

June 1st, 1913

The June 1913 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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

Recommended Citation

Seattle Seminary, "The June 1913 Cascade" (1913). *Seattle Seminary Publications*. 34.
https://digitalcommons.spu.edu/archives_publications_seminary/34

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.



The Cascade
June 1913

Burton Beagle

PHONES: NORTH 219
RES. NORTH 807

D. R. WATSON
F. J. WATSON

Fremont & Ross Transfer Co.

R. D. WATSON, MANAGER,
FURNITURE & PIANO MOVING
Baggage Called For And Delivered -- Good Storage Room
Office: 3210 Fremont Avenue

For fine Watch & Jewelry repairing

Call on

R. L. WOODMAN JEWELER

3406 Fremont Avenue near Ewing Street

We are Specialists in this line

FREMONT SHOE HOSPITAL

¶ We give you the benefit of our twenty-two years of experience in *Fine Shoe Repairing*. We also Make Shoes to order.

REPAIRING: Men's Half-soles 1.00 - Ladies', 65c
Boys' 40c up :: ::

SHOES TO ORDER: Boys' & Youths' \$2.50 up - Men's \$4.00 up
W. M. Phelps, Manager 3421 Fremont Ave.

Webster & Stevens COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

We Take Anything-Anytime-Anywhere
Amateur Finishing, Bromide Enlarging, Copying, Lantern Slides
436 Arcade Annex Phone Main 3743 SEATTLE

C. J. M^c Cutchin Dry Goods

Men's Furnishings -- Shoes to fit all of the family
710 Blewett Street FREMONT

B. J. Beagle.

WHY go down town for Boots and Shoes and Gents' Furnishing Goods when you can be as well suited, and cheaper, too, at home.

ED. ROBINSON & SONS

Gents' Furnishings, Boots & Shoes

THE "PLA"ZA STORES

Corner Fremont Avenue and Ewing Street

RELIABLE GOODS ONLY

FREMONT

LOWMAN & HANFORD CO.

616-620 FIRST AVENUE, SEATTLE

BOOK SELLERS
STATIONERS
COPPER PLATE
ENGRAVERS

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 AVE. WEST AND BERTONA ST.

PHONE IND. A 1816

Readers of The Cascade will need to remember the Graduates and their friends with Nutsets for the Co-ed and Knives or Razors for the men.

The friendly Management at the

Fremont Hardware Co.,

will show you every courtesy.

The Place is 706 Blewett St.

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 1, 1905	\$ 116.27
January 1, 1907	2,921.73
January 1, 1908	14,938.79
January 1, 1909	17,014.08
January 1, 1910	22,149.62
January 1, 1911	32,267.18
January 1, 1912	33,278.08
May 16, 1912	37,031.10
May 16, 1913	56,796.22

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

The Fremont State Bank



IN the Students of Seattle Seminary we feel something more than a passing interest. ¶ We are college men ourselves, and naturally should be in closer touch with you and your school than anyone else. ¶ We appreciate the friendships which we have formed and trust that they may be augmented as the years go by.

The Fremont Drug Co.

INCORPORATED

Lough & Woodman

"The Kodak Store"

Contents

Dedication	5
Class Poem	6
An Adventure - Story	8
The Red Man of the North	10
A Day in Bombay, India	13
Seniors:	
Engravings	16
Class Notes	20
Chronicles	20
Caricatures	22-3
Retrospect and Prospect	24
Extracts from Senior Almanac	26
Engravings:	
Editor and Business Manager	29
Editorial	30
Locals	32
Societies	34
Classes	36
Joshes	40



Photo by Hamilton.

C. May Marston

To her, who has been our most faithful friend, and wisest counsellor during our entire academic course of study, and whose loyalty and devotion to the Senior class has won from each member their sincere affection and highest esteem, do we lovingly dedicate this Commencement number of the Cascade.

Class Poem

Oliver Haslam

In glorious beauty bursts the lovely Spring
Once more upon our busy, happy lives,
And we in joyous thankfulness step forth
Into that wider sphere—maturity.
Long have we striven—and yet not in vain—
For that which makes us noble and refined,
To bear life's burdens with a heart, to be
Of worth to whom we serve while here below
Not only to this end we labor on;
For far above, beyond this vale of tears,
Lies heaven in all its majesty and love,
And God, expectant, anxious, sits upright,
And, half arising from his throne, looks o'er,
The battlements beholding every life
And pointing out that path which best befits
Each one in his own sphere as on he moves.
And thus we strive, not solely for ourselves
And fellowmen, but, in the light of the
All-seeing eye, we wish to live such that
We might well please That One who watches us.
Well might we scan our past with vain regrets,
And brood o'er many a pain and sorrow borne;
But when we catch a glimpse of what's in store
And call to mind that life's best hours still
Are looming up in high-morn splendor just
Beyond, the dismal Past fades to our view
And do the twinkling stars in morn's bright wake.
Ambition never stops to look behind
Save now and then to recollect some hard
Learned lesson quite forgot, and profit by
Past failures which he cares not to repeat.
He sees the veiled future rise, not wane,
And feels each opportunity press close,
Not rush beyond his grasp in breathless haste
To leave him quite alone and comfortless.
'Tis not so true that history repeats,
And overrides our prospects, bends us low
Beneath the rod of a predestined course,

And bears us on our way despite ourselves.
We can not thus believe in Fate and feel
That all our lives are worthless spent unless
Perhaps by merest chance we seem to rise.
"The child is father of the man," gives hope,
And starts the blood traversing through our veins
As Spring calls up the sap into the tree,
Which bursts forth into bloom and yields sweet fruit.
So is it when our hope is roused that we
No more lie dormant in our place but yield
Forth that which lies within, and in some way—
Just how, no man doth know—we mould with our
Own hand the life we hope in joy to spend.
With this in view we cannot idle be,
Nor trust ourselves to Future's cunning smile;
To reap a harvest bountiful and rich
We first must plow and sow and cultivate,
And after toil and heat we reap the grain.
Most worthy classmates, though with some regret
We separate to go each one his way
Alone, perhaps, yet not alone for God
Is near, cheer up and face life's problems square
Since courage, valor, virtue, hand in hand
Cannot be conquered save by God Himself.
Success in mere appearances doth count
As naught to us with heaven full in view,
Perchance your life may seem ill-spent, but can
You stand in faith before your fellowmen
And say between your tears, "I've done my best?"
If so, count, not life's labors lost: a smile
In season weighs for more than countless wealth
In selfish pride outpoured. Cheer up, smile on,
And face the world undaunted by its wrath!
Turn pain to pleasure, count your loss as gain,
Nor tremble, fearful, 'neath the chastening rod!
Discern the Right and faithful to it be!



Literary

An Adventure

Lena Skuzie

Shortly after the outbreak of the Revolution, the urgent call for volunteers came. Messengers rode from house to house urging the people to join Washington's forces against the British, who were at this time pressing hard upon the American people.

