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# The May 1915 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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# The Cascade

MAY

1915.

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to order.

REPAIRING—Men's Half Soles, \$1.00; Ladies', 65c; Boys', 40c Up  
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your most sanguine dreams, and a waste of it will  
make you dwindle alike in intellectual and moral  
stature beyond your darkest reckoning."*

-- Gladstone.

Sincerely yours,

*Butterworth Mortuary.*

*Established 33 years.*

# TRY IT!

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## **PENNANT SALE**

*All Pennants are reduced to Half Price.*

*We have two Pillow Tops left at \$1.50.*

*Also a few Girls' Caps at only 60 cents.*

Double votes will be given for all sales on these.

**K**OLLEGE  
OZY-  
KORNER

**Ross Stat'y & P't'g Co.**

3310 3rd Avenue West

cover how you can most help her. Save the tired feet from many of the steps which you could so easily take. When she has done a piece of work for you, give her in return a hearty: "I thank you, mother dear." Then some evening when you have brought home to mother a beautiful bouquet of sweetly scented roses, you will be surprised to note the joy expressed in her smiling face.

Indeed, Mother is worthy your love and most careful attention. The character of a girl or boy may quite truly be judged by the attitude toward parents. A girl of real worth is considerate of mother's wishes; is obedient and respectful always. The boy who is valued is found to be one who is ever courteous to mother; who honors and loves her, and seeks to help her—his dearest friend.

When have you written home to mother? And did you think to let her know how much you appreciate all her kindness to you? If you are far from home today, spend a few moments in thinking of the dear old fireplace and the songs that mother sang. How appropriate seem the words of the poet, Walter H. Brown:

"Sometimes in the hush of the evening hour,  
When the shadows creep from the West,  
I think of the twilight songs you sang,  
An the boy you lulled to rest;  
The wee little boy with the tousled head  
That long, long ago was thine;  
I wonder if sometimes you long for that boy,  
O, little Mother of mine."

Mother will soon slip away; but while she yet dwells in an earthly tabernacle, let us make her our companion, our friend, and so live as to make her last years the best and brightest.

## The New Friend.

Kois Newton.

Mamie Bobbets leaned forward in her chair and addressed her friend seated opposite.

"Look here, Dot, it's a shame the way we all neglect that new girl."

"New girl," her friend replied, "she's not new any more. She has been here three weeks."

"Well," Mamie responded, "she's new as far as most of us are concerned and it's a shame, I tell you. We ought to take her in and invite her around to our rooms, show her our pictures and pennants and stunts and draw her out of her shell."

"She is in a shell, all right," Dorothy responded vigorously. "She never comes out and tries to get acquainted."

"Who is to blame? It is our place, not hers, to make approaches, and I'm ashamed of myself to think of the way we have all left her alone. I'm going to ask her to the mix tomorrow night."

Dorothy made a wry face. "Pretty big undertaking, isn't it? Suppose that she has nothing to wear—nothing suitable."

"We'll see," Mamie replied merrily as she disappeared down the hall.

Mamie and Dorothy were Seniors in the Atwood Boarding School. The new girl, Ruth Parkman, was a Senior also, a new addition to the class, who had not seemed to fit in with the rest. Even her class-mates

*The Cascade—Page four*

had little more than a speaking acquaintance with her.

Mamie walked to the other end of the long hall and knocked at a door.

"Come," a voice from within invited and Mamie stepped into a cozy room hung with pennants and bright with chintz covering.

Ruth Parkman rose to meet her guest.

"It is very kind of you, Miss Bobbets, to make me a visit. Do sit down."

Mamie was totally surprised to see the new friend in such a pretty room.

"How dear everything is," she murmured, glancing in an interested manner around the room. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Ruth Parkman laughed. "You never asked me."

When Mamie had recovered from her delight and astonishment she stated her errand. To her surprise Ruth seemed delighted.

"To be sure I will go," she replied eagerly. "Tomorrow night, you say? It is very thoughtful of you to ask me."

