

January 1st, 1913

The January 1913 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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Lois Newton

THE CASCADE

JAN. 1913



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THE NEW YEAR.

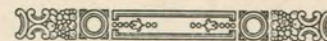
Addie Patterson '16.

Listen! What's the noise?
O, that's the death knell.
Dying, dying, dying.
Softly the tones swell
Out in the night so cold,
The last night of the old, old
Year is dying, dying, dying.

By the striking of the clock,
Into eternity it passes,
Slowly, slowly, slowly,
From the great masses
Of the people, comes a cry.
The old year is passing by,
It is dying, dying, dying.

Hark! The noise increases.
O, that's the birth of the New Year,
Ringing, ringing, ringing.
The bells announce 'tis here,
Out in the frosty air,
Of the morn so bright and fair.
Bells are ringing! ringing! ringing!

Let us not waste the time
New that it is here.
Singing, singing, singing,
Every one with cheer,
Welcome now the Year so new,
As its first rays fall on you.
All are singing! singing! singing!



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FRESHMAN CLASS

THE CASCADE

DAVE SMITH—GOLD RUSH OF '49.

Carl Anderson '16.

IT was not every Bachelor of Science of Yale that found it necessary to seek the Wild West upon graduation. Especially those such as myself, who had shown skill as an all around athlete and had graduated at the head of my class. My financial conditions were not the causes of my becoming a first-class passenger aboard the Delaware, bound for San Francisco, for my father was considered one of the wealthiest men in the New England States.

But in the call of the West in '49 I saw many chances for adventure. The reports of rich strikes of gold in California filled my mind with vivid dreams.

While en route to Frisco I came in contact with a man of excellent character, and we developed a close friendship that lasted through months of trials and hardships. When we arrived at port the crew and the captain, as well as all the passengers, went ashore with the intention of joining the bands in the rush to the gold fields. As my friend, Bill Conard, and I had decided to travel alone, we soon lost track of the rest of the crowd.

Frisco was but a village those days. The law was at the mercy of a few lawless men, who made it a practice to gain by holdups or gambling the stakes that were brought in by prospectors. They had returned from the different diggings, some with large stakes, while others just came into town to purchase a grub stake and return to their respective diggings.

One day when we were walking around the town we ran up against a scene, which however was somewhat of a common affair in the West. Nevertheless it impressed me. Here was a company of men gathered about one figure, who seemed to be in the act of doing a jig to a rather noisy tune. It was a new style of composition of music rendered by the man who seemed to be the leader of the gang with a couple of six-shooters. I walked up to the bully, requesting him to cease firing. He was angered by my interruption and replied that he was tempted to request a jig of me. There followed a hot discussion, which resulted in a mixup. He tried to draw his six-shooter. He had hardly touched the butt of the gun when he found himself doubled up on the ground.

We found our rescued friend to be a minister, who had been out West

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for several months, who was waiting for a chance to invade some mining camp and start up a mission. He accepted our invitation to join us. After we had purchased a burro, supplies and mining implements we set out for Dead Man's Gulch. It took us about six days to reach this place, which was a small city of tents and a few log cabins, situated in a gulch surrounded by mountains.

We had scarcely established our camp when we were interrupted by a miner, who entreated us to aid a sick man next door to his camp. We consented and found the man in the throes of a very high fever and past recovery. We had been there but a short time when he began to realize that the end was near. He then motioned for us to draw near; when we had done so he told us of the whereabouts of a rich mine and gave us full directions and a map, so that it was impossible for us to go astray. He explained a difficult route, but he said that we would be well rewarded for the risk.

