October 1st, 1914

The October 1914 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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

Recommended Citation
Seattle Seminary, "The October 1914 Cascade" (1914). Seattle Seminary Publications. 38.
https://digitalcommons.spu.edu/archives_publications_seminary/38
Greetings:
the young men and women of Seattle Seminary and College.
We wish you a school year crowded with diligent effort, helpful associations, and satisfying achievement.

Cordially yours,
& R. BUTTERWORTH & SONS.

TRY IT! The Ross Barber Shop 3310 3rd Ave. West

TONE BEAUTY
Piano making of the most advanced type makes possible the tone beauty of the Haddorff. The exceptional character of the Haddorff Tone is most appreciated where severe demands are made. This is illustrated in the following:

In the Rockford College Conservatory we now have in regular use one Haddorff Grand and fifteen uprights. Of this number five uprights have been in use for nine years. I wish particularly to speak of the wonderful tone, richness and sweetness of your uprights which are steadily improving with the years so that the older pianos are most beautiful in their rich, even tones.

F. MARION RALSTON, Musical Director.

You can hear this instrument of wonderful tone richness at this store. You love music, so why not come at once?

EILERS MUSIC HOUSE
3rd & University
Seattle, Wash.
Remember Our Slogan!

"Highest Quality and Best Service
at a Reasonable Price"

We carry the FINEST CANDIES in Ross and have
No Competitors in Quality Stationery, Post Cards
Tennis Goods, Ice Cream in Bulk or Service,
and Soft Drinks.

ROSS STATIONERY & PRINTING CO.
3310 - 3rd Ave., W. Phone: Q. A. 4145

"Whatever You Do -- Keep Sweet"

Stokes

912 Second Avenue
Candy  Lunch  Ice Cream

To him whose faithful and untiring efforts have
to a large extent been the
maintenance of the life and success
of our school paper for four years,
this issue of the Cascade
is humbly dedicated.
A FRIEND

O. R. Hudson. Col. '17

Down in the depths of every earth-born soul
Lies buried in a lone and silent nook
A sacred hope, a secret wish, to hold
Above all else, or wealth, or fame, a friend.

Well might we wish the praise of heaven and earth,
Well might we seek the luxury of wealth;
But these were dross, were only worthless things
When that sweet hope, that cherished wish, full bloom,
Bursts forth in fervent glow to greet a friend.

My fame may turn my head and bring me curse;
My wealth may change my locks to silver gray;
But when my friend steps forth and shares my load,
And makes my sorrows, griefs and cares his own,
Forgive, quite, that he a burden bore
All of his own, and too, perhaps, more grave
Than mine,—then is my happiness supreme.

Flee, wealth and fame,
But grant me one whom I may call a friend.

Literary

The Demand of the Age on the American Citizen

Commencement Oration June 10, 1914

Throughout the historical progress of the world civilization has undergone many changes. Nations have been born into existence. They have flourished with great pomp and splendor, and then have declined and fallen. They have led their armies into conflicts, preyed upon weaker nations, devastated them until some greater power rose up and conquered them.

A nation's greatness in past ages was measured by her strength on the field of battle. This condition naturally created a fierce spirit of warfare which resulted in much bloodshed and little industrial progress.

National greatness today is designated very differently. We consider our strength and influence by the extent of our educational, industrial and religious development, and never has there been an age which has achieved so much along these lines as has this present one.

When we consider the fields of industry there are now many factors which are a great improvement over those of the past. Today we are scarcely able to comprehend to what extent electrical energy has become a propelling force in our achievements. And as it is difficult for us to appreciate what is now being accomplished in this field, so it is equally difficult for us to imagine what the future may be. When we take into consideration what Thomas Edison has said in this regard, and knowing, as we do, the worth of his genius, we little realize what to expect of the future. Since he has stated that "electrical energy and its science is but in its infancy, therefore no man can properly explain its present or prophesy its future."

This, however, is but one of the many phases of our industrial development, and as we have improved industrially, so have we advanced in many of our modes of government and ways of living. Hence the greater the enlightenment of a nation during one particular period of time to the same extent that age increases the demand for enlightenment and efficiency on the part of the citizens of that nation.

We are living in an age of aggressive ideas. Men are doing their best to meet the demands for efficiency in all commercial and profes-
sional walks of life, and it is from this fact that we believe we are living in a day of specialists. Yet we believe that some have very appropriately termed this an age of commercialism. Why commercialism? Simply because a great majority of the people are engaged in the pursuit of financial gain. Thus making commercialism the one great aim and ambition of their lives.

