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Seattle Pacific College

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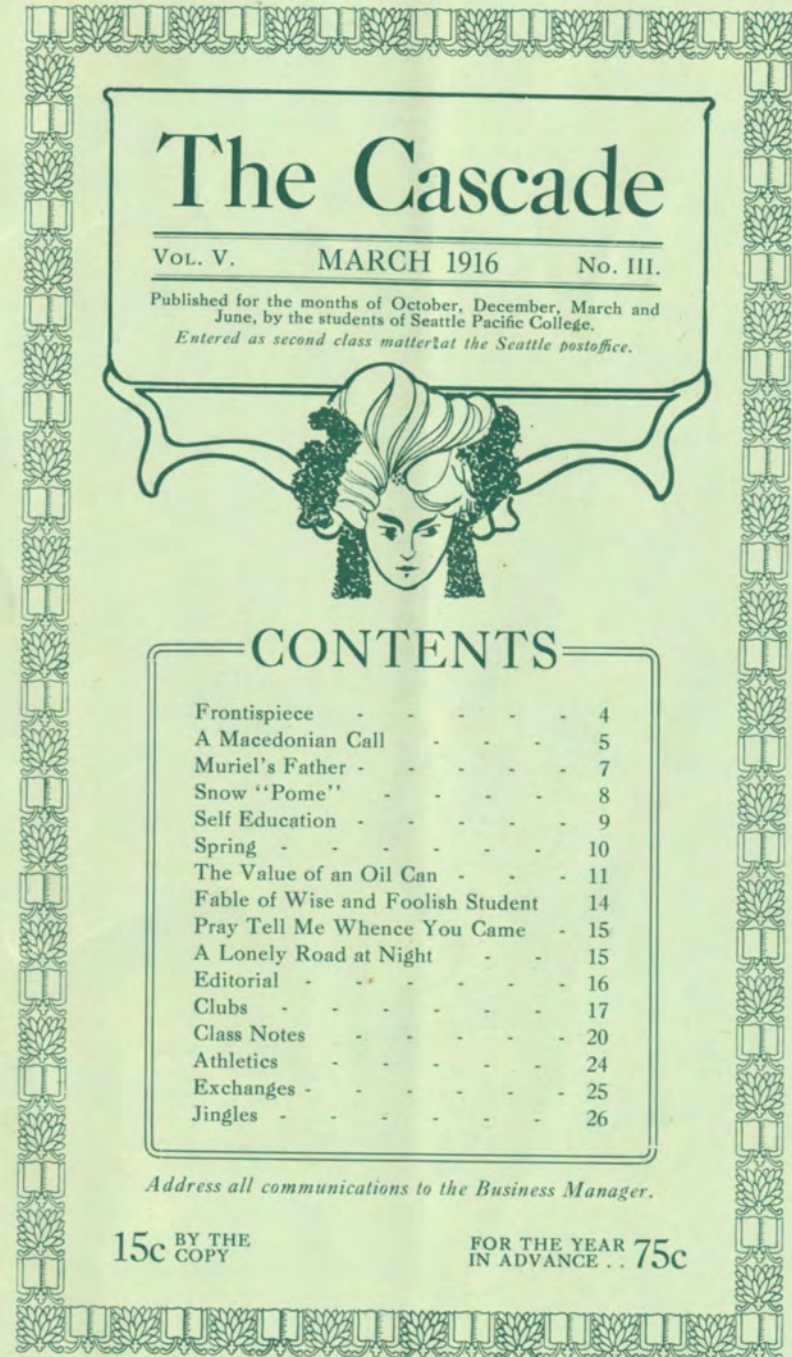
CONTENTS

Frontispiece	4
A Macedonian Call	5
Muriel's Father	7
Snow "Pome"	8
Self Education	9
Spring	10
The Value of an Oil Can	11
Fable of Wise and Foolish Student	14
Pray Tell Me Whence You Came	15
A Lonely Road at Night	15
Editorial	16
Clubs	17
Class Notes	20
Athletics	24
Exchanges	25
Jingles	26

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BLARNEY CASTLE



A Macedonian Call

By Lucille Black, '17



Would you like to catch a glimpse of "Seward's Ice Box"? Very well, just come with me. With dog team, on a cold, crisp evening, dashing through the snow and ice on the river, which is lighted by the starry heavens, we draw near a little Indian village whose lights seem to welcome us by dancing gleefully upon the icy banks.

At last we are at the Road House feasting on sour dough bread, dried potatoes and moose steak, rather than that of beef.

Our host, knowing of our curiosity concerning the Indian customs, informs us that this is the last night of the queen's Potlatch, which she is giving in commemoration of her husband, Red Shirt, who died nearly a year ago. Of course we are exceedingly glad to know that we may be permitted to witness such a scene, so romantic in the history of the Alaskan Indians.

Finishing our supper, we are soon ready to start for the festive scene with our newly found friend. Stepping outside the door, we immediately hear hideous shrieks and groans. Looking in the direction from which they come, we can see the sparks and frequently a blaze from the fire where the celebration is taking place. As we approach the hut the noise becomes still more distinct, and we can distinguish the wailing of human beings as well as the howling of the dogs.

Pushing the door open we do not find ourselves in a room as we had supposed we would, but in a mere enclosure with neither roof nor floor. Here, in such a place, we find all the Indians holding on to a long piece of bright calico, circling about a large fire in the center of the enclosure, weeping and wailing for the lost one.

Upon close investigation we see that one of the older squaws seems to carry on and make worse faces than the others. This, we find, is the professional mourner of the place. She is paid for her cries on special occasions, and does her best to earn her fee. When she and the other Indians think they have mourned enough, they change the program entirely, and are to have some fun.

Suddenly about a dozen of the younger bucks rush out of doors in warlike fashion. Soon they sally forth, seize some one who seems to be least suspicious and proceed to give their victim a rough ride by tossing him up in the air about a dozen times, continually circling around the fire.

When this is repeated several times to different persons (and they seem to be no respecter of persons), they bring on the great feast, which consists chiefly of moose meat and tea.

