knew that it was a young cougar. He knew that it was a cougar, for last week Bee Borden had shot an old one and caught her two cubs, and this looked just like the two cubs Bee had. Then a big idea flashed into his mind. Bee was going to sell his to a circus, or something, for a lot of money. Here was a chance to get some money for little Jean.

The idea left him trembling with excitement and fear. It was only a small cougar, not as large as Twister, but its teeth and claws were sharp, and it could tear him to pieces if it got a chance. Worse still, the mother cougar might come, but he was going to try it—for little Jean.

He knew just how Bee had caught his. Bee had a rope. He had a rope. So, dropping his hat on the ground, he began climbing the tree. The cougar turned and snarled at him, but as it did not crouch to spring he kept bravely on. He climbed past the limb the cub was on and out onto one a little way above it. Then taking the rope from his shoulder he fixed a noose in one end of it and wrapped the other around the limb and tied it; lay flat along the limb, twining his legs around it, and began trying to drop the noose over the cougar's head. It was easily done, but the jerk he gave the rope dislodged the cougar and it fell to the ground, drawing the rope burningly through his hands. Twister dashed down the trail toward home too frantic to even yelp. The cougar springing up, tried to run into the bushes, but the rope jerked it sprawling backwards.

The struggle began. The cougar growled and snarled, scratched and bit. Whenever it tried to climb the tree or gnaw the rope, Harry would pull on the rope, and lifting the cougar almost off the ground hold it there until the dark body was still and hung limp and almost lifeless. Then he dropped it to the ground and waited for the struggle to begin again when life came back to it.

At first the cub was never for a moment still except these times, and Harry grew faint with weariness. His hands were torn and bleeding, his arms ached almost unbearably, his whole body ached. If somebody would only come by. He could kill the cougar—he believed he would. He would get the twenty dollars bounty anyway. But if he could take it alive and sell it to the circus it would be a lot more, and so, clinching his teeth, he changed his position and waited.



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He wondered where Dandy was, and hoped he wouldn't get over the summit. He wondered what little Jeanie was doing and if she was missing him much. It must be getting late, for the shadows were beginning to creep up Tatoosh. He wondered if he could stay there all night. Uncle Mart would surely come some time. Why, there was Uncle Mart coming down the trail now, and Joe Brady was with him, and Joe was leading Dandy. He tried to call them, but his throat was so dry he could scarcely make a sound. Suddenly old Jeff, Joe's horse, snorting and pricking up his ears, refused to come on, and Diamond and Trailer were barking and pulling wildly at their chain. So, led by the dogs, Uncle Mart soon found him. In a short time Harry, clinging to Dandy's back, was leading the way down the trail toward home. The cougar followed close behind, but was wrapped in Uncle Mart's coat, bound round with a rope and tied to Joe's saddlehorn.

Harry's cougar was sold to the circus man, and with the money it brought and some help from the neighbors, but most of all through the kindness of the Superintendent of the City Hospital, to whom some one had written the story, Jean was sent to the hospital. Some months later Harry received a letter which made his face radiant. It was from little Jean, and it said, "Burn the old crutches, Harry, I'll not need them any more."

VIVA FLORY.



## Astronomical Musings

When the tourists had seated themselves as best they could about the rigging of the Aeroplane the Aeronaut opened the throttle and they sailed high into the air. Village after village disappeared from their view, and it was not long until cities dropped from their sight just as rapidly. The earth, too, was diminishing in size. It looked like a huge ball floating in the air.

"We're nearing Mars," shouted one, "the rocks are already in sight and the heat is so intense." Fearing that gravitation should hinder their speed they kept away from this and other planets. Mars was left to the right and they made toward the left of the moon.

The heavens with all their glorious splendor were opening to their vision. They did not see stars scattered here and there, whose lustre twinkled with a pale glimmering light, but uncountable stars possessing all colors of the spectrum. Not that faded beauty whose light was concealed by the rising sun, but like massive balls of fire, ever leaping and flashing with sparkles infinite throughout the celestial dome. Such sights caused the tourists and even the captain to desire a homeward trip for fear of colliding with the wild unknown and unexplored. Courage, however, was mustered

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after they realized that the stars were not all in the same plane, some being millions of miles beyond.

Boldly they made their way through the starry hosts while meteor after meteor shot by them on every side. In a moment they saw a large flashing light, sun-like, coming directly toward them. 'Tis a meteor. What? What? Hae! How! To the right, to the left, up, down! a flash, and it was past.

Escaping this catastrophe, they glide rapidly along, enjoying the increasing beauties of stars above, stars below and stars on every hand whose radiant beams tinted a glow of every color on their features.

Here, too—

No more doth darkness the realm of day obscure,  
But from a dozen suns fore'er doth light insure.

In the distant left the milky way was seen. It looked like a belt of gold designed to hold the skies together, being decked with colored ornaments which glistened with a continuous quiver as though its strength had reached its limit and might at any moment be hurled in a thousand million directions. Often had they heard that prophetic statement, that mortal eye could not appreciate the wonderful glories which the eternal has prepared for his worshippers. But now, surrounded by a continual glow of that lustrous starry heat, they could at least let their imagination play on the outskirts of infinity. But to what extent they knew not. If the Omnipotent is able to reproduce that which he has already performed and since this has been seen by the astronomical eye, what must be the limit of the thinking eye to imagine the good things which God has prepared for those who love Him.

Presently, while passing through the orbit of an unknown planet, a whiff of wind blows the hat from the head of one of the tourists. He snatches for it, loses his balance, and is dangling in the air. The Aeronaut quickly reverses his machine, flies directly downward and overtakes him within a few miles.

Continuing in a circuitous route, they made a panoramic survey of the field which has been for ages a mystery and more or less an object of interest. Far to the right they see Saturn and her eight moons. Some in the crescent, others full, having different hues and in the same sky. Jupiter, with her five moons, was seen to the left. Other suns, moons and stars of different sizes could be seen in every direction, and myriads of others vanishing as rapidly as they came into sight.

Thus on and on they sped, discovering new planets and seeing others in the far depth of the heavens until they came into the orbit of the earth and met it on its annual circuit.

S. E. WYLER.





# The Cascade

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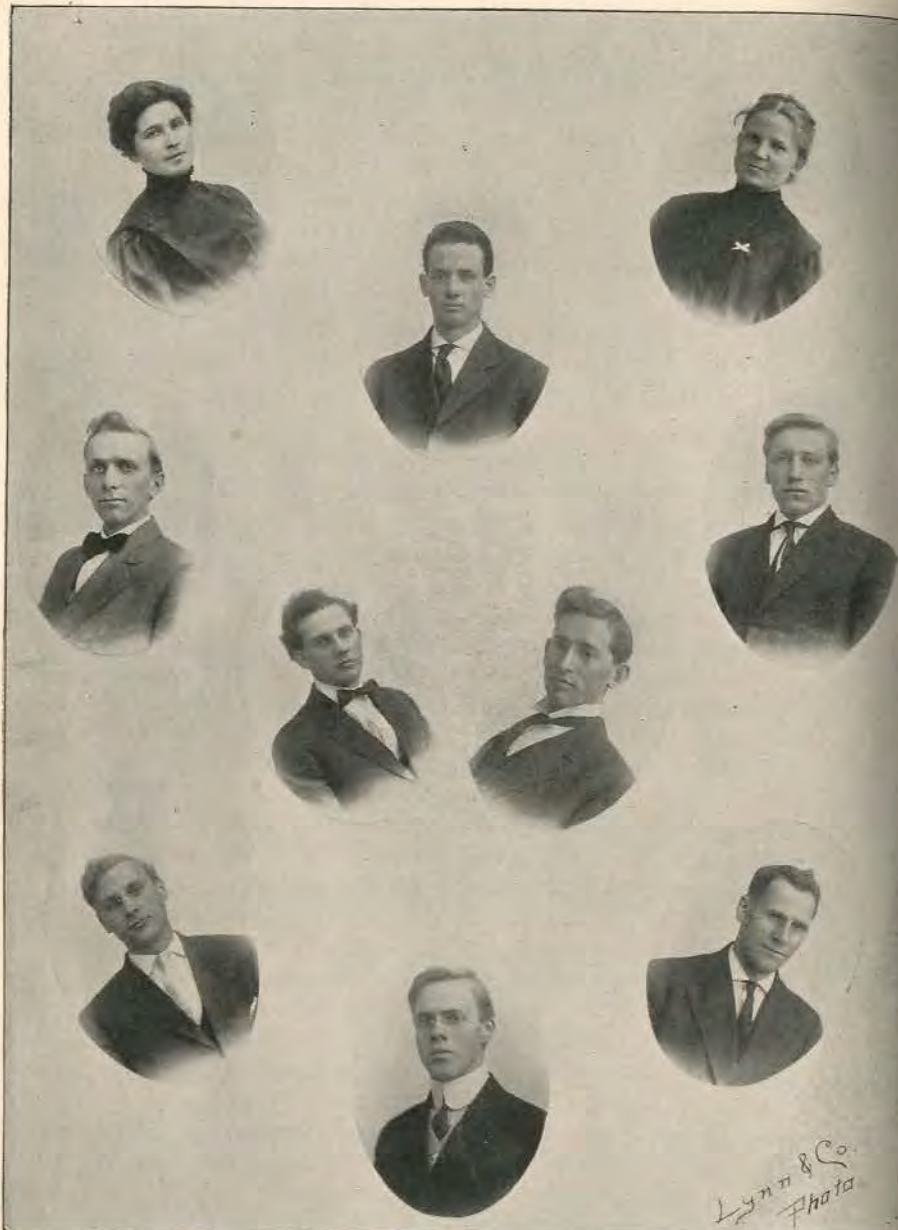
Exchanges .....	L. A. Skuzie
School News .....	F. C. Thompson
Societies .....	Tressa Marsh
Missionary .....	Ethel Ward
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The bright spring days have come again. The days that have brought so much solid comfort and pleasure, as well as relief, to the weary Seniors of the past. The time when the merry meadow lark trills his sweetest from a sheltered nook half hidden among the luxuriant foliage of the tree, and the violets and roses are shedding their sweet fragrance into the balmy air. And why speak of students amid scenes like these, when June days represent the busiest of the year? When programmes, musicals and orations are all but overtaxing the minds and nerve of every one? We must awaken to the fact that it will all be over; functions, banquets, social evenings and the class of 1911 will pass into history, but the individuals—where? It is a hard question to answer, but we know that the Eye that watches over the sparrow will guide us, for He has said: "I will guide thee with Mine Eye."