On a bright spring morning one of these messengers rode up the lane to a little cottage surrounded by trees and flowers. The birds were singing in the trees and all nature seemed to rejoice. As he rode up to the little picket gate he glanced at the cottage and seemed to hesitate, but in a moment he was off his horse and before the door. He was greeted cordially by the father, who was an elderly man with a friendly expression. He could not stop. He made his hurried call known and was off again galloping to the next neighbor.

It was a sad day at the cottage when the father and son bid farewell, perhaps never to return, but duty called and they had to obey.

It was a little difficult for Agnes the nineteen year old girl and the heroine of the story. She was brave and courageous and cared nobly for her mother and the home after their departure. But there came a time when she had to put forth some efforts to keep the wolf from the door. There was presented to her however an opportunity to carry mail to Drosco, a place about fifteen miles from where she lived. It was a difficult road to travel and rather dangerous as the country was filled with outlaws. But Agnes was brave, as I have said before. She would set out from her home early in the morning and sometimes would not return till nightfall. Her mother was much worried over her and from the time she set out on her dangerous journey, her mother's eyes would occasionally glance down the road and never felt at ease till she saw Bronco galloping home.

So time went on, summer came and went and fall appeared on the scene. Agnes came home early that day, and in the afternoon she wandered about in the woods until she came to a well beaten path that she had never seen before. She followed it and it brought her to a small cabin that was built against a high bluff or a wall of rock. At the first glance she noticed that it was not occupied, so she pushed the door open and went inside. It consisted of two small rooms. She went in the farthest room and sat down in deep meditation. She was aroused by a strange murmuring she could not account for. It seemed to issue from the wall that was built against that rock. She cautiously walked up to the wall and listened. She was filled with awe when she heard her name mentioned. I

The Cascade

stung her like a serpent. She listened longer but could only hear the murmuring. This set her to deep thinking. For the next day she was to carry an important message from her father who was now a general, to Washington.

Here was an opportunity for her to do something for her country. She must learn their plans, she said over and over again, as she wended her way slowly home. Her heart was heavy, for she felt that the outlaws were laying plans for the capture of the document.

That night she went to her room, but she could not sleep. She rose from her bed and walked over to the window. It was a beautiful night. The stars were shining and the moon was just coming up over the tree tops. She dressed and donning her brother's dark overcoat and her mother's shawl, and stole quietly into the night. The night was still and nothing could be heard save the wild beating of her heart as she stole quietly down the path. Soon she came in sight of the cabin. She came to the door and stopped to listen. She only heard the murmuring of the brook that ran close by. She stepped inside and tiptoed into the inner room—all was dark in the cabin save the light that came in the small windows. Again she heard the murmurings. They seemed to issue from the rock. She could not distinguish the words, but she was determined. After a few minutes of thought she again stepped outside and began to explore the bluff. It was so high and steep that she was unable to climb it. She walked for about half a mile before she came to a place where she could climb it. It seemed to be just one mass of solid rock, for on the other side the country was level again. As she neared the cave where she supposed the outlaws to be, her courage nearly failed her. Every few steps she stopped to listen. Soon she came in sight of a small opening in the rock. She cautiously walked up to it and looked in. The door was opened and she saw four men sitting around a small table talking loudly. Her heart beat loudly. She stood there and breathlessly listened, her heart throbbing so loudly that she feared she would be heard. After listening for some time she heard them making their plans to hold her up the following evening in the gully. That was all she wished to hear and was about to start away, when the four men arose and started out of the door. She stepped back behind some shrubbery growing by the cave, just in time to escape being seen. When she thought they had gone she started home. Her heart was lighter, but the task was still before her.

She stole quietly into her room when she came home, and when morning came, she was off again, without even telling her mother of her adventure.

The Cascade

It was dark when she started from Drosco with the mail and the document in her hand. She rode quietly along till she came to the fatal spot, then patting Bronco's neck she galloped as fast as his legs would carry him. Suddenly she heard voices and a loud "halt" in a gruff voice, but Bronco did not stop and she urged him on. Then with a jerk of his head he came to a stop. They had lassoed him. She grasped her knife and felt for the rope to cut it. Soon she was off again at a dead gallop. She heard a shot and a sting on her left arm, but she galloped on and was soon out of their range. But hark! She heard galloping horses—nearer and nearer they came. They were almost upon her. What could she do? They would seize and take the important message to the British. She looked about for aid, but only the dark woods surrounded her. At that moment of utter despair, when she was about to fall into the hands of outlaws, she heard the galloping of horses from the opposite direction, and a party of American cavaliers rode in sight.

The Red Man of the North

Florence Alberts

It is sometimes interesting to know from whence came the names of the different nations and countries on the earth. The word "Eskimo" is taken from an Indian term meaning "eaters of raw meat." The Eskimos were truly appropriately named, for the most of the meat which they eat is merely warmed in water, if heated at all, or perhaps it may be frozen and have been in contact with the feet of several persons, before it is eaten. They also have an idea that the more decayed is seal meat, the better is the eating.

This people originally came from Asia, although they developed as a race in the interior of Alaska, finally migrating northward and spreading out along the coast of the ice sea.

Their whole race numbers scarcely more than forty thousand people, and they are scattered as sole occupants of regions stretching 3200 miles in a straight line east and west, to travel between the extreme points of which would mean a journey of no less than five thousand miles. This distance taken in connection with their homogeneous nature and manners, makes their small bands the most thinly scattered people of the earth.

The Cascade

Formerly they were classed in the Mongolian race, but are now considered akin to the American Indians. In height they are generally between sixty-two and sixty-four inches. Their hands and feet are small, their faces oval, but rather broad at the lower part, and the skin is only slightly brown. The hair is coarse and black, and the beard very thin or often entirely wanting.

The dress of the people is peculiar, yet very substantial and warm for that cold climate. The clothing of the men is almost the same as that of the women, consisting of skin trousers and tunic or coat fitting close to the body, which also covers the head by a prolongation that forms the hood. The woman's differs from the man's only in the back, where an extra width is sewed on, which forms a pouch extending the entire length of the back of the wearer. In this pouch or hood the baby is carried, whether awake or asleep, until it can walk, which is usually about at the age of two years. If it is the youngest member of the family, even after it has learned to walk, it is still carried in the hood when ever it is tired or sleepy.

The task of preparing the clothing is quite long and laborious. The native method is first to rid the skins of as much fat as can be scrapped off with a knife, then the skins are stretched as tight as possible and allowed to become perfectly dry. After this they are taken by the women and chewed all over to get as much of the grease out as possible; then they are again dried and scrapped off with a dull instrument so as to grease the fibres, making the skin pliable. Chewing the skin is very hard on the women and all of it is done by them. They cannot chew more than two deer skins a day and are obliged to rest their jaws every other day.

Sealskin trousers are worn only by those men who are not fortunate enough or able to kill a bear. In winter these men wear dogskin trousers which are as warm as those of bearskin, but not so stylish.