After a couple of hours spent in feasting, they have their tug of war, which is to determine the eternal destiny of the one who was taken from their midst. In accordance with their custom, they take the piece of calico and line up, the men on the outside of

the hut taking hold of one end, and the women on the inside taking hold of the other. Each side pulls to their utmost ability, for, if the men succeed in pulling the women out of the hut, then the evidence is sure, that the dead will go to heaven. On the other hand, if the women succeed in pulling the men into the hut, there will be no doubt that the departed is doomed to purgatory. So it is easily seen that the fate can almost always be surmised, and that they fix his abode in heaven.

Our Potlatch ended, we depart, our minds again resume their normal attitude, and we begin to wonder about what we have seen and how long such hilarious festivities last. Upon inquiry we find they may last as long as two weeks. As soon as we are home we consult the dictionary to learn what it has to tell us concerning a Potlatch. It says: "Among the Indians of the Northwestern Coast of North America, a ceremonial distribution by a man, of gifts to his own neighboring tribesmen, often, formerly, to his own impoverishment. Feasting, dancing and public ceremonies accompany it." Our friend now explains to us that this is just what the queen has done. She has distributed all of her possessions among the tribe, even her own home, and will now be compelled to go and live with some other member of the tribe. Such a custom, we are told, is also observed at the time of marriage.

It is still dark, and, taking our candles, we are assigned to our respective rooms. What do we find—a beautifully furnished room with velvet carpet and brass bedstead? No, nothing but a bare floor and a little bed made from rough lumber, no dresser, but in its stead a soap box with a wash bowl and pitcher and above it a cracked mirror hanging.

In spite of bare surroundings we have a good rest, and as daylight comes we are anxious to see where Red Shirt is buried. We eat our breakfast and start for the graveyard, which we find about half a mile back of the village on the hillside.

Here we see a grave with a little picket fence around it and a blanket stretched across it on four poles. As we return to the Road House we cannot help contrasting our condition with that of the natives of Alaska. We are so thankful for Christian civilization, yet what we have seen lingers in our minds and we hear the cry of these people, "Come to Alaska and help us!" and

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to those benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.



MURIEL'S FATHER

By Stella Hanke



Baby Muriel's mother had been dead eight years, but she was still "Baby" Muriel to her grandfather and grandmother. Her father could not be with her on account of his business in Michigan. At last, however, he was coming for her. Although she was sorry to leave her grandparents, Muriel looked forward with childish delight to the new home with her dear "Daddy." As the time for him to come for her drew near and passed with no word from him, her grandfather became alarmed, but her father seemed to have dropped off the earth completely. Muriel continued to live with her grandparents until she was eighteen years old. Then, feeling that the expenses of her education were too heavy for their already bent and weary shoulders, she went to Los Angeles to an aunt and entered training in St. Mary's Hospital.

She had meantime grown into a lovely, sweet, sympathetic young woman. Although she was not a beautiful girl, still her face had an attraction all its own. She loved the hospital and the patients, and often when caring for a sick or injured man, she thought of her father and wondered what might have happened to him.

The last year of her training Muriel was "charge nurse" in the surgery. Here she often worked with Dr. Lanning, a tall, dignified young doctor with a big heart and a kind word and smile for all. He was rapidly becoming more and more famous as a nerve and brain specialist, and had performed many difficult operations. Muriel liked to work under his direction, for she respected and admired this fine young surgeon. He, too, had gradually come to think that no other nurse was quite so thoughtful and kind and efficient as Miss Churchill.

Dr. Lanning's work took him from one hospital to another in all the surrounding cities. Impatient with what he considered wasted time, he lessened the distance by speeding up his big blue motor car. But one day, at a sharp turn in the road, something went wrong with the engine and he was thrown headlong into the bushes at the side of the road.

He lay unconscious for some time but was at last discovered by Mr. Evans, a nearby florist, who carried him carefully to his cottage, where he slowly regained consciousness. The recent accident naturally led the conversation in that direction and Mr. Evans told of an accident which he had suffered ten years before.

He had awakened in a hospital with a bandage on his head but could remember nothing of his life before that. The doctors told him that he had been picked up in the lower end of town, near the depot, and that he had evidently met with foul play. This was all the information he could ever obtain, and his memory had never returned. Dr. Lanning was much interested in his new friend's case and he said, with much feeling:

"Mr. Evans, you have been very kind to me; now won't you let me

do something for you? I had a case similar to yours and when the bone which was pressing on the brain was removed, the patient's memory returned. Surely it is worth the attempt."

Mr. Evans consented and was taken to the hospital, and after some time the operation was performed. Both Dr. Lanning and Nurse Churchill watched the patient eagerly as he was slowly recovering from the anesthetic. Suddenly he opened his eyes.

"Oh, doctor," he exclaimed, "why, I feel so different. I am beginning to remember. I was going for Baby Muriel."

At the sound of her name, Muriel stepped to his side, her face pale as death.

"Father," she said, "I am your Baby Muriel. Don't you remember? I am Muriel Churchill and you are my own lost Daddy."

At a warning glance from the doctor Muriel suddenly stopped, for she realized that her father's condition was serious. In his face, however, she saw the glad light of recognition and memory, and in the doctor's eyes she saw another light, equally glad and new. Dr. Lanning rejoiced not alone over a successful operation, but because he had been able to restore her father to his beloved Miss Muriel.

Epilogue:

"And they lived happily forever after."

"SNOW POME"

It snows, it snows, and still some more it snows,
(I wonder where an inspiration goes?)
For when you start to write and look for it
It's gone, but where—alas! nobody knows!

Oh, how the girlies hate it when it snows,
And how the joy in boyish hearts then grows;
For nothing makes a girlie look more peeved
Than one soft snowball plus one powdered nose.

And all the little girlies and their beaux
Go coasting and go sleighing when it snows;
And suddenly the damsel's pretty cheek,
If no one's looking, turns a brighter rose.

