

March 1st, 1912

The March 1912 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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Cascade.

March, 1912.
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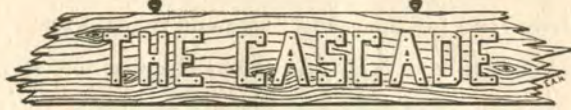
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Entered as second-class matter, Feb. 18, 1911, at the post office at Seattle, Wash.,
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Why Her Hair Turned Gray

L. A. Skuzie

After spending his summer vacation at his home in the suburbs of a small country town where his father, a retired farmer, had settled down, Jack returned to college to resume his studies as a Senior. Soon after his return he was offered a steady position as clerk for a Harvesting Company. This temptation Jack could not resist, and in a short time he was settled in his new position.

He had developed a mania for always doing something and, since the town was but small and quiet, in order to satisfy his industrious temperament he worked extra hard in the office and often until quite late. In the evenings he amused himself writing to his friends, and especially to one he had met two years before. They had become fast friends; and Jack would spend half of his spare time in writing to her.

One day towards the close of the summer Jack's manager told him that he had decided to give him a vacation of two weeks with full pay for his time. That evening Jack fairly flew home. He told his folks about it and said: "I am going to write to Alice to come over and spend a week at Uncle Joe's with me." Sitting down, he hurriedly scratched off a few lines, his hand trembling with excitement. He then started for the postoffice, but remembered that he could 'phone to Alice; so he called her up.

"Hello! Is this you, Alice?"

"Yes! You Jack?" she asked in alarm. "Anything happened?"

"Yes! The boss told me that I could have two weeks off with full pay. I wanted to know if you would like to spend a week out in the country with me, hunting and fishing, and—and—you know."

"Why, yes, I would just be delighted to."

"All right, you come over Saturday, and we will start Monday morning. Goodbye."

Jack met Alice at the depot Saturday, and early Monday morning they took the stage that went past Joe Burton's farm. Jack had called up his uncle and told him of his intended visit in company with his friend. Joe was delighted to have them come, as neighbors were few and far between and company of this sort was always welcomed.

Joe made the two feel perfectly at home, and turned the whole farm over to them to have a good time. He let them use his horses, guns, fish-

lines, hunting suits and everything they wanted or needed. "All you need now is skill," he would say, with a chuckle.

Jack was kept busy for a couple of days with Alice's numerous queries explaining everything to her about the farm, the cattle, the fowl and 'most everything on the place. They went fishing several times. The novelty of the occasion entirely overcame any possibility of Alice's success at fishing. In her excitement she would jerk the line before she had a bite. But on reaching the house she would say, "Just see how many fish we caught!"

Jack was becoming anxious for a deer hunt, so he and Alice decided to set out the next day. Mrs. Burton fitted Alice up with a hunting suit and prepared a lunch for them while Joe got the camping outfit together. The two were off at daybreak and reached their camping place at ten. The day was exceedingly warm and sultry. Jack pitched camp and staked the horses while Alice prepared the dinner.

After lunch they took their guns and climbed a neighboring hill to watch for deer at the salt lake in the dusk of evening. Before they had reached the top of the hill a strong northwesterly wind blew up and the sun became darkened. Being pretty well fagged out by their tramp they sat down on a log to rest, when all at once a fierce rumble and roar reached their ears. Jack turned to see what it was. "A forest fire!" he gasped. "We must fly!"

The wind increased and ashes began to fall. Just then four deer ran up. Jack forgot his danger and fired at the nearest one. It leaped into the air and fell dead.

"You've got him!" shouted Alice, as she danced up and down.

As Jack started for the deer a spark fell on Alice's arm and she screamed. Jack turned and at once realized their awful danger, as ashes, sparks and leaves were falling thick on all sides, and the air was becoming dense with smoke. The fire was just behind them. They looked at each other with expressions almost of despair.