Naturally, our minds reflect over the past! We recall the events that have passed during these years among these old scenes. And yet many alterations have taken place in the campus and buildings since we entered

## STAFF

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our Freshman year. We wonder much as we see the improvements on every side, the new building and its splendid equipment, the newly made walks and planted shrubbery, if we have kept pace with the rapid improvement constantly going on around us. If we have, we are much encouraged, as we look back over the four years, to note that we have passed several milestones.

With the thought of commencement comes the thought of "afterward" when we must go out to meet the world, protected as it were by the kindly advice and counsel of our friends here. But we have learned some valuable lessons—lessons not taught in books but of infinitely more value to character building. We can never forget the Tuesday evening prayer services and family altar scenes when God came down our souls to greet, and we are sure that many times in the days to come we will return in memory to these scenes of inspiration to draw strength and courage for the conflicts of life. We may not all choose the same vocation, but wherever we may be placed in the Master's Vineyard, we feel that, having learned that valuable lesson that "contentment is a condition in the soul within little affected by few or many things without," we shall be glad to place our hand in the Hand of Him who said: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

This number of the Cascade is the last number of the paper for this school year, and we take this opportunity to thank those who have stood by us and helped make the paper a success. We hope that you will work with the editor of next year and boost the Cascade on to greater success. Do not be timid in handing him articles. Walk up to his desk as if you were the author of a Macbeth or a Lady of the Lake, pass the time of day and leave an article for the next issue of the Cascade. This will greatly help him. If at first he doesn't publish your article, write another; possibly it will be accepted. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Perseverance is the easiest highway to success.



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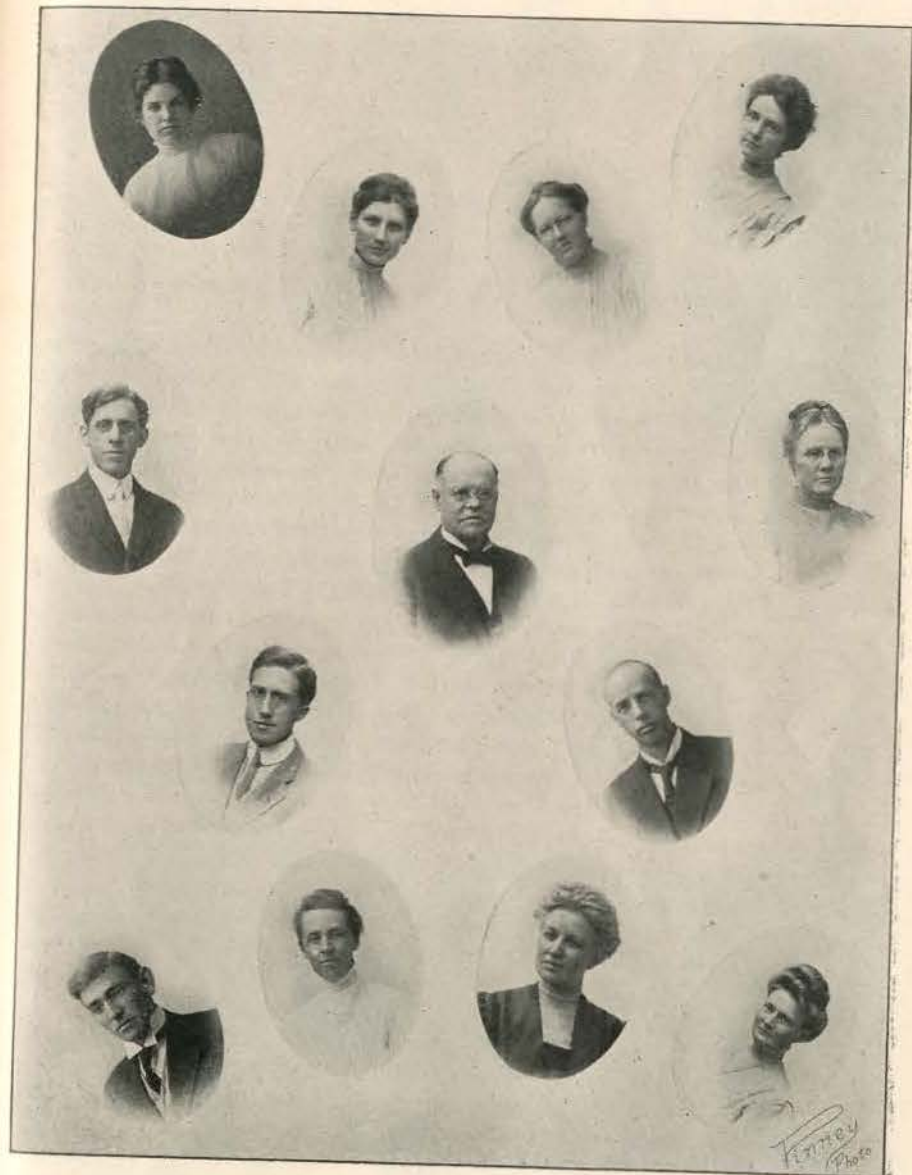
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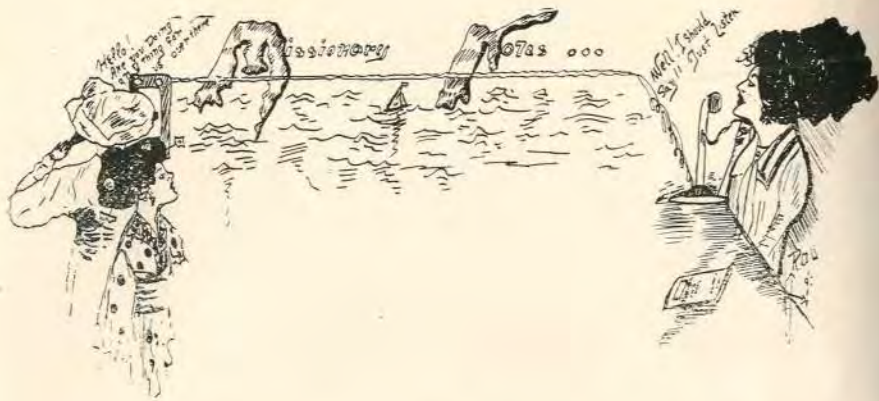
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German-English







The Student Volunteer Missionary Band has held thirty meetings this year. Three of these were part of missionary conventions held away from the Seminary and the rest in the band room at the church. Five returned missionaries have taken part in these meetings and two home workers. One evening the Band from the University of Washington assisted the Seminary Band and a pleasant occasion was enjoyed by all.