"I'll call for you," Mamie shouted over her shoulder as she sped to her own room.

"This is my fun," she said to herself as she closed the door. "I feel good already. My, I didn't know she had such a sweet room. I'm absolutely ashamed of myself for not going before and she is a regular dear. I know I'm going to like her awfully well."

The next evening Dorothy stood at the door of the music room, where the mix was to be held, and looked anxiously about.

"I wonder where Mamie and her friend are. I don't see either of them."

Then, making her way to a little group, she asked:

"Where is Mamie?"

"She hasn't come yet," one friend volunteered.

"No one knows she is bringing Ruth with her," she said to herself.

There was a commotion near the door and a chorus of voices joined in.

"There she is."

And there she was, but—

"Who is that with her?"

"Well, I declare if it isn't that new girl."

"Look at what she is wearing."

And indeed every girl was doing that very thing.

"For shame," Dorothy said to herself, "to think that she probably had nothing to wear. That's a better looking dress than I ever possessed," and she hastened forward to welcome the newcomer.

Everyone gathered about and wanted to get acquainted and the new friend greeted all graciously, as much at her ease as any of them.

"Have you enjoyed yourself?" asked Dorothy of the new friend, as they were seated together. The evening was almost at a close.

"I certainly have," was the reply.

There was a pause. "Why didn't you get to know us before," Dorothy asked inquiringly.

Her new friend turned full upon her and smiled. "I didn't know that any of you wanted to get acquainted with me."

"We are all ashamed," Dorothy hastened on eagerly. "We had no idea you were so splendid, it's all our fault, but," turning she seized Ruth by the hands, "if you will only forgive us. I know Mamie discovered you, but you must be my friend, too. You have taught me a big lesson, Ruth."

*Page five—The Cascade*

## A Visit.

Alice Cathey.

It had been years since I had been at Aunt Addie's, so I was glad when the old house came into view and the farm lands lay before me. I noticed with delight that right beside the front porch was the pretty bush with the *Joyce Roses* on it and the same old elm with *Roots* spreading over the ground that *John* and I had played beneath many long years ago.

Aunt Addie met me at the door and ushered me into the *Newhall* which extended the length of the house. "Mabel's father, *Howard*, fixed this *Hall*," she said to me.

It seemed as if I had hardly started to talk to Auntie, when *Lucille*, the *Black* housemaid, announced dinner. Auntie went to the backyard and took down the old dinner *Bell*, rang it vigorously and put it back in its place. She informed me that the men would soon be in from the field because that *Bell* could be heard all over the farm. "It's *Jessie's Bell*," she added, "the one that died."

The men soon came in and after I had greeted Uncle I was introduced to the rest. "This," said Uncle, pointing to a dark-haired youth, "is *Merton*, the son of *Matthews*, and this," pointing to another, "is *Will*, the son of *Robin*. You remember them, don't you?"

It seemed strange that I had once played with these two stalwart men, but I remembered them as soon as they entered the room.

The dinner was excellent. Aunt Addie is such a fine *Cook* and knows just how to make the right things in the right way. We had an abundance of *Graefe* and fishes with the *Gill* taken off, that *Sammy*, the *Troutman*, had sent. And some delicious *Berrys* that Auntie had canned. While we were eating, a pretty little white poodle came running in for her dinner. Aunt explained that her name was *Lucille* and she thought it was the daintiest *Kerr* she had ever known.

After dinner was over, Uncle said he was going to show me around the farm and neighboring country the rest of the day. When Aunt asked who would hoe the garden, he said "O, *McElhoe*." Early in the afternoon Aunt, Uncle and I took our walk. We crossed the *Marsh* by *Tressa's* home and had to climb *Dwight's Hill*. Auntie was so stout she could hardly make it, but between Uncle and I she safely reached the top at last.