After the miner was buried and a letter sent to his folks, we made arrangements for the trip to Lost Man's Land. We found the trail to be through rough country, but after two days of travel according to the map we were nearing our destination. On the third day we noticed the trail had been used by a party traveling on burros. The indications along the route showed that they had great trouble to keep the right trail, so we were fast overtaking them. I thought it a wise plan to go ahead and see if they were friend or enemy. I discovered their camp about two hours before sunset, and as the forest was heavy in this vicinity I easily concealed myself at an observant point. I discovered that their leader was none other than the fellow that I had had the row with in Frisco. His followers were three men, mostly of his own type, ready to commit any crime for the sake of gold. Their conversation dealt on their disposal of the gold they were intending to find in the neighborhood.

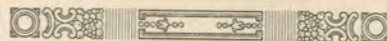
Having learned their mission, I started back and met the boys. I related my discovery, whereat we decided on leaving the trail and made a long detour. We were not detected, and soon hit on the right trail again; we traveled till it was very dark, then camped for the night. We were up before the sun, ate a hasty meal, and were on the road in short time. By the description given us we were right in the neighborhood of the lost mine, and about ten o'clock we arrived at the base of a great pyramidal rock. This rock, surrounded by great mountains, was the region where the gold was to be found. We unpacked our grub and found a cave, and after we had established our camp we started out washing the sand for gold. We had not worked over two hours before we came to the real stuff. We hurriedly set up the stakes, took the location, and then went back to camp. We had hardly begun our dinner when we discovered two of the gang tampering with our stakes. We saw that there was likely to be trouble, so Bill and I were about to draw lots to see who would have to go to Dead Man's Gulch and record the claim, when Jennings volunteered to go. In about a half hour he was ready to depart, and by this time the other

the minister got away on the burro without being seen.

The gang held a long consultation; then two of them came toward our camp. We issued forth to parley with them; they insisted upon our departure from the place at once. Our answer was that we had made up our minds to stay as long as the ammunition lasted. Then they withdrew to where their other comrades were and made their camp for the night. Next morning we were up early and saw one of the gang make preparations for a trip. We read the meaning at once that he was going to record claim. They had kept a close watch on us all night, so they felt sure that the claim would be theirs. But they were destined soon to see their mistake. For the minister, who had reached Dead Man's Gulch first, returned in six days with papers for the claim, and also a great crowd following in his wake.

I turned my share over to Bill and the minister, as I had plenty of wealth. The minister made excellent use of his capital; he funded missions and assisted the poor. The minister and Bill proposed to make good use of the share I turned over to them; they decided to locate the dead miner's mother and make her a present of this.

As a boat was to leave in a month for Boston, I had decided to say good-bye to the West and return home. The minister thought it a good time to go East and find the woman, so arrangements were made to have the management of the mine in Bill's hands. From what I heard, the minister found the woman in extreme poverty; the fortune she received was a great blessing to her and others.



A CONVICT.

Margaret Jones, '16.

IT was a Sunday afternoon, and the bright rays of the sun stole through the bars of the prison cell and penetrated into its darkest corners. Sitting alone in his dark cell was the prisoner, with his head buried in his hands in deep thought.

His hard, careworn face showed that many years had been spent in sin. His hair was slightly sprinkled with gray, and his face bore deep wrinkles. His eyes were small and piercing, and his dark, heavy eyebrows gave him a more fearful look. His lips were thin and tightly pressed together, and his mouth was drawn down at the corners. The whole expression of his face was one of disappointment and an ill-spent life. Thus he sat that sunny afternoon, shut in from the bright world and left alone to think of the evil that he had done.

He sat in this position hour after hour, and only once in a while relieving the monotony by pacing back and forth. The silence was only broken now and then by a heavy sigh that seemed to come from his inmost soul. But, listen! The silence was broken by the sound of voices. What were they singing? And now came the words clear and plain:

"Where is my wandering boy to-night,
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my——"

He listened as verse after verse was sung, and his mind wandered back to his mother, who was many thousands of miles away, her heart sorely grieved about her only boy who had taken such a downward path in life.

