

June 1st, 1912

The June 1912 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.spu.edu/archives_publications_seminary

Recommended Citation

Seattle Seminary, "The June 1912 Cascade" (1912). *Seattle Seminary Publications*. 29.
https://digitalcommons.spu.edu/archives_publications_seminary/29

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Seattle Seminary, 1891 – 1915 at Digital Commons @ SPU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Seattle Seminary Publications by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ SPU.

CASCADE

Louis Weston



A good understanding
makes a

GOOD COMMENCEMENT

We understand how to give
you a good understanding
when we fit you to a pair of our

SHOES

or Oxfords for men and women.

POPULAR PRICES, \$2.50, \$3.00 AND \$3.50

RAYMOND & HOYT

1406 Third Ave., Liberty Bldg.

The cheapest place to buy good shoes.



Lair Newton

THEY HAVE COME

WE ARE pleased to announce the arrival of our
Spring and Summer stocks of Boots and Shoes
and Gents' Furnishings. These goods are of
a character that would reflect credit on metropolitan sur-
roundings. Prices the lowest for reliable goods.

Call at the HOME STORE and be convinced.

Edward Robinson & Sons

Fremont Avenue and Ewing Street

FREMONT

FREMONT SHOE HOSPITAL

*We give you the benefit of our twenty-two
years' experience in fine SHOE REPAIRING*

Mens' Half-Soles 75c. Ladies' Half-Soles 50c. Children's 30c. up
W. M. PHELPS, Mgr. 3421 FREMONT AVENUE

HAVE YOU SOME MONEY ON HAND?

If so, have you considered **where** to invest them?

It is not enough to have the money; the **important thing** is to
know where to put it to **get results**.

SEATTLE IS THE **PLACE** **NOW** IS THE **TIME**

ARE YOU PAYING RENT?

If so, why don't you stop and buy a home?

Just look at this proposition:

A lot 45x120 and 4-room house, modern, fine view, street im-
provements in and paid, for **\$1,500.00**; \$100.00 down and \$15.00 per
month on balance.

H. J. Probstfeld

GENERAL APPRAISER NOTARY PUBLIC REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE LOANS RENTALS

Phone, Queen Anne 241

3300 Third Ave. W.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Sunset, Main 476

MILO A. ROOT

Attorney at Law
All State, U. S. Courts, and
Office Business
911 LOWMAN BLDG. Seattle, Wash.

Notary Public Real Estate Loans

RUEBEN D. HILL

LAWYER
Collections Insurance
Phone Queen Anne 554
3501 3rd Avenue West
Seattle

The Ross Marche Hardware Co.

wants your trade in

**Builders' Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Oils, Paints,
Glass, Granite And Tinware, Pipes and Fittings**

Yours for trade

C. W. CHRISTENSEN

Cor. Third Avenue West and Bertona St.

Phone Ind. A 1816

To the Young Lady and Gentleman Students of Seattle Seminary:

We desire to extend our greetings and these few verses with the suggestion that you adopt them as your life's motto. And in so doing may they at all times in the years to come be the same inspiration and help to you that they have so many times been to others.

Keep A Goin'

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a Goin'!
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a Goin'!
'Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line,
Bait your hook and keep on tryin',
Keep a Goin'!

If the weather kills your crop,
Keep a Goin'!
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a Goin'!
S'pose you're out of every dime,
Gettin' broke ain't any crime.
Tell the world you're feeling prime,
Keep a Goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a Goin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a Goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like sighin'—sing,
Keep a Goin'!

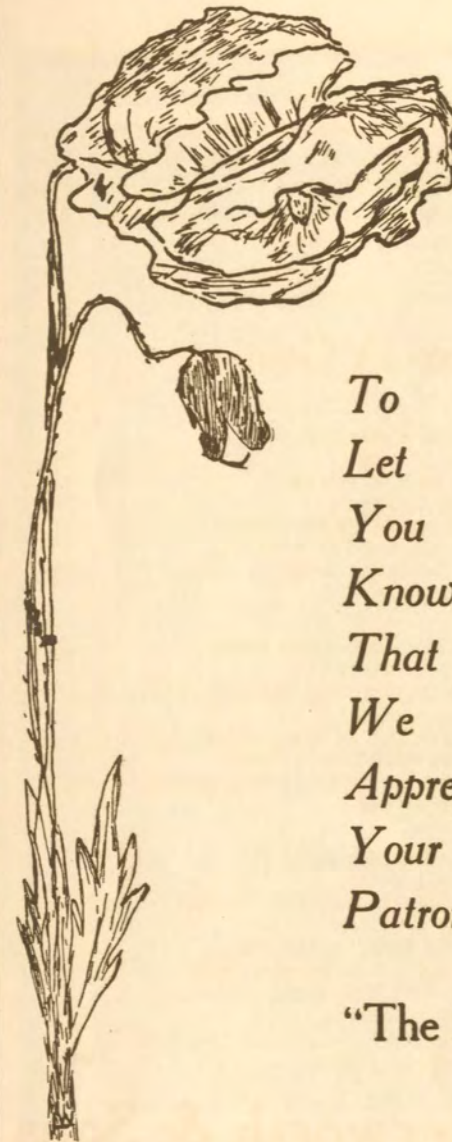
Most sincerely yours,

E. R. Butterworth & Sons

MORTICIANS

1921 First Avenue

Seattle



*To
Let
You
Know
That
We
Appreciate
Your
Patronage*

"The Kodak Store"

The Fremont Drug Co., Inc.
LOUGH AND WOODMAN



Photo by Hamilton.

ALEXANDER BEERS
Principal

Worthy Educational Ideals

June of 1912 is here with all her beauty of forest, flower and field. The very atmosphere is laden with the perfume of flowers and the trees vocal with the sound of birds and the humming of insects. Of all the months in the year June is the unchallenged favorite. Little children with arms full of wild flowers and with voices full of glee unanimously acclaim this month the queen of the twelve months of the year. Blushing brides with orange blossoms in their hair and bridal roses in hand, and with smiles more radiant than "a day in June,"



MRS. A. BEERS
Preceptress



Home of A. Beers

unite in declaring this month at the head of the calendar of months.

To me it appears most fitting that the commencement days for our schools and colleges usually occur sometime during this popular month. It is said that during each spring more than 100,000 of the brightest youths of America are graduated and given diplomas

from the various high schools, academies, seminaries, colleges and universities. Commencement day is the one high day of school life. Every graduate looks forward with bright anticipation to this day as the consummation of a well planned and carefully prosecuted course of study. Fathers and mothers with equal pride and enthusiasm look with rare satisfaction upon the day when their sons and daughters shall receive diplomas.

This vast army of 100,000 people means much to the generations to come.



Young Ladies Hall



Administration Building



Young Men's Parlor

A. H. STILWELL
Asst. Principal



The home, the church, the state and nation will be influenced for weel or woe by the influence exerted by them. That "knowledge is power" is recog-

nized by all. The mighty influence that this restless company of educated and aspiring people will have is too great for human mind to grasp. As the mighty Gulf Stream can be traced far out into the trackless ocean, so the influence of this army of 100,000 young lives will break on eternity's shore.

The character of the influence weilded by these young people will depend largely upon the instruction

received within the educational walls during the four years of school life. This emphasizes the great need of Christian education. Any system of training that leaves God out of its curriculum is sadly deficient. Dr. Hillis says, "True education leads its possessor to love the truth supremely, to pursue it eternally, to yield one's self to it completely and to defend it persistently even at the loss of reputation or life itself. This is to receive from God the patent of nobility." Our training must be of such a character as to make our young people strong and wise. The conscience must be quickened, the

powers of moral and ethical discrimination clarified, the will re-inforced and the soul elevated. In tendency it

must always point Godward as naturally as the needle points to the pole. No teacher is properly qual-



Young Ladies Parlor

ified for the task of instructing and training young people who has not a personal knowledge of God. He must know Him as a Creator and Saviour, he should be able to say from personal experience, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."



One of the Young Ladies Rooms

The safety of our young people and the stability and perpetuity of our institutions depend upon the underlying Christian virtues and principles. A victorious life is the product of good judgment, self control, a clear head and a pure heart. Absolute justice to all regardless of rank or station in life must be the watch-word and motto of the properly trained person. The indi-

vidual must have clean hands and a pure heart. Such a young person is not easily plunged into ruin, nor is he liable to be shipwrecked upon the first rock of temptation that his bark encounters on the voyage of life. We are taught in the Bible that the man who controls his own spirit is stronger than he who takes a city. He

who is governed and controlled by Jesus Christ is of necessity a courageous and victorious person. Looseness, infidelity, duplicity, all forms of sham and hypocrisy must be eschewed. It is cowardly to sin and make a mock of God. The truly righteous life is indicative of scientific bravery. The irreligious young person can not be depended upon.

