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The September 1913 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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IF 't were possible to give each student, new and old, a hearty hand shake and bid you God-speed in your college course you would better realize our interest in your affairs. Conditions not warranting such a course, we take this method, through your paper, of assuring you that our entire service will be at your disposal should your needs require it.

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Young Men's Dormitory
Immortality
By Alice Jackson '14

With Him, who in Nature speaks unseen
To every soul in alien woods, is heard
An immortal calling. For, from the fall
To every soul comes, either for good or ill
The voice speaks, calling, 'Go forth, where
The bosom God has made—thy earth
The sea, the mountains, and the sky, command
The soul to wander, seeking out his own domain
But what is man that thou shouldst exalt an
In his form, which even shall cease and trouble not
To mother earth? For ages in this passing world
The great have fallen with the poor, and:
On mailed feet, with faltering voice it cries:
The west and night predominates.
Warriors fell on childbirth's breast
The conquerors, the statesmen, and glories
And honor once have been savored from the home
But none, but none, has written the name
The glutton wild, the blazing hand of Adventure
Handed exquisites to the grasp of death
In southern wist and high, and thousand's
Shone through the paths in cities of the east
Where trees, and groves, and fields, fell
The warning prophet, the rich in pompous garb
The toil-worn face, the hunter's red, the search
The hero, and the soldier, and the men of honor
But none, none, have written the name
The left alone on neighboring hills stood not
More boldly than those, buried forms came stood.
Yet this, is not where they eternally rest
But where, oh! where, do they ever wake
For He, who left Mt. Olivet, shall come and take
The saved of earth, who are like a little, and those
Unsaved shall rise at Judgment day

Go forth into the silent woods and fields.
I saw not busy thoroughfare town towns
That press the weary sun, go forth
And clasp some lofty peak where none
Though they shall not find repose in their groves
With whispering trees, in rustling cushions
Where sappy-love's muse of fall, leafy blessings
With whispering trees, in rustling cushions
Thus woods, play and fur rustling
Where sea, gales, storm, and snow against
The keen blue sky, where freely swept
Cloud forms, bearing falling waves
Where sea, gales, keep, and snow against
The keen blue sky, where freely swept
Cloud forms, bearing falling waves
Where sea, gales, keep, and snow against
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Then leave thy sins O mortal man, and live
The image soon shall come from mine
Of crimes, and sins agreeable.
And what is life to man, that it is
Or aid in yoke with tears of many colors
That life shall have a goal and the world
Will honor it when body has denied.
With stopped form, and wrinkle brow
The aged man suffers in the grave.
The pains that aches that wrack his soul, repel
The recollection of life that he forever felt
The body is a chain that binds the soul.
But let all need that soul will mortal
For an open road above the storm
On pleasant places to the east
Thus mortal man, not yet a little while and
That odors, will come and will not hurt.
When heavens rise; when men shall cry for rocks
Of all and hide their force from God.
As angels with his hands unward, who arise
That time shall be no more. O where
None measure the days, the years, the centuries
How grand the tomb, wher in man's temple lies
And loved ones have been severed from the home
To mother earth? For ages in this passing world
The glory world thy summons comes for the e
To an unknown world.
For yet a little while and He
That comes, will come and will not hurt.
When heaven rise; when men shall cry for rocks
Of all and hide their force from God.
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To an unknown world.
For yet a little while and He
That comes, will come and will not hurt.
The last lingering rays of the sun fell on her golden brown hair, lighting it up where it fell back from a fair, noble brow. She was a tall girl of eighteen—not pretty, but with a good face that could be trusted. Her brown eyes seemed to inspire confidence.

Just then the door bell rang. She waited a moment to compose herself before descending the stairs.

"Good evening, Uncle Zack," she said. "How are you?"

The negro at the door showed his white teeth.

"The well, I reckon, Miss Beth, some you done fixed me up so. Josh's a pa'n of little shoes I ca'ved fo' you. I th'ught ma'be you might keep 'em to reme'mber old Uncle Zack by."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "How perfectly lovely! But it wouldn't need that to remind me of you."

Seating themselves in the living room she told some of her plans and ambitions to the old negro, who had been one of her greatest friends, ever since she had taken her first baby steps.

"Well, Miss Beth," he said, as she concluded, "Don't forget de death Lawd. He's de most important."