An interesting mission study class was organized the second semester with ten members enrolled, including some of the faculty. The text book studied was one of John R. Mott's latest books, "The Decisive Hour of Christian Missions." The course covered eight weeks, and the lessons were found very instructive and inspiring.

The school missionary society has held four public meetings this year which have had an average attendance of from 150 to 200. One of these was a stereopticon lecture on China which was made very interesting indeed. Perhaps the most unique missionary meeting ever held at the Seminary was the programme given by the society on May 26th. The four countries—Africa, China, India and Japan—were all represented in native costume, and the scene represented some phase of the missionary work. All who were present declared it most entertaining.

The missionary contributions for the year have been the best known in the history of the school. In the first semester the plan of sending some clothes and books in the missionary boxes to the missionaries' children in China was enthusiastically received by the two clubs—Aletheians and Philopolemic—and together they gave over forty dollars for this fund. A generous response also came during the Missionary Convention held here by Bishop Sellew as he was en route to the Orient, January 9-22. The missionary offerings taken during the recent conference were somewhat enlarged by the contributions of the students. The total amount given by the students for foreign missionary work this year is \$122.50, and for home and city mission work, \$52.70. Since about forty per cent of the students are working their way through school, this makes a good showing for missionary interest, but it is expected that next year's missionary thermometer will increase several degrees in activity and earnestness.

## Intercollegiate Prohibition Association

Seattle Seminary is decidedly a Prohibition school, both in sentiment and activity. Many lectures are given and meetings held in the interests of this great question. Prohibition Leagues have been formed every year for the past six years.

The League this year has a membership of about thirty students. It was thought impracticable to hold study classes every two weeks, so the League decided to conduct a series of programmes of a literary character. There were five such programmes given. The students took part in some of these and outside speakers were also secured to speak on special topics.

Mr. H. L. Smith, the Pacific Coast Secretary of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, made three visits to the school this year. On his last trip over \$200 was pledged by different members for the work of the I. P. Association on the Pacific Coast.

The League has sent an orator to represent the school in the annual contests for several years past. Mr. Sawyer, President of the League, was the orator this year, as well as last year. He has gained such good practice in these contests that he had the honor of being chosen for having the best oration in the Senior class. The League is full of hope and courage for next year, and determined to double its diligence in this great cause.



**D. A. SAWYER**  
President



**The Commencement Quartette.**

H. P. Wold  
I Tenor

E. A. Haslam  
II Tenor

R. E. Cochrane  
Baritone

E. E. Cochrane  
Basso



# The Cascade

## College Class Notes

Freshman college work was introduced into this school last fall, and started out with a class of six members. On October 12 a class meeting was called and a president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer were elected. Cardinal and black were selected as the class colors, and white carnations for the flower. On account of being few in number, a College Literary Society was not organized, but the members of this class were admitted to the Seminary class and societies. Next year Sophomore work will be added to the schedule, and we can highly recommend this school to any who are undecided as to their next year's work.

Miss Cook and Mr. Skuzie will return to their respective homes in Oregon to spend the summer vacation.

Mr. Haslam will remain in Seattle and take charge of the F. M. Church at Edmunds during the summer and the coming school year.

One of the college Freshmen, Mr. Cook, was obliged to leave school at the end of the first semester on account of ill health.

Miss Ward and Miss Burns will remain at their homes in Seattle.



Freshman College Class.

Ethel Ward—

"A noble type of good  
Heroic womanhood."

Louis Skuzie—

"His life is gentle; and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This is a man!'"

Myra Burns—

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Were in her very look;  
We read her face, as one who reads  
A true and holy book."

Edwin Haslam—

"In speech, in gait,  
In diet, in affections of delight,  
He is the mark and glass, copy and book,  
That fashions others."

Addie Cook—

"As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed  
Eternal as the sky;  
And like the brook's low song, her voice—  
A sound which could not die."



# JUNIORS

S.F.W

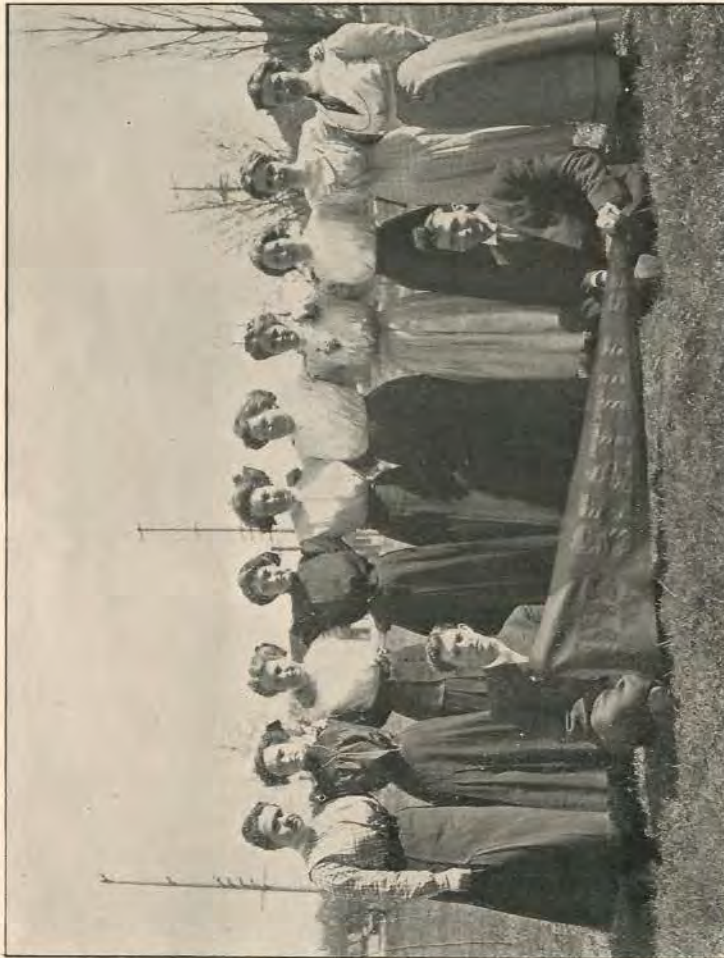
Some one has said that valuable articles are enclosed in small parcels. We appreciate this statement as it is in harmony with the spirit of our class. However, we must go further lest there should be room for misunderstanding. From a class of twenty-six in 1908, we have been sifted to one of twelve, thus leaving the cream in our Junior year. Our career has not been very romantic, that is, when outward show is considered, but we believe that there is talent in our class which is rarely found in other classes. It is that talent which is of great value in the sight of the Omnipotent.

Last year we chose as our motto, "Lifting others as we climb." This expresses the attitude which we take with our associates. We do not merely desire to live, but to lift humanity to a higher plane, thus leaving the world in a better condition. We would make this coming year the banner year for us, if not for the school.

This is our perplexing year. With picnics, banquets and commencement preparations, our time has been taxed to its utmost capacity. As the year draws to a close our minds are relaxed and we console ourselves with the thought that the worst is over.

With the memory of such laborious efforts we naturally look forward to the time when we, too, shall be numbered among those who are ministered unto. Then, as others, we shall lay our cares aside and glide smoothly to the commencement dawn, with our fateful followers exerting all their powers to make things agreeable for us.

We would extend a hearty invitation to all those who have finished the first three years in high school to join our class. As an inducement we would say that ten of our number belong to the fairer sex. For some time there has been a growing sentiment among the plurality that special efforts ought to be made to replenish the ranks of the minority. We have heard from a few who expect to enlist with us, but yet there is room. Come on, and help us hold the fort.



Webster & Stevens, Com'l. Photographers.

Junior Class





Webster & Stevens, Com'l. Photographers.

Sophomore Class



# Sophs

"School nearly closed and still we survive."

Spring has arrived in all her beauty. The trees and shrubs are donning their best. Sometimes it seems we can hardly confine ourselves to books and the schoolroom when all Nature seems to call us away, but soon we expect we shall have plenty of time to enjoy outdoor life.

The Sophomores and a few of the Freshmen are to assist the Juniors in preparing for the "Annual Senior Banquet." We deem it a privilege to thus show our esteem for the departing Seniors.