The winter dwellings of the Eskimos vary with regard to the materials of which they are built, as well as in form. In the west they are constructed mostly of planks covered with layers of turf or sod, in the central region houses are formed merely from snow. The small entrance in one side is barely large enough to admit one person crawling on his hands and knees, while the doorway of the narrow building is a funnel-shaped half underground passage. Some of these huts are large enough to accommodate forty or sixty persons at one time.

The number of persons in a village is seldom under forty but in some rare cases more than two hundred are found. Whether or not an organization like that of an Indian family has been discovered

The Cascade

among the Eskimas is doubted, however, there is a division into tribes, each with its separate territory. These in turn are divided into different groups, constituting the inhabitants of the different wintering places.

The language of this people is characterized by the power of expressing in one word whole sentences in which are embodied a number of ideas, which in other languages would require separate words. The Greenland dictionary contains 1371 radical, and about two hundred affixes. The radical may be made the foundation for thousands of derivations and a word can be composed expressing with perfect distinctness what in our language might require twenty words. Greenland's printed literature consists of about seventy or eighty volumes.

As a race the Eskimos are cheerful and happy. They seldom fight with one another, and seem to have no cares or responsibilities except to keep seal and walrus meat on hand. They sometimes have reindeer meat, but the principle diet is the seal or walrus. They are not blessed with conscientious scruples in regard to cleanliness, and think that it is wasteful to use water for anything but drinking purposes.

There is one custom quite prevalent among them which is sad indeed. If the father of the family dies or is killed, and the mother is left unable to support the children, she is compelled to kill the youngest, if it be still young enough to be carried in the pouch on the back of her coat. No man will marry her while she has children this small, and although she loves it she is compelled to end its life. The Eskimos are quick to take up with the ways of the white man, and let us hope that as civilization advances among them, this sad condition may be specially removed.



The Cascade

A Day in Bombay, India

Bessie Ward

It was a beautiful day. The ocean waves sparkled like so many diamonds from the reflection of the sun's rays. The sea-gulls with out-stretched wings flew through the air calling to their companions. Nearing the shore was a ship full of passengers. Everything was bustle and commotion. Among the passengers could be seen a young man who was speaking to a young lady about the average as himself. He then hurried away but returned in a few minutes and together they left the ship with the crowd that passed down the gang plank. Were they really on India's shore? It seemed like a dream. On all sides they saw the dark-skinned natives. Some were carrying bundles while others were selling their wares in front of quaint looking shops.

Hailing a cab they seated themselves, after having placed their trunks in before them. It was evident that they had been lately married from the conversation which ensued and were on their honeymoon trip. From the address on their trunks one could read the name of "Charles H. Henderson." Throngs of people of different nationalities filled the streets. They passed beautiful large buildings among which were the post-office and the museum. Since they had bought a book pointing out the interesting features they readily recognized these buildings. Street cars drawn by horses could be seen stopping occasionally to take on more passengers.

The carriage stopped in front of the beautiful "Lord Curzon" hotel. They entered the building and were shown to their rooms by a servant in livery, who made a low obeisance as he left.

The next morning dawned bright and clear. At 8:30, as previously arranged, a knock was heard at the door. Upon opening it a native woman appeared with a tray in her hand which she placed on a table. It contained a light breakfast which the young couple enjoyed eating. They were informed that all the visitors ate breakfast in their rooms. Afterwards they went out sight seeing. They first visited the shops in Crawford Market. As they neared the place they were surrounded by a number of boys, each carrying his basket. They wanted to be hired by the foreigners. Entering a large building they walked through various rooms in which all kinds of eatables in the line of canned goods, fruits and vegetables were sold. Bananas, oranges, and other luscious fruit were there in abundance, some of which they bought of a pleasant old man who was amiability itself.

The Cascade

Emerging into the street they again encountered the same group of boys with their baskets. This time the cry was "I take your bundle, Sahib" or "Please let me, Sahib," with pleading looks. They were so persistent that Mr. Henderson hired one of them and told the others to leave. All did so but one fellow who kept on following them. They went into another shop which contained all kinds of curios. After looking at some glass bracelets, Mrs. Henderson asked for their price. "Fifty cents, Memsahib." She had procured a list of the prices of many different articles and knew that this was too much to ask so she said, "I won't pay that much," slowly shaking her head.

"Twenty-five cents then, Memsahib."

"No, that is too much."

Just as she was going and the shop-keeper saw that he would have to come to time he said, "you can have them for twelve cents." That closed the bargain and the bracelets were bought. They next entered a restaurant and sat down at a table. A waiter immediately entered and showed them the bill of fare. Not being acquainted with the Indian food they were curious to try some, and ordered pilan and chicken curry. The former they enjoyed but latter was so well seasoned with pepper that it burned their mouths when they ate it. Other articles of food were brought in. But best of all was the ice cream which made them think of their own dear land. During the afternoon they visited some of the beautiful parks full of the tropical plants, and shrubbery. The museum was a place of much interest, especially to Mr. Henderson, as he was an enthusiastic naturalist. Before the day was over they visited the Victoria Terminus, that beautiful depot which at one time was said to be the most magnificent in the world.

At the close of the day they felt well repaid for their day's trip, and it increased their desire to visit the rest of India.



SENIORS





Lena Skuzie

The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."



Wm. D.
Aldridge

"Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."

Florence B. Alberts

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



Photos by Hamilton.



John A. Logan

"Thou living ray of intellectual fire."



M.
Louise
Ward

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

Reuben Lawrence

"Strange to the world, he wore
a bashful look,
The field his study, nature was
h's book."



Photos by Hamilton.



A. Rachael Percroft

"The blushing beauties of a modest maid."



Oliver H. Haslam

"He is a noble gentleman: withal
Happy in 's endeavours: the gen'ral
voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour,
language,
And ev'ry fair demeanour, an example."



Bessie H. Ward

"An angel might have stooped to see,
And bless'd her for her purity."

Photos by Hamilton.



Jack Wood

"Flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar."



Esther L. Welch

" 'Tis modesty that makes her seem divine."

Photos by Hamilton.



The Cascade

Class Notes

To Miss Marston, our honorary member, and faculty, we wish to extend our thanks to you for the interest you have shown in our class and for the many pleasant occasions we have enjoyed together. Many of us expect to return next year, but those who do not will always remember you as their friend.

The senior picnic, given by the Seattle Seminary Faculty, on Friday, May 16, was a marked success. At three o'clock the autos drove up to the steps of the Young Ladies' Hall. The chauffeurs took different routes but both took in the beautiful Interlaken Drive. It was beyond our expectations. Every moment was enjoyed. Shortly after five P. M., we arrived at Ravenna park where we found a large table fairly groaning under the delicious eatables which had been prepared for the picnickers. Fairy moonlight lighted up the park and made the walk thru the well-trodden paths very delightful indeed.

Mr. Logan and Miss Louise Ward were chosen by the faculty to deliver their orations, also Mr. O. Haslam and Miss Lena Skuzie were chosen by the class.

Rev. J. D. Marsh will preach the commencement sermon on Sunday, June 1, 1913.