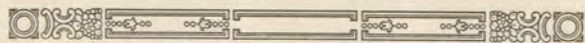
As the music went on the rigid features of his face relaxed, and the tear fountains that had been dry for so many years now opened and this hardened man found himself weeping like a child. The voices came nearer, and the little band of Christian workers stopped in front of his cell. As they were only a very few in number, they were permitted by the jailer to enter. There were only four of them, an elderly woman, a young girl, whose face bore the image of purity and innocence, and two elderly men. The prisoner did not notice them at first, and as they gathered around him and sang the songs of Zion, accompanied by the sweet tones of a guitar, he sat, as before, with his head buried in his hands and the tears streaming down his face.

The music finally ceased and they all fell on their knees to pray. This man, who had not been on his knees since he was a child and had not prayed since his mother taught him when but a little boy, fell on his knees with the rest and cried to God for deliverance. He was helped and guided by the Christians, and prayers that were full of the power of God were calling on the Lord for deliverance for the sinful yet repentant man.

At last deliverance and the glory of God came into his soul, and the face that once had borne that look of disappointment now lit up and a new look of joy and gladness came into his face. The little band of Christian workers were much encouraged by the scene they had just witnessed and left the prisoner that afternoon to enjoy his new found experience.

He spent about two years more in prison, but his life was full of blessing and praises to God. He was treated very kindly by the officers in charge and was given many privileges. He was not permitted to stay there shut up in prison all his life, for with the coming of the new year news came to him that he was pardoned.

The following morning he left the prison and stepped into the world once more a free man, going forth to tell others the wonderful story of salvation and making his life a blessing to others wherever he went.



A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

Cora Smith '16.

ONE New Year's Eve Grandma Neeley sat in her old armchair before the open fireplace, with folded hands, gazing intently at the fire. Her granddaughter, sitting opposite her, broke into the reverie by saying, "A penny for your thoughts, grandma." Grandmother turned her face toward the child and with a smile said: "I was thinking of one New Year's Eve that I spent, when your mother was a very small child. "Oh, please tell it to me," said Bluebell.

"All right," agreed grandma. "It was soon after your grandfather and I had taken up our homestead in what was then known as the Far West that we were invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Twist to watch the new year in. Though they lived five miles away from us, they were our nearest neighbors. By no means were we the only persons invited. The neighbors for miles around were expected to be present.

"We accepted the invitation because we wished to become acquainted with the people around us.

New Year's Eve came. It was a beautiful night. The moon shone on the frozen snow and the air was cold and bracing.

"We left home about seven o'clock in the evening, arriving at our destination in due time.

"We spent a very pleasant evening singing hymns and talking. As the clock was striking twelve our host led in prayer, and shortly after we all left for our homes.

"There was a family that lived on the same road that we did, and so we started out together.

"The sleigh bells rang merrily as we glided over the beautiful snow, and we chatted of events of the evening. I remember that I was just remarking to our neighbors that I believed that that New Year's Eve was the most pleasant one I had ever spent, when we heard a fierce howl. Fear chilled my heart, and as I turned to our companions they exclaimed, 'The wolves!' We all turned with one accord, and by the aid of the light from the moon we could see a pack of wolves some distance behind us. We whipped up our horses. Faster and faster we went, till we almost flew over the frozen ground, but the hungry beasts gained on us. I strained my child to my heart with the sickening fear that she might soon be torn from my arms.

"The screams of the frightened children and the fierce howls of hungry wolves was something terrible. They were nearly upon us thought that our end had come, when your grandfather exclaimed, 'The pig!' and handing the reins to me, sprang to the back of the sleigh and threw into the pack of wolves nearly the whole of a pig that we had purchased of Mr. Twist that evening.

"We were nearly home by this time, and while the wolves were devouring the meat we had thrown to them we made all possible

haste to get out of their reach. We soon reached our place, and our neighbors stayed with us that night and went home the next day."

Bluebell, who had sat with open mouth and eyes filled with terror during the narration, remarked at its close: "Grandma, I'm so glad they didn't get you!"

THE BURGLAR.