Looking down from the hilltop, we saw *Margaret's* henhouse, which was brown, with *Whitesides*, and noticed that a battle was waging among the occupants. Suddenly a small hen rushed up and pecked the *Combs* of the leader, which so terrified the rest that they stood still in fright, while the *Cochran* all over the yard. Aunt says fights are very common among chickens.

On the other side of the hill a small river was flowing which we had to cross, as no boat was handy and the bridge was gone, we had to *Wade* across to get to the *Squire's* home. This was hard to do as we continually had to *Ward* off a new kind of crab called *Folsom*.

We reached the other side in safety and, looking across the fields we could distinguish two figures slowly coming toward us. I readily recognized that one was *Bishop James* and the other a slender *Short* girl. Auntie said her name was *Geneva*. I was glad to see the *Bishop*, for he and I had been good friends ever since the day I lost my penny by the roadside and he found it for me. His hair was white and he walked slowly, but otherwise was as natural as ever. The two returned a short distance with us, while the *Bishop* told me of many of my old friends.

The Cascade—Page six

"Is *Arnold* living," I asked. "Yes," he replied, "and he still *Haskins* to sell." Many a sunny day had I spent within the cool shelter of *Arnold's* shop. He informed me that my old friend and playmate, *Prentice* was *Stillwell* and happy. A short time after the *Bishop* and *Geneva* left us we met a *Mann* with *Esther*, whom she introduced as *Mr. Ruth*, the head *Sawyer* at the neighboring mill. While talking with them I saw my friend *Lee* taking my favorite calf, *Everett* to *Slaughter*. The sight so affected me that when *Lee* came up to me I had wept nearly *Oughton* of tears.

On our way home Aunt and I fell into a discussion as to which horse was the tamer, *King* or *Art*. Uncle settled it by saying that *King* was *Wild* but *Art* was *Wilder*.

I stayed only a few days, but shall never forget Aunt Addie and the old farm.

—o—

## The Natural.

Wade M. Folsom.

I love the natural lake with rocky shores,  
Where I may glide at ease, or strain my oars,  
Or simply sit and drift and watch the scenes  
That God has flashed so real on Nature's screens.

I love the natural rose with crimson cheeks,  
Whose fragrance flows across the woodland creeks  
Where daisies grow and grass lies thick and green,  
Where I may simply lie and think and dream.

I love the natural bird that sweetly sings  
And flies at random on its pretty wings,  
And the unmounted elk that wildly lopes  
In blue-tint gulfs and wooded mountain slopes.

I love the natural music as it comes  
From untuned boughs and water-dripping drums,  
Where winds arise and swell in anthems deep  
And make my soul bow at the player's feet.

I love the natural part of everything  
That naturally is, for only truth it brings,  
The mock and imitation do not last,  
For nature lifts hypocrisy's slim mask.

I want a natural heaven when I die,  
Where I can see things with the naked eye.  
Perhaps I may not sit eternally  
And bathe my feet beneath a shady tree;

But if in busy spheres of future life  
I find my spirit quickly to arrive  
From this old world we call deplorable,  
I'll shout for joy if things are natural.

Page seven—The Cascade

# The Cascade

Published Monthly during the school year by the Associated Students  
of Seattle Seminary and College.

Get a Commencement Cascade for 35 cents

## STAFF

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Vol. V

Entered at the Seattle Post Office as Second-class matter,  
Feb. 18, 1911

No. 8

## Editorial.

The Washington Annual Conference of the Free Methodist Church convened at Everett April 20 to 25. Those who were permitted to be in attendance will not soon forget the occasion. Our beloved Bishop Pearce presided over the conference, and we were very glad that his health had so improved that he could be present with us again. His conference addresses were very inspirational and helpful to all who heard them.

Because of various questions outside the usual routine of business which occupied considerable time, there was an adjourned session Friday afternoon, one Saturday afternoon and another Saturday evening, the appointments being read off after 9 o'clock.