"We must fly, Alice!" cried Jack, as he grabbed the guns with one hand and Alice's arm with the other. They started on a dead run for the lake, but the fire was gaining on them every step, rushing through the grass and brush, and leaping from tree to tree. Several herds of deer flew past them, and a half dozen bears; and a panther skulked by on the other side. They did not run far before Alice began to give out. But Jack tightened his grip and fairly pulled her along. He kept on urging her and told her that they would be safe in the salt lake or the creek. The run commenced to tell on Jack, too, from half dragging, half carrying Alice. "I won't lug these guns," he gasped as he threw them down.

The fire leaped from tree to tree and was on them, smoke blinding and the fire almost burning them up. They were all worn out, their lips were parched from thirst and their limbs hardly able to move any longer. Just then Alice leaned against a tree and then sat down and said: "I can't go another step further. Save yourself, Jack, and let me stay."

"Never!" said Jack, as he threw Alice over his shoulder and started on a dead run. He stumbled along for several hundred yards and then fell.

Alice gave a cry of despair, but Jack jumped up and said: "I am all right!" They started to run on, Jack again pulling Alice along. The heat was almost unbearable, and the smoke so thick that they could not see ten feet ahead. They ran for some distance with the flames all around them. At last Alice fell in a heap. Jack knew what had happened. He was almost ready to give up, too, the flames being all around him and he burning up with the heat and famishing from thirst. But picking up the silent form he stumbled on, smoke blinding him and the flames far ahead. All at once the earth gave way under him and he fell headlong over the bank into the creek. His head struck a rock and stunned him. Alice fell into the water and soon revived. When she came to, the whole world seemed to be but one blaze, the heat fairly burning her eyes out and coals falling thick all around. She remained in the water and screamed several times, but the roar drowned her voice. It seemed that the fire would last forever. But at last the flames quieted and she was enabled to look around. It was morning. As she looked on the other side of the creek there was the body of Jack lying at the edge of the water burned black. Alice gave a shriek and fell.

Joe Burton had seen the fire and had gone out to look for them. He heard the shriek and found Alice lying near the body of Jack. Joe took Alice home with him. Her father came for her when she was able to return home again. She entered school that fall, but there was no student who knew why her hair turned gray during so short a time.

Alice graduated and took a higher course, but never did she find any one that could take the place of Jack.

Be Cheerful

Mary Eva

Cast a smile of sunshine,
Speak a word of cheer,
Help to chase the shadows,
That may gather here.

Try to help somebody
Bear his heavy load,
Do it with a spirit
That will smooth the road.

Do not tell your troubles,
Every one has his.
Help to smooth another's,
And your own you'll miss.

Sing a song of gladness,
Breathe a prayer of cheer,
Cast a smile of sunshine,
While you're living here.

Speak a word of comfort,
Do some act of love,
You will be rewarded
By the God above.

Don't Cry

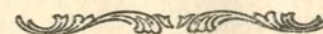
Wesley Miller

There, little Fresh., don't cry!
They have broken your head, I know,
And your glad wild ways of "common" days,
Are things of the long ago.
But childish troubles will soon pass by—
There, little Fresh., don't cry!

There, little Soph., don't cry!
They have scattered your thoughts, I know,
And your reason, too, which *uster* do,
Is a thing of the long ago.
But higher wisdom you'll soon descry—
There, little Soph., don't cry!

There, little Junior, don't cry!
It breaks your heart, I know,
To think of the happy state of youth
And the things of the long ago.
But triumph o'er wisdom you'll soon come by—
There, little Junior, don't cry!

There, little Senior, don't cry!
They have ruined your looks, I know,
And your glad free ways of your freakish days
Are things of the long ago.
But books hold all for which you sigh—
There, little Senior, don't cry!



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EDITORIAL

Are There Two Standards?

The question, "Are there two standards for Christian young people, one for those who attend a high school, seminary, college or university, and another for those who do not go to these institutions of learning?" comes to our mind.

If there are, we have not interpreted the meaning of the Bible correctly.

If there are not, we hardly know how to justify the actions of some students who have attended these schools and who profess to be followers of the Lord Jesus.