"I know. But I don't feel as if I could give up my ambitions for a while. When I have had my fill of fun, I'll begin to think about religion."

"Well, remember I'm prayin' for you, my dush," he remarked as he left.

Scarcely had she returned to her room before the ring of the door bell again disturbed her.

"Oh, good evening, Frank. I'm sorry Jack isn't home, but the folks just went to town a little while ago," she said on opening the door.

"I came to see you this time to say good bye. When are you going?"

"In the morning, I expect."

"I suppose you'll be missed. You have always been the sunshine about the house."

"I think it the other way. I'm generally too busy to be of much use around here. But when I am through college I expect to settle down and do some good."

"It will seem a long time—four years! Don't forget, if you ever need a friend to call on me."

"I certainly will not. You have always seemed like one of the family, Frank. If you help Jack to keep straight we shall be deeply indebted to you. I have been so worried over him lately because we don't know where he spends his time in town, but as you two are such great friends I hope you can keep him from any bad associations. Jack and I have always been so much to each other that now I am to leave him, I feel such a responsibility as to his future. I want my brother to be a noble gentleman in every sense."

"I'll do all I can to be his friend," Frank Harvey solemnly promised. "After a moment's silence he asked:

"Which college do you expect to attend?"

"The Crystal Lake Academy in California. It is a beautiful little school."

"Well, I suppose you have many things to attend to so I will bid you good bye."

"Remember me to your sister and tell her how sorry I am if I couldn't see her."

"I will. She did want to see you again but she had to leave for school. She has charge of the higher grades this year."

"That's fine."

"Well, good bye."

"Good bye." They shook hands and he was gone.

And so it went. There seemed to be nothing but farewells. Friends constantly dropped in—this girl with whom Elizabeth had attended school—that old lady for whom she had run so many errands—the neighbors next door who loved her as one of their own children. At last the "good byes" were all said and Elizabeth slipped wearily into bed.

Very early the next morning the family arose. Breakfast was eaten in silence for the hearts of those gathered around the table were too full for speech. The first break in the home circle was soon to come.

Mr. Carlton took the lantern out to the barn, fed the horses, then got the wagon ready to take Beth to town, four miles away.

In the dim morning light she looked off at the towering old peak behind the farm still covered with the night mists. How often had
The bright days of summer are ended now,  
The flowers have faded on meadows and hill;  
The sweetness has gone from the clover;  
The tree tops unceasingly sway to and fro,  
And birds to the southward are flying,  
For emblems of autumn are here to announce  
That Winter's cold breath is defying.

But tho' all be dismal and dreary without,  
There may be contentment within,  
By scattering smiles and unselfish deeds  
Happiness for yourself you will win.  
But whether the sky be torberding or bright,  
And rough weather tarry or go,  
Great joy will crown your labor of love  
And brighten your pathway below.

—ADA BEEGLE.

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tried by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good or talk too wise  
But strive to make your life to all a blessing,  
To you then will be life everlasting.

—KIPLING.
The first musical instruments were very crude indeed—a mere pipe with hole, or a reed admitting the air. These have been developed and improved till now we have an infinite variety of orchestral instruments, our superb grand piano and magnificent pipe organ.

The Jews, Gods chosen people, have ever been imbued with musical talent. In their early worship, we find large choirs of men and women chosen and set apart to praise Jehovah with cymbals, psaltries and harps. We hear Miriam with her timbral singing the nation’s song of deliverance as they view their enemies lying lifeless on the sea-shore, “Sing ye to the Lord for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.” David, the sweet singer of Israel, soothes the frenzied King with his magical harp. The delirium is stilled and Saul is filled with gentleness and love.

The early church did much to cultivate and bring music to a higher plane. The name ofPalestina, the Gregories, and Luther will ever be held in sacred memory. Who can estimate the worth of Charles Wesley’s hymns.

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!”

How often has it soothed and sustained the breaking heart as it has been lifted in prayer.

“Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.”

Strangely enough the greatest battle hymn ever written was composed by a woman—Julia Ward Howe. We can see the trump of nations as they march bravely on, singing.

“In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.”

That star of missionary hymns—“From Greenland’s Icy Mountains,” written by Heber, has won many to the cause so dear to the heart of Christ, the first missionary.

When we turn to the picture gallery of the masters, we are lost in wonder and admiration. Bach belonged to the old Polyphonic school of composers—writing his wonderful masterpieces in the beginning of the Renaissance, being the last of the Polyphonists. His especial success was in the fugue which he brought to its highest state of perfection.