Again we may conclude that this is an age of invention. Since almost every day brings to light some new device for the benefit of mankind. Is it this the high point to which we may strive? Not so, seeing we have an age decidedly full of opportunity, for what purpose has this been granted? It was given first for the perpetuation of Christianity and second for the reformation of our country.

Such, then, being the situation, who are the true citizens of our country? Is it they who pay more tribute to planks and platforms than to the best interests of all humanity, or they who accept the official chair for the mere purpose of personal ambition? Both of these classes, if weighed in the balance, will be found wanting. Those who would be successful in this twentieth century must meet the demand of the age. They must remain consistent through the seas of graft and popular greed and ever be staunch advocates of the stern principles of civic righteousness, men of iron will and those who will not tremble at the din of political machinery. Therefore an urgent call comes to each true-hearted American for the protection of these principles upon which our government was founded.

Our great American government was established only through the sacrifice of much ease and comfort on the part of its citizens. It came to a place of permanent solidity through many storms of difficulty. Suppose our forefathers had taken their ease and paid but little attention to the demands of loyalty. They must remain consistent through the seas of graft and popular greed and ever be staunch advocates of the stern principles of civic righteousness, men of iron will and those who will not tremble at the din of political machinery. Therefore an urgent call comes to each true-hearted American for the protection of these principles upon which our government was founded.

Our great American government was established only through the sacrifice of much ease and comfort on the part of its citizens. It came to a place of permanent solidity through many storms of difficulty. Suppose our forefathers had taken their ease and paid but little attention to the demands of loyalty. Could we have honored them for such a stand? No more than we can expect future generations to honor us if we fail to meet our present responsibilities.

It may be well for those who are able to sit idly by and enjoy the luxuries of life while others toil for the production of those commodities which make their leisure possible, but poor and miserable poor will be the reward of a life thus spent.

Every historical age has had its demand upon those who were responsible for its progress. Therefore it is evident that our day has its demand upon us. As we reflect upon the age of Homan conquest we find Rome a great empire, enframed and supported by men in whose veins rushed blood fervent with the heat of valor. Thus equipped she met her first crisis unyieldingly, and with dauntless courage Roman civilization was spread far and wide throughout barbarous countries. But alas! a darker day came which proved that military success was not sufficient to preserve her onward march. Caesar came with his message to lost and dying world, but her cruel governors consented to his death. Paul preached the gospel of our Lord in her birthplace and was shamefully beheaded. The conquer worm was permitted to do its demolishing work, just as the time when the age was pleading for reformation. Rome fell and soon became a mere shadow of her former glory.

America, our home and our country, given us by the brain and brawn of our forefathers, like Rome has brought before the eyes of the world men of great pith and moment. She has produced men of the greatest integrity, highest ideals, and most noble purposes. If we but recall those bleak winters of Valley Forge and the struggles of the Revolution, where our kindred first met those issues which made us a factor among nations, they, and not only they, but others also since their time, have proven our loyalty to truth and principle through much suffering.

*Autumn*

The Autumn days are here at last, When the breezes gently blow, The leaves fall fast, fast, fast, Upon the ground below.

Just as the chill wind louder grows, And the leaves fall thick as fast, There seems to blur my memory A shadow of the past.

And as the twilight hour draws nigh, And the deepening shadows fall, I think of the Heavenly Father above, The one who made us all.

*The Cascade*—Page six

The founders of America gave us a nation based upon the principles of Christianity and dedicated to the most wholesome ideals known to civilized man. If we continue to progress, that in itself will be an argument strongly in favor of the influence of Christianity upon nations. While on the other hand, if we retrograde and allow the established principles of our government to crumble, that will either be a proof that righteousness has failed or that it played no part in our history. If we cease to be Christian, it is evident we will become morally corrupt and, since other nations have fallen through moral corruption, may not ours be the same fate?

This country has always been a splendid example of aggressiveness. It has been our custom to meet the demands of our national issue candidly, and for this reason upon the curse of slavery was dealt a deadly blow. Also when Cuba was held in chains by the hand of the oppressor, our hearts gladly responded to her urgent need. When public safety was threatened by panic andarchy, men of intellect solved the problems of those situations. We have settled some questions of vital importance, but all of these have only helped to bring before us the one great issue of our generation, which is national reformation.