For years we have read of the hazing of students, of the midnight spreads, of getting out at night by way of the fire-escapes, and of many violations of the rules of the institution.

The question naturally arises, Can one be a genuine Christian and a law-breaker at the same time?

Are students justified in breaking rules made specially for their government?

Is it not a fact that the Christian religion teaches us to be law abiding?

Does the fact that a number of students are associated together give them any license to do things that would be wrong for them to do if alone?

Would we not reasonably suppose that those students who profess the religion of Christ would have more regard for the rules of the institution, and would give those in charge of them less trouble, than would students who make no claim to piety?

And when these professed Christian students commit the same breaches

of discipline as do the sinners, are they not setting a bad example, exerting a bad influence, and misrepresenting the Christ whom they profess to serve?

We have personally known of students to violate rule after rule of the institution at which they were in attendance, and give the members of the faculty much trouble, and then go to church and sing and pray and testify as though they had done nothing amiss.

There is certainly something wrong with a conscience that will permit such a thing to exist and not accuse its possessor.

Christian schools, above all others, ought to be entirely free from these breaches of discipline which are so prevalent in secular institutions of learning.

And we are persuaded that if those who profess religion are careful to observe wholesome discipline and set a proper example before the unsaved students, there would be very little to be complained of in this respect.

We have been surprised to hear Christian students boast of their numerous escapades and tell of the manner in which they deceived those who had charge of them.

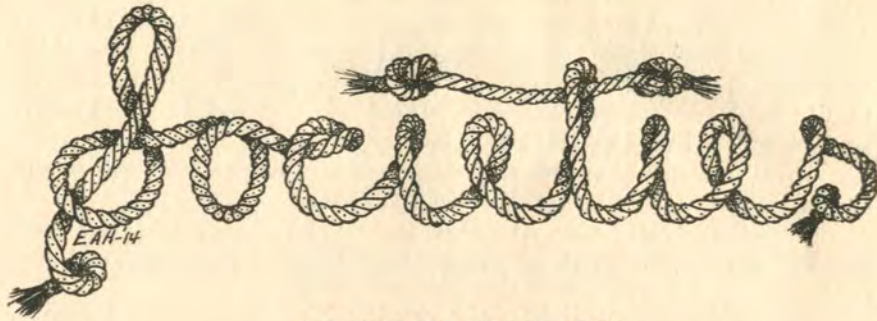
Such persons must be deluded by false conceptions of Christian duty and led astray by wrong standards of Christian behavior.

Christian students should be exceedingly careful not to engage in anything which would cause reflection on the religion of Christ or that would grieve those who have charge of them in the institution of learning.

The tendency of the times is toward disrespect for authority, law breaking and anarchy; and it behooves all those who profess to be followers of Christ to be on their guard lest they contribute to this wrong tendency that leads away from God in the direction of the pit.

The above was clipped from the *Free Methodist* and is an editorial from the pen of our esteemed editor. As a school, we prize the timely words so fittingly spoken very highly. It has always been the policy of the schools of our church to steer clear not only of hazing and objectionable athletics, but also such practices as would lower the standard of our denomination. We regret that such breaches of discipline have occurred in the schools of our denomination, but wish to commend the loyalty of our student body on this point. As a rule our students are very thoughtful and conscientious concerning the rules and regulations of the institution.





ALETHEPIANS

The Alethebian Club is on the up grade this semester and the revived interest in the meetings is very encouraging. On January 29, the regular election of officers for the new semester took place. President, Ruth Sharpe; Vice-President, Kathryn Whisner; Secretary, Emma Olson; Treasurer, Rachel Becraft; Musical Director, Lois Cathey; Program Committee, Mary Cathey, Myra Burns and Florence Alberts.

We feel proud of our corps of officers and the enthusiasm and thoroughness they manifest in the discharge of their duties, as well as the willingness of the members of the club this semester. Already one very satisfactory program has been rendered.