But terrors have my hapless bosom froze,
Because I cannot study when it snows;
And when I coast for hours the night before,
Next day in class I'm always sure to doze.

And yet it snows, and even more it snows,
The register is calling to my toes;
So, since I've used my entire list of rhymes,
I rather think that I had better close.



SELF EDUCATION

E. A. S.



We have all read that education interferes with the child's own process of self education. My purpose is to mention some of the ways outside the school by which the child instinctively educates and improves himself.

One of these methods is thru sociability. The child is an animated question mark and wherever he goes he is comprehending his environment by asking questions of those who are older. He accumulates a disordered mass of facts which stimulate his interests in school and direct his reading. A child much earlier than we suppose learns the reference-book habit and knows how to extract from a book of information, by pointed research and judicious skipping, the essential things which he wishes to know. The sociability of a child takes the form of discipleship with adults, but of comradeship with those of his own years. We are acquainted with the deep-reaching and various influences upon the child's opinions and conduct, caused by his relationship with his playmates. Again it may be asserted that in this social self-education of childhood is the seat of all neighborliness, power of co-operation, civic interest and willingness to be of social service.

The child educates himself also when he is alone. The child's room is a very important factor in this self-education. It represents privacy, opportunity for meditation, the expression of his sense of beauty thru decoration and the opportunity to make collections. Studies that have been made of the collecting instinct of children show that the fever begins about six, is at its height at ten, and among boys lessens about fourteen. Some of these collections, such as of cigarette pictures and cigar bands, seem to be quite aimless, except as expressions of the desire to accumulate a multitude of specimens of similar objects; but the rage for stamps, pictures and objects from nature is usually prophetic of scientific interests. If a child can be furnished with tools and suggestions he will often, alone, or aided by a chosen chum, carry these collections to the point where they become of real value, fall into simple classification and furnish training for agility, for skill of the hands. Pets, too, if there is room for them, or if they are properly tended, have an influence in developing the affectionate side of a child's nature.

The encouragement of a boy or girl to have an account book and to engage in small financial dealings is valuable not simply because it helps toward future thrift, but because of the variety of education thus involved. The boy who works by the hour for his parents; who tends a garden; who keeps hens, or who has a newspaper route, finds it necessary to use foresight, self-control, and industry, to be accurate and to get along with other people.

A small but increasing financial independence in regard to one's own purchases and pleasures is the surest help to self-mastery and the learning of the measure of values that can possibly be applied.

Probably the most valuable part of a child's self-education is his opportunity to learn from making mistakes. This is that which the average institutional child misses. While the wise parent wants his child's training to be as inexpensive to himself and to others as possible, he learns that this inexpensiveness is best secured by allowing some errors to occur in the early years when they do not cost much, in such a way as to make the child immune to such errors in the later years, when they would be very costly.

The child is educated not only socially but personally also by his relations with his chums. The management of his baseball team, or the presidency of his indoor club will give him a varied discipline which does not come in the discipleship of the school or the home. It is the most direct and practical preparation possible for all of the associations of the adult years.

Probably a word should be said here of the endeavor which many ambitious boys and girls are taking to supply their personal deficiencies by taking courses in correspondence study. No doubt such schools make claims that are extravagant and sometimes untrue—for instance, the depreciation of the value of guidance in the study, and of the help of the enthusiasm of fellow students is unjustifiable and the percentage of young people who actually make anything out of the material which they buy is said to be no more than five, yet the material is there. Text books are often models of simplicity, arrangement and practicalness, and the total of young persons who have reached industrial preferment or intellectual quickening thru such studies is large.

The best part of self-education is digestion, the ruminative assimilation of all the experiences, lessons and activities of one's life. Hence the importance of the child's having room to be alone. Hence the importance of leisure to think, to understand. Hence the importance of a guarded exposure of every child to such experiences, lessons and activities as human knowledge and love have found to be most wholesome for character making.



SPRING



This morn as I passed down the street
I met a stranger there;
She spoke to me yet could not speak,
Then the hasty contact as when friends meet,
And she was gone.
But in that gentle caress, scent of flowers,
Gleam of sun on verdant towers,
I knew her form, O gentle thing,
It was the first fresh breath of Spring.

Celestine Tucker, Class '16.

THE VALUE OF AN OIL CAN

By Clifford Denny, '17

It was late in the fall when Lee and Harry Oughton left the little frontier town of Pendleton, Oregon, in the lower foothills and started up into the heavily wooded ranges of the Blue mountains, riding buckskin cayuses and driving a couple of pack horses before them. The trail was rough, and the journey of thirty miles to the new homestead took the better part of two days.

The two brothers planned to live thru the winter in the one-room log cabin left by a former holder of the homestead, and to spend the time in trapping, hunting and "bucking" wood. In the spring Lee was to return to his job with the X-K-L cattle ranch, and Harry was to "hold down" the homestead.

For a month the weather was perfect, and the young men worked from daylight until dark; occasionally they went hunting in the hills. Lee shot a deer once on the ridge behind the cabin and hung the meat in the rudely built smokehouse.

Then, early one afternoon, snow began to fall and by nine o'clock it lay knee-deep in front of the door. When the boys crawled out of bed the next morning the single window was walled in with a white mass of snow.

"There's nothing to do except sit tight and wait for a thaw," Lee ejaculated

Six weeks passed, however, with only an occasional softening of the surface snow at midday. A heavy crust had formed, so that it was possible to lead the cayuses over it. But supplies were running short.

"And the worst of it is," remarked Harry, decidedly downcast, "there doesn't seem to be another deer or an edible critter of any kind left in the hills. We must have tramped ten miles yesterday without seeing a track."

Lee nodded. "If the cold snap doesn't break within three days, I'll have to make a trip into town. I'll take the four cayuses and pack out enough stuff to last until spring."

Two days later, when the young men rounded up the cayuses for their evening feed of hay, one of the animals was missing. "It'll show up by morning," Lee said. They shut the other cayuses in the barn. Morning came without bringing the fourth horse; a search of the neighborhood failed to reveal him.