## PARODY ON "MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS."

My heart's in the mountains, my heart's not here;  
 My heart's in the mountains, the place I love dear;  
 On the velvety grass in a shady nook,  
 On drawing the trout from a babbling brook.

Farewell to the city with all its noise,  
 I long for the mountains with all their joys.  
 We can read then at leisure a beautiful book,  
 Or dream of the tasks at school we forsook.

No longer to school I need to go—  
 I've learned about all there is to know;  
 In ease and splendor I'll sit down  
 And gaze from my castle out over the town.

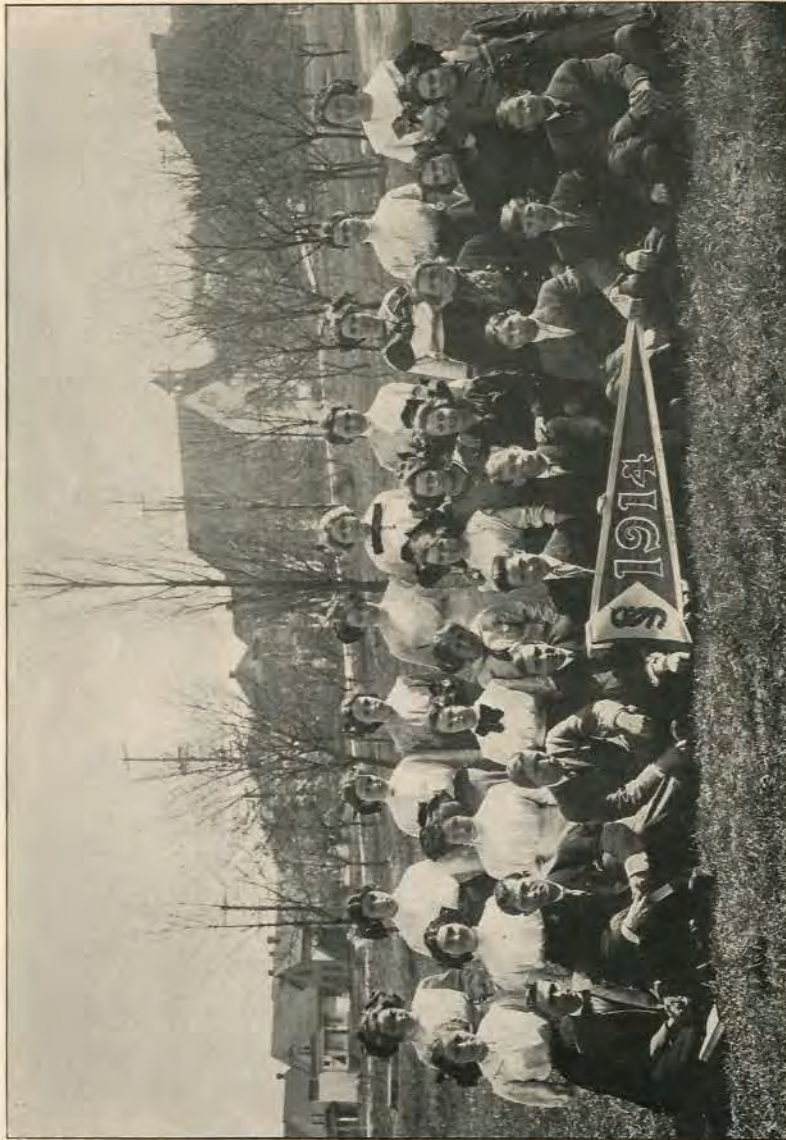
### *Three Months Later.*

My heart's in Seattle, my heart is not here,  
 There never was spot to me more dear;  
 As up and down the mountains I roam,  
 I often think of the Seminary home.

So back I go to the grand old place,  
 And again renew the glorious race;  
 Schools everywhere—yes—plenty of them,  
 But none quite as good as the Seattle Sem.

—Roy Shannon.





Webster & Stevens, Com'l. Photographers.

Freshman Class.



The Freshmen Class is still in the swing. The exams are coming on and we are going to be ready to meet them square. The algebra, English, Latin and history classes are on the home stretch. There are thirty-one ready for the examinations, and all expect to come through with flying colors.

Prof. Burns—What is the unit of society?

Rhoda W.—Marriage.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wyler was drawing the headline cut for the Junior Class.

Root (with growing interest)—Are you drawing an experiment for Physics?

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Johnson has been absent from her classes of late because of illness. We hope to see her enjoying the sunshine very soon.

The Freshmen were planning to have a picnic, but owing to adverse circumstances were obliged to give it up.

Barnes—Prof. Stilwell, would you mind taking great care how you draw up my report? My mother suffers dreadfully from a weak heart.

Who is who? Overheard, "I have a new friend A——. He calls me Clementine. All the girls are crazy over him."

Honorable John R. Root, the president of the class, will return to eastern Washington for vacation.

Mount Rainier Kimble, the vice-president, is contemplating a trip to the Orient this summer. He made a trip to Alaska last summer.

Vera Lobough, class secretary, will return to her home in Prosser, Wn., where she expects to recuperate. She has won a good reputation as an elocutionist and debater.

Our class Chaplain, W. P. A. Wold, is honored by being a member of the Commencement quartette.

Floyd Barnes, former class president, class orator and general advisor, expects to remain in the city and win golden eagles from the business men. He is one of our best members, loyal and enthusiastic, and our class debater.

Miss Dull, our soprano, will go to her home in Penawawa, Wn.

Bess Ratcliff and Caroline Groves will return to their home town, Everett.

(Continued on Page 58)





Webster & Stevens, Com'l. Photographers.

Interior Views at the Seminary.

# EXCHANGE



School is the student's world. It is the place where every fellow comes up against every other fellow; every enterprise against every other enterprise; and where the school publications come in contact with each other. As a man does not live unto himself, so school publications do not exist unto themselves.

We greatly appreciate the advice and criticism given us by the many exchanges that we have received this year. Since this is only the first year of our paper, we feel greatly indebted to the publications that have come to our desk for them, and will profit by their advice and example. This is the last opportunity this year that we have for thanking the many exchanges for calling at our office, and we extend a hearty welcome to every one to call again next year.

As we have said in the past, we are striving to bring our publication up to the standard of high school journalism, and shall strive during the coming year to make it better than the last. We hope to develop and enlarge our departments, and add others which are not represented.

LOWELL, San Francisco, Cal. Your stories are good, also your departments are well kept up, but where is your class news

CARDINAL, Portland, Ore. We like your cover design.

TRIDENT. Your stories are interesting and show a good type of school life.

NUGGET, Lead, S. D. We like your style. Your departments are well developed. You also show good class spirit.

SPARKS, Sioux Falls, S. D. Why don't you give the exchanges credit for their articles that you re-publish?

## TO OUR CREDIT.

"That Sixth Rule" in the Cascade is an excellent story.—*Hesperian*.

You show splendid promise of a good year's work.—*Review*.

