

January 1st, 1915

# The January 1915 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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*B. J. Beagle.*

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J a n u a r y  
1 9 1 5

14-15

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*B. S. Beeple*

“Resolved:- Never to do anything which I  
should despise or think meanly of in  
another.”

Jonathan Edwards.

¶ A noble sentiment to begin the  
New Year with.

¶ Wishing the Young People of the  
Seattle Seminary and College  
A Happy New Year,  
Sincerely Yours,  
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# Literary

## Love Conquers All.

Cecilia E. Johnston, '15.

The departing day was casting weird shadows over the world-renowned Conservatory of Opera. The wind was teasing the lazily falling snowflakes in the frost-bitten air.

Professor Hoffman walked over to Strausser, giving him a resounding slap on the shoulder. "Time we were going, old fellow."

Professor Strausser, laying aside his paper, arose, looking very grave. "'Tis serious business—those German aviators above the city and all. We may be attacked before——" and thus the two passed out of hearing.

Still two tireless American students lingered, putting a last touch on an original production in opera.

"Tom," said a soft soprano voice, "I know what's the matter. You need more volume from the orchestra to suspend that strenuous tenor role."

"Oh, Alice, you are such a thoughtful girl. You always give the polish and grace to my compositions. You are the fountain of their inspiration."

"Alice," he said, with a tender mellowness in his voice, as he drew her to him. "Alice, I love——"

Crash! Crash! Roofs falling in, houses, gigantic buildings razed to the ground, reports of guns, reports of cannons—now their warmth is felt,—firing from all sides—bombs from above. The streets of Paris are at once deserted. Now filled with frantic masses of frightened people trampling over a sea of human bodies in their desperate eagerness to leave the doomed city.

Soldiers climbing up the walls—soldiers on the stairs—soldiers in the doorway—surrounded by soldiers on all sides. "Hail, traitors! Spies!" cried a distinguished looking lieutenant. "We demand your lives in the name of our emperor." Then he tore the lovers from each other's arms. That one last look into each other's faces—were all the dreams of the future to be brought to this tragic end? A moment of consultation amongst the officers.

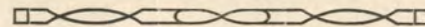
"She's a beaut! I'll have her if it takes the half of my father's kingdom. I say I will have revenge on that young rascal who has turned her heart from me."

At this point Prince William threw off his soldier coat, revealing himself in princely dress, and, stepping toward Alice and bowing, said: "I will escort the lady to the castle. But as for him, we will fight a duel in my own courtyard this very night. And when he is laid low

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at the point of my sword, the lady will be easily won. I WILL have revenge!"

(To be continued.)



## Viola's New Year Resolution.

Ruth Sawyer.

Viola sat in her big, easy chair, gazing with fixed attention at the carpet. Not that she was interested in that. No! No! Questions of far more importance were now troubling her. Two more hours and the old year of nineteen fourteen would have passed away forever and a brand new year, with all its joys and trials and so on would burst forth and she wanted to commence right. Shew as going to begin, as great and good people always advise, by turning over a new leaf. Yes, she was going to do that very thing. She smiled with delight as she thought of the spotlessly white page she was soon to hold up to the public in general and hiding that soiled and blotted page which represented the last year. How to begin this sudden reformation she was at a loss to know. But she would do it. Ah yes! It wasn't like Viola to turn aside once she had set her mind to anything.

The clock struck 11 and at the same instant a bright idea struck her. It was the very thing! But could she make the sacrifice? Was her will power strong enough to withstand the temptation? Would she hold true in the resolution or would she fail? Long and seriously she pondered the question. Glancing upward to the clock she saw it was 11:55. Only five more minutes in which to decide. She arose and stepped out on the porch as she gazed out in the darkness and then up at the stars only one thought occupied her mind. "Was she able to make the great sacrifice?"

She knew the time was drawing nigh, and she took from her pocket a small notebook and pencil. Then she hesitated for a second, but turning her eyes again toward the heavens she murmured, "Yes! I will do it. I cannot bear to enter upon the new year without a good resolution." Slowly she opened the notebook and just as the distant peal of the church bell fell on her ears she wrote these words, "I, Viola Burkman, do hereby resolve, as the old year passes away and the new year comes into view, that I will never again eat more than I can hold."