We of Seattle Second Church were glad to have our much-loved pastor, Rev. T. H. Marsh, returned to us for a third year, and we welcome him back with his earnest and aggressive spirit of evangelism. We also welcome our district Bro. Warren, our new elder, and are glad to learn that he, like our pastor, is full of the spirit of active, aggressive evangelism as shown by his labors of the past year in the North Yakima district. Since the districts have been rearranged and our district has but seven or eight points, our elder will have some spare time for evangelistic work. We hope and pray that God will help us all to put our shoulders to the wheels of progress, and by our money, by our prayers and by our lives help in the work of enlarging our borders, not being satisfied with merely holding our own from year to year. God will bless us with "all spiritual blessings" *only* as we imbibe Christ's never-tiring spirit of ever reaching out and helping others to the cross.

The work of the school was taken up on the conference floor and

*The Cascade—Page eight*

discussed pro and con for some time. While all did not agree, yet there was a good spirit manifested throughout, and the administration was backed up by a good wholesome majority. We trust that our own and neighboring conferences will come to the front as a solid unit in support of the school in its present critical condition, and help our faithful president in bearing the heavy financial burdens now resting upon him.

Conference Sunday was a day of triumph. During the morning love-feast the Spirit fell on the entire congregation. It was a grand scene that took place on the platform when about twenty-five preachers rose to their feet and embraced one another amid shouts of praise and tears of joy. Bishop Pearce preached a masterly sermon. It was profound and yet a child could understand it. The subject was, "Where Is Wisdom?" In the afternoon Bro. Baker preached an inspiring missionary sermon and in response to his appeal for money there was \$1,550. given in cash and subscription. Bro. Closs preached at night in his usual spirit of meekness and humility. We welcome him to our ranks from the Baptist church.

## In Memoriam.

The faculty, alumni and all students who knew her have been called to mourn the death of Miss Mabel Peterson. She was held in highest esteem by teachers and fellow students. Her gracious manner and happy smile endeared her to a host of friends.

"None knew her but to love her,  
None named her but to praise."

Mabel Albertine Peterson was born in Seattle March 16, 1889, and died April 22, 1915, at her home, on Thursday morning at 2:40. Mabel is the second member of the family to pass to the beyond, her sister Lily having died several years ago, and they now wait to welcome to their heavenly home their parents, three brothers and three sisters. All the family reside in Seattle with the exception of one brother, who lives near Lake Chelan, and one sister who is a missionary in China.

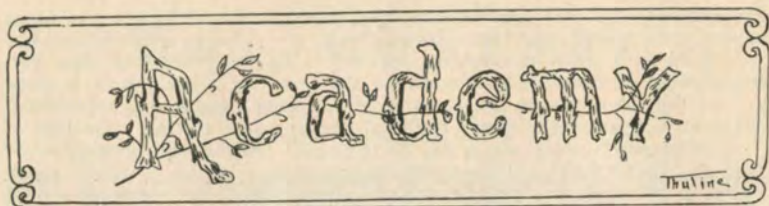
After graduating from the Seattle Seminary in 1908, Mabel attended Greenville College for two years and then finished her college course at the University of Washington in 1912.

She taught during 1913-14 and intended the following year to remain home and take post-graduate work at the University, but her health failed shortly after she began her work in the fall. In November she went to stay with her brother at Lake Chelan, where the change seemed to help her, and there was hope for her recovery, but she again relapsed.

Mabel was always a model character and lived a very exemplary life, but she felt her need of a Savior and on Feb. 17, 1915, found that peace that she desired. She was very patient during her sickness, was not known to utter one complaint, and was resigned to death if she might thereby glorify her God.

She remained at Lake Chelan until April 19 and then left the beautiful scenery which she loved so much, to return to her pleasant home and to the other members of the family in Seattle. She was home two days when she was called to her eternal reward. She was conscious within a few hours of death. She bade her father "Good night" to meet him and the others some bright morning at the Eastern Gate.