Shall we, like Rome, play the part of heroes one day and the next fail to come up to the standard, or shall we meet the present demand? We have improved industrially and educationally, but what is our position in regard to intelligent reform? We have advocated reform in local communities for years, but as it is today, conditions have so developed that future progress hinges upon this one point of discretion. Hence for us to preserve the success of coming generations means that we must obliterate those elements which are now sapping the vitality of our citizens. We must meet this issue with unabated courage and thus add new momentum to the onward march of national citizenship and prosperity.

*Autumn*

*Edell Eden*

The Autumn days are here at last,
When the breezes gently blow,
And the leaves fall thick as fast,
Upon the ground below.

Just as the chill wind louder grows,
And the leaves fall thick as fast,
There seems to blur my memory
A shadow of the past.

And as the twilight hour draws nigh,
And the deepening shadows fall,
I think of the Heavenly Father above,
The one who made us all.
**Reminiscences of Ministers' Children**

**An Adventure**

"It was while on one of my numerous trips while a child," said the missionary lady, "that I met with a real adventure. My father was an ordained missionary and often took me along on his travels."

"Our journey, this time, lay through a dense forest, which abounded with deer and other wild creatures. Many ferns and lovely flowers grew thick amid the underbrush. On every hand appeared the luxuriant foliage which is only to be found in a tropical country. Wild berries seemed to peep out from their bushes as if they wished to be picked for dinner. We passed by groups of monkeys, which seemed to drive me to distraction, but they gradually left us to be drawn by two bullocks. As the team moved the vehicle jolted us to be made uncomfortable. At one place we were troubled by gnats, which seemed to drive me to distraction, but they gradually left us unchallenged.

"In these days our only mode of travel was a two-wheeled cart drawn by two bullocks. As the team moved the vehicle jolted us in peace. When we finally came to a lovely shade tree under which our father would tell me about the habits of birds and some botanical specimens, for he was well versed in the study of botany.

"On this particular day we felt especially tired, for we had been riding since morning and our limbs were cramped. Although I had changed my position several times, my feet would go to sleep. I was glad when we finally came to a lovely shade tree under which our dinner could be eaten. The driver was a native whom my father had hired for the purpose of driving the bullocks and caring for them. He knew his business and when we stopped he immediately fed the animals the sufficient amount of fodder.

"Our meal was simple, consisting of rice, split peas and bananas. Father had cooked the food on a rude fire-place which was composed of three large stones being placed together in the shape of a triangle. How good the food tasted, even if spiders would drop down on us from overhanging branches and black ants crawl over the rice in quest of its crumbs. We usually occupied our time in singing hymns, or we would tell each other stories."

"The monotonous sound of the water as it splashed against the rocks soon put me to sleep. When I awoke, I found that one of my never-dreamt-of adventures was about to come to an end. And so it did.

"A tiger had been seen in the forest for the first time since we had entered. The beast did not notice us at first, for it was drinking out of a pool of water. Soon it caught sight of us. Its glaring eyes and bristling back told us plainly than words that it was getting ready to spring. I had often been told of thrilling adventures, and many rushed all at once through my mind but it seemed that this was more terrible than any I had ever heard. My tongue became dry, my fingers felt like ice, my heart beat so rapidly that it seemed to be shaking with fright. With what little strength I had left I said, "Pray, father, that the tiger won't kill us." "Daughter, dear heart, for the God who delivered Daniel from the lion's den will also deliver us from the tiger."

"At that minute the wild beast stopped growling and looked at us uneasily. Then, slowly turning around, he walked away through the tall grass, waving his tail back and forth. As soon as his form had disappeared my heart gave a great bound of joy and I threw my arms around father in ecstasy of delight. I did not think of the driver that time, but I learned afterward that he climbed further into the cart and tried to protect himself from the tiger by crouching as small as he could in one corner. Father and I knelt down and thanked God with full hearts for delivering us from this dreadful beast. I mingled my tears with father's prayers and as we rose from our knees he quoted that verse in the 23rd Psalm, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him a little strength I had afterward that he climbed further into the cart and tried to protect himself from the tiger by crouching as small as he could in one corner. Father and I knelt down and thanked God with full hearts for delivering us from this dreadful beast. I mingled my tears with father's prayers and as we rose from our knees he quoted that verse in the 23rd Psalm, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them." I have never forgotten the lesson that incident taught me, and when I feel discouraged I think of that time when God saved us from the jaws of death."