I THANK YOU.



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## Farewell To Autumn.

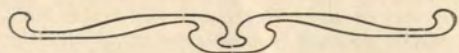
Vina Smith.

Gone the bright days of the Autumn  
With their sunshine and fresh verdure fair,  
With the leaves of the ash and the maple,  
Tinted in bright colors rare.

Gone are the harvest fields golden,  
With the scent of the new-mown hay,  
With the falling of crimson-cheeked apples,  
And the gathering of nuts through the day.

Hushed the green fields and the forests,  
Where the anthems of birds once were sung,  
Save the screech of the troublesome blue-jay  
As he scolds in a harsh, rasping tongue.

Farewell to thee, beautiful Autumn,  
With thy blue skies and low, solemn tones,  
And the rippling of sweet-singing brooklets  
As they gurgle and leap o'er the stones.



## "Judged."

Wade Folsom.

As I pass by, the boot-black hollers "Shine,"  
For all he sees is these old shoes of mine;  
And in his shop the barber stares at me,  
As if my hair hung over to my knee.  
And then the fruit man looks, and hopes, and waits  
To see my mouth a-fixing for his grapes:  
The dentist sees my teeth when'er I smile,  
And Doctor stops to talk of health a while.  
The singer can detect my feeble voice  
And dancers at my step may not rejoice;  
And all the tailor sees is my poor clothes—  
And all my neighbors judge me as I go  
And friends may know my character at best,  
And every word and action they may test.  
The preacher's claim to know me is a guess.  
And mother's love looks nearer than the rest.  
But God looks down into my unseen soul  
As I pass my—then I feel judged quite whole.

—o—

# THE CASCADE

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Vina Smith	Societies
Celestine Tucker	Locals
Wm. Robinson	Missionary
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Florence Alberts	Alumni
Winfred Thuline	Art
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Vol. V

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No. 4

Editors



Corner

W.T.

Lo! The old year with quiet wing has flown to the tropic of the past, and in its stead we hear the gentle flutter of the new. The past is gone; we cannot recall it. Did it bring sorrows? They may abide, but the future holds within its grasp the downy kerchiefs of sympathy and kindness, which can wipe away all tears. Did you have hopes and have they flown as did the year? Hope on, and still hope on. The new year brings new joy, new life, new hope. That star, so bright, which always leads to higher planes of thought and activity, though in the past seemed shrouded in the morning garb of doubt and fear, is now

shining brightly in the early dawn of the New Year and will become the day star of your life. Did the past weave webs of guilt and sin about your soul? If so, the future holds in store the words of freedom and of pardon, and has power through divinity to unwind the binding nets and snares of evil and to set the careworn free.

Did you fail to see the heights you might have reached by doing the tasks which were severe and hard, and failing to see, did you fail to do? Do not lacerate yourself with words of regret and disapproval, but peer into the distance and see that goal which still is yours to reach, and, taking new courage, work on, hope on, fight on.

Have past resolutions been broken and do you feel the biting sting of defeat? Forget that you have ever fallen from the plans in which you once lived and with the wings of trust and confidence soar upward to a higher sphere beyond your own expectations and find the way of making each day, each month, each year, runnels and scales by which you may raise yourself higher and higher to the mountain peaks of service and success.



## ○ Missionary. ○

### *Effect of the War on Foreign Missions.*

As the world-wide war progresses and other nations become involved in the deadly conflict, the missionary situation becomes more and more critical. One of the most serious spiritual effects of the war is the dismemberment of many international Christian organizations. The Christian Endeavorers of different lands have been obliged to break off friendly correspondence and to become enemies. Over 200,000 of the Young Men's Association members are in the various armies of Europe. Sunday School workers who have been closely united all over the world and who had planned to hold a great convention in Japan in 1916, are under arms and under oath to kill one another. Some who have labored together shoulder to shoulder on foreign fields are now leading their companies on the field of battle. Another effect of the war, especially among the German missions, is the interruption of intercourse with the mission fields. No one can be sent out or brought back, though many missionaries are greatly in need of rest.