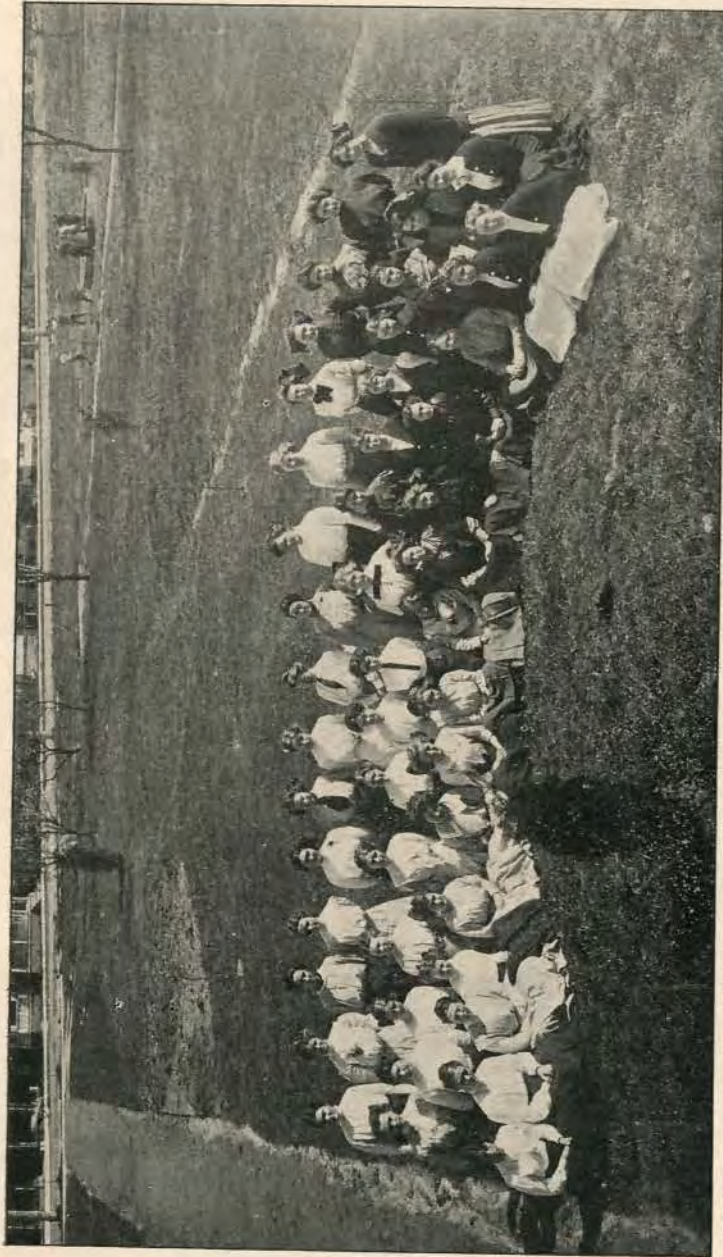
You are very good for a new paper.—*Trident*.

The Cascade is a neat paper, and the cuts are clever.—*Clarion, Rochester, N. Y.*









*Webster & Stevens, Com'l. Photographers.*

**The Alethebian Literary Society.**

## The Cascade

### *Alethebian Literary Society*

The Alethebian Society was organized eleven years ago by Miss Rose Loomis, for the purpose of intellectual and physical development and for the moral uplift of the young ladies of the Seattle Seminary.

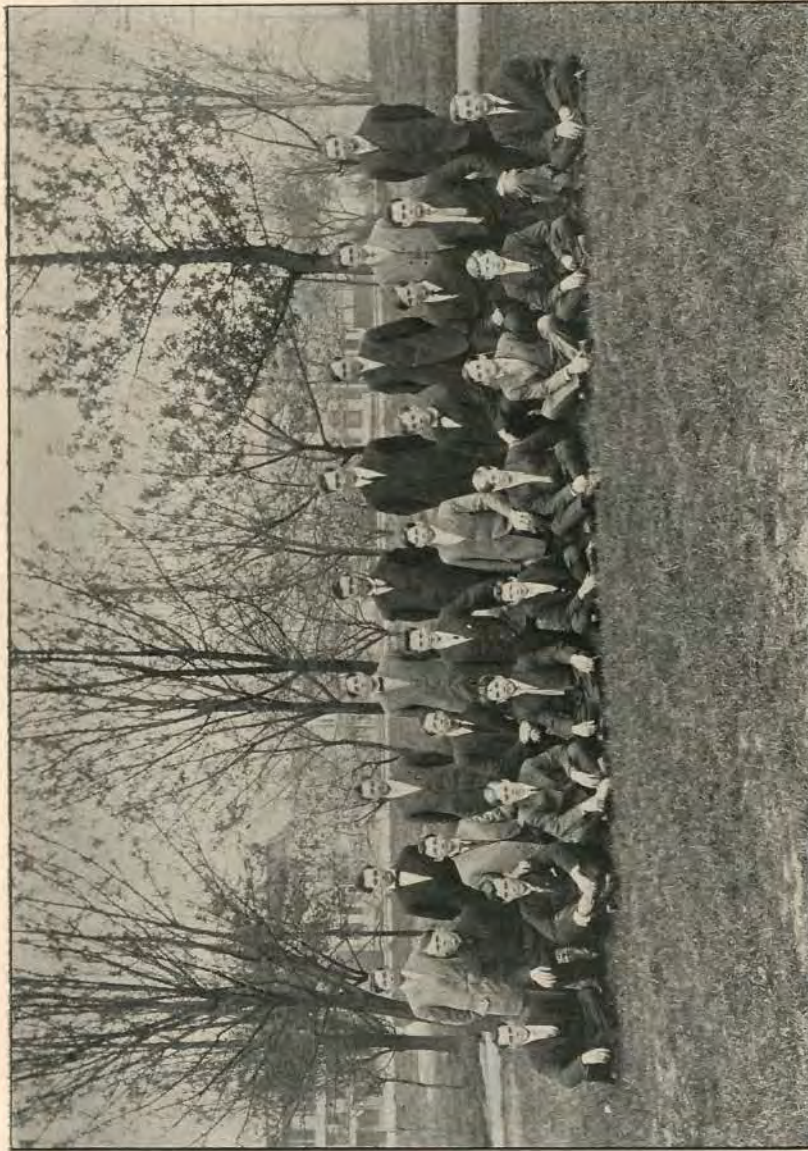
This society has been kept up from year to year and at the present time there is an enrollment of nearly fifty members. Among them are a number of talented musicians and some who are naturally gifted along lines of oratory and public speaking. There is also excellent vocal talent in the society.

During the past year, besides the private programs, one public program was given, an account of which was printed in an earlier issue of "The Cascade." Quite an amount of money has also been raised for benevolent purposes.

The Alethebian Society hereby extends greetings to all former members of said organization and to the patrons of this magazine.







Webster & Stevens. Con'l. Photographers.

The Philopolemic Debating Club.

# The Cascade

## Philopolemic Debating Club

A number of years ago the young men of Seattle Seminary, realizing that much depended upon their personal efforts in qualifying for the responsibilities of life, organized the Philopolemic Debating Club. Since that time the club has grown and developed until at present it is recognized as one of the school's leading societies.

It has been the custom of the club to hold regular meetings every two weeks, but owing to meetings of other societies and several revival meetings during the year, such meetings have not been held. However, we have not been asleep all the time. About the middle of the year a debating team was organized and a challenge received from the Badger Team of the University of Washington. Warm arguments were hurled at each other, and it looked as though the boys of our own team would surely win, but as chance would have it, the U. won.

The programmes given by the Phils have ranked among the first and most interesting rendered this year. Not long ago the society convened itself into a Senate. It considered the Appropriation Bill providing for the fortification of the Panama Canal. The committee reported unfavorable and introduced new resolutions. An open floor discussion followed, after which a vote was taken. The bill was lost by the deciding vote of the president.

The members of the club, especially the new ones, have shown a marked development in public delivery, debating and parliamentary drill. We believe that the society is in better condition, that is, it has more unity and more enthusiasm than it has had for some time. We know not why the next year cannot be the banner year of the Philopolemic Debating Club. Boys, let us make it so. Let us rally round the old standard, the standard which others have used with good advantage, "Self Preparation." Let us avail ourselves of this one opportunity and give our lives such a preparation as will be conducive to widen and deepen our influence among those with whom we associate. Let us be ready at the beginning of another year to boost the Phils and recommend it to new students. This society has been a blessing to those who are now battling with life's realities. At once they, too, realized that their adaptibilities were limited but opportunity presented herself, they seized her, and are now soaring with great success. Fellow students, embrace this opportunity and profit by the experience of others, then we shall be better prepared to meet life's realities and able to solve her perplexing problems.

S. E. WYLER.





# A T H L E T I C S

Tennis has been all the go this Spring. Scarcely a nice day has passed without the court being crowded; and the leaders of the tennis club are highly satisfied with the great interest the students and members of the faculty have shown.

Last fall, when the club was organized, many thought that it would be a waste of time to try to construct a court and try to work up enthusiasm; but a few sacrificed their time, and with faith and diligence went ahead with the work. The court was completed about Thanksgiving time, and on Thanksgiving afternoon the first playing was done. From that time interest increased until now we have thirty members in the club. All of the expenses of the court are paid and a small balance remains in the treasury.

A few weeks ago the tournament for the single championship began. In the preliminaries Barnes won from Jones, 6-1, 6-3; Trousdale from Wyler, 6-1, 6-4; Leise from Watkins, 6-0, 6-3; Haslam from Scott, 2-6, 6-4, 8-6; and Skuzie from Sawyer, 6-3, 1-6, 6-2.