Seattle

Seminary stands first, last and al-

ways for Christian education. Not doctors, lawyers, teachers, preachers, missionaries, but men and women transformed by the Grace of God and dedicated to the cause of Christ is the object and aim of this institution. The class that is being graduated this year will go out to represent these ideals. The many classes that have been graduated during the last nineteen years are holding up the standard of their Alma Mater most nobly. Are not our Christian schools the pillar of cloud and of fire that must guide



Boys' Dormitory



One of the Boys' Rooms

our young people safely through the great wilderness of error and bring them into the Promised Land of a useful life? May God bless the Seattle Seminary, the graduating class of 1912 and the many young people who have studied within these sacred enclosures and have gone forth to bless the world.

ALEXANDER BEERS,
Station F, Seattle, Wash.



Boys' Hall



Girls' Hall





Faculty Roll

Albert H. Stilwell, A. B., A. M., Associate Principal, instructor in Latin, is a graduate of the University of Rochester. He has taught in Greenville College, Chili, Spring Arbor, Evansville and Seattle Seminaries.

Omar A. Burns, A.B., A.M., instructor in History, received his bachelor's degree from Greenville College in 1902, and his master's degree from the University of Washington in 1906.

Wallace W. Loomis, A.B., A.M., instructor in Theology and English, received his degrees from Greenville College and since then has taught in Evansville, Orleans, and Seattle Seminaries.

Herbert K. Biddulph, B.S., preceptor and instructor in Mathematics and Physics, graduated from Greenville College in 1910, and has taught in the Seminary since that time.

A. Jesse Marston, Ph. B., instructor in English, received his degree from Greenville College in 1911. He has taught three years in the Seminary.

Sanford M. Zeller, B.S., A.B., instructor in Science, graduated from Greenville College in 1909 and received his degree of A.B. from the University of Washington in 1912.

C. May Marston, A.B., instructor in Greek, German and English, is a graduate of Greenville College.

Z. May Colson, instructor in the Grammar Department, is a graduate of the Seminary.

Mary A. Burrows, instructor in the Grammar Department, took a teacher's training course at the Minnesota State Normal at Mankato.

Hannah Lawrence, assistant preceptress and teacher in the fifth and sixth grades, is a graduate of the State Normal at Regina, Saskatchewan.

Nettie M. Tong, teacher in the fifth and sixth grades, graduated from the Seminary in 1905 and has taught here since that time.

Mrs. Lulu L. Helm, teacher of the Primary Department, was formerly a student in the Seminary.

Viola Knowlton, instructor in Art, received her education in the Wesleyan Methodist school at Orleans and the Art Institute in Chicago.

Mrs. Harriet Colburn Saunderson, O.M., instructor in Elocution, graduated from the Emerson College of Oratory. She is the principal of the Saunderson School of Expression in Seattle.

Othelia R. Rustad, Director of Music, received her musical education from the Conservatory of Carlton College, Minnesota, and the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Mrs. Ella Colson, Matron, has been here since the school opened. She has served the school very nobly and has proved most efficient in her department.



It is with a feeling of regret almost akin to sadness that we realize that our names will here appear under the above head for the last time. We look with great pleasure and satisfaction back over the years that we have spent in Seattle Seminary. In one sense of the word they have been years of toil, but it has been toil in which we delighted, and our work has been so interspersed with wholesome joys and pleasures, that we can truly say that these years have been very happy ones. As the scene of so many bright and glad days, this spot will ever be tenderly regarded in our memories, and the many valued friendships that we have formed will furnish to us a wealth of happiness throughout our lives.

Miss Ruth Stilwell, our class president, entered the Seminary ten years ago. She came here from Evansville with her parents when but a child and has taken almost her entire course here. Her attention has been particularly turned to elocution and her natural ability along that line is shown by the great success she has made. She contemplates teaching next year.

Miss Emma Olson has been a student here during the past four years, having first entered at the beginning of her Freshman year. After commencement she will either return to her home at Brinnon or attend summer school at the Bellingham Normal. She intends to take upon herself the dignity of a school teacher next year.

Mr. Frank Watkins came here from Nebraska two years ago. He took his Freshman and Sophomore work in the Orleans Seminary and the Kearney Normal. Beside completing his course since coming here he has finished a course in Art. He will attend the Bellingham Normal next year.



Miss Freddie Scott first came to Seattle Seminary four years ago. She has returned each year since, taking her entire course here. She will either attend summer school with Miss Olson or return to her home at Harrington. She also anticipates teaching school next year.

Miss Rose Richey, our class poet, has attended the Seminary during the last three years, having taken her Freshman year at the Arlington High. As she is also aspiring to the position of a teacher, she will take a teacher's preparatory course in the Cascade School of this city.

Miss Effie Vanderveen first entered Seattle Seminary at the beginning of her Sophomore year four years ago. She remained at home the following year, returning here last year and this. She will return to her home in eastern Oregon or spend the summer with friends in Portland.

Mr. Franklin Helm, after an absence of four years, returned to the Seminary last fall to complete his academic course. During his absence he was, the greater part of the time, stationed on a circuit in the Oregon conference, and for a while he attended the Capital Normal School at Salem, Ore. He will continue his work in the Bellingham Normal next year.

Miss Eva Signor has taken all of her course in the Seminary with the exception of a few branches which she has pursued under private tutorship. She, with Mr. Watkins, graduates from the Art course. She will enter college next fall or will continue with her Music and Art and remain at home.

Miss Estella Curtis has taken all of her academic work here except the first part of this year in which she attended the Los Angeles Seminary. She will spend the summer with her parents who live in Fremont.

Mr. Samuel Wyler came here three years ago after having completed his Freshman year in Orleans Seminary. He has also taken a theological course and has studied Art. He contemplates attending the Bellingham Normal next year.

Miss Lois Catton took her Freshman work at the Lincoln High and has attended the Seminary during the last three years. She will remain at home next year and take music.

Miss Kathryn Whisner has attended Seattle Seminary for the last three years. She took her Freshman work at the Tacoma High. Miss Whisner is the musician of our class. She will remain at home next year.

Miss Daisy Poole came here from Spokane three and one-half years ago, and has been a student in the Seminary since

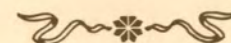


that time. She will spend the summer visiting relatives in other parts of the state.

The time has come when we must part
And bid our friends adieu;
We feel an aching in our heart
At thot of leaving you.

But then we could not always stay,
We've many things to do;
Out in the wide, wide world, they say,
There's need of workers true.

So Alma Mater, fare thee well,
Farewell dear teachers, too,
Farewell, dear schoolmates, we must say
A last farewell to you.



Senior Verse

I sat by the window and thot and thot,
A subject for poem was what I sought;
I gazed at the azure blue of the sky,
I looked at the clouds as they floated by.

I looked at the meadows of emerald green,
At the brooks and rills which flowed between;
I looked at the trees with their foliage bright,
And their dainty blossoms of pink and white.

I saw the birds flitting among the leaves
Or building their nests under neighboring eaves;
Their songs floated out on the balmy air
And were wafted to me by zephyrs rare.

Surely, I thot, this melodious choir
And this beautiful sight ought to inspire;
I chose my subject without more ado,
But to write the poem, I leave that to you.

—Daisy Poole, '12.



Twilight

Prize Poem.

The sun arises in the morn
Amidst a burst of light;
He travels fast in his fiery course,
And glories in his might.
But as the twilight hour draws near,
He vanishes from sight,
Leaving the glorious twilight hour,
Fore-runner of the night.

How I love that twilight hour!
The hour that's most sublime;
When breezes waft the scent of flowers
That bloom on stalk and vine.
To sit in silent reverie,
Oblivious of time,
Holding communion with one's self
And Him—the All-divine.

The rustling of the leaves is sweet
As any round—a—lay;
The shadows 'mong the grass and reeds
Engage in silent play.
The gathering dusk obscures the view
And marks the close of day;
And the rippling of the water is
As music, blithe and gay.

The poppies soothe the daffodils
And lull them off to sleep;
The vines cling to the garden wall
And close together creep;
The dew-drops kiss the roses
While the weeping willows weep;
Meanwhile the stately holly-hocks
Their lonely vigils keep.

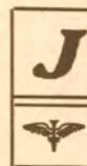
The busy little cricket
Serenades me with his fife;
The whip-poor-will's sad cry bespeaks
A poor soul full of strife;
Then the rising moon dispels the gloom,
The air with sound is rife,
And nature seems in dead repose,
Yet everywhere is life.

—OLIVE WOODCOCK, '13.

The Turning Point

Lois Cathey, '15, Col.

First Prize.