### *The Mission Study Class.*

As the year has advanced several of the students have been inspired to a deeper interest in the missionary works. Their earnestness has materialized in the formation of a mission study class to be conducted by Mrs. A. J. Marston the coming semester.

About twenty-four have already registered for the class and we expect more will join later.

Under the present altered conditions of the nations there should be a deeper sense of one's responsibility as those professing Christianity, and we should enter with zest into the problems confronting our missionaries. This class affords a very timely opportunity to those who are interested in this work.

## ○ Ye Schoole Gossip ○

SAY, WHAT do you  
\* \* \*  
KNOW about it?  
\* \* \*  
SOMEBODY came into  
\* \* \*  
MY SHOP the other day  
\* \* \*  
AND said to me,  
\* \* \*  
"I AM always glad to get  
\* \* \*  
"THE CASCADE  
\* \* \*  
"WHEN it comes out.  
\* \* \*  
"I THINK IT IS FINE."  
\* \* \*  
WELL, I nearly fell over.  
\* \* \*  
BECAUSE I did not suppose  
\* \* \*  
THAT anybody ever liked it.  
\* \* \*  
AT LEAST, nobody ever  
\* \* \*  
TOLD ME so before.  
\* \* \*  
WELL, I haven't forgotten  
\* \* \*  
WHO IT WAS yet.  
\* \* \*  
I COULDN'T forget that.  
\* \* \*  
BUT I suppose that everybody  
\* \* \*  
LIKES *The Cascade* pretty well.  
\* \* \*  
OR there would be  
\* \* \*  
SOME KICK made about it.  
\* \* \*  
AT LEAST I rather judge  
\* \* \*  
THERE WOULD be  
\* \* \*  
BY THE TRFATMENT  
\* \* \*  
WE GIVE our worthy cooks,  
\* \* \*  
WHO SOMETIMES are  
\* \* \*  
OUR OWN MOTHERS.

WHEN anything is  
\* \* \*  
REAL GOOD and palatable  
\* \* \*  
WE SIT down and eat  
\* \* \*  
LIKE LITTLE PIGS,  
\* \* \*  
OR BIG PIGS, rather,  
\* \* \*  
AND DO not say a thing nice.  
\* \* \*  
NOW you know that I am right.  
\* \* \*  
BUT JUST watch yourself.  
\* \* \*  
WHEN you don't like a dish  
\* \* \*  
YOU slop right over and talk  
\* \* \*  
AS IF you never had  
\* \* \*  
ONE GOOD THING to eat  
\* \* \*  
IN ALL your selfish life.  
\* \* \*  
NOW SHAME ON YOU,  
\* \* \*  
AND SHAME on me for it.  
\* \* \*  
NEXT time we eat, let's see  
\* \* \*  
IF WE can really find  
\* \* \*  
SOMETHING that tastes  
\* \* \*  
REAL GOOD to us.  
\* \* \*  
AND THEN let's go straight  
\* \* \*  
TO THAT PATIENT COOK  
\* \* \*  
WHO has done so well  
\* \* \*  
AND TELL HER how much  
\* \* \*  
WE ENJOYED her good dish.  
\* \* \*  
SHALL WE?  
  
I THANK YOU.

## Among the Classes

### SENIOR NOTES.

After two weeks of pleasure and old time fun it is a difficult proposition to fall in line with the old routine of duty. But here are our books ready for use, wearing a countenance such as represents sad neglect.

Yes, firstly, we were reminded of the final reckoning day for which we must prepare within fourteen days only. Therefore, we must resolve to regain new courage and renewed energy to march forward, never thinking of old victories or past failures. We must endeavor to end our career successfully and at last receive the prize which is a—sheepskin.

### JUNIOR NOTES.

The days of vacation are over,  
No more can we do as we please.  
The eighth rule we must all remember,  
And labor as busy as bees.

We as a class wish our friends and school mates a happy and prosperous New Year.