In the semi-finals Trousdale won from Barnes, 8-6, 6-3, 6-4; Haslam defeated Skuzie, 7-5, 6-3, 4-6, 6-1. This was the most exciting and interesting series of the tournament thus far. The playing was close and very accurate. Skuzie started out strong, but weakened toward the last. He had a deadly serve, but had poor control over it. The last series of the semi-finals was between Haslam and Leise, with Haslam the winner, 6-0, 6-1, 6-2.

The two contestants in the finals are Haslam and Trousdale, and a very interesting and hotly contested match is anticipated.

Prof. S. M. Zeller is the faculty champion by default of Profs. Newton and Biddulph. He plays the winner of the student finals for the championship of the school.

Miss Marston and Mary Millican are the contestants for the girls championship.

Next year we hope to have another court as one is entirely inadequate for the needs of the school.

Haslam wins in the finals over Trousdale by the close scores 6-4, 3-6, 10-8, 6-3.

Miss Marston wins over Mary Millican for girls' championship 6-3, 6-2, 6-1.

## The Cascade



Webster & Stevens, Com'l. Photographers.

### Seattle Seminary Tennis Club Court.

## Domestic Science

The closing exercises of the Domestic Science class was a very pleasant occasion.

This being the first year, proper appliances had not been secured with which to work, but the results were excellent, as each student was deeply interested and eager to avail herself of this necessary acquirement, "the art of cooking." Every lesson was practically demonstrated each week, which added much to its success. Mrs. Beers offered a prize to each student for a correct and neatly prepared notebook containing the receipt of each lesson, which resulted in all winning a prize, of a pound can of Crescent Baking Powder. The teacher had introduced this for use in the class as being equal to, or better, than any high-priced baking power on the market.

Through the kindness of Mr. Kahle, president of the Crescent Baking Powder Company, it was made possible to give each student of the class a can of "made in Seattle" baking powder, these to be taken to their homes as they disperse at the close of the school, to different parts of the country, where its good qualities will be demonstrated, thus gaining for it many ready sales. It is to be hoped Domestic Science will be introduced in the course of study the coming year as a necessity to complete an education.

If Myra Burns Arvilla Wood, can Addie Cook a Gem?



# The Cascade

## Alumni Directory

### CLASS OF '98.

Winfred Grantham, Clerk in Government Lighthouse, Katchikan, Alaska.

### CLASS OF '97.

Maggie Griggs Harvey, Home, Madras, Oregon.  
Lily M. Peterson, deceased.

### CLASS OF '98.

Laura Millican Appleton, returned Missionary, Seattle, Washington.  
Stella M. Sumner, Teacher at Sunnyside, Oregon.  
C. May Marston, Teacher in Seattle Seminary.

### CLASS OF '99.

Chas. McKinnon, Pharmacist and Graduate Law Student of the U. of W.

Ethel Helm Clarke, returned Missionary, Everett, Washington.  
Ida Pillman Townsend, Home, N. 47th St., Seattle, Washington.  
Henry Peterson, Fruit Grower, Lake Chelan, Washington.  
Joseph Peterson, Manager of Hat Department at Cheasty's Haberdashery.

Alfred Millican, Teacher in High School, Seattle, Washington.

### CLASS OF 1900.

Sarah Peterson, Primary Teacher, Wenatchee, Washington.  
Julus Riff, Missionary in Africa.  
Chas. McKinley, Pastor of F. M. Church, New Westminster, B. C.  
Homer L. Griggs, deceased.

### CLASS OF '01.

Blanche Mann Marston, Home, Seattle, Washington.  
Nellie G. Peterson, Home, 2922 3rd Ave. W., Seattle, Wash.  
Edith Graves, returned Missionary, Newburg, Oregon.  
Anna Millican Youngren, en route from Japan to Seattle.  
C. A. Nelson, Supt. of Public Schools, Marysville, Wash.  
John Bradley, Pastor of F. M. Church, Spokane, Wash.

### CLASS OF '02.

Mattie Peterson, Missionary in China.  
June Colson Cathey, Home, Seattle, Wash.  
Harold Millican, Principal of Evansville Seminary, Mich.  
Frank Millican, Missionary in China.

### CLASS OF '03.

Z. May Colson, Teacher in Seattle Seminary.  
Ethel Smalley Millican, Home, Seattle, Wash.  
Estelle Witteman Houston, Home, Sacramento, Calif.  
Winnie West Newcomb, Home, Blaine, Wash.



Webster & Stevens, Com'l. Photographers.  
Elocution Class.



# The Cascade

Frank Hockin, Contracting Agent O. R. & N. Co., Portland, Oregon.  
 Jesse Marston, Greenville College, '11.  
 Ray Marston, City Light Office, Seattle, Wash.  
 Glen Smith, Operator City Light Plant, Seattle, Wash.  
 Floyd Appleton, returned Missionary, Seattle, Wash.  
 August Youngren, en route from Japan to Seattle.

## CLASS OF '04.

Bernice Bradley, Teacher, Danville, Wash.  
 Emma Winter, Normal Student, Calif.  
 Lizzie Albright, Home, Pamon, Calif.  
 Minnie Robertson, Home, Gresham, Oregon.  
 David Bartholemew, at present with his brother in California.  
 Christian Trualson, Minister in South Dakota.  
 Roy Millican, F. M. Pastor, Monroe, Wash.  
 Clarence Marston, Student in Greenville College.  
 Albert Anderson, Edmonds, Wash. District School Teacher, Meadow-

dale.

## CLASS OF '05.

Grace Swingle Thomas, Home, Seattle, Washington.  
 Pearl McElhoe, Teacher in King County.  
 Nettie Tong, Teacher in Seattle Seminary.  
 Lorena Marston, in training in Minor Hospital, Seattle, Wash.  
 Amie Boddy Millican, Missionary in China.  
 William Boddy, Pastor of F. M. Central Church, Portland, Oregon.  
 Edward Burleson, Edmonds, Wash. Farming.  
 Clarence Thomas, Seattle, Wash. City Water Office.

## CLASS OF '06.

Viva Flory, Teacher in Seattle Seminary.  
 Emma Ogle Conrad, Home, Escondido, Calif.  
 Ruth Allen Swingle, Home, Laramie, Wyoming.  
 Gertrude Scott Teel, Home, Davenport, Wash.  
 Ellen Kindig, Ravenna, Wash.  
 Lorraine Sherwood, Student in Bellingham Normal.  
 Wesly Millican, Student in U. of W.

## CLASS OF '07.

Fred Caukins, Seattle, Wash. Carpenter.  
 Etta Saar, Student of Oratory, Chicago.  
 Clyde Marsh, Student of U. of W.  
 Ethel Cook Hight, Home, Portland, Oregon.  
 Ida Witteman, Teacher in Jefferson County.  
 Homer Wheelon, Seattle, Wash. Senior, U. of W.