Chronicles

Florence B. Alberts—Entered class September, 1911, from class of 1912. Latin course. Class Secretary (3), Aletheian Treasurer (3), Seminary Chorus (3-4), Girls' Chorus (3-4), Class Treasurer (4), Cascade Staff (4), President Aletheians (4), Treasurer Alexandrians (4). Will remain at home in Seattle during summer. Return to college here next fall.

William D. Aldridge—Entered class September, 1911, from class of 1912. Scientific course; President Phils (4), Class President (4), German Club (4), Class Marshal (4), Seminary Chorus (4). Will spend summer at home in Oregon. Attend college or university next fall.

A. Rachel Becraft—Entered class September, 1909, from Sedro-Woolley; English Course, Class Representative on Cascade Advisory Board (2), Treasurer Alexandrians (3), Treasurer Aletheians (3), Girls' Chorus (3), Treasurer Associated Student Body (4), Class Editor (3-4), German Club (4). Will remain in Seattle this summer; enter hospital as nurse next fall.

Oliver R. Haslam—Entered class September, 1911, from Santa

The Cascade

Cruz High School; English course. Class President (3), President Alexandrians (3), Class Debater (3), Cascade Staff (3-4), Class Vice-President (4), President Associated Students (4), President S. V. M. B. (4), Vice-President S. S. M. S. (4), Seminary Chorus (4), German Club (4). Will spend summer in Seattle; return here to college in the fall.

Reuben R. Lawrence—Entered class September, 1909, from Cove School, Seattle. Latin course; Class Marshal (3), German Club (4). Will spend summer in Seattle; attend university next fall.

John A. Logan—Entered class November, 1911, from class of 1915. English course. Class President (3), Class Debater (3), Class Vice-President (4), Cascade Editor (4). Will spend summer in Vancouver.

Lena A. Skuzie—Entered class September, 1909, from the eighth grade. Scientific course. Won Domestic Science prize (2), Girls' Chorus (3), Class Secretary (4), Aletheian Treasurer (4), German Club (4). Will remain in Seattle during summer; probably return here to college.

Bessie H. Ward—Entered class September, 1910, from class of 1912. English course. Class Vice-President (3), Seminary Secretary I. P. L. (3), Seminary Chorus (3-4), Girls' Chorus (3-4). Will remain in Seattle this summer; return here to college next fall.

M. Louisa Ward—Entered class September, 1909, from eighth grade. Latin course. Editor Sophomore paper (3), Class Debater (2), Domestic Science prize (2), Class Secretary (2-3), Musical Director Alexandrians (2-3-4), Secretary Aletheians (3), Cascade Staff (3-4), Class Editor (4), Seminary Chorus (3-4), Girls' Chorus (3-4), German Club (4), Vice-President S. V. M. B. (4), Secretary S. S. M. S. (4). Will remain in Seattle and return here to college.

Esther L. Welch—Entered class September, 1909, from Wichita, Kan. Scientific course. Class Treasurer (3), Class Secretary (3-4), Secretary Alexandrians (4), Cascade Staff (4). Expects to spend summer in California. Will probably attend Pacific College next fall.

Jack Wood—Entered class September, 1912, from Woodburn High School. Scientific course. Marshal Alexandrians (4), Class Marshal (4), Class Treasurer (4), Vice-President Alexandrians (4), President German Club (4). Will spend summer in Portland or Vancouver.

William W. Cathey—Entered Class February, 1913. English course. Director Seminary Chorus (3-4). Will probably remain in Seattle.



The Cascade

Retrospect and Prospect

Louisa Ward

Seated on the grassy slopes of a small hill were a goodly company of young people. They seemed to be having a good time, and in truth it was not a semblance but a reality. They were having a reunion. Let us listen to their conversation a few minutes.

"Doesn't this seem like old times, Esther?" said one of the company, who wore a look of happy peace on her face.

"I should say so, Rachel," replied Esther. "It reminds me of the picnics we used to have when we were back at the old Sem.

"My, that seems so long ago," remarked a tall, noble-looking man, who sat at her side. "Do you remember those Botany hikes, Esther? I'll never forget all the fun we had. I wish I were back. I'd even take to my old job of dish-washing like a duck, I believe."

"Well, Jack, you won't have to wait long before you have some dish-washing of your own to do. It looks like it, any way, from what I hear. Ha! Ha!"

"Oh, now don't hawl me out like that, Oliver. You know just because you've had the job these past few months is no sign I'll have to do it very soon. Married life agrees with you any way, I guess."

"By the way, Oliver, when do you an' your wife expect to start for China?" inquired a sober-looking man leaning against a tree.

"Not for a year or two yet. How are you getting along, Reub? You've been so quiet I hardly saw you. What have you been doing since you quit high school?"

"Oh, I've been workin' an' goin' to night school. I expect to finish at the University next year and then——"

"Get married," supplied Bill Aldridge.

"I guess not, if I know anything about it," said Reuben. "I'm goin' to be a bachelor."

"That's right, Reub, stick to it," said Bill. "Follow my advice, but not my example," (and all laughed, for they remembered how long he had kept at his college work—one month).

"Never mind, Bill, you weren't the only one who didn't finish your course."

"I should think not, Lena; you and B'll can uphold each other," laughed Florence.

"Do you remember that auto ride we had when we were

The Cascade

Seniors, and the feed we had at Ravenna Park afterwards, Florence?"

"I should say I did. Why, it was only four years ago, Louise; but it seems a good deal longer. Do you remember the class meetings we used to have? Deacon always wanted parliamentary drill."

"I remember in our Freshman year how tickled we were when we won the Freshman-Sophomore debate," said Louise.

"Who were our debaters?" asked Rachel.

"Don't you remember—Harold Clarke and Floyd Barnes?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. And furthermore I think that we should have won when we were Sophomores."

"So do I," said Lena. "It was just a graft when our debaters did so much better, too."

"Well, who cares anyway? We won in our Junior year and no doubt would have when we were Seniors if we had tried, thanks to Haslam and Logan," remarked Louise.

Just then Jack leaned over and touched Bessie's arm.

"Now, Jack, you quit that," said the modest maid. "I thought you had outgrown such foolish tricks."

"I guess not that," he answered. Speaking to the rest, he continued: "Bessie and I used to have great times walking over to the Old Maid's Hall after supper. We used to be pretty good friends, weren't we, Bessie?"

"I guess we are yet," she remarked.

"That remains to be seen. Why, hello! here comes Logan, our silver-tongued orator. Why didn't you bring your wife, Logan?"

"Oh, she's at home taking care of things. How are all my worthy class-mates?"

"Same as ever; how's yourself?"

"Oh, I'm slowly recuperating my health after my diligent splication to work."

"How do you like being a preacher, Logan?"

"It's fine!"

After a few moments of silence, Louise remarked: "Do you remember, Esther, what fun we had when we were Sophomores and took that hike out to Fort Lawton for an English trip? We sure got some very interesting descriptions."

"Don't you think we had the best Junior year?" asked Bessie.