"I can't wait any longer," said Lee. "There's nothing but peas and bacon left, and I hate the very sight and smell of pea soup. That horse has found a fir thicket to hide in and feed from. I wouldn't bother to hunt for him, he'll come back when he gets ready." He then climbed into the saddle and five minutes later Harry saw him disappear over a ridge to the south.

Harry went back to the cabin, threw some chunks of pine upon the bed of coals in the fireplace, and for a while tried to busy himself with

cleaning his carbine. There was something oppressive in the silence, however, and he gave up the job in disgust.

"I'm going to have another look for that cayuse," he decided.

He passed the barn, and was following a slightly marked trail over the frozen crust when a vague curiosity prompted him to part the bushes at his left and peer down into an old stump hole. The next moment he pushed his way thru the bushes, and, leaping down into the hollow, stood above the carcass of the missing cayuse. A few patches of fur were scattered about over the snow. There were crimson stains here and there, and in one place the crust had been broken, probably by the cayuse as it fought against its adversaries. And those adversaries? Whatever they were, they had come and gone as silently as the shadow of one of the great pines on the hill.

Harry went back to the cabin and finished cleaning the carbine. For a while after that he read—from the well-worn Testament that he carried in his hip pocket. Then, taking up his axe he went down to an alder thicket along the little stream, and put in the remainder of the day slashing the slim gray trunks into windrows.

Upon his return to the cabin he found the fire out, but, splitting up a block of pitch wood, he soon had a yellow blaze crackling on the hearth. Over this he swung the smoke-blackened kettle, half filled with water, in which two cupsful of dried peas had been soaking. Then he picked up a thin-bladed skinning knife and went out for some bacon.

Darkness was beginning to gather in the valley. Harry pushed open the smokehouse door and groped his way into the murky darkness of the little room. At one end over the rafters a board had been laid. Harry reached up and groped for the bacon on the board.

Suddenly he turned toward the door. A sound had come to him—a snuffling whine. For a single instant he stood staring at a half dozen lean, evil heads in the doorway. The next moment he had swung himself up on the rafter above, and was looking down at the gray pack that had crept silently into the room.

Directly below, as he looked down, stood a huge gray-maned, lean-flanked brute, his teeth exposed as he snarled up at the boy on the rafter. Harry had no mittens or coat, and before long he began to shiver. He drew himself cautiously over upon the board that served as a shelf, but everything he touched was icy and covered with a coat of hoar frost; his fingers began to ache and tingle.

As the boy moved, the gray leader of the wolves suddenly cleared the floor with a great leap and snapped his teeth within six inches of the boy's ankle. Harry drew himself into as small a space as possible and sat very still. He began to realize that there would be a time limit to his balancing himself on the board. "I'll stick on till I'm frozen stiff, and then they'll get me," he mumbled.

The moon must have risen clear of the fringe of trees on the distant ridge, for the light that was reflected into the room was clear and white. It shone on the wolves and seemed to light their merciless eyes with a sort of phosphorescent glow. Suddenly the moonlight was reflected from the surface of a five-gallon oil can, propped against the roof at the farther end of the rafter on which he was sitting.

Harry remembered the can. Lee had put it there to catch a trickle of water that came in during a fall shower. He bent his head and in silence prayed to the Great Father in whom he trusted; then a desperate plan for using this unpromising oil can formed in the boy's mind. Without pausing to reflect, he began to crawl cautiously along the rafter towards the can.

The wolves danced along beneath him, but Harry's eyes were fixed on that can. Finally he got it and backed along the frosty board to his former perch. It was one of those large square cans, usually called "export cans." By cutting a cross-shaped incision in the top and bending the sharp edges down and in, Lee had prepared it for its duty of catching the trickle from the roof.

For a long time Harry sat shaping and bending the sharp edges. When he finished, the four prongs formed by the cuts in the top were still pointed into the can, with the extreme points bending toward each other. Harry took from the other end of the board a chunk of bacon and placed it in the can. A moment later he dropped can and all among the wolves.

The pack leaped away from the glistening object and stood crowded in a circle at a safe distance. One of them then, tempted by the scent of the bacon, approached. He began to sniff longingly at the open end of the can, but before he could attempt to reach the chunk of bacon within, the big leader leaped upon the other beast and sent him sprawling back.

Harry held his breath. The big wolf was inspecting the interior of the can. He thrust his muzzle toward the opening and drew back. Again he thrust out his muzzle; then, with a snarl of defiance, he shoved his head into the opening, grabbing for the bacon.

The next moment, with a snarl of rage and dismay that echoed weirdly from the can, he leaped backward. During the next few moments he ran wildly about, striving to drag the can from his head with his paws. Within twenty seconds the room was empty, save for the big wolf with the can over his head. He was now backing around in a circle; sometimes stopping long enough to claw frantically at the can, which had become entangled and locked in his coarse mane.

Harry half fell, half climbed down from the rafter. His feet were numb and lifeless. As he peered fearfully out thru the door he fully expected to see the pack waiting for him, but they were gone. He soon reached the cabin, where he first knelt and thanked God for his miraculous deliverance, then taking his carbine, threw a shell into the chamber and hurried back to the smokehouse. The wolf, pausing now and then to claw wildly at the can, was still backing around the room.

When Lee returned, a week later, he paused before the barn in amazement. A huge gray pelt was nailed to the door.

"Where ever did you find that?" he ejaculated.

"In a kerosene can," Harry replied, gravely. "And I've found two more in the same can. If there were only more empty cans on the place we would do a land-office business between now and spring. As it is, I suppose we'll have to be satisfied with a couple a week."

THE FABLE OF THE WISE AND FOOLISH STUDENT

By Merton Kendall Matthewson, '16

Once there entered into the halls of learning, called Seattle Pacific College, a gifted student. And the heart of his class president rejoiced within him, for he said, "Lo, he will take an active part and he will pay his dues and eventually become a leader in our midst." And the Alexandrian President was joyful to see one so promising. The Alexandrian Program Committee were exceedingly happy and said, "No more will we be compelled to use certain ones so many times over for is he not a person of talent?" The teachers were glad, for they said, "He will be a help to all," and many hoped great things for him, especially the Cascade editor, who smiled and said, "Perchance he will prove to be a scribe and mayhap he will be a phenomenon who will hand in his material when asked to."