*Page nine—The Cascade*



### SENIORS.

The experiences of the Seniors at the closing of this year is of a peculiar and varied description, but the same old story is to be told and that is, the month of May finds them in work piled up to their eyes.

Some of them are really too busy to look pleasant. Perhaps that is how the word "dignified" originated.

We are beginning now to realize the significance of Longfellow's philosophy on existence when he said "Life is real, life is earnest," for as we see it, there is no end to reality especially the financial reality. Nevertheless we are glad that we have not failed to comprehend that in opposition and conflict there is only a stimulus to progress and achievement.

Business meetings are the special things that are ringing in our ears right at present and "dues" and "fines" is generally the chorus sung at the close of every session.

But of course we can't find joy in everything, so we feel like quoting the words of Pope as our true conception of school career.

"Condition, circumstance, is not the thing.

Bliss is the same in subject or King.

In who obtain defense or who defend

In him who is, or him who finds a friend."

### JUNIORS.

We have something very important to tell you this month and really it is so important that it must be mentioned first: Our brilliant tennis players, Celestine Tucker and William Robinson, gained the desired victory over our worthy opponents of the illustrious Senior class, in the recent tennis tournament. The grandstand was filled to its capacity and even the bleachers were crowded with enthusiastic spectators. It is needless to say how intense the excitement and the enthusiasm of the Juniors was.

I will stop right here to say that when the Juniors see a small sign fluttering on the bulletin board, they may know that their appearance in room 2 will be greatly appreciated.

### SOPHOMORES.

The Sophs certainly enjoy some excitement. Then you know what's in the heart will come out and so that is how it all happened.

We held several class meetings and tried to be serious, but, honest Injun, the president could hardly hear himself think. Then also we were honored with the presence of some of our noted Freshmen at a couple of meetings.

Now I know you will all be curious to know what it was that demanded so much of our time and thought. Well, it was the annual occurrence of the Freshmen-Sophomore Hike.

Hikes always excite interest, so I suppose it will not be out of place to make a few short remarks about this one. We went to Bailey's Peninsula on Lake Washington, where we all enjoyed the beautiful trees, lake,

*The Cascade—Page ten*

etc. The bountiful repast was hailed with delight. We Sophomores condescended to leave a good supply of dill pickles for the Freshmen, as some of them had a tendency to get too sweet. This is no more than can be expected, considering their inexperience. They say the reason we ate so much cake was because we needed a lot of sweetness. Well, no wonder! See who we had for company! We enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon and returned home with fine appetites.

### FRESHMEN.

The freshmen are progressing slowly with a motto before them that slow and steady wins the race. The vacation seemed to revive us for the long strain preceding the final exams and commencement.

The Sophomores graciously lowered their dignity by allowing us to attend two of their special class meetings. Well, the result was we had a "hike," and the Sophs were generous enough to leave us plenty of dill pickles. We should worry—sour and sweet goes well together and I am sure from outward appearance the Sophs needed all the cake they could eat. But after all of the trials of the day we enjoyed the change quite well, and would like to have another pleasant day before we part from our peace-loving sophomores.



On April 9 Dr. Bothroyd of the University gave a lecture in the assembly on astronomy. He showed the relative sizes of the earth with the sun, moon, Venus, Saturn, Jupiter and other planets. He also explained the seasons, eclipses and other interesting things. We were also greatly astonished to learn that it would take eight months to reach the moon and 250 years to reach the sun, traveling on a train going 1,000 miles a day. To these laws of nature he also gave a spiritual application.

The following week the B singing class displayed their advancement in musical lines by singing "The Lord Is My Shepherd," after which Miss Edra Laurence of the science department gave a lecture on different phases of that subject, explaining many laws of physics, and also gave a demonstration of how snow could be made from chemicals. It was so cold that some of the students thought their fingers were burned after touching it.

Spring vacation began the afternoon of April 21 and lasted till the first of the week. Many hikes and picnics were planned long before vacation, so when it came they were immediately carried out.