All of our number have been privileged to return for another semester, refreshed by our vacation and ready for work.

Due to the fast approaching exams., we are spending our time in study(?), hoping against hope that we may be exempt from the trying ordeal, and hear the welcome word "excused."

But as the days lengthen and the weather brightens, you will hear more from the Juniors, both in athletics and literary effort.

Watch for the news.

### SOPHOMORE NOTES.

Class notes again! How the time flies! We are all back again and in good spirits, ready for whatever may come, but we are looking forward to a happy and prosperous New Year.

We were, and are, in a sense, like the Irishman. Pat was working in an iron factory. One day he received a letter from his boss saying he needn't come back. About a week later the boss, walking through the works, found Pat at work, and asked him if he didn't read the letter. "Sure an' I did," said Pat. "I read it inside and OUTside. Inside it said, 'Don't come back—you are fired.' Outside it said return in five days to the iron works.'"

We, like Pat, take the advice on the outside and come back to school works instead of iron works.

Next month will soon be here, so just keep watching for a later edition of Soph. notes.

### FRESHMAN NOTES.

The Freshmen are still alive. If you do not think so, just hang around the building some day and listen to their worthy president, the modern Demosthenes, practice his elocution lesson.

The members of the class have returned to their school duties greatly refreshed after vacation, and also thankful to Santa Claus for

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## Societies

### ALETHEPIANS.

Our class wishes the Phils and faculty and all others concerned a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

We began the New Year right. On January 8, 1915, at 7 p. m., we held our first meeting of the New Year. Evidently we were all trying to start right, as nearly every one of our thirty-five members were present.

After settling satisfactorily a very important matter (of which later), we began the enjoyable part of the program. The first number was a paper by Miss Armstrong, concerning the fashions worn by our mothers. It described the absurd fashions of the Civil War period. After this four of our girls sang the song, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," very appropriately. Then a paper was read by Miss Celestine Tucker, dwelling on the subject of the dress of the present day. Its absurdities were also shown. (We girls began to think that all dress was absurd.) After this our quartette gave us the song entitled, "Songs that Mother Sang."

We began to wonder what we should wear, when Miss Althea Marston gave us a paper on the subject, "To What Lengths Should a Girl Follow Dame Fashion." Her paper was splendid, and told us to strike a happy medium, where one is always safe to dwell.

The real, fine paper of the evening, however, concerned neither dress nor fashions. Miss Margaret Whitesides gave us a paper on late inventions. Among other interesting things we discovered that one of our esteemed members has invented a laughing machine, and another a new kind of pop gun. You will all please patronize home industry first.

### PHILOPOLEMICAL DEBATING CLUB.

"Do thyself no harm, ye Christmas jolliters. We are all here." The Phils are back, safe and sound and straight as a string, looking forward and hastening to the coming of June 9, when the bars will be let down and the grand "Stag" family let out in the frowning world to graze on the meagre benefits derived from a bountiful repast.

The Phils believe in being filled. Probably that accounts for the chicken-filled jaws and dimples in some of their chins.

After coming back I noticed one had a hard time in buttoning his vest. It wasn't that way before holidays. He's a bad specimen. From the expression of distress and concern on his face you can almost read, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity. I'm for prohibition henceforward and forever." What a temperance resolve for 1915! That would make all the gluttons hide their faces for shame. Yet our "ravenish" organization claims to be representative of speakers and extemporaneous orators, when really their sentiments are expressed in the musical strains, "Keep your hand upon a biscuit and your eye upon the milk pail."

### ATHLETIC NOTES.

One of the most beneficial results of athletics is the chance it gives everyone "to drive dull care away." In this way both mind and body are rested. The majority of our Seminary students enjoy the few sports we participate in for just this reason. Those who do not play forget trouble while watching their favorite players with an enthusiasm

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## - Locals -

Our program Friday, December 6, was, as the saying goes, short and sweet, consisting of a violin solo by Margaret Jones.

The following week the mixed quartette gave a selection, and this was followed by several readings from Mrs. Burns. She gave a pleasing variety of selections, as they ranged from pieces in the Scotch brogue and darkey dialect to a court scene from Shakespeare's "Henry VIII."