## CLASS OF '08.

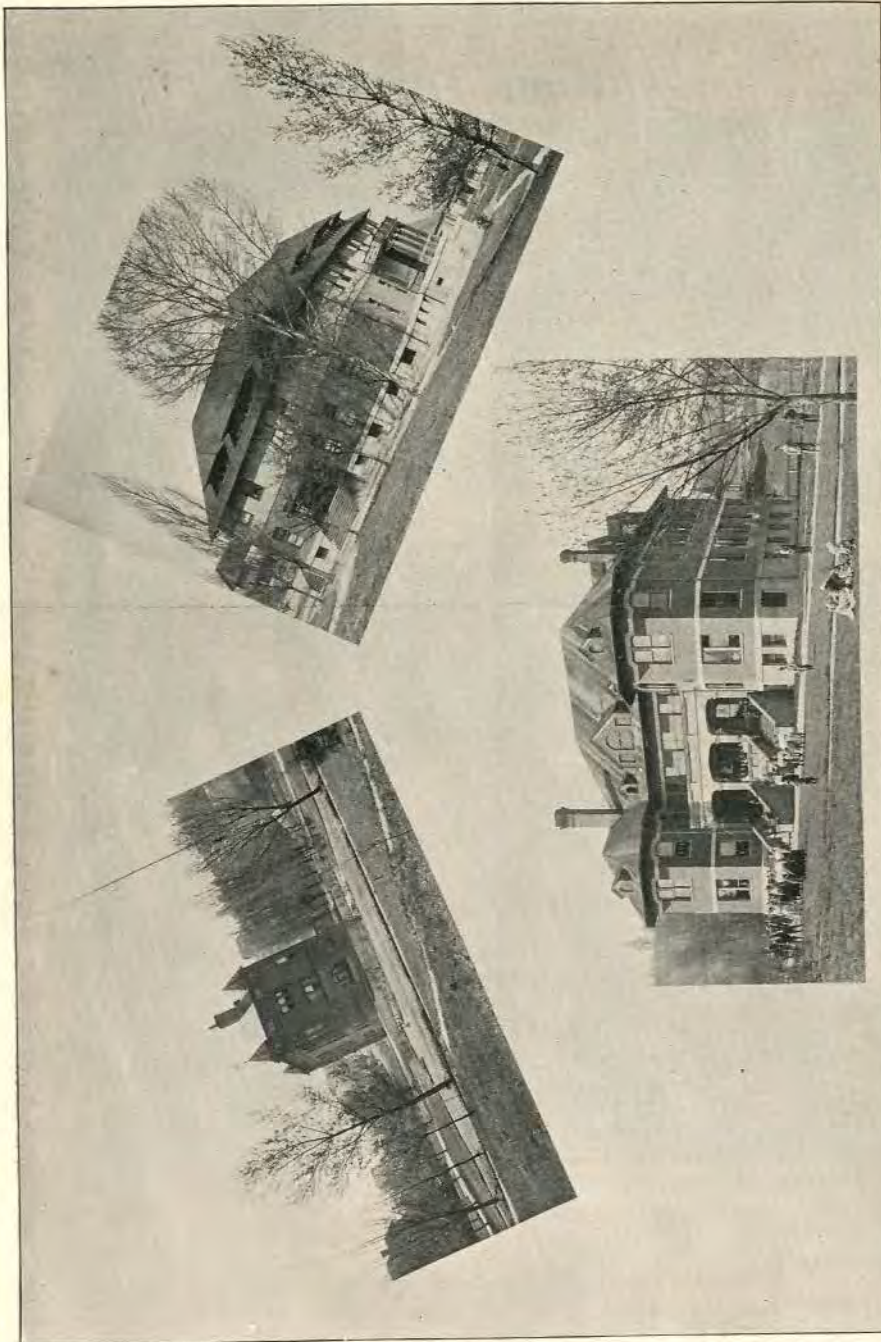
Lizzie Church McGee, Home on a farm in eastern Wash.

(Continued on Page 61)

Young Ladies' Hall

Administration Building

Webster & Stevens, Com'l. Photographers.  
 Boys' Dormitory





Joshes



WHAT ELVIS GOT.

Elvis got a sweater,  
Elvis got a fob;  
Elvis got but five in Math.,  
Just hear poor Elvis sob.

F. S.—Miss Pool, have you “Riley’s Love Lyrics”?  
Miss Pool—No, I didn’t think he’d published them yet.

Bess R.—Say, Hattie, if I snore tonight, wake me up, ’cause I can’t sleep when I snore.

German Sentence—Meine Schwester saß am Fenster und schrieb einen brief.

Student (reading)—My sister sat on the fence and wrote a letter.

Florence Pickens—I want Haslam.

Mr. Allen, rubbing his head.

Miss Lawpaugh—Oh! Mr. Allen, don’t rub your block, you are liable to get a sliver in your hand.

Rachel B. (in English class)—I know what I wanted to say, but I guess I didn’t say it.

K. W. (translating German)—The numbers run up one side of the street and down the other and stand up facing each other at the end.

Miss Pool—Kathryn says she’s going to be a Dutchess.

Prof. B.—All right; we’d all like to be there.

Dedicated to Mr. Wold—

The noble Freshman does his work,  
And never is he known to shirk.  
He works and toils from day to day,  
And never, never stops to play.

STUDENTS LIKE PEARSALL’S CAFETERIA

The Problems of  
Domestic Economy

Are Simplified by Using

Crescent Cream Coffee

Crescent Baking Powder

Crescent Mapleine

Crescent Spices

Crescent Tea

These products are absolutely pure and wholesome

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

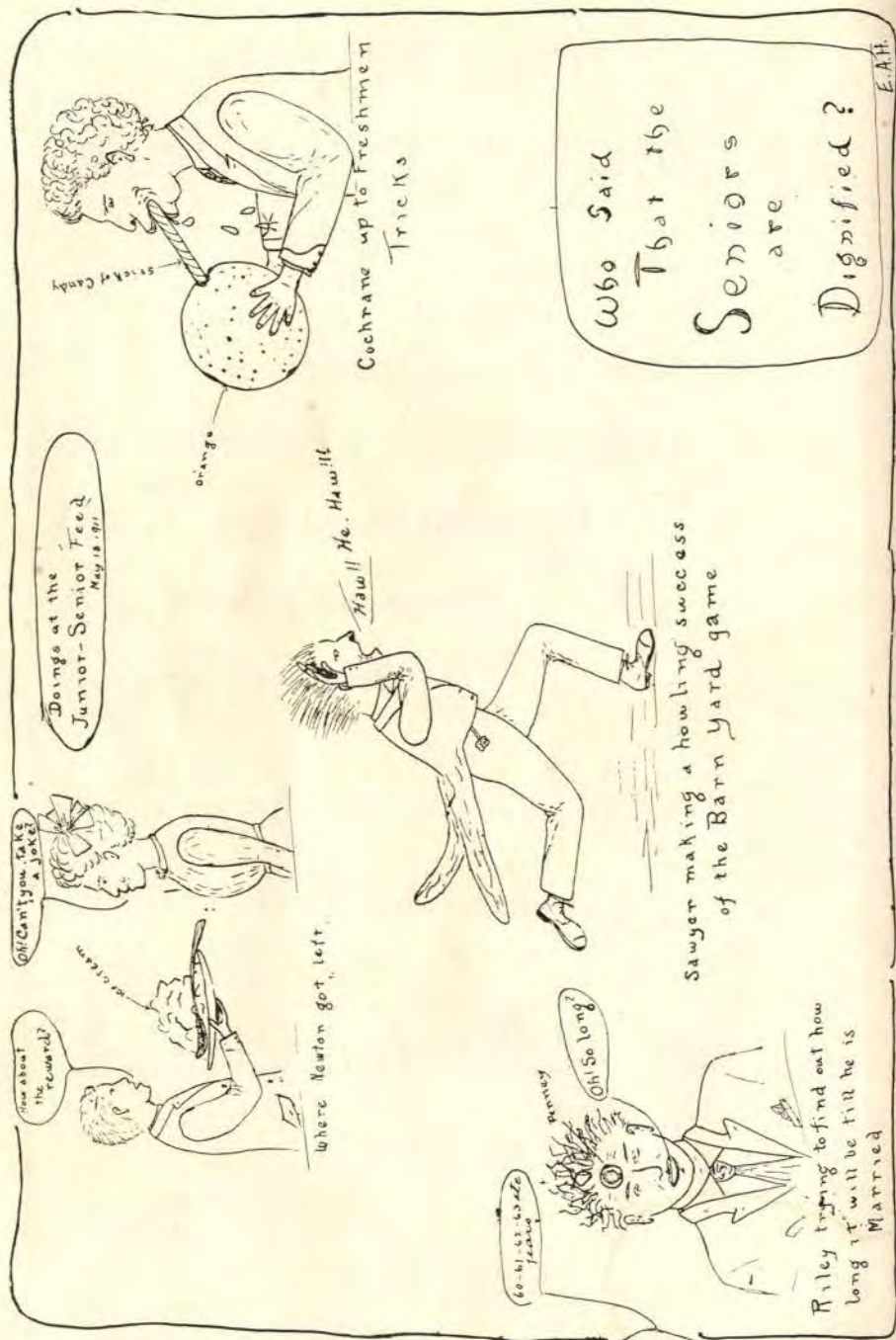
Crescent Manufacturing  
Company

Seattle

Wash.

OUR COOKING IS REALLY HOME COOKING. PEARSALL’S CAFETERIA.





STUDENTS need a good Eye-Specialist, to overcome Muscular Eye Trouble, Headache, Blurred Vision, Inflamed Eyes, Nervousness, Dizziness, Etc., I have many Seminary Students as Patients. Ask The Boys!  
Glad to consult you.

J. W. EDMUNDS, Oph. D.

701-3 Leary Bldg., 2nd and Madison

Phones: Main 2174; 1378

Hazel S. (in modern history)—I don't understand this history.  
Prof. B.—Well, I guess you will have to stand under then.