JOSEPHINE Racey turned reluctantly from the open doorway and the sunset to the duskiness of the room within. Already the dark shadows of night were beginning to settle down over the earth.

She groped her way to the table and lit the lamp. Gradually each object in the room took shape. It was a small, plain room which had at one time, no doubt, been the parlor. Now it served as a bed room, and in addition to the usual parlor furniture a bed stood out from the corner. A gray head was resting on the pillow and a knotted, wrinkled hand lay motionless on the coverlet.

Going to the bedside Josephine knelt down and took the wrinkled hand between her own.

"How do you feel, father?" she asked, gently.

"Very comfortable, Jo," he answered feebly.

The girl looked at him long and earnestly. He had a strange look tonight, and only this morning she had thought he was gaining. Something far back in her mind struggled for recognition, but she rose quickly and kissing her father gently, she again went to the doorway and looked into the darkness.

Josephine was an only child. She had lived with her parents, away from everyone, until her mother had died just three years before. After this the place was unbearably lonely. So to occupy her mind and also prepare herself for something useful, Josephine had entered a small hospital in the nearest village, five miles away. She had enjoyed the training as she had enjoyed nothing before and then—Dr. Meredith, George, had entered her life. He was so strong and manly and she admired him. Gradually they had grown toward one another and then, one day, a misunderstanding had arisen—and that was all. Soon afterward Josephine's father suffered a stroke so she left the hospital and returned home to care for him. That was a year ago. It seemed five to the girl.

Josephine closed the door and looked again toward the bed.

"I'll stay up tonight," she said to herself, "he might need me."

She seated herself near the table and tried to read but it was of no use. Her mind was on the silent form in the far corner. He was all she had left and now perhaps he was



going. For a moment a wave of bitterness swept over her. She again picked up her book and compelled herself to cease thinking. Unconsciously, kind slumber crept up and relieved her tired mind and body.

It was about midnight when she was awakened suddenly. Arising she listened. Yes, her father was moaning. She turned up the light and carrying it to the bedside, she allowed the gleam to fall on the man's white, drawn face. Josephine gave an involuntary start. Then she straightened herself and tried hard to think.

At length, without uttering a word, she placed the lamp on the table, turned it low and went for her wraps. She had come to the conclusion that she must have a doctor as soon as possible. Dr. Boyd would do; he was the old family physician. *She went to the stables and led out her own pony "Betsy."* *Mounting, she rode off into the night. (She knew that she must return as quickly as she could so there was no time to lose.)* There was no moon and everything was as black as if there had never been such a thing as light.

Josephine was not afraid. She had been out alone too often. But somehow tonight every shadow or rustle in the bushes startled her. As she entered the woods she touched "Betsy" lightly and the little pony quickened her pace. What if her father were, at that very moment, trying to catch his last breath or tossing in fever?

"Betsy" fairly flew over the ground. Before long Josephine saw the street lights in the distance. Nearer and nearer horse and rider approached. The houses were closer together. Now they turned into the main road, then down another street. *At length they drew up before a large house.*

Josephine jumped to the ground, ran up the walk and, mounting the steps, pulled the bell-rope. Presently, but it seemed ages to Josephine, a head was thrust from an upstairs window and a weak, feminine voice inquired the cause for the midnight visit.

"I'm Miss Racey," Josephine hastened to explain. "Please send the doctor out quick. Father is worse, perhaps he's dying."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Miss Racey, but the doctor has gone to Pulham. He won't be back 'till morning."

Josephine turned away dazed. She said neither "thank you" nor "good night." What should she do? She knew other doctors but would she trust her father to them now? She would trust Dr. Meredith but—. No, it was impossible. She couldn't go for him. But her father mustn't die. Oh,

what should she do? She turned to her pony and mounted. She must be a woman, not a foolish child.

She rode straight to Dr. Meredith's office and rang the bell. A light glimmered in a distant window, then it came nearer. Josephine drew herself up and tried to collect her thoughts. The door opened and a wellknown voice exclaimed:

"Why! Miss Racey, you?"

Josephine looked up for an instant only.

"My father is dying." Her voice was tense.

"Yes." Very quietly.

"Dr. Boyd is away."

"Yes."

"Come right out."

"Yes."

Josephine turned without looking up. Mounting again she turned "Betsy" and started home as if every second lost meant a life-time lost. As she entered the woods she heard horse's hoofs beating the road behind her, but she kept her speed and urged "Betsy" to go faster. The doctor mustn't overtake her.

The moment she reached her ^{home} yard she leaped from her pony with a whispered word and ran into the house. Her father was tossing on the bed and every once in a while a low moan escaped his lips. Going behind the bed she leaned over and whispered in his ear. But he didn't hear her. Almost immediately Dr. Meredith entered.

He gave a few hasty directions to Josephine who obeyed without a word. Then the long struggle for life began. Josephine forgot everything else in the one thought of her father. Mere trifles faded away, in fact, everything ^{she} seemed a trifle. Some strong power had control of her. She knelt down at the side of the bed and hid her face in her hands. She felt suddenly weak and frail.

The hours went slowly by, then softly and slowly the first faint streaks of dawn appeared. Josephine felt it and raised her head.

A voice on the other side of the bed was saying:

"We've pulled him through."

Josephine looked up. A pair of brown eyes met her's steadily and then a strong, masculine hand was extended over the coverlet.

Confidently, Josephine placed her ^{own} within it. And the father slept like a child.



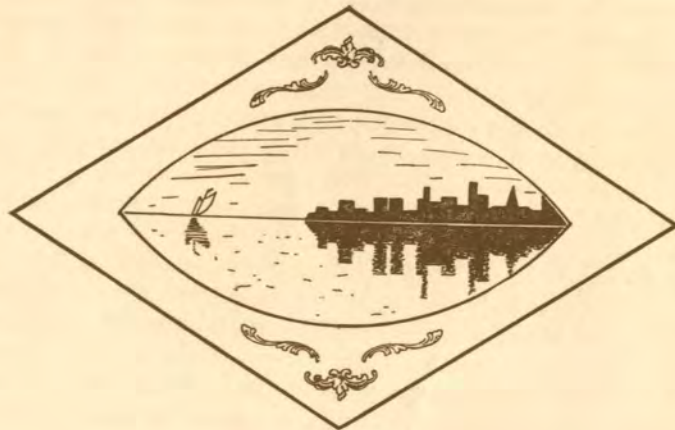
The Passing of the School Year

T
H
E
C
A
S
C
A
D
E

Swiftly the days of the school year
 Pass, as the wind in October;
 Pass, as the leaves in the wind, till we can see them no longer.
 Autumn passes us by,
 And Christmas vacation and springtime,
 Till June bursts upon us at last, before we are ready to greet her.
 Thus runs the life of the school;
 Thus runs the long stream of duties,
 Like the unceasing course of a stream that is ever journeying seaward:
 Never hastening past
 The gloomy darkening shadows,
 And never lingering long to requite the kiss of the daisies.
 So runs the life of the school,
 For nine long months swiftly flowing;
 Hurrying past the fun, and loit'ring with tasks that are irksome;
 Till last we bid our farewells,
 And cast long, lingering glances
 At comrades and buildings and campus.

Long may those building stand!
 Long may they welcome new students;
 Long may our teachers, all, guide them in sweet paths of Learning.
 Long may be seen in their halls
 The genial face of Prof. Stilwell,—
 Genial to those who do well,
 But a terror to doers of evil.
 Long may those massive trees
 Rise in their strength and their beauty,
 Typical of the lives of those who go forth from their shelter,
 Strong in noble resolve,
 And eager to enter life's battle,
 With beauty that is of the heart,
 Not alone of the outward adorning.

—C. Lee Sherwood, '12.



Not Forgotten

John Logan, '13.

Second Prize.

CHAPTER I.



T
H
E
C
A
S
C
A
D
E

GOODBYE my boy, goodbye; may God guide you, may you always remember that your mother is praying for you and that she will do all she can to help you to finish your college course successfully, remember the time will soon pass, be sure you do all in your power to make the most of the opportunities that may present themselves to you; thorough, honest work in your studies, and upright dealing with your classmates will alone give you a solid foundation for future usefulness and ultimate triumph."

Jim Dysart bended o'er the wrinkled forehead, and kissed the tearstained cheek of his mother, while the tears came from his eyes, and with a voice full of emotion he stammered, "I'll do my best, mother; goodbye."

The train moved slowly away from Maxwellton depot; Mrs. Dysart stood on the depot platform waving her handkerchief at her boy until the train disappeared around a bend on its westward journey to Covington Springs, the beautiful city, where the famous Covington College was situated, a distance of nearly twelve hundred miles west of Maxwellton.