PHILS

During the last semester the Phils were hindered from holding their regular meetings on Friday evening on account of other things taking up the time. At one of the meetings last semester resolutions were passed and later permission obtained from the faculty to hold a meeting every Wednesday evening from 6:30 to 7:30. This gives us regular meetings every week. Wednesdays of each month to strictly Senatorial meetings.

In a meeting held Feb. 8th it was decided to devote the first and fourth Wednesday of each month to strictly Senatorial meetings.

This club is known to have turned out men who now hold high positions both in this and other countries. We do not believe in half-way work, but see to it that we, the members, take part in such work as debating, public speaking, platform oratory and parliamentary law. But especially do we push forward the art of extemporaneous speaking. There is no one but who can think while conversing with friends, but when it comes to get up before an audience their mind becomes a blank. It is our purpose to develop the power of the members so that they can think while they are on their feet and while speaking to an audience. This is the aim and end to which we are striving.

There has been some secret work going on for some time in some of the committees, but we do not wish the feminine public to know what it is just now.

SCHOOL NEWS

The three students of the eighth grade who ranked the highest in their standing for the past semester were: Celestine Tucker, Mrs. Mamie Miller and Verne Richardson. Those of the seventh grade were: A. V. Setterland, Paul Patkotak and Charlotte Crooks.

During the past month the Seminary has been favored by visits from Prof. B. J. Vincent, principal of the Seminary at Hermon, California, Mr. Chandler, and Dr. Godbey, all of whom addressed the students. Prof. Vincent spoke of his association in former days with Prof. Stilwell and also of the pleasures his visit to the Seminary afforded him. He also told of the present conditions in Mexico and of his visit there. Mr. Chandler, who has for the past few years held the position of Chief Deputy Comptroller in this city, addressed the students on the "Duties of the Comptroller." The talk was very instructive and greatly appreciated by the students. Dr. Godbey, who is a great student and who has been around the world several times, spoke to the students about his earlier life and of his attempts to obtain an education.

On the evening of the twenty-fourth a reception was held in the Ladies' Hall in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Smalley, who have been recently married. We wish for them a long and prosperous life.

The girls are all rejoicing over the beautiful rug which has been placed in their parlor. It truly adds the last touch to the room.

MISSIONARY

The Seminary Missionary Society held its regular public meeting Tuesday evening, Feb. 26. Prof. Marston, the president of the society, being unable to be present, Vice-President John M. Root presided over the meeting. The devotional exercises consisted in the congregation singing three missionary hymns and prayer by Mr. Beers. After the roll was called and the minutes of the previous meeting were read, Mr. Beers delivered a short address on "Conditions in China." The next number on the program was the reading by Miss Ethel Lawpaugh of a letter from Miss Ethel Ward. She is our highly esteemed representative in the needy field of India and all persons present enjoyed listening to the reading of this letter and we can assure Miss Ward that we shall feel highly favored to hear from her again in the near future. After the reading of this letter we were favored with a vocal duet sung by her sisters, Misses Bessie and Louisa Ward. Several short and instructive reports on the following subjects were given: "Flood and Famine Conditions in China," by Miss Dubois; "Progress in Turkey," by Miss Olson; "City Missions," by Ray Kimble, and "Mission Propagation by the Norwegians," by Mr. Wold. A collection was taken, after which the missionary doxology was sung and the benediction pronounced by Mr. Beers.

CLASS NEWS

GOLLEGE FRESHMEN

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

We are Freshmen thirsting for knowledge. From Oregon, Washington, Idaho and the Land of the Rising Sun, we come. Our class is made up of persons of all sizes, from great tall ones to little skinny ones. We chose the largest member as president. But we all have offices, none are left out. The World has heard little from us. We are silent now, preparing to do great things in the future. Besides it is generally best for Freshmen to keep quiet.

PREPS

As the weeks pass swiftly by we are more and more impressed with the fact that the life of a Senior is necessarily one of strenuous activity. But while the past months have brought many duties, they have also brought their share of pleasures.