Contemporary with Bach lived the great Handel, who immortalized his name in his last great oratorio, “The Messiah.” Blindness did
not deter him in pouring forth his soul in floods of never ceasing harmony.

Mozart was a pupil of Haydn. He was but four years of age when he and his little sister began their musical education. His compositions reflect the soul of a master mind unlike that of any other. When Haydn was told of his death, he said, "O my friends, will the world ever find such an artist again?"

Ludwig van Beethoven! Ah! we must pause a moment before we utter the name of this great prince of musicians. Nurtured in sorrow and affliction, he yet found a channel to give to the world some of its most beautiful music. His sonatas will ever be ranked as amongst the finest of the world's productions. Being passionately fond of nature, which seemed to him the Heavenly Father's voice, he received his greatest inspiration from the forest where he spent hours in composing the lines that expressed his deep emotion and rendered him forever famous. His great deafness was a constant source of pain to him, but he endured it bravely and conquered all his difficulties. With his dying breath he uttered the thought that had been his never failing comfort, "I shall hear in heaven."

The old masters gave their lives for the sake of following the golden path that led to the heights of ravishing melody. Permitting comfort and ease and foregoing every other pleasure, they were content if they could only leave as a memorial to their memory their immortal compositions.

Time will not permit us to speak of other wonderful artists—Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, and many others. It has been said of Wagner:

"He seems not only to have given us new tones, new combinations, but the moment the orchestra begins to play his music, all the instruments are transformed. They seem to utter the sounds that they have been longing to utter. The hours run riot; the passion; the 'cellos throb with love; the violins are seized with a divine madness. But the moment the orchestra begins to play his music, all the in-

When Cromwell's troops were about to engage in battle one day, Cromwell cried: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him all creatures here below." The men of God replied, "The sword of the Lord and of the King of glory."

Music is more eloquent than speech. As George Francis Rowe says, "Blessing its song in theprodigal's heart, it turns the wanderer's steps toward home, carries the maiden's prayer to the throne of God, comforts the fatherless and widow, uplifts the oppressed in every land. All may feast at its table. Weaving an invisible chain between man and his Maker, it binds the nation together and sets a magic circle around the home which neither time nor circumstance can break."

When the civil strife between the North and South had ceased, the strains rose in a mighty chorus:

"O mother dear, Jerusalem, When shall I turn to thee?"

The lad asked, "Where did you learn that?" The man of God replied, "My mother taught it to me." "Did mine," whispered the dying soldier, while the tears flowed down his cheeks, and his softened heart yielded itself to God. The written word touched not the young lad's heart as did the inspired hymn learned at his mother's knee. Talmadge has said that nine-tenths of all converts were brought to Christ through the power of sacred song.

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When the civil strife between the North and South had ceased and the snowy banners of peace again floated over our union, a great jubilee was held in Boston. An immense coliseum seating forty thousand had been built. A wonderful orchestra composed of thousands of stringed and wind instruments accompanied a chorus of 1200 trained voices that sang the musical gems of the centuries. The bells of the city were rung in unison and the cannon on the common discharged by electricity, keeping time with the music.

Music has never been surpassed, could be heard clear and sweet above it all, singing our national air, "The Star Spangled Banner." The wonderful volume of music awaked the audience with passionate emotion. Many were overcome and fainted, while one woman's soul winged its flight to God.

But the home of music is not in earthly colissums, nor can the human tongue sound its depth or reach its heights.

Perfected on earth by sorrow's chastening hand, it returns to heaven the only one of the fine arts to reach the region of the blest. In the Heavenly Jerusalem where the blood-washed sing the new
song, striking all their harps of gold, we shall at last join that perfect 
choir and be able to gather up the lost chords of earth.

"I have sought, but I seek it vainly, 
That one lost chord divine, 
Which came from the soul of the organ, 
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel 
Will speak in that chord again, 
It may be that only in Heaven 
I shall hear that grand Amen."

In Memoriam

A. S. DINSMORE

Rarely has any event brought more sincere grief to the community than did the recent death of A. S. Dinsmore.

Brother Dinsmore has been intimately associated with the faculty and students of the school for several years.

By his conscientious performance of duties and his self-sacrificing labors in behalf of the institution he has endeared himself to all.