Jim went into the car, placed his valise in the rack above his seat, then making himself as comfortable as his condition would allow, he settled down to consider his future prospects, His thoughts began to go back to the scenes which had come into his life. As he sat thus ruminating and meditating, the past seemed to move before him as a phantom, and the panoramic vision brought to his remembrance the time when a father's affection and a mother's devotion and love made his young life full of happiness and joy: the time when he was a Sophomore in Dalton. Then that awful morning when the news came that his father had been drowned while in the performance of his duty, when the good ship Viceroy of which he was captain was run into during a dense fog and sunk off the banks of Newfoundland; how the dread enemies, sickness and poverty, had reduced them from affluence, had deprived them of their comfortable home on the banks of the St. Lawrence to a rented flat in the little town of Maxwellton. His mother, now in feeble health, had to take in sewing to support herself,



and was now endeavoring to assist him through college. These were the thoughts that made the tears run down his cheek, as he looked out through the window at the country he was traveling through; little notice did he give to the broad, fertile valleys and wooded hills, with the magnificent scenery which was greatly enhanced by the golden rays of the autumn sun.

He was still in such a condition when his long tedious journey came to an end, and the train came gently to a standstill at Covington Springs. Alighting with his suitcase in hand he made his way toward Covington College with a feeling of loneliness and that morbid sense of lonesomeness that overcomes one when arriving in a strange place among strange people.

CHAPTER II.

The auditorium of Covington College was gaily decorated; amidst the profusion of flowers, whose fragrance filled the spacious hall, would be seen the blue and white—the colors of the graduating class of '12 which added a dignity to the decorations and left a pleasing effect upon the visitors who were now rapidly filling up the seats and whose beautiful dresses intermingling with the elaborate decorations presented a magnificent spectacle to the onlooker. It was the day of the contest for the Heidleberg scholarship which was given annually to the most profound thinker and eloquent orator irrespective of social qualifications. The platform in the auditorium was already well filled with the intellectual celebrities of the community and states.

Jim Dysart had written to his mother inviting her to be present at the commencement exercise. By hard work and industrious study he had made an enviable record, had gained the admiration of his entire class with the unanimous approbation of the faculty, and was one of the contestants for the Heidleberg scholarship.

Slowly the graduating class of '12 filed on to the platform and took the seats which were assigned them. President Joyce introduced the first of the contestants, the son of an eminent banker, who was welcomed by the large and expectant audience. He spoke fluently and masterfully on a "Nation's Possibilities," and sat down amidst a storm of applause. The president with a few appropriate remarks introduced Jim as the next contestant. As he arose he looked down at the upturned face of his mother, saw the tears streaming from her eyes and the once pale and wan cheek now flushed with

Reflections



Our Seminary, monarch of the West,
Dear, hallowed spot, where sun and shadows rest,
E'er since thy birth some nineteen years ago,
Numbers thy threshold crossed both to and fro.
They've sat within thy cheery, shelt'ring walls,
Have roamed the green, enjoyed thy pleasant halls,
Ah yes, they've come and gone as have the years;
The new have come, the old have disappeared.
They're scattered far and wide in many lands,
Some chose the home and others foreign strands.
Thy buildings, too, have long since multiplied,
And changes taken place on every side.

Reflection brings to mind sweet memories
Of by-gone days in these thy boundaries,
We, too, have crossed thy threshold o'er and o'er
As others did who now have gone before.
These buildings, grounds and every corner here,
To us in many ways seem very dear.
Together, one large family at school
We went the daily round as was the rule,
And while each day its work and study brought,
Those golden hours were with rich blessings fraught.
For it was here, how blest, how sweet the day
Our precious Lord came in our hearts to stay.

We soon must part, the time has rolled around
It seems the days have gone with leap and bound:
Vacation comes, and each will go his way,
One will return, another go to stay.
Some lessons learned, we may in time forget,
Some happy hours, some friends that we have met,
But be our circumstances what they will
Life's cup with joys or disappointments fill,
We'll not forget this message often given
To live for God and gain a home in heaven.
And now to friends and teachers all, good-bye
We'll keep your noble standard lifted high.

—Louise Beegle, '13.



The Cascade

Published Monthly during the School Year by the Students of the Seattle Seminary

SUBSCRIPTION RATES	
Per Year	\$.75
Per Copy	.10
Commencement Number	.50

Subscriptions may begin at any time

STAFF

S. E. Wyler.....	Editor-in-Chief	Kathryn Whisner.....	Joshes
O. R. Haslam.....	Associate	Eva Signor.....	Art
Tressa Marsh.....	Alumni		
Ruth Sharpe.....	Exchange		
Clara Root.....	Missionary	E. A. Haslam.....	Business Manager
Myra Burns.....	Societies	L. A. Skuzie.....	Associate
Louisa Ward.....	School News	J. M. Root.....	Assistant

Entered as second-class matter, Feb. 18, 1911, at the post office at Seattle, Wash.,
Vol. II under the Act of March 3, 1879 No. 9

EDITORIAL

It is upon this occasion that we wish to express our appreciation to those who have given their hearty support to the Cascade during the past year. Many times possibly your literary production did not receive immediate recognition and probably did not appear at all, because of a lack of space or other reasons, but remember that your loyalty has not been forgotten. We regret that better attention could not be given you.

Friends and supporters of the Cascade, we again wish to thank you for the special interest taken in literary work. We also expect that your interest will increase and that next year you will assist in making it the banner year in the history of the Cascade. The new Editor, John Logan, will appreciate your efforts and will expect his office to be filled with News, Stories, Poems, Rhymes and Jokes.

**EDITO-
RIAL**

CASCADE OFFICE

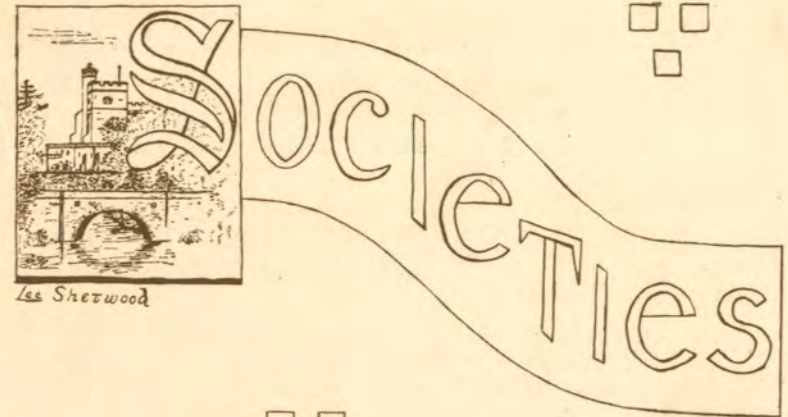
**1911-12
STAFF**

Photo by Hamilton.

Alumni Directory

- Class of '96.
1 Winfred Grantham, deceased.
Class of '97.
2 Maggie Griggs Harvey, Madras, Ore.
3 Lily Peterson, deceased.
Class of '98.
4 Laura Millican Appleton, Missionary in China.
5 Stella M. Sumner, Arleta, Ore.
6 C. May Marston, Seattle, Wash.
Class of '99.
7 Chas. McKinnon, Seattle, Wash.
8 Ethel Helm Clark, Everett, Wash.
9 Ida Pillman Townsend, Seattle, Wash.
10 Henry Peterson, Lake Chelan, Wash.
11 Joseph Peterson, Seattle, Wash.
12 Alfred Millican, Seattle, Wash.
Class of 1900.
13 Sarah Peterson, Wenatchee, Wash.
14 Julius Riff, Missionary in Africa.
15 Chas. McKinley, New Westminster, B. C.
16 Homer L. Griggs, deceased.
Class of '01.
17 Blanche Mann Marston, Seattle, Wash.
18 Nellie G. Peterson, Seattle, Wash.
19 Edith Graves, Newburg, Ore.
20 Anna Millican Youngren, Seattle, Wash.
21 C. A. Nelson, Marysville, Wash.
22 John Bradley, Spokane, Wash.
Class of '02.
23 Mattie Peterson, Missionary in China.
24 June Colson Cathey, Seattle, Wash.
25 Harold Millican, Spring Arbor, Mich.
26 Frank Millican, Missionary in China.
Class of '03.
27 Z. May Colson, Seattle, Wash.
28 Ethel Smalley Millican, Seattle, Wash.
29 Estella Witteman Houston, San Jose, Cal.
30 Winnie West Newcomb, Blaine, Wash.
31 Frank Hoekin, Portland, Ore.
32 Jessie Marston, Seattle, Wash.
33 Ray Marston, Seattle, Wash.
34 Glen Smith, Seattle, Wash.
35 Floyd Appleton, Missionary to China.
36 August Youngren, New York, N. Y.
Class of '04.
37 Bernice Bradley Taylor, Kettle Falls, Wash.
38 Emma Winter, Ione, Cal.
39 Lizzie Albright, Pomona, Cal.
40 Minnie Robertson, Gresham, Ore.
41 David Bartholemew, California.
42 Christian Trualson, South Dakota.
43 Roy Millican, Missionary in Japan.
44 Clarence Marston, Iowa.
45 Albert Anderson, Edmonds, Wash.
46 Grace Swingle Thomas, Seattle, Wash.
47 Pearl McElhoe, Western Wash.
48 Nettie Tong, Seattle, Wash.
49 Lorena Marston, Seattle, Wash.
50 Amie Boddy Millican, Missionary in China.
51 William Boddy, Portland, Ore.
52 Edward Burleson, Edmonds, Wash.
53 Clarence Thomas, Seattle, Wash.