"Yes, it was good," acquiesced Florence. "We certainly had a good time on our picnic."

"Didn't we have some fun the day we took the Seniors to Bailey's Peninsula?" said Reuben. "But they sure had a time wor-

The Cascade

ryin' over Kimbie's bein' lost."

"Well, Princess, what have you been doing since we graduated?" asked Logan of the sedate Miss Ward.

"Oh, nothing much; Louise and I have been attending college here and studying music. Louise has a class of music pupils, too."

"I suppose you've been busy, too, Florence?"

"Yes, I've been in college with Bessie and Louise."

"By the way, folks," Oliver interrupted, "Mr. Cathey is very sorry he couldn't be here today, he had to meet some musical club downtown, so he was unavoidably detained."

"That's too bad. I'm glad he graduated with our class, aren't you?" said Florence.

"Yes, we are," remarked several.

"It's getting late. I move we adjourn," remarked Reuben.

A few moments later the words of the old school song floated out on the evening air:

"Oh, let us sing of the dear old Sem,
For fondly we love it still,
We will sing every day,
While our glad hearts shall say:
'All hail to dear old Sem.'"

Extracts from the Senior Almanac

Louisa Ward

"Write a story for the 'Cascade'?" Of course I will. I always gladly (?) acquiesce to all requests that come my way.

This is the most glorious spring weather (especially when it's raining) and I wish I were out there enjoying the sunshine as some are, at least those who have forgotten the rule commencing "There shall be no communication between the sexes—." My heart is in this work and I would rather pine away and die for the cause of humanity than desert my "burning deck."

I believe it was Patrick Henry who uttered those thrilling words, "Give me liberty or give me death." Them's my sentiments exactly—liberty to break the eighth rule and death for the little green woolly worms.

There is no one who believes in texts more than I do. Every

The Cascade

one should carry with them through life a text (sometimes called mottoes). Some of my acquaintances have very suitable ones such as "Never get your English lesson," "Always be late to German," "Remember to clap at the slightest provocation," "Aim high," "Never get to breakfast on time." These are very admirable ones. We suggest that every student if he has not already done so, attach one to his person. My favorite text at present is "a story for the Cascade." (Don't be impatient you'll hear my story some day.)

I used to think story telling was the worst thing in the world. I think so still, but what is one able to do against the host who come against us and demand us to tell things that are not—well just exactly straight. Story telling is a foolish and wicked custom that has been inaugurated in our beautiful high schools. It will some day be the ruination of our institutions.

The worst thing in the world is pessimism. Prof. Stilwell thinks so anyway. Not long ago one of the seniors applied for a literary job. The employer asked,

"Are you an optimist?"

"Of course," he answered. "Why?"

"Because I want to edit a spring seed catalogue and can't use a pessimist." So we should always hope for the worst, and prepare for the best.

Always remember your manners. Sometimes one is liable to get into trouble if he doesn't. Don't be inquisitive as was one of the college boys who was calling on a family and was met by the little man of the house. They fell into a conversation and the young man finally remarked, "So Miss Lois is your oldest sister. Who comes after her?"

The small brother answered, "Nobody ain't come yet; but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her."

We sympathize deeply with the strenuous life the seniors have to lead—that means we extend our sympathies to the life, not the seniors. Their life on the whole is a varied one even having to teach school. At least one of them did and when he—no she—I mean, asked a class of small individuals to write an oration—I meant composition (guess I have orations on the brain) on Patrick Henry, this was handed in,

"Patrick was not a very bright boy. He had blue eyes and light hair. He got married, and then said, 'give me liberty or give me death.'" Poor Patrick. Hope he survived.

Eavesdropping is a very bad habit. It is one I never indulge in. Last summer I happened to overhear the minister of a certain church say to the usher:

The Cascade

"We had better take up the collection before the sermon this morning."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I'm going to preach on the subject of economy." Wasn't I lucky to get the sermon beforehand? By the way I wish to impress on everyone the important fact that church is the place originally intended for a quiet little nap. I have been especially pleased since living here to note how many hold the same doctrine as I do.

We should never be superstitious or believe in dreams. This may be well proved by the fact that Mr. Beers is sometimes troubled with dreams. About the worst one he ever had brought him downstairs the next morning with dark circles under his eyes, pallid cheek and trembling lip and he wore such a haunted expression. When he was asked what the trouble was, he hesitated, finally stammered—

"I—I dreamed the trustees required that I should—that I should pass the freshman examination for admission." We are glad to inform his friends he has fully recovered from the terrible strain.

I have been seriously interrupted in my writing. People do not seem to realize how much a senior's time is worth. I pay \$10.00 an hour for mine. Why I can't afford to pay for simply a good time—I haven't even bargained for tennis. (Of course sitting on the lawn Sunday afternoons is only one of the pretty little ways of Providence). Above all spend your time profitably—by that I mean working for woman's rights such as parading in a suffragette procession.

I would quote the phrase seldom heard at the Seminary, "Make the most of your opportunities." This may be illustrated by the two freshmen boys who went fishing on the banks of the canal. One of them accidentally found himself in the cold water.

"I can't swim," he shouted as he went under.

"I can't swim," he again cried as he came to the surface.

For the third time he gasped, "I can't swim."

"Well this is a queer time to be boasting of it," remarked his comrade. Now what that freshman should have done (listen to a senior's advice) was not to develop his lungs, but his muscles and thus he would have made the best use of his opportunity.

Always be accomodating. Remember what the good tailor said when he made one of the boy's graduation suits.

"The last suit I made for you was a little tight, so I am making this one loose. I give everyone a square deal."

And now that I see your eyes are closing with drowsiness I must hasten my end so in that old and well-worn phrase I say, "good night!"

(And I never wrote a story after all.)



John A. Logan

Editor



E. A. Haslam

Business Manager

Photos by Hamilton.

The Cascade

Published monthly during the school year by the Associated Students of
Seattle Seminary & College, Station F, Seattle, Wash.

Subscription Rate \$.75 per year
Commencement Number \$.25 per copy

Senior Staff

John A. Logan	Editor-in-chief
Florence Alberts	Assistant
Oliver R. Haslam	Exchanges
Louisa Ward	Locals
Jack Wood	Joshes
Esther Welch	Art
John Root	Missionary
E. A. Haslam	Business Manager

Vol. III Entered at the Seattle Post Office as Second-class mat-
ter, Feb. 18, 1911. No. 9

Editorial

Look out into the various vocations and callings of life, and you may see men and women who have a definite aim in view, and who have a definite purpose in life. They are following their vocations and they are succeeding by overcoming every obstacle through persistent and consistent devotion to their one high and noble ambition.