W. Thuline '16.

'Twas a night in November, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The students were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of school-books danced in their heads,
And Lois in her kerchief and Kate in her cap
Had settled their brains in a long night's nap,—
But, alas! in the night strange noises about,
And from under the covers their heads did peep out,
When what to their wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature light and a bold buccaneer.
He was dressed in blue serge from his head to his feet;
For a moment he paused, as if to beat a retreat.
His eyes, how they gleamed! His manner was wary,
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His puckering mouth was drawn down like a bow,
No beard on his chin for the barber to mow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
Then spoke the bold robber: "Be quiet or I'll shoot!"
For a minute the maidens with terror were mute.
"I've not a red cent," Kate tremulously ventured;
Lois soon found her tongue and most vigorously censured
The robber, while Kate did pray softly, and then
Their screams they united—'twould scare angels and men.
The miscreant decided 'twas no place for him;
Feet first through the window he started with vim.
He twisted and wiggled and twisted some more,
So narrow an opening he could scarcely endure.
Then off to the tall woods he hied him away;
The girls lost no time to make known the affray.
The boys in their hall, lying peaceful in slumber,
No thought of what was brewing, each cool as a cucumber,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
Some sprang from their beds to see what was the matter.
Away to the windows they flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;

Then floated these words in a chorus to rouse:
"Come over and help us! A man in the house!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So out of the Hall door the valiant youths flew,
Pitts, Miller, and Morgan, and Prof. Marston, too.
They searched in the bushes, the territory round,
No trace of the culprit was there to be found.
They measured the footprints, they questioned each maid
Yes, Sherlock Holmes Pitts each detail bare laid—
What color his eyes, was he tall, was he thin?
How far from his nose to the point of his chin?
While Miller in strong terms berated the thief,
And hoped the young rough-neck would soon come to grie.
Now closes the story of an occurrence at school
Which ended so happily by Providence's rule.



The Cascade

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E. A. HASLAM,
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Sworn to subscribed before me this 31st day of December,
 1912.

Seal

Reuben D. Hill.

Notary Public in and for the state of Washington, residing
 at Seattle, Wash.

My commission expires February 27, 1915.

SPECIAL FRESHMAN STAFF.

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GEO. ALLEN,

MARGARET WHITESIDES

FRESHMEN EDITORIAL.

The January number of the Cascade is the production of the
 Freshmen Class of the Seminary. We have sought to make it a paper
 of reasonable merit, and hope we shall have succeeded in some measure
 at least. Much can not be expected from first year students, who have
 not delved so deeply into the book of knowledge as the more advanced
 classes.

Freshmen in High School occupy a peculiar position. Everyone
 is ready to make them the butt of ridicule. Perhaps they do make
 some amusing blunders on account of their lack of experience, but
 they are willing to profit by their mistakes. Some come to school
 from a distance, and find dormitory life a new experience. No doubt
 a boarding student gains much valuable knowledge outside the school-
 room. This is especially true of a Christian school. The discipline
 and necessary restraint, and the close relation between teacher and
 student is very helpful to a Freshman.


During the last month three young men of the Seattle Seminary,
 C. W. Morgan, O. R. Haslam, and E. A. Haslam, organized the Ross
 Publishing Company and opened a print shop in the basement of the
 Administration Building. They are now ready to do most any kind of
 job work. This issue of the paper is printed by them, and as it is
 their first attempt at publication work, we trust that the readers will
 not be too critical. "Highest Quality and Best Service at a Reason-
 able Price," is their slogan. Patronize them in every way you can and
 thus help the good work along.

This month the management of the Cascade is introducing a new
 feature to promote the interests of the paper. We realize that many
 times it is embarrassing for persons to tell the merchants that they
 saw their ad in the Cascade, so we are introducing a system that will
 relieve this situation. Each Seattle subscriber will find several small
 cards inclosed in his copy of the paper. All you will have to do will be


Continued on Page 17



Lee Sherwood



SOCIETIES



PHILS.