- Class of '06.
54 Viva Flory, Tacoma, Wash.
55 Emma Agie Conrad, Escondido, Cal.
56 Ruth Allen Swingle, Laramie, Wyo.
57 Gertrude Scott Teel, Davenport, Wash.
58 Ellen Kindig, Ravena, Wash.
59 Lorraine Sherwood, Hollness College, Iowa.
60 Wesley Millican, Seattle, Wash.
Class of '07.
61 Fred Cankins, Seattle, Wash.
62 Etta Saar Wissy, Bristol, Wis.
63 Clyde Marsh, Seattle, Wash.
64 Ethel Cook Hight, Gresham, Ore.
65 Ida Witteman, Seattle, Wash.
66 Homer Wheelon, Eugene, Ore.
Class of '08.
67 Lizzie Church McGee, Wash.
68 Mabel Peterson, Seattle, Wash.
69 Theodore Smith, Seattle, Wash.
70 Edna B. Lawrence, Seattle, Wash.
71 Grace Vaughn Grantham, Seattle, Wash.
Class of '09.
72 Ruth Hunphrey, Seattle, Wash.
73 B. H. Alberts, Ballard, Wash.
74 Marvin Marston, Greenville, Ill.
75 Earl Thomas, Seattle, Wash.
76 Maud Welton, Spokane, Wash.
77 Frank Bailey, Seattle, Wash.
78 Grace Parritt, Seattle, Wash.
Class of '10.
79 Duane B. Bardell, Seattle, Wash.
80 Eva J. Bryan Millican, Missionary in Japan.
81 Josephine Claus, Plymouth, Iowa.
82 Addie Cook, Gresham, Ore.
83 Wilbur F. Cook, deceased.
84 Glen Densmore, Seattle, Wash.
85 Grace Droz, Colville, Wash.
86 Edward J. Fuller, New York.
87 Ernest W. Gibson, Bellingham, Wash.
88 Edwin W. Hight, Gresham, Ore.
89 Ethel Langworthy, Sunnyside, Wn.
90 L. Ray Langworthy, Sunnyside, Wn.
91 Ethel McReynolds, Seattle, Wash.
92 Esther Meacham Stilwell, Seattle, Wash.
93 Earl W. Milton, Seattle, Wash.
94 Edith Morgan, Greenville, Ill.
95 Lillian O. Pickens, Everett, Wash.
96 Frank C. Scott, Harrington, Wash.
97 Louis A. Skuzie, Seattle, Wash.
98 Carrie M. Smalley, Portland, Ore.
99 Roy G. Staines, Gerabald, Ore.
100 Raymond Perry, California.
Ethel Ward, Missionary in India.
Class of '11.
102 Rollin Cochran, Seattle, Wash.
103 Elvis Cochran, Hermon, Cal.
104 Laura Derringer, Seattle, Wash.
105 Lillian Perry, Seattle, Wash.
106 Everett Trousdale, Portland, Ore.
107 Lula Meacham, Tumwater, Wash.
108 Gem Lewis, Spokane, Wash.
109 Dana Newton, Seattle, Wash.
110 Mable Barnhart, Seattle, Wash.
111 Bessie Bixbee, Teacher in Eastern Washington.
112 Rachel Vandeventer, Seattle, Wash.
113 D. A. Sawyer, Kearney, Neb.
114 Arville Wood Stains, Giribaldi, Ore.
115 Lillian West, Wash.
116 Sadie Rose, Seattle, Wash.
117 Tressa Marsh, Seattle, Wash.
118 Ralph Milton, Sunnyside, Wash.



Lee Sherwood

The Alpha College Club

Many a time it has been remarked in our hearing that deep waters run in silence; and that is why we have not rattled nor clattered through the halls of learning. It is no sign that we have been lying idly in some corner of the campus, with moss growing on our backs or grass under our feet.

Although our numbers are few and the work hard, we have never felt like saying "give up." Every time one looks at one of our club members, he is reminded of the words of the great scientist, "Survival of the fittest."

We have survived the green-grass-growing and going-to-seed stages of the Freshman; the absorption-of-all-moist-substance stage of the Sophomores; the breaking-of-the-shell and daylight-dawning of the Juniors, and—and the hat-band-enlarging-cycle of the Seniors.

Down thru it all we have plowed our way and stand as monuments of the ages of school life ready to demonstrate to all that still there is space in the cranium where much knowledge can be stored without touching the sides.

This is our first year of existence on this planet and we confess the strangeness. But we feel that we are becoming acquainted and are developing into a club of whose existence the school may well be proud.

The Alpha College Club stands ready to take its place among the leading organizations of the school.

—L. A. Skuzie, '14 Col.



The Alexandrian Literary Society

The past year has been one of great success for the Alexandrian Literary Society. This has been due to the interest the officers have taken in the work of the society and also the manner in which the students have co-operated with them.

The officers for the first semester were O. R. Haslam, president, and Emma Olson, secretary. During the last semester S. E. Wyler has filled the office of president and Lois Cathey that of secretary.

The result of the interest taken by the students in literary work has been manifested by the interesting and entertaining public programs they have rendered. The two programs of special interest to the respective classes of the Academic Department were the ones in which the Freshmen-Sophomore and Junior-Senior debates were the chief features. It has been the aim of the society in its private meetings to develop the literary talent of the students and, in its public meetings, show to the public the work it is doing.

We wish to take this opportunity for thanking the friends of the school for so kindly favoring us with their presence at our programs. We realize that an appreciative audience adds greatly to the success of a literary society.

Aletheipian Literary Society

"Aletheipians," yes, that is our name, but please do not harbor the impression that we are only a name and that our regular notes in this paper are simply minute nothings compiled from our imagination. No, indeed! We are a live club and are not ashamed to boast that we have done our best and have maintained a high standard of work and a full attendance up to the last meeting.

At our last session we were highly honored by an invitation to an outing from the Philopolemic Debating Club. Our joyful anticipation of this occasion, however, was irrevocably doomed to disappointment by a disobliging rain and sky heavy with black clouds which nevertheless proved to conceal silver linings, for our excellent hosts could not have entertained us more royally on the eve of May 3rd.

It was a spritely company gathered in the ladies' parlor and we Aletheipians endeavored to do justice to that delightful "punch" and the elaborate refreshments. The perfect service by the gentlemen waiters was highly flattering to our vanity. The after-dinner toasts introduced by Professor Marston, toastmaster, were a fitting close to the evening.



We wish to express to the Phils and President Skuzie, our sincere appreciation of the interest in us and their efforts to afford us a pleasant time not soon to be forgotten.

Our club looks forward to next year and readers of the Cascade will doubtless hear from us again.

Philopolemic Debating Club

Probably the most pleasant and beneficial phase of this school year to the boys, outside of school work itself, has been the proceedings of the Philopolemic Debating Club. During the first part of the school year the meetings of the club were greatly hindered by various social, religious and business functions; but when, by the kindness of Mr. Beers, we were granted the privilege of holding our meetings on Wednesday rather than on Friday evenings, the club sessions were held more regularly and the interest in our work was considerably augmented.

We have reasons to compliment ourselves and our worthy president, Mr. Skuzie, on the excellent drill we have received in parliamentary law and extemporaneous speaking. At times the discussions have been long and heated, but throughout there has been manifested among the boys a general spirit of fraternal relationship and a commendable regard for law and order.

The chief events of the year in connection with our club have been the trial of Mr. Allen during the first semester, and the Phils' Public Program rendered in April and characterized by its instrumental and vocal music, a debate and an interlude. Our boys sustained themselves admirably well on the whole, and we are not ashamed to acknowledge them as being representative members of our club.

With this record back of us we consider our year's work a success in every line and expect in future years to outshine our present accomplishments and keep ever on the upward move.

—O. Haslam, '13.

Missionary Society

In the early days of Seattle Seminary when it was struggling between life and death, Mrs. Beers, who has always been devoted to the school and to the missionary cause, stole away to her secret place of worship and there asked the Lord to raise up Seattle Seminary as a missionary school. Now it can truly be said that from that time until this the seminary has stood as a monument of answered prayer.