At the memorial service held in the Assembly Hall Monday morning, September 8, several members of the faculty and student body, spoke feelingly in words of appreciation and esteem of our friend and brother.

Several appropriate hymns were sung by the school and one selection was rendered by a mixed quartette.

We shall long cherish the memory of Brother Dinsmore.
We are also planning some excellent November and December numbers as well as two special numbers issued by the Alethepian Club and the Philopolemical Club, for the better of which a prize will be awarded.

At the end of the year a special quadrennium number will be issued consisting of over one hundred pages of reading matter and views. This number itself will be worth your subscription and we are confident that with the other numbers, you will be more than satisfied.

We anticipate little trouble in securing new and varied material for the paper, for we have an excellent class of new students as well as a goodly number of the old ones, and we are sure we can depend on their loyalty to the school and paper.

We urge the students to feel perfectly free to enter your literary productions and other material for the Cascade. It will not be ignored and your interest will be greatly appreciated. Or if at any time you have suggestions to make, or wish information, the editor or any of the staff will be more than willing to give you their attention.

We are glad the students cooperate so readily in upholding a superior literary standard before other schools. In looking thru our exchanges we cannot fail to grade the schools by the absence or appearance of careless English, pronounced or indifferent. It is our purpose to exile all forms of slang from our reading matter and provide you with clean, wholesome and instructive as well as bright, cheerful reading.

We shall expect the students to cooperate with us this year in making our paper all it should be, and we trust our friends will appreciate our efforts.

We wish all our school-friends and readers a satisfactory and happy school-year of good thorough successful work.

The "Alpha" Club is now entering upon the third year of its existence. For the benefit of new students we will volunteer the information that this is the social organization of the college classes. We have faced school problems for so many years that we are acquainted with all phases of educational life and will not be selfish but give you all the benefit of our experience.

To the new college students we extend a welcome and a hope that we may soon draw you into our social life.

We are sure you will find your time profitably spent in the service of the club, and you will miss a great deal if you are not members. Already we have held our election and rejoice to announce the following officers: Pres., Althea Marston; Vice, Helen Johnson; Sec., Ethel Lawanna; Treas., Cora Smith.

Alpha Club
Now we are ready for business. Just watch the Alcobege keep the ball a-rollin'.

**Philis**

The Philis are stepping off this year on the double quick. The first Friday we held an informal meeting for the benefit of the new boys, and the second week finds us with our new corps of officers duly elected as follows: Pres., A. Deple; Vice, F. Gill; Sec., R. Smith; Treas., W. Scott; Marsh., A. Thomas; Chaplain, D. Highb; M. Director, E. Haslam; Cus. Ed., J. Root.

Our meetings are both profitable and enjoyable. Their object is to give free scope to the exercise and development of oratorical and debating powers and the practice of parliamentary drill. We have passed through many varied experiences in the past, and rejoiced over some victories, but a new year is before us and we extend a hearty welcome to every new student who will share the future conquests of the Philomelical Debating Club.

**Intercollegiate Prohibition League**

We as a school believe in the abolition of the liquor traffic. The result is our organization of a League, whose purpose is to unite and extend the belief in our school. Last year our labors in the oratorical contest were not in vain and this year we invite all the students, new and old, to interest yourselves and prepare to take part. Let us carry the banner a little higher for our school. Join the League; let us keep the Prohibition spirit awake.

**Alumni Association**

With the Class of 1912.

Five of the illustrious class that graduated in June have been true to their Alma Mater and are again within her walls. Misses Alberta Skene, Besse and Louisa Ward are co-operating with Mr. Oliver Haslam in upholding the standards of the Freshman College Class.

William Aldridge is resting from the busy life he led last spring while he remains at his home at Baker, Ore.

Mr. John Logan has been invited to preach the opening sermon at the home of Rev. Alexander Beers.

Mr. Reuben Lawrence intends to work this fall.

Miss Bessie Bixby, '12, also joined the company of the Newlyweds.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cathey celebrated their ten wedding September 11, at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Earl Newton. They received many useful presents.

We are pleased to note the success and hear such good things spoken of our new English instructor, Miss Edna Mott.

Mr. Jacob Wood is undecided as to his future, but will probably attend the Pacific College.

Mr. Cathey still retains the directorship of the Seminary Chorus. Cupid has again entered the ranks of the Alumnae regardless of all the faculty's previous caution.