---

Beatie Ward
The Undercurrent

O judge not from the ripple
That seems on the surface to float,
For the heart oft hides its sorrow
And the ripple is only its cloak;
And they who seem most joyous
And running over with glee
Are oftentimes the saddest,
Though little suspected by thee.

For if you would hear the music
Of the undercurrent's flow,
You must enter the heart's affections
And pass to the depths below,
And patiently sit and listen
Thro' the long and silent night,
Till hope, grown weary with waiting,
Will hidden secrets plight.

For the voice of the undercurrent
Is only revealed to those
Who, by long and faithful service,
Prove an interest in our woes;
And it lends to us a pleasure
To sit and listen and hear,
The voice of the undercurrent
As it throbs upon the ear.

Not for the facts of the story,
Not for the secrets exposed,
But that I should be counted worthy
Of the confidence reposed;
And to bear another's sorrow
Makes mine the lighter to bear,
And my burden oft is lifted
On sharing a brother's care.
As we take a retrospective view of the past few years we do not fail to recognize the great success and advancement of the Cascade. Some may wonder why this paper has done so well and why its patrons have been so well pleased. We can tell you. It was because there was a person at the head of the work who took interest in it and who determined to make the paper a success. This success was won and a most marked one it was; brought about to a great extent by the never tiring efforts and ever yielding courage of our most worthy manager, Mr. Edwin Haslam. Through hours of hardships and oppression he always appeared bright and hopeful, and although his productions were criticized, his ambition and zeal did not falter, but he determined with a stronger will than ever to be successful.

At times his work seemed to be unappreciated and unnoticed, but we deduce to say that in those dark hours there were many who were hopeful and who, understanding the situation, were very appreciative of his faithful and glad-hearted service. One who has made the Cascade such a success, and we hope that he will receive abundant reward for his most helpful labors.

As business manager of The Cascade, I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my deep appreciation to the retiring manager, Mr. E. A. Haslam, for the excellent condition in which he has left the business department of the paper. He has in the past so gained the favor and confidence of most of our present advertisers that it has been a pleasure to me to go to them and ask them to renew their ads with us this year. They have almost unanimously and unhesitatingly granted my requests, and seemed to consider it a pleasure to do so. Therefore I do not hesitate in the least to express myself thus at this time.

We regret very much that both our editor and business manager are unable to return this year to take up their duties, but the present editor and manager, who were chosen to fill their places, will endeavor, with the loyal support of every student and member of the faculty in the school, to push The Cascade on even to greater success than it has known in the past.

P. S. We regret that the Cascade is a few days late, but you will remember that war conditions in Europe are such that it is almost impossible to get in enough time to put the paper out.
FRESHMEN

After a few days spent in getting acquainted with our advanced school life, with which we were not so familiar as our senior friends, we awoke to the fact that we were a class and realized that the Freshman Class must have its officers as well as the upper classes.

So on September 14, with a joyful exclamation of hearty co-operation, we assembled together in Room 11 to elect our officers. Every member was present and much enthusiasm was shown throughout the meeting. The class showed very good judgment in the selection of officers. They were elected as follows: President, Clea Denbly; vice-president, Arthur Wilder; secretary, Joyce Rose; treasurer, Miss Short; class representative, Miss Buckland; class reporter, Charles Bradfield.

With these officers we expect to meet with the best of success this semester. We have already a very good start and are all earnestly engaged in our upward struggle for knowledge.

ALPHA CLUB

This is the fourth year in the history of the Alpha College Club, and we intend to make it the best.

The election of officers for the year was held and Oliver Haslam was chosen president, Miss Florence Alberts vice president and Miss Addie Cook secretary and treasurer. The names of new members were proposed, and on Saturday, September 26, we entertained them, together with Miss May Marston, who had been selected as our faculty member.

At noon on Saturday we set out for Fauntleroy Beach. Although it had rained off and on all morning, fortune smiled on us and we had a glorious afternoon. The water was perfect, with white caps and rolling, wind-tossed waves. We walked down the beach to a spot sacred to the club, and here built a fire and spread our lunch. There were fifteen, and a more congenial fifteen it would be difficult to find.

After our ravenous appetites had been appeased a short session of the club was held, in which the new officers were installed and the incoming members welcomed.

It will be remembered as a very pleasant occasion, but we expect many such during this year. We intend to make our club an indispensable literary and social factor in Seattle Seminary and College.