During the past history of the school twenty-three missionaries who have been either students or teachers here, have been sent to the various foreign fields.

We, the present student body of the Seminary, are glad to report that the flame of missionary fire is still burning in our midst. At the beginning of this school year the School Missionary Society was re-organized with an unusually large membership. During the year great interest has been taken in the work and several very interesting programs have been given.

Although Miss Ethel Ward and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Milligan, three of the most influential members of the Volunteer Band, were sent to their respective fields during this last year, we can say that the zeal of the band has not died out, but four new members have joined the ranks and regular weekly meetings have been held throughout the year.

—Clara Root, '14.



Photo by Hamilton.



College Sophomore Class

On a bleak December morning down in the state of Texas the president of our class, E. A. Haslam, first beheld the light of day. He spent the first few years of his life as most children do, finding that experience, tho sometimes severe, is after all the best teacher.

The worries of Grammar school life were brought to a joyful close at Portland, Ore. In the Salem High School he made himself famous as a heated debater. After completing his High School course at Santa Cruz, Cal., he entered the College Department of Seattle Seminary, where for the past two years he has commendably filled the offices of president of his class and Business Manager of "The Cascade."

Where the sun's rays are warmest and the birds carol their sweetest, on a Nebraska farm "'way back in the 90's," was born the only Co-ed in our class, Myra Burns.

In the tall cane field back of the house she first learned to toddle, but firmer footsteps fell far away in the suburbs of Denver, Queen City of the Rockies, where her family moved when she was two years old. In the southern part of the same state, she began the rudiments of education and lived there until she had completed her high school course, at which time here parents moved to Seattle. Her life since then has been as an open book, where "he who runs may read."

(Continued on page 46.)

College Freshman Class

Flower—Violet.

Colors—Royal Purple and White.

Motto—Not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

Lois Cathey—Graduate of Cortland High School, New York. Classical course, '11.

Wesley Morgan—Graduate of Genesee High School, Idaho. Scientific course, '11.

Ruth Sharpe—Graduate of Prep. Department, Greenville College. Classical course, '08.

Lillian E. Perry—Member of the class of '11, Seattle Seminary. Scientific course.

Mr. Hishikawa—Graduate of Kanseigaknin High School and Theological College, Kobe, Japan, '09.

Tressa E. Marsh—Member of the class of '11, Seattle Seminary. Scientific course, '11.

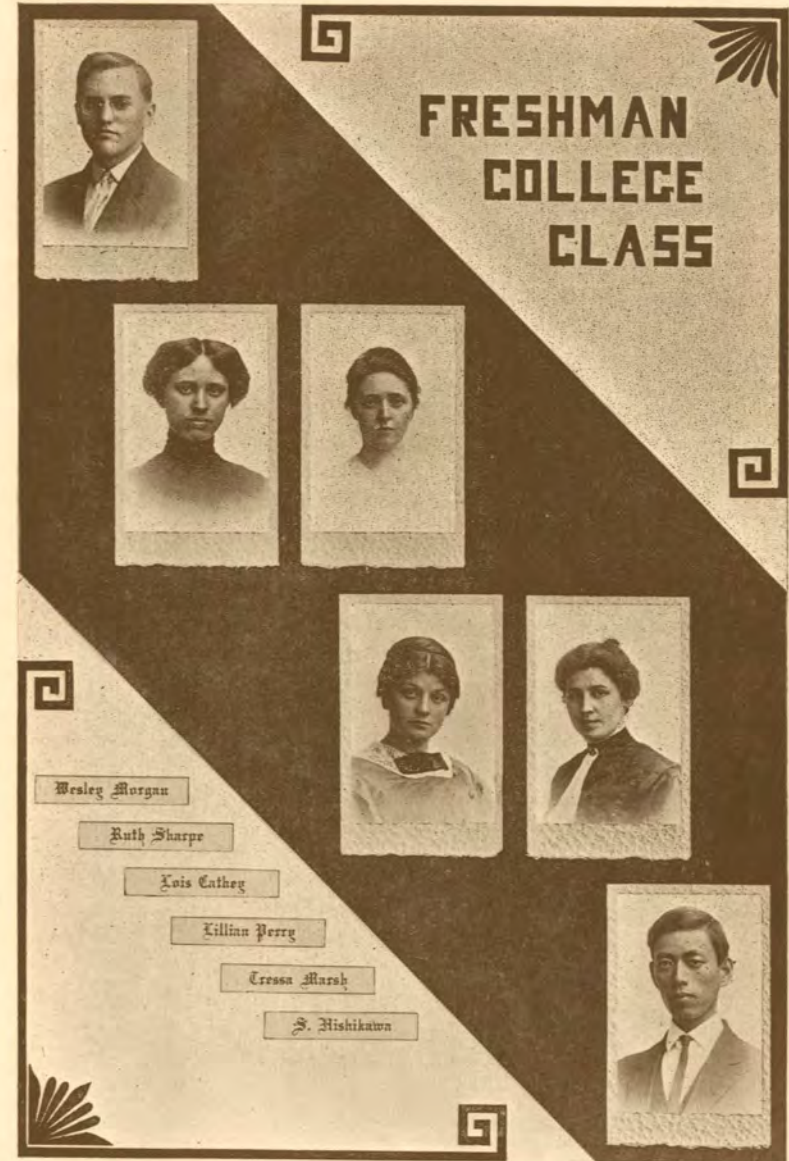
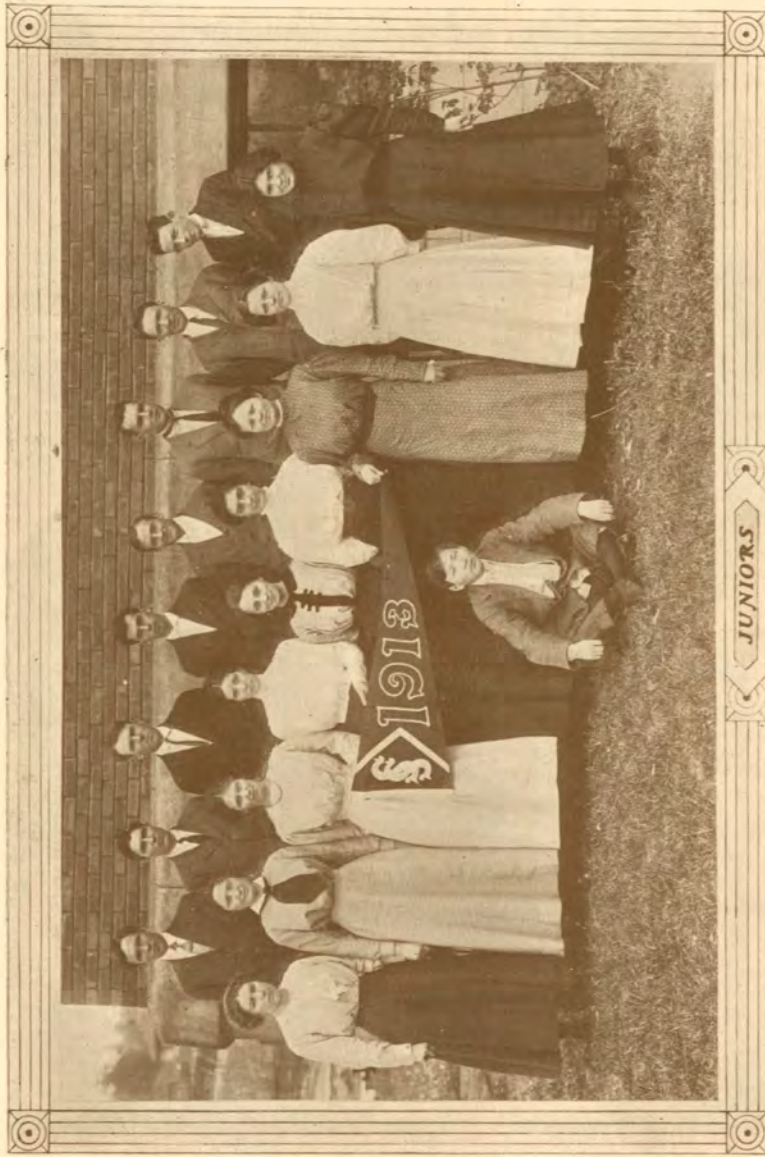


Photo by Hamilton.



Webster & Stevens, Commercial Photographers

Juniors



For the last time we send in our notes under Junior Notes. Fe the Sem. Sophomores, as you m the name of Juniors work done in our class like every other student at this critical pe Our class meetings have crammng for exams, hoping for the be oking forward to better and will take

Literary work, picnics and school books have claimed our attention this year. Also we were glad to serve our Senior Class at the banquet.