Mr. Wesly Millikan, '06, has been appointed principal of the Union High School on Bainbridge Island. He is very happy with his wife, formerly Carrie Smalley, '10.

Mr. Duane Fardell, '10, and Mrs. Fardell, see Estella Curtis, '12, are living at their home at Taylor Mill.

Miss Emma O'laugh, '12, while calling at Mr. Beers' residence last June, lost her name and by force of circumstances has been called Mrs. Wilson ever since.

Miss Viola Knowlton, the art teacher of 1911 and 1912, has at last renounced her maiden name to accommodate Mr. Frank Watkins, '12.

Miss Besse Bixby, '12, also joined the company of the Newlyweds last June.

Mr. Elvis Cochrane, '11, stepped in Seattle on his way home from Greenville. He reported a splendid school year.

Miss Tressa Marsh, '11, is attending Greenville College this fall.

**Locals**

Twenty-five new young men so far and twenty young ladies indicate a boost in the right direction. Doesn't it?

Our good friend and brother, A. S. Diamscura, passed by promotion from the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant August 12, 1912, at six o'clock.

John C. Norton, a constant friend of our school from its early history, died after a brief illness, September 9, 1912. An impressive funeral was held at his home September 11, Rev. Alexander Beers officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cathey celebrated their ten wedding September 1 at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Earl Newton. They received many useful presents.

We are pleased to note the success and hear such good things spoken of our new English instructor, Miss Edna Mott. It is noted that she has received ample equipment of knowledge from the extensive courses taken in the Universities of Indiana, Southern California and of Washington.

President Beers has been invited to preach the opening sermon to the students at University M. E. church.

Miss Kathryn Whisner, of Tacoma, a former student, is assisting in the music department. This year the Department is undergoing reorganization and will offer standard courses in Solfeggio, Harmony, Sight-reading and many other features incident to competent musical
Joshees

Stillwell (arranging classes)—
"Will you have any conflict with Trigonometry, Mr. Puffer?"
"Puffer—"I think I shall if I take it."

Boys (speaking of politics)—
"Platt, what are you running for?"
"Platt—"For exercise mostly."

Scottdie (hurrying into a restaurant)—"Give me a ham sandwich."
"Waiter—"Yes, sir; will you eat it or take it with you?"
"Scottdie (excited)—"Both."

Myra—"I think Rachel is the personification of truth."
"Oliver—"Wenas, that I might embrace truth."

Hi (in fashionable cafe pointing at certain word on menu card)—"Give me some of that."
"Waiter—"Sorry, sir, but the band is playing that now."

Thomas reunia from a Pincer era daily, "to West."
"And Thomas "din gone."

Poor B. B. looks sad and absent-minded sometimes. Be brave, B.; the best of friends must part, but she'll come back.

Look out, girls. Smith is here with the hook.

Puffer (fumbling key ring in presence of Henrietta W.)—"I shall be willing to give up my engagement ring."
"Henrietta—"I am, too."

"When did it happen? I notice Beegle is more serious lately."

STUDENTS ATTENTION!

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Exchanges

"The Cascade," during its brief past, has been proud of the list of school papers with which it has exchanged. Although quantity is not necessarily quality, the longer our list of exchanges is, the wider our breadth of observation concerning other papers will become.

We intend to be representative this year and welcome criticism as well as approbation. Our heartiest greeting is extended to our old exchanges with an invitation for new ones to get acquainted with us this year.

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Continued from Page 19

education.

Miss Rose Logan, our excellent English instructor of last year, is reported to have recently given her hand in marriage to Professor Albert Olmstead, of the University of Southern California. We wish them happiness and many years in which to enjoy each other and their happy home.

Ain't we optimistic? The only thing about the campus which is kicked about is the football.

Miss Hannah Lawrence, formerly a member of the faculty, is reported recently to have given up her last name to become Mrs. Holt. Convincing proof that the eighth rule can be forgotten even by a preceptor.

Positivists are not all dead yet. A student of Political science suggests that owing to reduction of the tariff on peanuts, the county will be flooded with peanut politicians and Monkeys. Isn't that a slam on the Democrats?

We wish to extend a special welcome to our beloved freshman.

We warn you of the many dragons you will encounter by the way and the Herculean tasks to be performed, but keep a stiff upper lip in times of distress do not fail to give your friends an opportunity to assist you.

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