The purpose of life for every young man and woman who is at this time ready to step out into the affairs of the world, should be to follow their convictions in whatever place they may have to fill. To the young men and women of today there are countless opportunities to live the clean, noble life, the life full of ambition, true service, and loyal patriotism. As you go forth to mingle with society, have a set purpose to be true to the genuine precepts of life. May the love for the welfare of mankind be unfeigned. May you carry with you the optimistic spirit that will inspire you to go on to the highest pinnacle of success. May you ever be willing to assist the

The Cascade

less fortunate in the struggle of life. May you have high and holy ideals, begotten by a living trust in God; then your life will be a life of usefulness, unselfishness and love, and you will reap more than you have ever sown, and as you scatter the dew-drops of mercy, they will return to you in due season in showers of blessing. Then go forth to conquer, face the problems of life undaunted, show to mankind that it is possible to live above bribes and bribery. Make others feel that you have convictions for truth and righteousness, that principle and progress bought through selfishness are more lasting than comfort and luxury gotten by unfair methods.

We believe that every member of the senior class has purposed to carry out into the world, and put in practice, the teachings and precepts they have learned during their sojourn in Seattle Seminary.

It is at this time that I have the pleasant duty of expressing to my friends and fellow associates my heartfelt thanks for their interest and loyalty to our paper. I have appreciated every effort made and I have been encouraged at the hearty response given in the form of clean, wholesome and instructive literature. In turning the editorship over into other and worthier hands, I trust that you will be as loyal and faithful to the new incumbent, and make your school paper of the future one of the very best in the country.



The Cascade

Locals

Picnics have been the chief events of the past month. All the grades have had delightful times out in this sunshiny weather. From the little tots in the primary to the dignified (?) eight graders all have mingled at one time or another their voices in the general appeals for sandwiches, pickles, cake, or fruit.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Three cheers for the Seminary! Another victory won and this time by a Freshman. Miss Addie Patterson was the successful winner in the Prohibition Oratorical State Contest held at Tacoma, May 9th. We extend to her our hearty congratulations.

The Kranschen have not been asleep but are a wide awake club, as was proved by the program they rendered in the Young Ladies' Hall, May 9th. A select company gathered to hear the first efforts of the club. A fine program consisting of songs, recitations, etc., including a fine speech by Dr. Hoff of the University of Washington, was given, after which refreshments were enjoyed. Miss Nora Johnston bade us a "Gute Nacht."

Mrs. Beers entertained the young ladies of the school at her home Monday evening, May 12. After a pleasant talk refreshments were served by the lady members of the faculty. Not wishing to be outdone by his wife, Mr. Beers invited the young men over, a week later. They reported a very pleasant time.

The girls of the Domestic Science class gave a surprise on Mrs. Dutton, their teacher, May 14th. A silver baking dish was presented to her by the class and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed, including "the eats."

Campus day dawned bright and fair, May 16, and by eight o'clock the young men and boys were ready with their tools to start work. The first thing on the program was to see that no one was dressed improperly for the day, and consequently a few found that collars were superfluous articles. However all hostilities were ended by the white flag (?) of truce that was nailed to a telephone pole and the face of the campus began to wear a different aspect after a short time. Every one was engrossed in his work when lo! a strange spectacle smote the eyes of the diligent workers—a suffragette parade! Headed by their dauntless and Sharp(e) leader seated in her elegant automobile (wheelbarrow), these heroines of the cause for woman's rights boldly marched on, flinching not a hair when they were met

The Cascade

by the rude taunts and jeers of the coarser rabble. The work progressed in fine shape and when the dinner bell rang, a line of hungry mortals filed into the dining room, where they were waited on by some of the suffragettes. The afternoon was occupied with other matters of which you may elsewhere read.

Mr. Beers has returned from his trip to California and gave a very delightful description of the sunny state. We enjoy the speeches from our President and also from the Assistant Principal.

Couples to right of them,

Couples to left of them,

is the old story again as spring's enchanting hand makes new the world. But it will be all right if everyone keeps on the good side of the faculty. Always remember the eighth rule. As summer draws nigh, keep up your patience and soon may be you too will have no eighth rule to bother with. (Listen to that, Seniors.)

At last the school year is nearly done. Through the long winter months have we labored together—faculty and student body—and the work has been sweet for we have been inspired by our faithful teachers. What tears perhaps have they shed over their delinquent pupils, but with a marvelous faith they have trusted in the future and hoped there would be a brighter day. This day is at hand when we shall trouble them no longer (for three months, anyway), and here's a hearty wish that they may have the best summer of their lives.

Faithful teachers, kind and true,

Earth's best joys we wish for you.

May God's blessing richly fall

On your lives, And through it all

We know we'll find

You're a blessing to mankind.



The Cascade

Societies

Missionary Society

As we take a glancing survey of the situation it is with gratitude that we recall the many favors that we have enjoyed in the Missionary phase of work.

It has been the pleasure of the Society to have speeches from missionaries of many lands and races; among them were China, Japan, Africa and India across the waters, and besides representatives from the California Indian reservations.

We feel greatly edified through the effects of the influence of these earnest laborers who are giving their service as a love sacrifice for our fallen brothers. A slight reflection into the resources of their amiable characters could only result in a lasting inspiration to one discouraged by the needless supposed drudgery of life. The cheerful air which seems to permeate their beings, stands out as one convincing argument that they are divinely ordained of God, and that the ambition for sacrificing service is ever an incentive toward nobility of purpose and character.

The one great impressive feature we find in the lives of these humble people is that they are usually masters of their situation. They have one particular end in view and are bending every effort to meet the requirement of this end. You may ask, "What does this prove?" In the first place, we would say, that it is a proof of a divine seal imprinted upon their foreheads; and again, they have learned to the depth of their inmost souls, that they are their brothers' keepers. This, as it naturally seems, is sufficient to develop the greatest aspirations that one could desire to possess.

We can only consider this school year as having been one of great success along lines of missionary interests. We feel that many and lasting have been the impressions received, and may God help us to ever be loyal to this dis designed work. Let us keep in mind the essential command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and may the day speedily come when this our present dwelling place will have been girdled by Christianity.

Philopolemic Debating Club

Several years ago, a number of the young men of Seattle Seminary, in order to promote an interest in debating, to acquaint themselves with, and to train themselves in parliamentary practice, met and organized the Philopolemic Debating Club.

The Cascade

The Club has gone through varied experiences, sometimes on the mountain top of popularity, sometimes in the valley of the shadow of death, but neither popularity nor difficulties could deter the dauntless Phils of Seattle Seminary from pursuing their purpose. And now we are about to finish one of the best years of the Club since it was organized.

You might ask what we have done during the past year. We have won two notable achievements. In December last, the Phils. held a mock trial on "The Case of Jennie Brice," and won fourth state prize, which speaks very well for our club, considering that the contestants consisted of such clubs as the "Knights of Pythias," and other clubs which have among their number lawyers, doctors, and other professional men. On the evening of April 25th, a spelling contest was held between representatives from the Aletheians and the Phils. The Aletheians put up a good fight but the Phils. succeeded in carrying off the honors by holding the highest per cent of correctly spelled words.

As to our future we do not intend to rest on our oars nor to be satisfied with past achievements, but expect to ever press upward and onward making each succeeding year better than the previous one.