At the last meeting of the Phils, which was held Wednesday evening, Jan. 8th, it was decided to discontinue the meetings of the Phils until satisfactory arrangements could be made in regard to the time allowed. The sentiment prevailed that the time limit to be observed so seriously handicapped the activities of the club that it would be advisable to disband for the present.

The greatest event of the school year so far was pulled off on the evening of Dec. 13, 1912, when the Phils held a mock trial on "The Case of Jennie Brice," a story that appeared in Everybody's Magazine. Mock trials on this case were held all over the United States and Canada, and prizes are to be awarded by Everybody's for those best conducted. As five prizes, \$100, \$50, \$25 and two \$10 prizes, are awarded to contestants in this State alone, we have hopes of carrying off part of the spoil.

The trial was a great success throughout. So interesting was it that the large crowd in attendance was held for over four hours. It was necessarily a long case. Those who have read the story can easily see that. The attorneys, E. A. Haslam for the State and John Logan for the defense, conducted the case in a very judicious manner. Some of the examinations were most scathing. The witnesses exercised themselves admirably, and the clerk, Carl Anderson, assumed a most dignified poise. The jury was selected from the students and faculty.

To much can not be said in praise of Judge Milo A. Root for the way he conducted the proceedings of the court. He contributed greatly to the success of the trial and afforded much entertainment by his judicial wit and humor. The club is very grateful to him for his services. We felt highly honored to have a judge of his standing conduct the proceedings.

We shall let you know as to the prize awards next month, who so willingly took part as witnesses and as bailiff.

The club also extends a hearty vote of thanks to the young ladies

ALETHEPIANS.

Because of the limited amount of time given for club work, the Aletheians have been compelled to discontinue their meetings until more time is granted them. This is greatly regretted by all members, and has been a source of great discouragement; especially at this time, when great interest was being shown by all and rapid progress being made along all literary lines.

"But our fate is the sad fate of all our clubs."

MISSIONARY NOTES.

At the last missionary meeting the students were favored by an exceptionally interesting address given by our returned missionary from Africa, Bro. Ryff.

His description of the domestic and agricultural life of the natives of Natal gave us a vivid picture of how each family lived, and the crude manner in which they cultivated their crops.

Even more interesting was his relation of a trip he took from one station to another. The slow progress of the narrow-gauge railway compared with the headlong pace of the cart and donkey is quite out of keeping with our American conception of traveling.

Mr. Ryff occasionally spiced his talk with amusing anecdotes, told in his own interesting way.

And again when he spoke of the danger from fever, to which his comrade fell a victim, their anxiety over losing the trail, and the many other difficulties to which our missionaries are exposed, we begin to realize a little the sacrifice they make in order to carry the gospel to the unenlightened nations.



Class Notes

FRESHMEN.

You may ask, "What are the Freshmen doing anyway?"

We have completed our work up to Christmas very satisfactorily, and expect in the future to outshine our present accomplishments and keep ever on the upward move.

We are very enthusiastic over the coming debate with the Sophomores and expect to maintain the record of the past few years.

We have been measuring hills in algebra, but have learned the definition of a hill is—only a big bluff.

Latin—Amamus.

Algebra is all A's and B's,

History's revealing the dark

English is remember your T's.

MISS WHITESIDES.

SENIORS.

Our noble little class correspondent (who by the way is an accomplished musician) has been so busily engaged practicing on her new found note "Hi G." that she has forgotten to hand in the class notes. You now knowing the circumstances, we leave it to your generous consideration to overlook any seeming neglect which may have been displayed in the accumulation of the senior notes. However, we are sure to find something startling and fascinating in the future issues.

ED.

JUNIORS.

The Juniors have spent a profitable vacation, and it was much enjoyed after more than three months of hard study. Some returned to their respective homes for the holidays, and others remained at the Seminary, where Christmas was observed with the true spirit.

At present we are preparing for the great event, "Examinations." Needless to say, we expect to come forth with our colors flying and "Victory" on our banners.