The Cascade—Page fourteen

ALETHEPILAN CLUB

Our honorable class is now able to mention its future officers as: President, Ethel B. Lawpaugh; vice president, Gladys Smith; secretary, Grace Root; treasurer, Laura Dubose; Cascade editor, Laura B. Armstrong; chorister, Leone Wolverton; representative to the Associated Student Body, Althea Marston; musical director, Vida Slugga.

We met September 18, 1914, at recess. Miss Althea Marston took command of our ship provisionally until our present captain, Miss Lawpaugh, was universally (not unanimously) elected. And just a word here. We think we have a fine president, and expect to do wonders in our school world before the end of this year.

PHILOPOLEMICAL DEBATING CLUB

It is with quite a degree of satisfaction that at the beginning of this new school year the Philopolemical Debating Club is again represented for its active part in the curriculum of society.

The election of new officers was held September 18, 1914, and the following ones were chosen as the club's representatives for the semester: President, Hi Gill; vice president, Will Robinson; secretary, Burt Beegle; treasurer, Samuel Troutman; marshal, Arthur Wilder; musical director, Wade Folsom; Cascade editor, Elton Smith.

We are glad to note the presence of new members among our ranks and we extend to them our heartfelt greetings.

The seemingly prevalent lack of industry and enthusiasm witnessed upon each one's countenance and their expression of the desire for literary development predict for us a year of prosperity and "Hi" mental attainment along every line.

The club will be distinguished this year for its weekly programs, which are to be held every Friday at every regular meeting.

By doing we hope to uphold the paramount object for which the club was organized, that is, to prepare and equip students for the positions which they occupy in the future. It is only fitting and just that we should do this, and the recognizing of this important phase of mental training and the prolonging of the same will be the only indispensable supports to the movement which we represent in the scholastic sphere.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY

On September 11, the Missionary Society met and reorganized, at which time the following officers were elected: President, Mira Cook; vice president, Harold Mann; secretary, Miss Smith; treasurer, Sun- uud Troutman; corresponding secretary, Miss Cora Smith.

Tuesday evening, September 26, a very interesting program was given by the society. At this meeting subscriptions were taken for Ethel Ward, and $171 was pledged toward her support. Miss Ward is a missionary in India, having gone out from this school in 1913.

Page fifteen—The Cascade
We welcomed our new English teacher, Miss Morrow, and the new students, by a little informal reception at the Young Ladies Hall. Several interesting games were played, but perhaps the most pleasing feature was the marshmallow toast.

On the birthday of our beloved preceptress the students endeavored to show their love and appreciation of her labors by presenting her with a beautiful Seattle Seminary pillow top.

The religious atmosphere of the school has been greatly increased recently by several short services.

We were glad to welcome Mr. Hudson, a former student, as he made us a short visit on his way to Oregon.

Our opening exercises have been enriched by several short talks from the president and different members of the faculty and the students have started to work with the lofty ambition and desire to come out more than conquerors.

The Cascade has survived the short summer vacation and is again in full blossom. With an experienced set of officers at the head, and a splendid company of talented students endorsing their efforts, we expect this year, to produce a paper which shall vastly eclipse all former productions.

We take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation to all old exchanges and anxiously await their continuance. Critics are offered an excellent opportunity for testing their literary thermometers, for now much as we are editing the newest issues our paper has known. However, we are not infallible, and constructive criticism shall be most sincerely welcomed.

Trusting our exchange patrons shall receive a school paper worthy of your time and interest, we extend our heartfelt greetings and offer thanks in advance for your co-operation during the present year.

Another summer has passed and almost before we knew it, we found ourselves again in the midst of school duties and, of course, at the Seminary.

Several of the alumni thought too much of their alma mater to forsake her, hence this year finds Burton Biegle (by the way, new editor of The Cascade), Floyd Hopper, Alfred Marston and Wade Pulliam—all of 1914—in the "green" college class.

Rev. John Logan, '13, has returned to swell the college sophomore ranks, and is at the same time keeping up his pastoral work at Hillman City.

Messrs. Walter Scott and Will Stewart, '14, have decided to take "practical" lessons in agriculture this year.

Messrs. Clara Root and Violet Haviland, '14, also Lena Skuse and Louise Ward, '13, are perhaps at present wielding the rod of correction in their respective schools.

We believe the Seminary is being well represented by Leatha Jones, '14, at the Nazarene University, Pasadena, Calif., and by Mary Eva, '14, at the University of Washington.