Miss Marsh's class in elocution gave its first recital for the year on the afternoon of December 18. It was intensely interesting and the pupils displayed excellent training. The same day Christmas holidays began, and only those persons who have had the same experience can appreciate the feelings of the students on the last day.

Those who had the privilege of spending the holidays at home left at an early date, and those who remained looked forward to two weeks of enjoyment and freedom from study. Nor were they disappointed in their expectations, as the social committee planned everything that would tend to an enjoyable vacation in the shape of hikes, parties, etc.

Christmas day a lovely chicken dinner was served in the daintily decorated dining room, after which the presents surrounding the large Christmas tree were given out.

The rest of the week was taken up in hikes to Fort Lawton, a marshmallow roast, and a general good time.

The college girls greatly enjoyed a party given by Miss Bessie Ward on the evening of the 28th, and they truly formed, with the exception of one, what might be called an old maid's party.

January 4th the students returned and school was resumed the following morning. It is a little hard to tell why each student seems so interested in their studies, but perhaps the solution is that the time for examinations is approaching.

## - Alumni -

The New Year has begun in a rather doleful manner for two of our alumni family. The cosy little home of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Helm, of Sedro-Woolley, was totally destroyed by fire Wednesday morning, January 6. No clothing and only one piece of furniture was saved. We extend our heartfelt sympathies.

Miss Ethel Langworthy, '10, is working in a private family in this city. She expects soon, however, to be either teaching school or visiting relatives in British Columbia.

Hoquiam boasts the presence of a seminary alumnus within its walls. Perhaps Mrs. Pearl McElhooe Hartman, '05, does not care as much for that city as it does for her, since she has recently been in the hospital. She is, nevertheless, now well on the way toward recovery.

Mrs. May Colson Newton is further developing her musical talent by taking instrumental music lessons at the University of Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hight, '10 and '07, are doing faithful and efficient work as Free Methodist pastor and wife at Woodburn, Ore.

David Sawyer, another member of the class of '10, is taking Senior

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work at Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa.

Miss Ethel Ward reports that Mrs. Jessie Lively Carlsburg is doing most splendid work as a missionary in India. We congratulate her two little children in having such an excellent mother.

In the Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, where he is this year completing his college work, Mr. Clarence Marston was very successful in the school tryouts and highly honored by winning a place on the team which will debate against Colgate University.

## - Exchanges -

During the past month several complaints have been registered against our Exchange Department. Uncle Sam's deputy, the mail carrier, states that unless he is given an assistant his route must be shortened.

Apparently all this is the result of our receiving so many exchanges, but—Send Them Along—it's just what we have been working for.

Should there be any faithful exchanges of ours whose names are not recorded below, we trust you will not place a discount upon our judgment of papers. Try to console yourselves for the present knowing that you shall be allotted due respect next month.

### *Purple Pennant.*

Sixteen pages of society notes and stories is rather unproportional with twelve pages of "ads." We suggest that you exchange *wrappers* for envelopes, corresponding in size with your paper. These may be secured at a maximum cost of \$2 per thousand, and they will avoid the crumpled appearance of the cover.

### *Pacific Star.*

Your literary department is indeed commendable, including "Florence" and other interesting stories. These would blend beautifully with a few additional cuts.

It seems that, in your exchange column, a complimentary mention of a few papers representing denominations other than your own would reveal a more tolerant spirit.

### *Oahuan.*

That football number was certainly attractive. We hope you shall maintain your splendid record.

Among the various exchanges of last month, a beautiful, lively paper made its appearance. It contained a splendid selection of jokes and an excellent poem entitled "The Coward and the River of Life." This new exchange was labeled *Nautilus*, and we welcome it most cordially.

In answer to its call for worthy exchanges we offer the following from the Pacific coast: *Kuay*, Queen Anne High School, Seattle, Wash.; *Owl*, Fresno High School, Fresno, Cal., and *Tolo*, Franklin High School, Seattle, Wash.