Our President, Mr. Logan, has served his office faithfully during all of the Junior activities. We have an excellent staff of class officers. As we separate for our vacation, one goes to Canada, one to California, two to eastern Washington and the rest of the class compose the center of the triangle.

Mr. Wold's sister arrived from Norway and paid a visit to our German class.

Mr. O. R. Haslam has been elected as delegate from the Student body to represent the Seattle Seminary at the Northwest Student Conference, Columbia Beach, Oregon. Mr. Haslam is an enthusiastic Junior.

Miss Woodecock, our honorary member, returns to Snoqualmie, Wn., for the vacation.

Miss May Marston, honorary faculty member, will attend summer school at the University.

Everyone delights in a picnic. The Junior-Senior picnic party was conveyed from the boathouse to Bailey's peninsula in row boats. The Senior girls seemed quite adept in rowing. Three boats were kept for the day and were kept busy skimming over the blue waters of Lake Washington.

The picnic lunch was a feature of the day. Mr. J. Marston was toastmaster and called upon members of both classes for toasts. In the afternoon some strolled thru the woods while others enjoyed boating. Later on in the evening a tug of war raged between the classes, the Seniors coming off victorious. Some very fine pictures were taken of the picnic crowd. After returning home in the evening another spread was held in the dining room. The Seniors seemed to enjoy the picnic, which made the day more pleasant for us.

Au Revoir. You will hear more of us next year.



Webster & Stevens, Commercial Photographers

Sophomores

Have you ever observed those singular creatures,
 With ideal habits, forms and features;
 Inflexible, hard and exceedingly wise?
 They're the Sem. Sophomores, as you may surmise.

Like every other student at this critical period of the year, we are cramming for exams, hoping for the best, getting ready for the worst and will take whatever God sends. As a class we have been subjected to many changes during the year. Three of the stronger sex have deserted but enough are left to keep the girls contented. There are at present 18 members in the class. We believe that most of us have conscientiously applied ourselves to our studies and have met with success. Undoubtedly the faculty have discovered that "the gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity."

A certain Sophomore wishes to inquire who the "barbarian" may be, in Geometry. Speaking of Geometry, we are all mighty glad that Burton Beegle is a Sophomore, for he has several times prevented the class from falling forever in the estimation of the faculty, and keeps that austere body from absolute despair concerning our mental abilities. We would add that he is the hope and stay of all the failing students.

Miss M. Millican will attempt a practical application of domestic science this summer.

Chester says she loved him dearly;
 He loved her, not a bit;
 Yet fate decreed that on that night
 They side by side should sit.
 "Say something sweet," said Eleanor,
 And beaming through his glasses,
 She eyed him fondly as he breathed
 The single word, "Molasses."

And yet he took her home, and, although he says he caught the last car back, we are inclined to believe, judging from the hour of his arrival and the appearance of his shoes the following morning, that he had to foot it home.

We earnestly hope that all of our members will return next year, and always gladly welcome new ones. Our best wish for all the Sophs is that your postum, like the slanders in the year's editorials, may be groundless.





Webster & Stevens, Commercial Photographers

Freshmen



T
H
E
C
A
S
C
A
D
E

As our years work is now at a close, we are content, knowing that a foundation has been laid upon which the great temple of knowledge is to be built. We believe that in coming years we can look back upon the work we have accomplished with a degree of satisfaction that will aid us in our forward movement to success.

Prof. Biddulph labors with a will
Our minds with Algebra to fill;
And, better work with each to do,
He lately split the class in two.
Warm weather makes us want to shirk,
But for credit's sake we keep at work.

Prof. Stilwell does our Latin teach,
And helps us to control our speech;
If we perchance our lessons know,
And read correct a line or so,
He will declare that we surpass
All in his former Latin class.

Of ancient times each thoroughly learns
Thanks to the efforts of Prof. Burns;
He gives us lessons by the mile,
Then helps us with his cheery smile,
And to those who have o'er ninety passed
It comes quite easy at the last.

We study hard at prose and verse
To strengthen us in our discourse.
Prof. Marston gives us pleasant talk,
As through our English course we walk;
And, if his kind advice we heed,
We shall successful be indeed.




(Continued from page 22.)

pride. Between them passed the look of mutual admiration and the essence of sacred devotion, the suffering and deprivations of the intervening years had but added new strength to their link of love. With a low tremulous voice he commenced to deliver the finished product of many a lonesome night of arduous and incessant toil; logically he defined the principal factors of his master piece which he entitled, "The Reward of Self-Sacrifice;" then gaining the necessary inspiration and the desired momentum which enabled him to so modulate his voice as to leave that softening touch of pathos. He held his audience spellbound in his eloquent and vivid description of the need, and glorious outcome which would follow the deed of self-abnegation in seeing the beatific splendor of our exalted Lord and King; uttering for his climax the words of the colossal apostle, "Bear ye one another's burdens and thus fulfill the law of the great Burdenbearer." He sat down amidst a wild and spontaneous outburst of applause.

(Continued on page 42.)

KRYPTOK



**Without Lines
in the
Lens**

You read and look afar with equal facility, but no one observes that you are wearing bifocals because the usual "lines" are absent. Wear the genuine KRYPTOKS awhile and you will never willingly return to old-style bifocal glasses.


Students,--Attention!

Do you realize how important are **YOUR EYES** and their proper care? Poor eyes often cause failure in examinations, as well as headaches, eyeaches, nervousness, loss of memory, etc. No charge for examination. Come!

J.W. Edmunds, Oph. D.

EYE-SPECIALIST
Phone: Main 2174

701-703 Leary Building Cor. 2nd and Madison St.



Words of Bakers oft remind us
Pastries can be made sublime,
If we are of **CRESCENT POWDERS**
Faithful users all the time.

For the past two years Crescent Baking Powder has been used in the Domestic Science Class of the Seattle Seminary and has been entire satisfactory. The students and teacher have none but words of praise for it.

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING CO.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Also makers of
Mapleine, Crescent Cream Coffee, Spices, Extracts, Etc.

GRADUATION GIFTS

A beautiful line of Books appropriate for Graduation Gifts.

KODAK for your summer vacation.

WILSON 224 PIKE ST. 318 PIKE ST.
104 OCCIDENTAL

(Continued from page 40.)

Other speakers were introduced, welcomed and applauded; it was now all over; a few minutes' consultation with the judges and President Joyce arose and announced that the judges had unanimously awarded the prize to James Dysart. Immediately the large auditorium echoed with cheers. He was greeted from every side by a volley of flowers. Picking up a beautiful floral offering of lilies, he rose from his seat, raised his hand to command silence, then marching off the platform to where his mother sat, put his arm around the frail form, placed the garland of lilies on the wrinkled and careworn brow, lifted her gently to her feet and said:

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Allow me to introduce to you the one who is the rightful winner of this prize and your applause. She was my inspiration which gave me my thoughts for my oration and in my hour of triumph she shall not be forgotten. This is my mother."

Skuzie—"Here, what do you mean by waking me out of a sound sleep?"

O. Haslam—"Because the sound was too distressing."

Pennants - Pillow Tops

If you buy goods of us, you may get pennants and pillow tops as premiums without a cent of cost. We make them ourselves, of the best materials and in superior designs. Designs after your own ideas made up on short notice. 50 cents up.

719 Second Avenue Near Columbia

King Bros. Co.
Correct Apparel for Men

Lowman & Hanford Co.

BOOKSELLERS
STATIONERS
PRINTERS
ENGRAVERS



GRADUATION GIFTS

We offer an exceptionally pleasing line of articles suitable for gifts for graduates.

Books specially illustrated and bound, hundreds for your selection, including all the old favorites and many new titles.

FINE STATIONERY
LEATHER GOODS
BRASS and COPPER
ARTICLES

616-620 FIRST AVENUE - - SEATTLE



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

J. W. EDMUNDS, Oph. D.

Phone: Main 2174

701-703 Leary Bldg., 2nd and Madison

Mrs. B.—“What makes you think the baby is going to make a great politician?”

Prof. B. (Confidently)—“I’ll tell you; he can say more things that sound well and mean nothing at all than any kid I ever saw.”

Freshie—“Did you receive my note and that batch of jokes?”

Joke Ed.—“I received the note, but did not see the jokes.”

Ed.—“There is a sameness about your poetry.”

Freshie Poet—“What?”

Ed.—“A sameness.”

F. P.—Oh. That’s better. I thot you said saneness.”

FOR A SQUARE DEAL GO TO
L. AKERMAN & SON

3523 Fremont Avenue

We carry a full line of styles and durable

SHOES AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS

AT LOW PRICES.