The first night four daring young ladies, two of whom were teachers, spent the night at the beach and reached home a little after breakfast was over.

On the 22nd Miss Laurence's botany class, with a few invited members visited the violet field near Tacoma and returned laden with the objects of their quest.

Nearly every day a faithful few shouldered their tennis rackets and trudged to Woodland Park, where they enjoyed many exciting games. With picnics, hikes, an auto party, an evening at the University, and the many other recreations, the vacation was a grand success and enjoyed by all.

*Page eleven—The Cascade*

# Societies

## ALPHA CLUB.

Upon invitation, at our last meeting, the club migrated in a body from the usual meeting place to the home of our faculty member, Miss Marston. The enjoyment of the evening was increased by the presence of the high school seniors before whom we gave our program. A paper on our "Washington State Institutions" was read by Mrs. Newton. We enjoyed also the two speeches from the Seniors. The Club round table discussion in which all have a voice has become the central number at each meeting. The question at our last meeting was "What factors determine the choosing of a profession?" The arguments became quite animated until the time for discussion was up.

Three cheers for the second of June, 1915.

And what is as rare as a day in June  
When the second of June is that day.

## PHILS CLUB.

These are busy days for the Phils. Not only are we interested in debating the current and lively questions that we choose to discuss but we busy ourselves with out-of-door activities, such as tennis, baseball, sitting on the lawn, etc., etc.—something which nature spreads before us as a diversion, from student routine. We have held several meetings in the past month, most of which have pertained to business matters. For some time, we have felt the social spirit arising within. This was made manifest by giving an invitation to the Alethepians to take supper and spend an evening with us. This took place on April 2 (last). We enjoyed ourselves in the fullest possible sense and join heartily in wishing our sisters the greatest success during the remaining weeks of the year.

## ALETHEPIANS.

There's sure enough to talk about this month. First and greatest and something never to be forgotten was the evening spent with our brother, "Club". We were entertained most royally. One very interesting feature was the political campaign, which aroused every latent feeling of enthusiasm and for a time all were up and doing.

The tide was sure high, when it became quite evident that we were really being entertained by future presidents unawares.

Then the "Phils Cafeteria," which was so unique, was of special interest to all. We were served most luxuriously and if every Alethep didn't get her fill (Phil), no one could she blame but herself. It was all really delightful and considered a bright epoch in the history of our club. We do extend to their worthy president and that eats committee and taxpayers, each and all our sincerest thanks and appreciation for their very successful and kindly efforts.

## ATHLETIC CLUB.

The boys' single tournament is progressing well and soon we hope to know who is the best single player in tennis at the S. P. C. Results of all the matches will be published later.

*The Cascade—Page twelve*

On the 17th the Juniors' tennis team, represented by Miss Tucker and Mr. Robinson, won from the Seniors in two exciting sets.

The Juniors were always in the lead, but the playing of the Seniors made the games "too close for comfort."

The first set was 6-4 for the Juniors. The next set was possibly the longest ever played in a tournament here. When the set was over we found the Juniors had fourteen games to twelve won by the upper class men.

Miss Du Bois and Mr. Mann did great credit to their class in their playing.

No one can afford to miss any of the tournament matches.

# Alumni

Easter Sunday was no doubt the happiest day of all the year for Rev. and Mrs. John Logan of Hillman City, for with it came a little daughter to their home. We offer our congratulations.

Rev. Ralph Milton and wife have been returned to the Ashford circuit for another conference year. It is reported by one of his members that he does most excellent work and is well liked by all his people.

Apparently the ministers of our Alumni Association are worthy of their calling and make very acceptable pastors. Rev. C. S. McKinley is so highly esteemed at Wenatchee, Washington, that he also was returned to his field of labor. He is now superintending the erection of a parsonage at that place.

Miss Maude Welton, a graduate nurse of one of the Spokane hospitals, is at home with her parents in Tikoia, Washington, for a short time.