But, behold, he disappointed them all. He neglected class meetings because he said he was too busy. He refused to give extemporaneous speeches when called upon and said many harsh things to those who had desired that he take part in programs. And, lo, all who had expected so much from him became sorrowful and cried, "Why are they all alike?"

And in a few months this student lost even the talents that he had and became what is called a "dead-head" and "grind."

Hear ye now the fable of the wise student who had not so many talents, but was willing to use all he had and to develop any which might be dormant.

And when this student with few talents worked hard and did what he could, his elders and those in authority said, "Truly, a willing one, but of not much promise." But soon they were led to say, "Give me one willing one, for verily such a one is better than a hundred who are unwilling."

And the one willing to work grew and waxed strong and was liked for his energy. And his few talents grew to many and when he graduated men said, "Behold one who will make his mark in the world."

For the unwilling one had made himself and all unhappy, but the willing one had been the joy of many.

Moral: Use what you have or you won't have any.

L. A. C.—Why is S. P. C. soup like the hair on a man's head?

Laura D.—I dunno.

L. A. C.—Because it gets thinner as the years go by.

E. H. (in History)—Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?

Pearl S.—For the same reason the 'en crossed the road. You don't catch me with no puzzles.

PRAY TELL ME WHENCE YOU CAME

By Alice Cathey, '17

O gentle breeze, with perfume sweet,
From balmy South lands' main,
Pray tell me where you lay your head
When lulled to rest you seek a bed,—
Pray tell me whence you came?

Dear whispering, murmuring Western breeze,
With sunlight waking in your train,
With golden, laughing, calling notes
From out your thousand different throats,—
Pray tell me whence you came?

Thou grave and sedate Eastern breeze,
Is solemnness your aim?
Please frolic with a hill or dale,
As o'er them fast you swiftly sail,—
Pray tell me whence you came?

Brave heavy, thunderous Northern wind,
With glory and with Northern fame,
Your wondrous deeds are widely known
From coast to coast, from home to home,—
Pray tell me whence you came?

From East and West, from North and South,
They gather, e'er the same,
But who can tell how long they've sped,
And what a dreary life they've led,—
Or tell me whence they came?

A LONELY ROAD AT NIGHT

The path was an old dear trail, that had been beaten down from many years of treading leading down to a small stream. All that could be heard in the profound stillness was the muffled rippling of the stream, and now and then a twig would break in one of the opaque branches of the small saplings and older trees that fringed each bank of the stream. As I rambled up the grade on the other side of the creek I heard the sporadic cry of a native hyena, but because of his pusillanimity he kept his distance.

As I entered into the dismal forest, the trees were so black Charcole would have made a bright streak upon them. The ravenous beasts that made their home in the most dungeoness parts and their natural cupidity made them plan their carnage of me, but still they did not have the courage to attack me.

Ed. Note: Discovered in the second year English class room.



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We all miss our erstwhile editor, Miss Cathey. Really, we didn't realize how much we could miss her until it came to getting out this Cascade. When work and difficulties were piled all around us, then we began to really appreciate "our Mary." We all hope that her mother will soon be well enough to enable her to come back to us.

The editor wishes to thank the members of the special staff for the energetic and enthusiastic way they have taken hold of this issue. Each class has surely shown class spirit and initiative. The office has been swamped with material. The Juniors alone, with a class membership of fourteen, have turned in five stories, two papers, two class write-ups and two poems. The other classes have worked equally hard, so you see, when the paper was cut to thirty-two pages, the task which was facing the editor.

We are not going to apologize for our reduced size this issue, but will only tell you that it is because we are already working and planning for the annual. We want the annual not only to be the best issue for this year, but to be better than all past years, and to do this we will need the support of the entire school. Get busy now and do something for the annual. All material for it will be due April 30, so that we will have ample time to get the paper out before exams.



ALEXANDRIAN NOTES

Dear Steward:

Being granted twenty minutes by our beloved principal, the Associated Student Body elected officers for the remaining months of the school year. The votes cast resulted in the election of the following officers:

President	Will Robinson
Vice President	Clifford Denny
Secretary	Mary Stipe
Treasurer	Cyril Hill
Chaplain	Miss Mercer
Musical Director	Pearl Smith
Assistant Musical Director	Celestine Tucker
Cascade Reporter	Elva Swick
Marshal	Bob Graefe

After having been postponed for so very many weeks, due to Christmas vacation, which, by the way, came during December and also to the unexpected snow storm, the Freshman program, a musical affair, the last of the entertainments to be provided for the benefit of the pleasure seekers of the Seattle Pacific College by the Academic Department, was ably rendered by representatives of that brilliant body of classmen, who have chosen for their class colors the decidedly suggestive green and yellow.

Every one was highly pleased with the delightful musical numbers, especially the first, which was announced by a sneeze. Then came the wonder of wonders, the stereopticon lecture by Miss Charlotte Doren, whose subject was the "Wonders of Alaska." I think I am safe in saying that all of the girls in S. P. C. are as well pleased with "life in the hall" as if they were Indian girls, having to live entirely alone for a year with not a soul to talk to. Several of the boys, tho, have remarked that they intend going to that cold northern country to make their selection of totem poles, which they so desire to be erected over them in after years.

The Freshman class then favored us with more musical selections, which were excellent, even if our esteemed chorus director did scold on account of their attacks.

Numbers desired complimentary tickets to the entertainment but

the financial condition of the school not being sufficiently rosy to permit such a wholesale distribution of passes, they were not so given. The proceeds are to be used for the editing of the Cascade Annual.

Please, if you can rustle anything for the advancement of the paper along literary lines, let us know, for we all want the annual to be the best ever.