You have also failed to form an acquaintance with one of your next door neighbors of Bond county, viz., *Vista*, Greenville College, Greenville, Ill. You should certainly enjoy the pleasure of its friendship in the near future.

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# J o s h e s

Miss Morrow (in English)—What lesson do we get from Samson's life? Hi Gill—To let our hair grow long.

Laura Armstrong (in Bible class)—Will we know each other in Heaven? O. H.—I'd hate to go there and not know anyone.

Prof. Stillwell (in History)—What caused Taylor's death? C. Tucker—He was sick.

There was a loud blast of thunder and little Wayne exclaimed: "Oh! Mamma! God shot at me!"

Miss L.—What is contained in sea water? Thuline—Chloride of sodium and—er—and— Miss L.—Well, what else? T.—Fish.

Turnidge (having burnt his tongue with hot cocoa)—Say, Stephens, dip you finger in water and come over here and cool my tongue.

Harry O.—Yes, Jones has invented a lot of labor-saving devices. Clifford D.—Well, what are they? H. O.—Excuses for not working.

Say, Berry, in public speaking have you any acquaintance with the old nervous tremor? Berry—Just momentarily; it is gone before I realize it. Hopper—Now for my part, in spite of my much practice, I have never appeared before an audience, large or small, without experiencing a shaking at the knees and a sense of a scientific vacuum behind the waistcoat.

E. Haslam (Ancient History)—What was so pathetic about the death of Alexander the Great? E. Richie—He left two Persian wives.

Mary S.—Say, Stephens, have you your notebook up? Stephens—Sure. I got it up on the shelf.

Prof. B. (in History)—And little Edward was a protestant, daughter of a protestant mother.

Miss Johnston—I don't like this song. It is too low. I like things that are "Hi."

*Cont. from page 10.*

his unending kindness.

Our ranks have again been broken. Carl Edwards found life at home so enjoyable that he decided to remain there and take up the duties of public high school.

No, they are not dead, nor have they any idea of dying; so just keep your eyes open and you will hear from them next month.



## PROTECT YOUR EYES!

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. D.

Phone: Main 2174

701-703 Leary Bldg., Second and Madison

Mr. Gill (at table, taking the last of the potatoes)—I don't like to see these potatoes suffer. Miss Marston—You'd rather suffer yourself, would you?

Prentice—My father's a professor—I can be educated for nothing. Fred Leise—Pooh! That's nothing. My father's a minister, and I can be good for nothing.

Mr. Thuline (on the boat)—What would you do if you should fall in and the water wasn't very deep? Pearl Dull—Why, I suppose I would "wade."

Prof. Stilwell (in American History)—Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could all look at a cloud and resolve to be men?

The teacher, after writing "p-g" on the board, asked the class what letter she had left out. All hands went up, but Johnnie was especially anxious to answer, so the teacher said, "Well, Johnnie, you may tell." "You left 'em all out, teacher," said the boy, with a grin of triumph.

FORDS—Oldest and most reliable of baby carriages. Evidence: Caesar, in speaking of the Rhine river in Gaul, says that in several places it could be crossed by "Fords." In another instance he speaks not indifferently, saying that the Helvetians crossed the Rhine by means of "Fords." Evidently the convenience of "Fords" was appreciated before 58 B. C.—Ex.

*Cont. from page 11.*

which is plainly evident.

We are still at basketball. The three girls' teams are playing better every game. The boys' series is not yet over. When it is, and the smoke of battle has cleared away, the complete results will be published.

The close style of game played by the boys makes small scores, but some are making individual records which are praiseworthy. Stewart, of the Juniors, is the best point maker in the league; Lea Oughton, of the Sophomores, is second, and Gill, of the Seniors, third.

The girls' rules have been much criticized, but they surely have developed some excellent forwards. Among the young ladies Misses Tucker, Staggs and Althea Marston are big scorers.

Some are already anticipating baseball and tennis, which will soon come in vogue. We all are optimistic for a good season. A clean sheet is before us at the beginning of this new year. Let us make 1915 a year to be remembered as one which was brim full of good, clean, wholesome athletics; a most harmonious year which we will all enjoy.

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