Aletheians

Our most notable fete for the year took place on May 7th. However this would have taken second place, for we had been planning and had anticipated a most delightful entertainment for the Phils. But for various reasons it had to be called off.

Some time before the eventful evening our club artist, Rachel Beacraft, made some very unique posters which were quite fitting for the occasion indeed. These we had put in several public places. Not long after the attractive posters had won their prominent places, two young men of the Boys' Club were seen standing in front of the Fremont Pharmacy gazing through the window as if spell-bound on the bewitching head upon the poster. Not a sound invaded the stillness. At length, one recovering from his momentary bewilderment exclaimed: "What! Are they trying to deceive the public?"

However they were happily surprised, for the girls had prepared a very fine program. The printed programs were the newest, and the decorations were the grandest. Ruth West and assistants (namely one) worked without fear or favor until the platform and background looked simply elegant; the snowy white dog-wood flowers mingled

The Cascade

Classes

Juniors

"When we first come on this campus
Freshmen we, as green as grass;
Now as easy going Juniors,
Smile we over the verdant past!"

About three years ago we first entered the Seminary and outlined our courses. With strange rules and surroundings we, bewildered Freshmen, began our High School life—perhaps the four happiest years of our lives. We glanced enviously at the Seniors, whose one purpose in life seemed to be to have a good time. We heard vague rumors of Senior picnics and banquets. But we sighed and resolutely turned to our books, confident that the good times would come soon. Our first year came to a close and we were Freshmen no more. We began to be very daring and adventurous, as all Sophomores are likely to be. A little calling down meant nothing to us then. While once our faces flushed, and with tremulous voices we promised to be better, now we stood up boldly on both feet, with that I-don't-care expression on our faces. Then we arranged for the Sophomore picnic. The air was full of excitement, and groups stood talking in the hall, only to hush when any one came near. But the great day came and the event proved a glorious success.

And then we were Juniors. As we glance back over the happiest year of our lives we can see that it is only in fiction that you find pure comedy or pure pathos; in real life there is always a touch of the pathetic in the comedy and in most cases an element of humor in the tragedy. Thus has been the past year, full of serious situations which were at the same time laughable.

If anything goes wrong—blame the Juniors. If a book is taken from the library, if the floor littered, or a desk disturbed, kindly accuse us—we couldn't understand it if you didn't. If there is a commotion in assembly, or whispering—look for the Juniors and blame them—they're used to it.

Our friendship with the Senior class has been unbroken. Perhaps the irreproachable Seniors have taken to heart what was intended purely for rivalry. Our one regret upon entering upon our last year will be that the class of '13 is absent.

The Cascade

The Juniors are enrapturing everyone with their poetical abilities. Ada stops dead still on her way to dinner, and soon is surrounded by a crowd listening with enthusiastic interest to her bursts of poetry. Eleanor recites in Physics class, perhaps with fear and trembling, but in poetry. The fact of the case is, we have learned so much poetry in English, that our systems are flooded with it. Our recital in concert, of twenty-five poems, before a spell-bound audience in Assembly Hall was, we trust, edifying to all.

Have You Noticed:

Althea's cold sore?
Mary J. strolling with Aldridge?
Scottie's lovelorn appearance?
Burton's attack of Sophomores?

Sophomores

Say, girls, doesn't it seem rather odd to be a Soph-no-more? But being called a Junior doesn't make me feel at all different. It just seems that we have taken one more step—gone a little deeper and reached a little higher height. And really our efforts which at times seemed quite strenuous have not been in vain after all.

You know when we started in with Caesar, how hard it was? And I don't believe I could have stayed with it, had it not been for Prof. S—'s words of encouragement. It just helped out wonderfully, and really it wasn't so hard after all, was it? And geometry, I was scared of it from the very start; but you know Prof. B— was always so patient that I couldn't help but be interested in it. German, too, has been quite easy, and it surely must have been because Miss M—, was always so ready to lend a helping hand to us. And then don't you know how hard we used to study when that last bell began to ring? But English was right hard, I thought, and our dear teacher did try awfully hard to make it interesting, so it wasn't so bad, either.

But just think girls this is all past, and we have certainly had bushels of fun, haven't we? I know, I've found pleasure in everything. But don't you hate like everything to think of separating? Oh, dear, it is just heart rending. But such is life. I think Mr. and Mrs. H—, are going to stay here during the summer and Mr. G— also. I don't know whether Mr. M—, is going to take a vacation or not, he's so industrious. Mr. S— will probably return to Penawawa, but its going to be hard for him to leave, don't you think so? Miss A— is also going to her home at Ellensburg, and Miss W— will remain here, in Seattle. You know "There's no place

The Cascade

like home." Miss L.— returns to her home in Portland, there to recuperate, for it is an ideal health resort.

Well so much for the present and a bird's-eye view of the past and future, and you can readily see, its all "A Comedy of Errors."

Freshmen

No use to kick up a muss,
The point we won't discuss;
But nevertheless
You will have to confess
There's nothing the matter with us.

School is about to close and we are still masters of the situation; at least we will be if we surmount the last barricade that hinders us, viz., examinations, and we are optimistic about them. We have not learned all there is to know about everything, but we have learned a few things that will be a blessing to us all through life, we feel sure. We are just learning how to learn, and, as one writer puts it, the price of retaining what we know is always to seek to know more.

We have become acquainted with such great characters as Caesar, Socrates and Cicero; such inspiring poets as Tennyson, Whittier, and Scott. We have followed the course of empires as they rose and fell, and we have been inspired by the courage and daring spirit of the ancient Greeks and the masterly ruling power of the old Romans.

We have learned something of a new language this year; to read and write in lingua Romanorum. Prof. Stillwell has made the study extremely interesting. In mathematics the class has pushed right ahead, only for a few was it too much for their grey matter so they had to drop out.

A retrospective view of the activities of our class might not be amiss. The class was asked to edit a number of the school paper and took hold of the matter with some enthusiasm. After many false starts the paper was gotten out with some success.

In the debate with the noble Sophomores we came out second best, but it is in oratory that the class of '16 shines. Miss Patterson is the heroine in this line and first honors at the Local Prohibition Oratorical contest. Not content with this, she also received first place at the State Prohibition contest in Tacoma. We predict that she will do herself credit at the Interstate contest in the near future.

We shall soon part and meet no more as Freshmen, but in the future as we glance backward we shall feel "It was a good class."

To Solve the Problem
of Baking Powder, apply this test :

**ABSOLUTE PURITY
EFFECTIVENESS
WHOLESOMENESS**

at a Reasonable Price.

The answer is:

Crescent Baking Powder

It is made under the
careful supervision of
expert chemists by
modern methods, and

Never fails to
raise the dough.



25c full pound

Crescent Manufacturing Company
SEATTLE WASHINGTON

Joshes



Miss Logan in English—"Mr. Wood what is a sonnet?"

Jack Wood—"It's a young son."

Tom—Do you know how to spell Waterloo?

how to spell water, Tom?

Loo—You think I don't know

Louise Ward—Why do they call Prof. Bagley Commodore?