Shakespeare says: "Do not for one repulse forego the purpose you resolved to effect." The purpose we resolved to effect for this year's annual is the pleasing of the students of S. P. C. The chances are that you have been "repulsed in your purpose;" but if you have not been pleased with the other numbers, you'll have to like this one, for it is to be different.

E. A. S.

P. S.—Say! Hev you hed your fottygraft took fer the annual?"

ALTHEPIAN

"They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think."—Sel.

Therefore—we prefer to be seen and not heard. That's the reason you haven't been hearing very much of us lately. We've spent our time thinking. (Now, for instance, the Seniors, they are just digging into their orations.)

You should have heard our last program! "The Trials of a Freshman" and the "Life of a Senior" were quite vivid descriptions of the subjects in hand. Besides these we were favored with several musical selections, etc.

Oh, yes! We also elected new officers. The President now is Ruth Sawyer; Vice President, Pearl Smith; Secretary, Lucile Black; Treasurer, Margaret Whitesides; Musical Director, Pearl Smith; Assistant Musical Director, Elsie Schuerman.

THE ALPHA CLUB

The Alpha Club wishes to inform the public that they are still alive. The meetings have not been very numerous lately, but the great dynamic forces of intellect and ability which lie hidden in the minds of the illustrious members are beginning to move and stir, and ere long the outburst of mighty talent will be revealed by magnificent displays of eloquence in song and story.

Students come and students go, but we go on forever.

Gangway !!

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

A prize of one copy of the annual will be given for the best story turned in to the Cascade office, provided that at least five stories are turned in. Honorable mention will be made of the best poem, sketch or kodak picture of local interest. Get busy now! Ask us about it.



PHILS

By Merton K. Matthewson



(To please the Editor, this will be condensed.)

Our new officers are as follows:

- | | | |
|---------------------|-------|-------------------------------|
| Clifford Denny | | President |
| Dwight Jones | } | Tied for Vice President |
| Fred Leise | | |
| Will Robinson | | Secretary |
| Wesley Thomas | | Treasurer |
| Everett Richie | | Chaplain |
| Cyril Hill | | Musical Director |
| Hubert Berry | | Marshal |
| Your Humble Servant | | Cascade Reporter |

"Watch our smoke."

LOCALS

Spring is again coming to us and new life seems to be prevalent after our winter's siege. Some time has elapsed since a Cascade has been issued but here we are as lively, as full of studious inspiration and vigor as usual. Our ranks have been gradually diminishing during the last few months but those who remain are progressives and are enjoying the school activities. We mourn the loss of Irma Sharpe, Vida Staggs, Cora Smith, Margaret Jones, Vina Smith, our Cascade editor Mary Cathey, also the manager, W. A. Stephens; Samuel Troutman and Wallace Kennedy.

Washington's Birthday was greatly enjoyed, as we were favored with a whole holiday and naturally a hike was the most important feature.

Another day of importance was March 4, the birthday of our honored and esteemed President. The previous evening was the date of celebration and the occasion was an enjoyable one indeed.

Our store of knowledge has surely been widened and increased by the intellectual speakers to whom we have listened in our Assembly. Feb. 11 we were favored by a lecture from Mr. Leaman of the Y. M. C. A. Feb. 17 Mrs. Mathewson rendered a most interesting address concerning fashions.

A most interesting and instructive speech on China was given us Feb. 25 by the wife of our President. March 3 Rev. Mr. La Violette delivered a grand and inspiring address from the subject "The Whiten- ing Fields."

Altho our numbers are not so many, yet we have the quality and vim, so it is up to us to push with all our might. Our ambition is to reach the goal of success, so here you will find us full of spirit and energy.



SENIOR CLASS NOTES

By Dora Bell, '16

Oft in the past, as I glanced o'er the pages of our school paper, have I seen these words, "How time flies!" I hope the Cascade readers will not be "bored" if I use once more those oft-repeated words, which express my thoughts and feelings exactly.

Many things, both pleasant and otherwise, have happened to the Seniors since the last issue of the Cascade. We all enjoyed our Christmas vacation immensely. After returning to our school duties we were somewhat worried about the final examinations for the closing semester; we seemed to have no cause for worry, however, unless it were the advanced algebra students. Those who were free from such troubles could only stand back and pity those not so lucky.

We were one of the first on the field with our officers for the new semester, who are:

President, Merton Matthewson; Vice President, Will Robinson; Secretary, Celestine Tucker; Treasurer, Ruth McElhoe; Cascade Reporter, Dora Bell; Marshal, H. M. Berry; Class Representative, Celestine Tucker.

The Seniors have had no trouble whatever in finding ways of amusement and recreation. There have been coasting parties, sleigh rides, a few hikes, and other happy times.

One thing has caused us much grief, though, which is the loss of a few of our number. Mr. Merton Matthewson proved an efficient and capable host at a farewell party for Miss Vida Staggs, and to Miss Irma Sharpe, who preferred jackrabbits and sagebrush to the S. P. C. But in spite of our diminished number we are still a lively bunch, and are already whispering mysterious things about commencement, for do not forget that we are very original. If you do not believe me, look up our past record.

W. F.—This fowl is like rubber. Miss Morrow (in English)—I
 Waiter—That's why we call it am beautiful. What tense is that?
 spring chicken. C. Tucker—Past.

JUNIOR REPRESENTATION AND INTERESTS

By Casey, '17

Lucile Black, Treasurer of '17; Secretary of Althepians. Blackie's interest is centered on tennis, basket ball, music and the Seniors. She is the only Junior upon whom one of the graduates designs to glance—but we notice he does it quite often.

"As you see, she is a peroxide blonde."

James Bishop is connected with the religious life of the school. He is fond of one sport, however, and we often find him "chinning" himself under a certain tree.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."

K. P. Chan, Marshal of '17, is one of the best students of the class. He has an acute sense of humor and you ought to see the cartoons he draws of the Faculty and some of our "Representative Students."

"To the stars thru all difficulties."

Clifford Denny, Vice President of '17, President of Phils, Vice President of Alexandrians. Clif enjoys baseball and basket ball, and when these are not in season he prefers jollyng the Freshmen—and one in particular.