We also take your measure for a suit of clothes from \$15 to \$45. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Goods

Delivered

Free

of

Charge

C. J. McCutchin

McCALL PATTERNS

RICHARDSON'S

EMBROIDERY SILKS

Visit our New Store

710 Blewett St.

Dry Goods

Notions

Shoes and

Men's

Furnishings

East Thro' Boundaryland

Travel the Northern rim of the United States—through a scenic country on the Great Northern Railway



Surmount the Rockies—stop off at Glacier National Park—visit the Lake Park Region of Minnesota—sail down the Great Lakes—all in Boundaryland. Three complete daily trains East—ORIENTAL LIMITED, SOUTHEAST EXPRESS.

**SPECIAL
ROUND TRIP**

Fares
on certain dates

\$60.00 to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Superior, Kansas City.
\$72.50 to Chicago. Proportionate fares to other points. Call or write for folder "Eastern Trips for Western People."

C. W. MELDRUM
City Passenger and Ticket Agent
Columbia and Second Ave., Seattle



FOR FINE WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING

Call on

R. L. WOODMAN

We are Specialists in this line.

Notice to Graduates:—We make wedding rings to order.

3406 Fremont Avenue, near Ewing Street

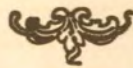
(Continued from page 32.)

Where the maple sugar is the sweetest and the wind blows the coldest, L. A. Skuzie, our worthy vice-president first saw the light of day on a blustery day in March in the state of Michigan.

He began his rudimentary school life at Scappoose, Oregon, but soon decided that the environments of the Seattle Seminary would be better suited to his wayward disposition. Here he has remained since the fall of 1905, pursuing the rugged pathway that leads to the realms of higher education.

Jewelry Novelties, Engraved Stationery and Booklets for Commencement

— Gifts featured in wide variety —



Frederick & Nelson

Second Avenue, between Spring and Madison

CEMENT CONTRACTOR

Sidewalks, Steps, Basement Floors, Foundations, Retaining Walls, etc.

MOUNT RAINIER KIMBLE . . . Seattle Sem,

Estimates Cheerfully Given

We take this occasion to announce that the publication of



will be continued next year and that the subscription price will remain the same.

If you are personally interested or otherwise in Seattle Seminary you cannot afford to miss receiving this paper every month.

It is published by the Students and is truly representative of life in the school.

The subscription rate is 75c per year, mailed to any address.

Send in your subscription today to

E. A. HASLAM,

Box 154, Sta. F.

Seattle, Wash.

Phone Queen Anne 1047

CARL SIGNOR

WHOLESALE

Flour, Hay, Grain and Feed

SPECIAL RATES IN CAR LOTS

Fremont Station

SEATTLE, WASH.

Vacation Days are Here

If you live out of the city you are surely going home

FOR THE SUMMER

START THE VACATION IN THE RIGHT WAY BY
REACHING YOUR DESTINATION

IN GOOD HUMOR

You surely will do it if you
Make the trip over the

O = W. R. & N.

The employes are polite, the cuisine is of the very best, the trains are all up to date.

You can't obtain more satisfactory railroad service no matter how hard you try.

Come in and let us help you plan your trip

E. E. ELLIS,

District Passenger Agent,

716 Second Ave., Seattle

Tel. Main 932; Elliot 1995

O.-W. Station, corner Jackson Street and Fourth Avenue

THE FREMONT STATE BANK

Your Local Bank.

Do you belong to this thrifty band who are saving a little for the future.

Below is the record of our Savings Accounts since this bank was started in 1905:

November 1st, 1905.....	\$ 116.27
January 1st, 1906.....	312.90
January 1st, 1907.....	2,921.73
January 1st, 1908.....	14,938.79
January 1st, 1909.....	17,014.08
January 1st, 1910.....	22,149.62
January 1st, 1911.....	32,267.18
January 1st, 1912.....	33,278.08
MAY 16TH, 1912.....	37,031.10

Savings Accounts started for \$1.00 or more.
Begin to save now with

The Fremont State Bank

New York Laundry

The Right Laundry With Right Prices

612 EWING ST.

FREMONT

THE ROSS MARCHE

General Merchandise

3320 Third Ave. West

SEATTLE, WASH.

**OLD HOMESTEAD
CANNED GOODS**



are
the
best



The Model Electric Laundry

The Laundry for the people. Modern dressers patronize us. Try us. Prices reasonable.

Corner 1st and Seneca

Phone 507

A. E. ALLEN, SEM. AGT.

"A Store for Everybody"

Spelger & Hurlbut, Inc.

HARDWARE, CROCKERY

Housefurnishings, Sporting Goods, Toys

Second Avenue and Union Street



WEBSTER & STEVENS

Commercial Photographers

We Take Anything—Any Time—Anywhere
Amateur Finishing, Bromide Enlarging, Copying,
Lantern Slides

436 Arcade Annex, Seattle, Wash.

Main 3743—Phones—Independent 3891

Kavanagh's \$2.00 Hats

MADE TO ORDER IF YOU WISH

THREE STORES

1115-1120-1334 FIRST AVENUE

SEATTLE

DR. J. N. PRATHER
Dentist

301-303 Oriental Block
Opp. Butler Hotel

Phones: Main 3332
Ind. 3092

SEATTLE

Our Cuts Talk

"Nuf Ced"

WILLIAMSON HAFFNER ENGRAVING CO.

Denver

Colorado

M. M. MARSTON

General Team-Work, Express, and Garden Fertilizer

RENTON COAL

3007 Fourth Ave. W. Queen Anne 46

VISIT

Wessman's Dry Goods Store

in West & Wheeler Block, 3517 Fremont Ave. New and up to date SHIRTS, NECKWEAR, UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY, etc.

Sunset Phone
North 2124

L. G. Knowles

LeRoy Knowles

L. G. KNOWLES & SON

3512 Fremont Avenue

**HARDWARE,
STOVES AND RANGES**

House Furnishings
Paints, Oils and Glass

Diamond Edge
Tools

Harrison's
Town and
Country Paints

C. J. HOWARD, President
H. H. DAWSON, Secretary

Established 1886
Incorporated 1904

Washington Broom & Woodenware Co.

MANUFACTURERS

Phone: Queen Anne 1717

Use a Mother Goose Broom

6th Ave. West—Nickerson to Ewing Streets

SEATTLE

Phone Independent 1805

Portraits, Views

The
Hamilton
STUDIO

ROOMS 675-680 COLMAN BLDG.

811 First Avenue

SEATTLE, WASH.

BULL BROTHERS

Just Printers

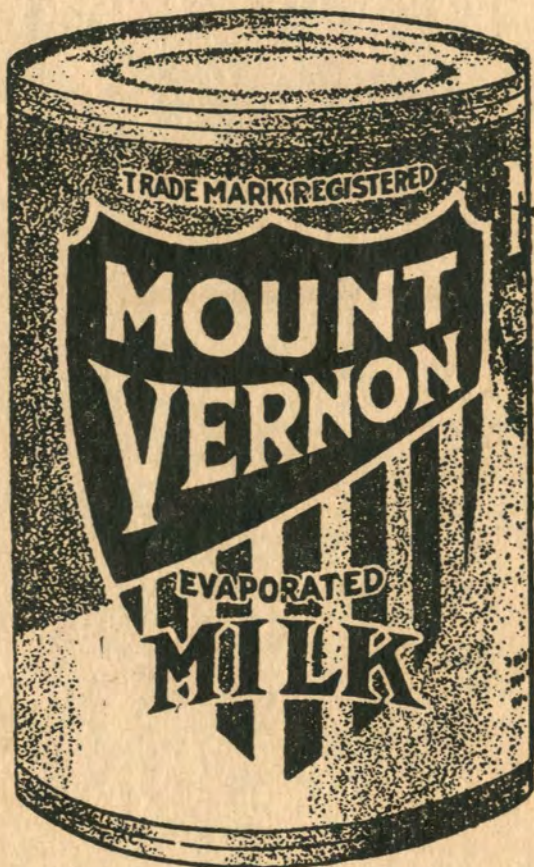
Ten 13 Third Seattle, Wash

Main 1043

Largest Button and Badge Makers on the Coast

THE R. L. Davis Printing Co., located at 1320 Arcade Way, has one of the best equipped and most up-to-date Printing offices on the Pacific Coast for the production of Book, Job & Commercial Printing, Binding, Engraving, Etc. : : : : Publication and Magazine work are our specialty. : : : We invite you to examine "The Cascade", which is a specimen of our work. : : :

ABOVE ALL



Mount Vernon Milk was awarded the Gold Medal for highest quality at the A.-Y.-P. Exposition, 1909.

USE "MOUNT VERNON MILK"

THE MILK WITH THE "FRESH CREAM FLAVOR"