Miss Pool—Esther, you're one of the smartest girls in school.  
Esther W.—Why, who told you? I never meant for that to get out.

Skuzie—E-clipse means to cut out. (After a moment's thought.) Let's see, ex-clipse is the word I want.

A little boy and his little sister owned a dog. One day it was after a bird. The dog's name was Caesar.

Boy (excitedly)—Caesar sees 'er.

Girl—Seize 'er, Caesar.

Visitor—Are you working all your way through school?

Student—I was up until yesterday, when I found a nickel on the street corner.

Boot-black—I can shine your shoes and put new strings in them for fifteen cents.

Stingy Millionaire—Is that the best you can do?

Boot-black—I can do it for nothing if you're broke.

If these jokes aren't funny and don't make you laugh,  
Or to read them has caused you much pain;  
Then just laugh at the time I have wasted on them,  
And my labor will not have been vain.—Joke Ed.

Candies, Ice Cream, all kinds of Soft Drinks. 3415 Fremont Ave.

D. R. Watson, Mgr.

F. J. Watson.

## Fremont and Ross Transfer Co.

FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING

Baggage Called for and Delivered  
Good Storage Room

"We Never Sleep."  
Green 675.

Residence, North 607.

Office 3500 Fremont Ave.  
North 219.

YOU'LL FIND YOUR FRIENDS AT PEARSALL'S CAFETERIA



There is a characteristic smartness about our Young Men's Clothes that is indicative of expression of the young man's higher ideals in dress—

**Suits \$12.50 to \$35.00**

**W. B. HUTCHINSON CO.**

**Second and Union**

**SEATTLE**

**THEN HE SHUT UP.**

He was from Pittsburg, but he couldn't help that, and no one blamed him. However, there was no reason for his assuming that the young thing next him at the table was so interested in steel as to warrant a lecture of half an hour, even by an expert like himself.

"What would we do without steel?" he demanded. "A million articles are made of steel. From knives to locomotives, everything best in civilization is made of cast steel!"

"Yes!" the sweet young thing interrupted, with a sudden interest, "and castile is the best soap, too, isn't it?"—Sel.

John R. (in fun)—Come here, Allen, and I'll put you in the bathtub.

Allen—I don't know anything about that bathtub.

Roy S.—You had better have an introduction.

Remarks on Mr. Wold's mustache:

Sem. Girl—Mr. Wold's mustache tickles me. (And just see how short it is.)

Arvilla W.—Doesn't Mr. Wold tickle you with his mustache?

You can get the finest Ice Cream in the city at the Ice Cream Parlors, 3415 Fremont Avenue.

**NOW is the Opportune Time**

to invest in Seattle. The beginning on June 1st of the 42-story Smith Building; of the Lake Union Belt line, and the Lake Washington canal insures a prosperous future for Seattle. I have excellent properties for lease or sale along either the canal or belt line.

**H. J. PROBSTFELD**

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**WE ARE GIVING AWAY TWO AUTOMOBILES. FEARSALL'S CAFETERIA**

**GRADUATION DAY BOOKS**

Appropriate for Commencement Gifts; also

**KODAKS - Prices \$1.00 to \$65.00**

**WILSON**

318, 224 PIKE STREET  
and 104 OCCIDENTAL

Skuzie—Don't say anything about the Dutchmen; they're all right.

Shannon—The Irishmen are not so worse.

Root—Well, boys, the Swedes are the best in the bunch.

(We wonder why.)

**CONDITION PRECEDENT.**

"The religion of some people is too lenient," said Bishop Heslin in a recent address in Nantucket.

"Some people suggest to me, in their views of religion, a little girl whose teacher said to her: 'Mary, what must we do first before we can expect forgiveness for our sins?'

"'We must sin first,' the little girl answered."—Sel.

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Pupil—No'm—what use have I for a paper back?—Ex.

A little boy was sent to the market to get a chicken. On his return home he, with tears, reported the following to his mother: "I told him to give me a dressed chicken, and he wouldn't do it, but gave me this old dead thing without any feathers on it."

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## Spring Footwear

For Young Men and Maidens.  
Popular Prices.

# Raymond & Hoyt

1406 Third, between Union and Pike  
The cheapest place to buy good shoes

(Continued from Page 35)

Misses Kelley, Westfield, Peterson and McLaughlin will remain in the city.

Sid Burrows, the sergeant-at-arms, will spend the summer out of the city.

Deda Dean, the algebra shark, will remain in the city.

Esther Solsberg and Miss Airsmith will return to their homes in eastern Washington.

Mary Millican will remain in the city this summer and keep the grass from growing on the tennis court. We think our sergeant-at-arms may assist her in this undertaking.

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Misses Flora and Nora Johnston will spend their vacation at home in Prairie, Wn. Who says the twins are not all right?

F. C. Thompson, the philosopher, baffles the class and makes the teachers think. No class in school can claim a better and bigger (?) man.

Geo. Staggs, our class editor, will spend his vacation hunting and fishing in the Blue Mountains of eastern Oregon. He is a fellow who keeps the class spirit high, and who makes things hum when the Sophs are near.

Althea Marston will stay home this summer, for her father could not get along without his "baby girl."

Robert Leise will go to his home in Forest Grove, Ore. Bob's head is small, but it contains all he knows.

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**Alumni Directory** (Continued from page 49)

Mabel Peterson, Student in U. of W.  
Theodore Smith, Seattle, Wash. Electrical Engineer.  
Edna B. Lawrence, Seattle, Wash. Junior of U. of W.  
Grace Vaughn Grantham, Home, Seattle, Wash.

**CLASS OF '09.**

Ruth Humphrey, Home, Seattle, Wash.  
B. H. Alberts, District Elder, Tacoma District.  
Marvin Marston, Student in Greenville College.  
Earl Thomas, Seattle, Wash. Meter Man, City Light Plant.  
Maud Welton, Spokane. In training in St. Luke's Hospital.  
Frank Bailey, Seattle, Wash. Junior in U. of W.  
Grace Parfitt, Des Moines, Iowa. Student of Business College.

**CLASS OF '10.**

Duane B. Bardell, Seattle, Wash. Student at Hyatt-Fowells Stenog. School.

Eva J. Bryan Millican, Home, Monroe, Wash.  
Josephine Claus, Normal Student, Plymouth, Iowa.  
Addie Cook, College Student in Seattle Seminary.  
Wilbur F. Cook, Home, Forest Grove, Oregon.  
Glen Dinsmore, Seattle, Wash. Student, W. M. B. College.  
Grace Droz, Colville, Wash.  
Edward J. Fuller, Seattle, Wash. City Water Office.  
Ernest W. Gibson, Seattle, Wash. Teaming.  
Edwin W. Hight, Portland, Oregon. Clerk in Department Store.  
Ethel Langworthy, Home, Sunnyside, Wash.  
L. Ray Langworthy, Home, Sunnyside, Wash.  
Ethel McReynolds, Teacher in King County.  
Esther Meacham Stilwell, Teacher in Ritzville, Wash.  
Earl W. Milton, Sunnyside, Wash. Fruit Farming.  
Edith Morgan, Greenville, Ill. Student in Greenville College.  
Lillian O. Pickens, Teacher in Everett City Schools.  
Frank C. Scott, Harrington, Wash. Farming.  
Louis A. Skuzie, College Student in Seattle Seminary.  
Carrie M. Smalley, Student in the Oregon Conservatory of Music, Portland, Oregon.  
Roy G. Staines, Giribaldi, Oregon. Carpenter.  
Ethel Ward, College Student in Seattle Seminary.  
Raymond Perry, student, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Very interesting conversation in here?" asked papa, suddenly thrusting his head in through the window, where Ethel, Mr. Thompkins and little Eva sat very quietly.

"Yes, indeed," said Ethel, ready on the instant with a reply. "Mr. Thompkins and I were discussing our kith and kin, weren't we, Eva?"

"Yeth, you wath," replied little Eva. "Mr. Thompkins said, 'May I have a kith?' and Ethel said, 'You kin!'" —Ex.



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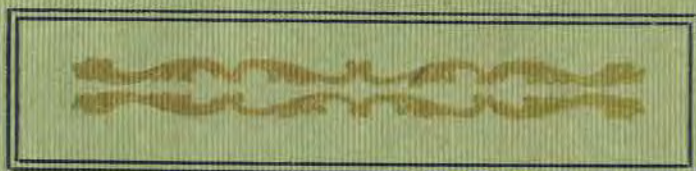


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