We are glad to welcome a new member into our class. Miss Agnes Schneider, from Weston, Oregon, expects to finish her junior work at the Seminary.

The name of "Mary" is quite popular among the Junior girls. Perhaps you have noticed that about half of them possess that distinguished name.

SOPHOMORES.

Vacation is over, and, although we would love to stay at home, our studies call us back to the Assembly Hall. We do not intend to shirk because we would like to have our own way, but instead we intend to keep climbing upward and onward and stand true to our motto.

Mr. Bell has found school work too hard for his mental capacity, and has decided to take up physical labor.

We are very sorry that Miss Smith had to leave our ranks on account of illness.

SCHOOL NOTES

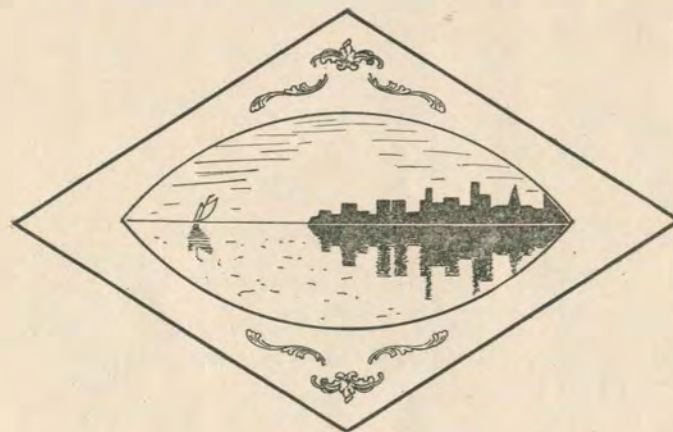
Mr. Mumaw, a traveling Prohibition lecturer, visited the school on Dec. 4 and gave the students a short address, in which he encouraged us greatly in our work here.

A mock trial on "The Case of Jennie Brice" was held here Friday evening, the 13th. It was intensely interesting, and Judge Root acted as judge.

Mr. Beegle, the criminal for the evening, was found guilty after a lengthy discussion among the jury.

School closed the 13th, and the students thinned out quite rapidly, but a few stayed to manage affairs, and they were well managed, indeed. We have returned to our work with a determination almost frenzied on the part of some to pass the coming exams.

CELESTINE TUCKER.





We are glad to welcome among our exchanges a number of new friends with whom we are delighted to become acquainted. We are somewhat late this month, due to the fact that we are installing a press with which to print the Cascade ourselves; but you may see by this step that we are a progressive school and well on the up-grade.

Man may be descended from a monkey, but it is certainly true that women spring from a mouse.

Soph.—Did you ever take chloroform?

Freshie—No, who teaches it?

Teacher—Tell what you can of the Mongolian race.

Freshie—I wasn't there. I went to the ball game.

Miller—What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Tim—I'd get a shine.

Miss M. (in German class)—You will all have to get a new book when we finish "Alle Funf," and I should like to know who wants one.

Louisa—Say, Hi, won't you subscribe for the Cascade?

Gill—What's the use of paying 75 cents for the Cascade when I can get the "Times" for one cent?

Aldridge (in restaurant)—My cocoa is cold.

Waitress—Why don't you put on your hat?

Teacher (in physical geography)—What are the five great races of mankind?

Freshie—The 100, 220, 440, 880 and the mile.

Continued from Page 11

to hand one of these to the merchant, who advertises in the paper, when you call at his store. Even tho you do not buy from him at that time, hand him a card anyway, and it will make him feel that you appreciate his patronage of the paper.

Now, students and friends, this is a very important matter. It means the very life of the paper, and surely you are all interested in the success of our school publication. The merchant has a right to expect your patronage. Show your interest by backing up the manager in his efforts to make the paper a success.

You will find an index of the advertisers on the back of the card. Extra cards can be had from the manager or his assistant by calling for them.

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Do you realize that **YOUR EYES** are worth **Millions of Dollars to you**; yet how you neglect and abuse them.