"So young, and yet so wicked."

Vera Funnel, Class Representative, is our only mandolin player. She is at present deeply interested in the row next to hers in Assembly.

"A man, a man—my kingdom for a man."

Robert McDowell Graefe, Marshal of Alexandrians, is one of the social wire-pullers of the class—also our pet elephant, guaranteed to "smile for the ladies." He is quite a baseball and basket ball star and proficient in tennis, and "at other things."

"Caught in the wilds of Mt. Rainier, leaping from rock to rock."

Cyril Hill, Cascade Reporter for '17, Musical Director of Phils, Treasurer of Alexandrians, is our star student, and sets a pace difficult for us to keep up with. Outside of his school work, elocution is his pet indulgence.

O di immortales! Was versteht er nicht!"

Dwight L. Jones, President of '17, is our tennis shark and expects to win many laurels for us in the near future. He is also fond of baseball, but his mind runs more along astronomical things, or else why does he stand by the Girls' Hall and at night gaze up so earnestly?

"The way of a man with a maid."

Wesley Oliver has just joined us this semester, but we are glad to have him with us and hope he will enjoy himself. At present he amuses himself in inquiring for "certain things" at the K. K. K. more than by any other way.

"And still they let them run loose."

Mary Irene Stipe, Secretary of '17, Secretary of Alexandrians. Elocution has a charm for Mary that few other things have. Her great

(Continued on page 23.)

GLIMPSSES INTO THE PAGES OF A SOPHOMORE'S DIARY

By Jessie Bell, '18

Dec. 7, '15. The cares of a Sophomore are many these days. We are putting forth every effort to complete the printing of our programs, also to keep them a secret, and to make our Alexandrian program a success. Other classmen are trying to tease us by reminding us of the true meaning of our cognomen. But we pay no attention to such insignificants.

Dec. 11, '15. Our program was rolled off our shoulders last night. We hope all who witnessed it were as pleased as we ourselves were over its success. Willis Lightle certainly outshone himself in his attempts at oratory. He also made a splendid Indian lover.

Jan. 4, '16. Christmas vacation is now over and Leap Year begun, and Fred Leise has already been steering shy of all the girls, for fear they might make him the object of their affections.

Jan. 7, '16. We are all enjoying the winter's first snow. The coasting is just great. We're glad we don't all have to take all the exams so that we can have some time for sport and recreation.

Jan. 27, '16. Our class met last night and elected our officers for next semester. They are: President, Mr. Thomas; Vice President, Mr. Lightle; Secretary, Miss Rose; Treasurer, Miss Short; Class Representative and Marshal, Mr. Leise; Cascade Reporter, Miss Bell, and Faculty Member, Mr. Folsom.

Jan. 31, '16. We all managed to survive our exciting trip thru the deep and perilous waters of exams, and have all reappeared with fresh vigor and new ambitions for the coming semester's work.

Feb. 3, '16. Seattle has had an extra dose of snow, and as a consequence, school is closed. We Sophomores take great delight in it, as it means no English for a few days.

Feb. 21, '16. Our worthy classmate, Mr. Lightle, came to school with a decided hair cut.

Feb. 23, '16. Yesterday was Washington's birthday. Everyone enjoyed themselves, even if we didn't have a class hike, as some wanted.

March 1, '16. Weslie Thomas is another one who has risked catching a cold, and had his hair cut.

March 3, '16. Our new and able President called us together yesterday afternoon. We had a very lively meeting. It's all a secret, though, so don't get inquisitive. Our spirits and ambitions are at quite a high pitch, so you may expect to see our name again, if nothing else among the pages of the next issue of the Cascade.

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

By Rubie Thomas, '19

Faith, an' since it's so close to the day o' the gud old Saint Pat, it makes ivery wan of us proud to be Oirish. Let thim as loikes make fun o' the Frishmin colors, but they're gud Oirish at that, an' on St. Patrick's Day ye are all afther a' bein' glad to wear thim.

Troth, Bridget, an' did ye hear o' the Frishmin program? The loikes of it ye will niver see again at all. First there was sich music as would make ye think o' the harps an' sweet voices o' old Erin, an' thin a foine lady told us of all the uncivilized hathens of Alasky who are more civilized as the rest o' us afther all.

Sure, an' we've had several class meetin's since I last saw ye, too. We've elicted a whole new sit o' officers. Ye have heard the ould sayin' that good things, like pretty gurrle' mouths, to be effectin' must be small, and we Frishmin belave it, too. For sure, an' didn't we have a perfectly gud little President, an' wasn't he so gud that the Cascade tuk him away frim us?

Oh, well, niver mind, childer, we'll find ye a new one! An here's the list o' thim:

President, Madge Callahan; Vice President, Pearl Smith; Secretary, Carol Fussel; Treasurer, Neva Finch, and Cascade Reporter, Rubie Thomas.

Since thin we've bin a-worrkin' our hardest for the Academic Cascade, and it's many a foine story and poem we have written, too, be jabers!

But, returnin' agin to the beginnin', which was the Frishmin colors o' gold an' green. Let me tell ye in partin', thet the gold is fer the golden treasure of our love for ould '19, an' the green is our perpetual affection for the Oirish an' the ould sod. Erin go braugh.

(Continued From Page 21)

est fault is flirting, and she is at present most interested in being the chief character in "Jones and Co."

"Oh, fickleness, always befriendin' the beautiful!"

Ruth Sawyer, Joke Editor of Cascade, is popularly known as "The Joke." She is fond of literature and writes clever stories and essays. She is also our smallest Junior.

"Good things come in small packages."

Homer Nebuchadnezzar Swick is our little "Angel Boy." He is quite a baseball and basket ball star and wins the prize among the boys for the weakest voice and sweetest temper. "Slamming" is his specialty.

"Raised on Mellen's Food. Isn't he a nice little boy?"