We are glad to welcome Miss Tessa Marsh, '10, as the teacher of elocution in the Seminary. She has been studying in Greenville, Ill., taken her degree there, and comes well prepared for her work.

Esther Welch and Jack Wood, '13, have decided to remain at their "respective" homes this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Rollin Cochran, '11, and Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Millican, '06 and '10, are rejoicing in their new parental love.

Earl W. Milton, '10, may be daily seen in Seattle wearing a street car conductor's uniform.

The many friends of Marvin Marston, '09, may be interested to know that he is traveling with a Chautauqua in the East, as superintendent of that work.

Six members of the alumni this summer made three more couples on the alumni roll: Sadie Ross, '11, and Ray Koble, '12; Una Whiteman, '07, and Lorraine Sherwood, '06; Margaret Mason, '14, and John Logan, '13. We wish them much joy and hope they will accept our good wishes.
M. Eden—“Why, Miss Tong, your glasses are almost on your mouth.”
Miss Tong—“Oh, that is all right. I want to see what I am talking about.”
Prof. Stillwell (in American history class, and glancing at Mr. Higbee)—“What would you do if someone should call you a lobster?”
Mr. Higbee—“I wouldn’t do much, as I am too little.”
Vida Staggs (in American history class during a discussion of Patrick Henry)—“Is that the fellow we wear the green for?”
Lost, strayed or stolen—“POSTUM.”
Prof. Burns (in political science)—“They don’t have such large oysters in the West. I suppose the bays are too small.”

Greetings from the
ROSS MARCHE Mercantile Co.
The Students are always welcome at our store.
We carry a full line of Fine Candies and Notions.
Also a nice line of Foot-Wear.

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 troubles: Headache, Blurred Vision, Scleritis, Diphtheria, etc.
We have many Seminary Students as Patients. Ask the Students about us.
J. W. EDMUNDS, Oph. D.
701-703 Leary Bldg., 3rd and Madison.

BEST PRINTING CO.
2509 9th Ave., W.
Phone: Queen Anne 1785

We Don’t Want Your Work
when the Ross Staty. & Ptg. Co. is in shape to do it.
When they are not, Please pass it on to us.
WE INVITE THE PATRONAGE OF THE STUDENTS who are referred to Mr. Robinson who acts as our agent in the collection of Laundry Work.

Model Electric Laundry
Established 1890

We invite the JIM CROWS and CHOC. MINTS that you like as well.

Dahlia Candy Co.
You can get them at the Ross Stair & P'g. Co. They also carry our Cen Cent Box Candies:
Ye Old Dutch Chocolates
Marschino Cocktails

For Fine Watch and Jewelry Repairing
Call On
R. L. Woodman
JEWELER
3406 Fremont Avenue near Ewing Street
We are Specialists in This Line

DIXIE DYE WORKS
1825 MINOR AVENUE
STEAM CLEANING
DYE CLEANING
DYING
REPAIRING
LAUNDRY
Branch - FREMONT PRESSERY
Branch - FIRST AVENUE & CHERRY

Lowman & Hanford Co.
FIRST AVENUE & CHERRY
Book Sellers
Stationers
Copper Plate Engravers

Phone: Elliott 1005
Portraits, Views

The
Hamilton
STUDIO
Rooms 675-680 Colman Bldg.
811 First Avenue
Seattle, Wash.

We are North End Agents for
EASTMAN KODAKS. See US.
FREMONT DRUG CO., Inc.
Lowen & Woodman
FREMONT AND LEARY AVENUES
Seattle, Wash.

Seattle Seminary and College
A PROTESTANT CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL
On the Accredited List at the University of Washington
Good courses are offered in the following departments:
College of Liberal Arts
Academic Department
School of Art
School of Elocution
School of Music
For further particulars and catalog address:
A. BEERS
Station F
Seattle, Wash.
Get a Good Hat

A good hat is worth buying for its permanent color, finest material, better shape – cheap hats do not originate, they copy –, and for its longer wear and better looks while you wear it. And the best good hat is a KNAPP-FELT

New Fall Shapes at $3, $6, $8 and $10.
719-2nd Ave., Near Columbia

KING'S
Correct Appareal for Men

Young Men's

SHOES

that are Stylish, Comfortable, and will Wear.

$3.50 and up.

HOYT SHOE CO.
1402 THIRD AVENUE