T. C. Smith was seen in Everett the other day.

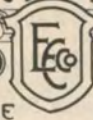
Clara Root has been teaching school at Kennewick, Washington, since last March.

It was with deep regrets and much sorrow that we learned of the death of one of our most loved members, Miss Mabel Peterson. After graduating from the Seminary in 1908, she attended Greenville College and completed her education at the University of Washington. Last year she taught in Penawawa, Washington, and at the beginning of this school year again took up work at the University, but because of failing health she was compelled to leave, and went to live with her brother at

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Lake Chelan, where she remained until shortly before her death. She passed away at the home of her parents in Seattle. The bereaved family have our deepest and most heartfelt sympathies.

## Exchanges

Thuline

### *Lutheran Normal School Mirror.*

You have the strongest looking basketball team I have seen this season and from the writeup they are certainly doing fast work.

The page entitled educational does not appear in most of our exchanges. It is very instructive and highly appreciated by all our literary students.

### *The Purple Pennant.*

The change in the heading of your High School Notes is quite attractive.

Although the first I have noticed of its kind, I like the comments you give your basketball players.

### *Hilltop.*

Your cartoon "Our School in 1950" reveals a good insight into the future, at the least.

This is one of our new exchanges and we appreciate its value very much.

### *Hesperian.*

Your quality of paper in Junior Number is the best among our exchanges, our own paper inclusive.

Anyone should be an expert fisherman after reading "Salmon Fishing at Oregon City," it is so clearly explained in your article.

Your joshes are especially fine this month.

### *The World.*

Yours is a neat classy paper—just one suggestion. It would add greatly to its appearance if you would mail your paper in an envelope proportional to its size instead of using the wrapper.

### *Sotoyaman.*

We appreciate the originality of the first page. You have two especially fine stories this month in "Catching a Thief" and "It Takes the Irish To Beat the Dutch."

Your cuts, although few, are splendid in quality. The Sotoyoman is improving as fast as any exchange we receive.



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## Joshes

Thuline

Richie—What are you picking on me for? I didn't do anything.

Troutman—You don't have to do anything; it's your looks that get my goat.

Miss Tong—Can you tell me what a panther is?

Will'e L.—Yeth ma'am, it-th a man that makth panth.

Pearl D.—Doesn't that candu look good?

Wade F.—Uh-huh! Let's stand here and look at it awhile.

He—Of course, you understand, dear, that our engagement must be kept secret?

She—Oh, yes, dear! I tell everybody that.

Gentleman—What kind of work could you possibly do around an office?

Berry—I'm kind o' all around handy man, mister. I kin hold a door open, light a match for you, look out an' see if it's raining, call a taxi, drop letters down a chute, and tell folks yer out when you ain't.

Professor—How was Alexander III. of Russia killed?

Jess'e Bell—By a bomb.

Prof—How do you account for that?.

J. B.—It exploded.

M. M.—Say, Cochrane, where did you get that black eye?

Cochrane—I was chasin' that new kid next door and I caught 'im.

M. W.—Who was Shylock, Ethel.

Ethel—My dear! and you go to Sunday school and don't know that?

Say, Cecil, did you ever get a proposal?

C. J.—Once. A gentleman proposed to me over the telephone—but he had the wrong number.

Eva B.—Do you take after your father or your mother?

Egbert L.—Neither one; they both take after me.

Mr. Stephers, in Civics Class—In the prison where I came from the prisoners were treated very well, and they didn't have to wear striped clothes.

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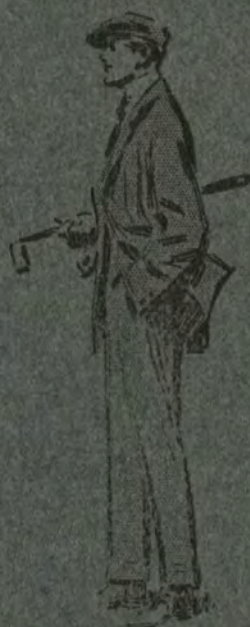
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