Alice Mae Cathey is the "little" Junior who is to blame for this. She is familiarly known as "Casey." She was too bashful to write her own biography, so we can only say that her chief interests are being a good German student. Cascade Reporter for "Das Kränzchen," class poet and going on hikes to McCombs Beach. Her motto is:

"Laugh and grow fat."

Athletics

The past two months have been of slight interest in the athletic department of the school. The beautiful downfall of snow brought about some fine coasting and the brave Aurelius led only one sledful to the slaughter. But taking it all in all we shared our part of the fun in the healthy and innocent pastime. Mr. Cochran and Mr. Warren were the leading chauffeurs on the slides and also showed much initiative ability in getting up the parties.

Our attention is now turning to tennis. The past summer season has produced many excellent players, of whom Mr. Merton Kendell Mathewson shows marked improvement. He still has his famous cannon ball serve, which is well known to the students, and we are eagerly awaiting the opening games.

We hope that tennis will not take all of our time, but that baseball will have a fair chance to loom into notice.

I thank you.

H. M. Berry



We are glad to acknowledge the following exchanges received since the publication of our last issue:

- Miltonvale College Monitor, Miltonvale, Kansas.
- The Somerset Idea, Somerset, Kentucky.
- The Garnet and Gray, Albany High School, Albany, N. Y.
- Billiken, Albion High School, Albion, Nebraska.
- Reed College Quest, Portland, Oregon.
- Comus, Zanesville High School, Zanesville, Ohio.
- The Criterion, Bridgeport High School, Bridgeport, Conn.
- The Optimist, Bloomington High School, Bloomington, Ind.
- The Tiger, Elkins High School, W. Va.

Totem, Lincoln High: We still consider you one of our best exchanges. Your "Art and Literary" number is especially fine. The twin articles, "Some Well Known Seattle Artists," "Seattle Authors of National Reputation," are new topics, and a credit to your paper. We also like your department headings.

Vista, Greenville, Ill.: The cover design of your Christmas number is very appropriate. The story, "The Night Has Come," couldn't be more interesting. "Christmas" is a vivid little poem. Some cuts and department headings would increase the value of your paper.

The Purple Pennant, Cortland, N. Y.: We like your manner of writing class notes, but don't you think your literary department is rather dwarfed?

We were very much pleased and somewhat surprised to receive "The Tsing Hua Journal," from The Tsing Hua College, Peking, China. It is a seventy-page paper, the issues being printed alternately in Chinese and English, and is chock full of such articles as "The Psychological Significance of Study," "The Evils of Intemperance," "Universal Morality and Particular Morality," and "Educational Motives for the Upbuilding of a New Nation." A purely literary paper, it shows splendid talent back of it.

"The St. Johns Echo," St. Johns University, Shanghai: You have some excellent material and there is a wide-awake tone on every page.

Houghton Star, Houghton, N. Y.: The body of your paper is good, but couldn't you put it in a nicer looking cover?

The Chevron, Albion, N. Y.: A little more space between the jokes, please. Otherwise, O. K.

JINGLES



Prof. Stillwell (in B. Latin)—
Dwight, what is the Latin word
for "to give"?

Dwight—I don't know (dono).
P. S.—Correct; be seated.

* * *

Hank—Where have you been,
Lank?

Lank—To the cemetery.

Hank—Any one dead?

Lank—Every one of them.

* * *

Prof. Bagley (grasping a Fresh-
man by the collar)—Young man,
I believe Satan has got hold of
you.

He—Then you are not interest-
ed in my welfare?

She—Well, if the syllables were
transposed I would be.—Ex.

* * *



A quick-witted Irish girl was
being examined by the inspector.

"You were born in Ireland?"

"I wa."

"What part?"

"Why, all of me, of course."

An Irishman sat in the Union
Station smoking an odorous pipe
when the attendant called his at-
tention to the sign, "No Smok-
ing."

"Well," says Pat, "I'm not a-
schmokin'."

"But you have your pipe in
your mouth."

"Shure! an' I've shoes on me
feet an' I'm not walkin'."—Se-
lected.

* * *

Prof. Haslan (in Ancient His-
tory)—When did the first bank-
ing transaction take place in
Egypt?

Alice B.—When Pharaoh re-
ceived a check on the bank of the
Red Sea.

* * *

Early to bed, early to rise,
Love all the teachers and tell
them no lies,
Study your lessons that you may
be wise,
And buy from the men who ad-
vertise. —Ex.

* * *

I'm in a 10 der mood 2 day & feel
poetic, 2,
4 fun I'll just scratch off a— &
send it off 2 U.

I'm sorry I've been 6 so long.

Don't B disconsol 8

But bear your ills with 40 2 de

And they won't seem so gr 8.



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Just Across the Street

Merton (to R. Mc.)—What kind of nuts do you like best?

Howard Hall (breaking in)—I prefer the "Hazel" nut.

* * *

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said after applying the stethoscope. "You have had some trouble with agnina pectoris."

"You're partly right, Doc," said Howard Hall, "only that isn't her name."

* * *

The young men of the school have suddenly become desirous that the girls should know what wonder "bumps of affection" they possess, hence the haircuts.

* * *

Berry, in Ross barber shop—Say, how long will I have to wait for a shave?

Barber—Oh, about six years.

* * *

Hubert M. Berry is a freak gifted with an unusual supply of wit and good humor.

* * *

Mother—Didn't I tell you you couldn't play with your soldiers on the Sabbath?

David—Yes, but I'm playing they are the Salvation Army.

* * *

Florin B.—All the boys are having their hair clipped close. I'd have mine done that way only I'm afraid I'd catch cold in my head.

M. Scott—Never mind, it would be so lonesome it would soon leave.

* * *

Formerly the cry was "54-50 or fight. Now it is "75-70 or flunk."—Exchange.

* * *

Joke Editor—No one is allowed in here unless he brings a joke.

Bob G.—Well, the next time I come in I'll bring you along.



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drop too much and it killed him.

Mike—Is that so?

Pat—Yes, he fell out of an air-
ship.

H. Hall—How long do you
think one can live without
brains?

E. S.—I don't know how old
you are.

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