Hi Gill—Because he comes to our door every night.

A bang, a crash, an awful roar,
The ceiling must have hit the floor.

But cease your fears, and ease your cares,

'Tis science falling down the stairs.

I stood on the campus at twilight

As the bell was chiming its hour,

And the couples came o'er the campus,

As they had oft done before,

When from the third story window,

With all the might of his lungs
Came the terrible voice of Commodore:

"Come in, the dusk bell has rung."

Louise—"Have you read, 'Freckles'?"

Hi—"No mine are brown."

A senior—"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June."

(The Fourth)



STUDENTS, ATTENTION!

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

Do you realize that lack of concentration, dullness in school and loss of memory are mostly due to **Eye Strain**?

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. My charges are reasonable.

J. W. EDMUNDS, Oph. 14.
Phone: Main 2174.

701-703 Leary Bldg., 2nd and Madison.

"Get it at EVANS"

Your KODAKS, CAMERAS & SUPPLIES

Free developing with all films bought of us.

Evans Camera & Art Shop

713-715 & 1435 Third Avenue

Seattle

Wouldn't you be glad to see Everybody down to breakfast.
Lena go across the campus alone.

Our old friend Oleo.

Morgan smile again.

Esther grow taller.

Setterlind wear a hat.

Scottie—All good boys love their sisters,

But so good have I grown,

That I love another boy's

sister,

Better than my own.

"What is so rare as a piece of beef steak in the Sem."

—Apologies to Lowell (not Leroy-Mary.)

Teacher—What are the three most common words in the English language?

Pupil—I don't know.

Teacher—Correct.

Marandy—"I am beautiful, what tense is that?"

O. H.—"Let's see; that must be past tense."

Bill A. (solemnly)—Seien Sie still, bitte. Marie (J.) singt.

Freshie—My, what a swell frat pin you are wearing! What does it stand for?

Senior—Because it can't sit down, I suppose.

Did you ever hear of Corporal admiring 'The beautiful West.'

Stillwell—Remember, my son, that beauty is only skin deep.

Bill—That's deep enough for me. I'm no cannibal.

Metropolitan Cafe

Where Everybody Eats

Open All Night

A clean and comfortable place to eat.



Corner Fremont Ave. & Ewing St.

Graduation Books

We have a beautiful line of books for Graduation Day Gifts.

Graduation Day : Cards and Folders

Congratulation Post Cards

Archway Book Store

Corner 3 rd and Pike

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

in together with the green ferns were really a most pleasing sight to the eyes.

The members have all shown their loyalty to the Club by being prompt with their fees.

We have not accomplished quite as much this last semester as we had hoped to, but nevertheless we feel well repaid for the time spent in the club service.

Clubs may come and clubs may go,
But Altheps shall go on forever.

Cleaning - Dying - Repairing & Pressing

Fremont Pressery

3420 Fremont Ave.

Branch of DIXIE DYE WORKS

Any work entrusted to us will be done properly and to your satisfaction

DOMESTIC HAND LAUNDRY

First Class Work

Best prices

Both Departments

Dry and Wet Wash

612 Ewing St., Fremont

O.R.Haslam, Sem. Agent

42

The Cascade

Common Expressions

B. Mgr.—Any ads, any ads, any ads today.

'Tis the same old story in the same old way.

Smith—"It makes me sore."

Prof. Marston—"Rock a bye, baby."

Miss Marston—"Sein Sie still, bitte."

Prof. Stillwell—"Attention in the back of the room."

Miss Lawrence—"Little bug, little bug,

Fly away home,

Or I'll get you

For my zoology room."

Prof. Bagly—"In the name of the Seminary."

Miss Logan—"Is it not?"

Prof. Burnes—"Did you have permission?"

John—How are you and the girls getting along by this time?

Jack—Oh, I'm managing to hold my own sometimes.

A member of the party who recently visited the S. S. Minnesota asked a sailor what he used that curious thing for he was carrying on his shoulder.

Sailor (with winch crank)—
"This mum? Its the crank they use for winding up the dog-watch wid."

Father—How many post graduates are there this year?

Freshman (uncertainly)—
"There is no fence around the school this year."

Johnson—I wish you to know that I don't stand on trifles.

Georgio, (glancing at his feet)
—"No, I see you don't."

WE are fixed to take your picture or that of your house at any time on post cards at only

75c per dozen

E. A. and O. R. HASLAM

Summer address

Seattle Seminary

43



Elton—Davis, why are there more hen's eggs sold than duck's eggs?

Davis—Well, when a duck lays an egg she just waddles away as if nothing had happened, when a hen lays an egg there is a whole lot of noise. The hen advertises; hence the demand for hen's eggs.

Moral:—Patronize the advertisers.

Class Stenes

FreshmenEmerald
 SophomoreBlarneystone
 JuniorsGrindstone
 SeniorsTumbstone

The elm lives for two hundred years, the linden for three hundred, oak lives—

Weary Joke Editor—"Yes, and the chestnut I've forever."

Phone Elliot 1805

Portraits, Views

The
Hamilton
 STUDIO

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

MODEL ELECTRIC LAUNDRY

**Does First Class Finish
 and Rough dry Work**

Sunset Main 507 PHONES Ind. 509
 Corner Seneca Street and First Avenue

C. W. Morgan Sem. Agent

The Ross Marche Mercantile Co., Inc.

WM. VIRGO, Manager.

Dealers in Fancy Groceries, Fresh, Dried and Salt Meats, Confectionery, Stationery and Notions, Flour, Hay, Grain and Feed

Prompt Delivery, Goods guaranteed 3300 Third Ave. W. Cor. Bertosa

Seattle Seminary & College

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.

Junior College Work.
 College Preparatory Work.

Four four-year courses preparing for leading colleges.

School of Art.

Instructions in Oil, Water Colors and Drawing.

School of Music.

Thorough instruction in instrumental, harmony and theory required to complete course.

School of Elocution.

For further particulars and catalog, address

A. BEERS,
 Sta. F. Seattle, Wash.

"If You're Wise You'll Advertise"

BULL BROS.

INC.
Just Printers.

STEEL DIE WORK ENGRAVING
 WEDDING and COMMERCIAL and
 OFFICE STATIONERY JOB PRINTING
 PAMPHLET and CATALOG WORK

Phone Main 1043

SPRING AT THIRD

THE
Cooperative

**SUMMER
FOOTWEAR**



for
**Young Men
and Women**

*New Styles and better
Values than ever*

Popular Prices:

\$ 2.50 to \$ 5.00

HOYT SHOE CO.

Formerly **RAYMOND & HOYT**
1402 3rd Ave., Liberty Bld.

The Place to Buy Shirts:



Quality of materials
make the shirts we carry
extra good values, and
their neat and stylish pat-
terns appeal to young
men who want correct
styles.

An assortment that
can't be equaled in
Seattle.

\$1.50 to \$3.50

719 Second Avenue

Near Columbia

King Bros. Co.

Correct Apparel for Men