SENIORS The Senior girls were invited to spend the afternoon of Feb. 16th from four to six at the home of Mrs. Beers. An hour and a half was spent in discussing plans for commencement, which were of interest only to the girls. About half past five we were happily surprised by the arrival of the senior boys, whom Mrs. Beers had invited without our knowledge. Mr. Beers also joined our circle. A dainty lunch was served and a very pleasant evening enjoyed.

It is needless to say that we feel very proud of the member of our class who took part in the local oratorical contest of Feb. 23rd, and we know that all who heard him will be justified in saying that both his composition and rendering were excellent.

On the evening of March 4th the Senior class was entertained at the home of Miss Ruth Stillwell. After disposing of several pending Senior issues, games were played, songs were sung, and a luncheon was served. At a late hour we bade Prof. Stillwell and family adieu. Thus far well and good, but we think it wise to withhold the transaction that followed from the press.

Several interesting class meetings have been held lately. Junior plans were discussed, and we anticipate having some good times this spring.

JUNIORS Vacation day was enjoyed by the Juniors. Hikes were taken by different members of the class, while a few of the more industrious ones stayed at home and worked in the laboratory.

Wanted—A sure guarantee of passing in Physics.

The Sophomores were sorry to lose from their ranks Mr. H. Hamilton, the former president, and Mr. Miller, the representative to the Associated Student Body. As a consequence we once more cast our votes and elected Mr. Root to the former position, and Miss Clara Root to the latter.

The Sophomores are far from slow.
They keep something moving where'er they go.
They may be irrepressible,
But they are irresistible,
You'll have to admit, you know.
Our Sophomore president is true blue,
We're afraid some one else thinks so, too.
He's the head of *our* class,
But likes *Seniors*, alas,
You wouldn't believe it, would you?
One Soph. has a swell derby hat,
The girls think it is simply "pat."
Have you heard the report,
He's a jolly good sport.
Now what do you know about that?
Wherever you meet him,
With *apple-sauce* greet him,
And he'll never, no never, be cross.

Prof. Marston in English class—"You young ladies who are inconvenienced by the sun may occupy the front seats. There is no sun here."

But this was no inducement.

Our class meetings have proven a great success. We hope in the near future to give some very interesting class programs.

FRESHMAN The musical talent of our class is such that we have decided to have a class chorus. Mr. Armstrong is particularly in favor of this and is willing for his part in making it a success, for he says that he is very musical, even though it is on the inside.

Great interest is being taken by the majority of the class and we are in hopes that the class spirit that is now being manifested will continue so that we will be able to come through the year with colors flying.



EXCHANGES

"*The News*," Eugene, Ore.—The best paper we've seen this month. We compliment you on your cover and the well-balanced arrangement of your reading matter.

"*Hesperian*," Oregon City, Ore.—You are an excellent paper and we always find you interesting. Perhaps a few more cuts would be an improvement.

"*Kuay*," Seattle, Wash.—We certainly enjoy reading such a lively paper. Your story, "The Coming Out of Betty," is very good.

"*Daedalian Monthly*," Denton, Texas.—You are a very welcome visitor, and we compliment you on your large list of exchanges, but think you give them too much space. Your cover design is very neat, but would not a smaller book size be more attractive?

"*Houghton Star*," Houghton, N. Y.—Good literary work, but give us more variety and do let us see some cuts. They help wonderfully.

"*Hemnica*," Red Wing, Minn.—Your reading is a little heavy. Break the monotony with something spicy. On the whole, you are very much to be commended, but cuts are still conspicuously missing.

"*Clarion*," Salem, Ore.—We like your style, Clarion. Your stories are especially good. How about your cover design? We think you could do better.

"*Kodak*," Everett, Wash.—Your first continued story in the January number is excellent, however, we do not like two continued stories in the same issue. Suppose in your cover design you have "Kodak" at the top only.