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Patronize the **ADVERTISERS -- See?**

Phone Elliot 1805

Portraits, Views

*The
 Hamilton*
STUDIO

ROOMS 675-680 COLMAN BLDG.
 811 First Avenue SEATTLE, WASH.

Prof. Bagley (to the noisy Freshmen): "Please do not talk when you haven't anything to say."

E. A. Haslam: "Sure, I'm no partisan. I vote for the best man."

Scott: "And how can you tell who is the best man until the votes are counted?"

Prof. Burns: "What was the cause of the Trojan War?"

Mr. Smith: "Why, they were fighting over Her-a."

Miss L. (in Economics): "What is the social standing of the farm laborer?"

Laura A.: "He is generally on an equality with his employer."

Mr. P.: "He usually marries the farmer's daughter."

HEARD AT THE MOCK TRIAL.



WE CARRY

SHOES

FOR MEN, LADIES & CHILDREN

Your Patronage Solicited

L. Ackerman & Son

702 Blewett St.

Fremont



Prof. Atty. (cross-examining Mr. Puffer, a witness who took the part of John Bellows): "Did you say your name is Puffer?"

Ans.: "No, I did not."

Prof. Atty.: "What is it?"

Ans.: "John Bellows."

Prof. Atty.: "Oh, I see."

In the trial Walter Scott and Louisa Ward took the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Maguire. Mrs. Maguire, whose name was Molly, was placed on the stand first. When Mr. Maguire was called the Judge said: "Is your name Molly, too?"

Do you Patronize the Advertisers?
 If not, why not?

PICTURES?

YES! We have campus views at only five cents a piece. Get some and send to your friends.

Have your own picture taken. If you don't think we can do it ask those who have tried us and come to us and we will show you some samples.

Only sixty cents per dozen.

SEATTLE SEM. KODAK SHOP.

HASLAM BROS. & MORGAN.

**Did You Ever Make
NUT BREAD**

No Eggs?

Then try this delicious, practical recipe:

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 half cup sugar | 1 cup chopped walnuts |
| 1 teaspoon Mapleine | 2 cups flour |
| 1 rounding teaspoon salt | 2 cups graham flour |
| 2 cups milk | 4 teaspoons Crescent Baking Powder |

Let the batter stand in bake pan one-half hour, then bake in moderate oven for one hour. Very nice for sandwiches.



**Crescent
Baking Powder**

-- The modern leavener --

Sold by Grocers
25 cents full pound

Crescent Cream Coffee & Mapleine
Crescent Mfg. Company
Seattle ---- Wash.

The above recipe will be found in our Crescent Cook Book, mailed on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

We are pleased to announce that from now on **THE CASCADE** will be printed by -

THE ROSS PUBLISHING CO.,
a print shop that is owned by three of the young men of Seattle Seminary.



We are now equipped to turn out first class Job and publication work.

Let us figure on your next job.

Our prices are reasonable

ROSS PUB. CO.
SEATTLE SEMINARY

Stationery

Every month you buy some stationery of some kind somewhere

We have a complete stock of everything in this line, which includes pencils, tablets, note-books, ink, and box papetries.

This month we want you to ask about these things.

We know you buy them somewhere, and we want you to buy them here this month.

FREMONT DRUG CO.
Incorporated
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**Pennants and
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for

students, in any design. If the design is not carried in stock we will make it up for you.

**Prices
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Correct Apparel for Men



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SHOES
FOR
Young Women
Are particularly
Strong New Styles

Tan Russia Patent Vici and Gun Metal; Button,
Heavy Soles, Low and Moderately High
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\$3.50

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The Cheapest Place to Buy Good Shoes

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A PROTESTANT CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL

Twenty years under same management.
A boarding and day school.
Strong faculty of thirteen competent instructors.
Best social and moral influence.
A beautiful 8-acre campus and 4 well-equipped buildings.

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Four four-year courses preparing for leading colleges.

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