We are glad to welcome our new friends, "*The Purple Pennant*," Cortland, N. Y., and "*The Clarion*," Rochester, N. Y. Come again. We also acknowledge the receipt of "*The Crucible*," Greeley, Colo.; "*High School Argus*," Harrisburg, Pa.; "*The Sotoyoman*," Healdsburg, Cal.; "*The Lutheran Normal School Mirror*," Sioux Falls, S. D.; "*The Oak*," Berkeley, Cal.; "*The O. M. I. Sentinel*," College Hill, Ohio; "*The Tempe Normal Student*," Tempe, Arizona, and "*The Polygraph*," Riverside, Cal.

We would like to see some of our old friends who have not called lately.



I serenaded my girl the other night and sang "Come, Birdie, Come." I was arrested the next morning for stealing chickens.

Three students were in a cafe. "My dear fellow," said one, "one day last week I painted a small piece of pine wood in imitation of marble so perfectly that it sank to the bottom of the water." "Pshaw!" said another, "yesterday I suspended my thermometer on the easel that holds my view of the polar regions and it fell at once to twenty degrees below zero." "That's nothing," said the third, "my portrait of the Duke of Gloucester is so life-like that his whiskers have to be trimmed once a month."

Prof. Stilwell's poetry (in his Washington birthday speech):

"There strangers feasted at the board,
Great fires up the chimney roared."

Miss Marston (in English class)—"Why is the diction in this selection appropriate?"

Mr. Wold: "Because it suits my fancy."

Celestine (trying to find the Psalms)—"Say, Mabel, aren't the Psalms in the New Testament?"

Miss M. B. (at picnic on Washington's birthday)—"My hands are cold."

Mr. L. S.—"You may put them in my pocket."

Mr. E. Haslam, talking about the meaning of the word "valentine": "Well, I never asked any one to be my valentine."

One of the girls—"Couldn't think of the word, could you?"

Prof. Loomis (in third year English class)—"Very few of the heroines come up to the description in literature."

Rachel Becraft—"Neither do the heroes."

Watkins—"The moon looks down upon us with his smiling face."

Miss Marston—"That depends upon your attitude."



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O. H.—“Say, Ed, you had better save your postage so as to take another trip to California next Christmas. You can do all of your talking at one time.”

E. H.—“Oh, I couldn't do that. It would take too long to tell all the news.”

A. D. A.—“No! You could talk to her in shorthand.” (I wonder how that is done?)

Freshman! Listen! Do you want to get something for nothing? The senior girls have a number of good second-hand hats and a few pairs of real good shoes which they are willing to dispose of very cheaply. Their need for ready money just at this time prompts them to make their great sacrifice. Call at any of their rooms and make your wants known and you will receive prompt and courteous attention. As the supply is limited you had better not put it off too long.

Listen, good folks! here's a word or two—
When you're feeling glum they'll apply to you:
Don't let the sky of your mind be blue!

It shouldn't be dark, but shining and bright,
Don't allow any clouds, not even the white,
And always have plenty of bright sunlight.

The sky of your mind should be bright, I say,
And of rosy tint, like the break o' day
When the dawn has chased midnight thoughts away,
And those that are left are the happy and gay.

—C. L. S., '12.

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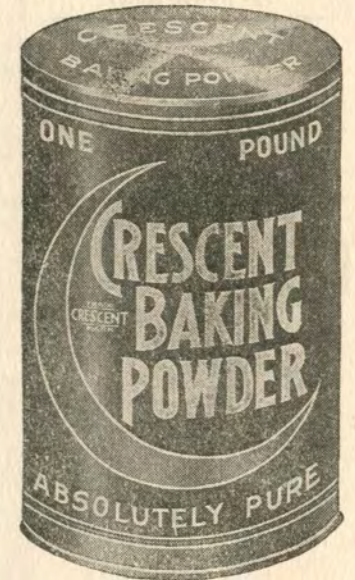
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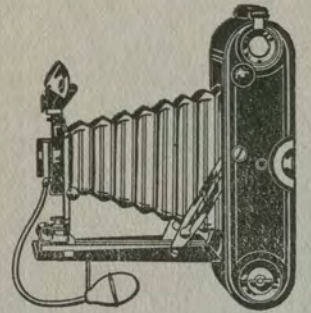
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