March 1st, 1915

The March 1915 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

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3421 Fremont Ave.

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Yours for trade,
C. W. CHRISTENSEN.
Phones: Q. A. 1836
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“Make every failure and disappointment a spur to greater effort.”

Sincerely yours,
E. R. Butterworth & Sons.
Established 1882.

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 tone."

"T. 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
Third and University
Seattle, Wash.
We Want a New Name
for our store.
One suggestive of a College store like ours.
Can You Name It?
If so the Pleasure is Yours.

Write the name which you consider the most appropriate on a sealed envelop­
e with your own name included on a slip of paper. Bring it to the store not la­ter than next Wednesday, March 24. Every student in the school is asked to sug­gest a name.

On Thursday, March 25, at 4:30, the New Name, which we choose, will be announced formally at the store, and the large $1.75 box of Imperial Chocolates now on display, will be presented to the fortunate student.

Should the chosen name be suggested by more than one person the prize will be given to the one who first presented the name.

Everybody is invited to the Christening performance. Remember the time
- Thursday, March 25, 4:30 P.M.

The Ross Stationery & Printing Co.
2310 Third Ave. West

"Whatever You Do -- Keep Sweet"
Stokes
912 Second Avenue
Candy  Lunch  Ice Cream

Oh, Holy God Most High, I put my faith in Thee,
Nor fear I grief or trouble’s clouded way;
Secure I rest and know that o’er life’s stormy sea
Thou’lt guide my bark, nor let it drift astray.

I do not know, nor can, the meaning of these tears
That fall like rain in Autumn’s chilling blast;
I only know, my God, through all the weary years
Thy love will guide me to my Home at last.

I do not, will not doubt Thy love, the’st oft I weep,
And seemingly rebel against Thy way —
Content above, dear Lord, to follow with Thy sheep
And know Thy voice, my Shepherd, and obey.

Oh, yes! I put my faith in Thee, my God on High,
Nor fear to boldly press on day by day;
For when my sorrows are the deepest thou art nigh
To strengthen and sustain me on my way.

So fearing not, but trusting only in Thee love,
I rise unconquered by the sea of grief;
Affliction’s waves beat strong, yet can not move,
They cannot shake my firm, steadfast belief.
It was in the fall of 1776 in a little cabin in Southern Pennsylvania.

"Daniel, it is time thee were getting up," Daniel turned over. "Son, is thee going to get up?" This time a grunt was heard. "Come! it is high time thou wert up and about the work." Soon the youth appeared before her—a tall, strong boy of hardly 15 summers. "Thus wert have time before breakfast," was her only comment. He doffed his coat and cap and started. He milked the cows, fed the calves and then started for the house. But he noticed the horses were minus their morning meal. He turned to get the feed and as he did so something attracted his attention.

On some hay and near the side entrance of the barn lay a man. Daniel stooped over the motionless form. The face was white and drawn and across the forehead a deep frown was visible. The eyes slowly opened and turned toward the boy.

"Well, I'm glad you come. I'll have to trust you, and I pray God my trust will not be misplaced." He paused and gained for breath.

"This dispatch goes to General Washington. 'To important—make haste!" The speaker ceased talking. The pale face of the boy turned toward Daniel. The youth glanced at the papers in his hand and then at the corpse before him. He turned and deliberately walked away.

"It was his wish," he muttered, "and I will make haste." Then there came over this young New Englander a feeling of the great responsibility placed upon him.

Of the possibilities of the importance that might be attached to the immediate delivery of the message. He thought of his breakfast hot sauce... turned towards the fire and warmed his hands. When he thought of the importance of his actions he would go up, but he stumbled out. When he thought of the importance of his actions he would go up, but he stumbled out. When he thought of the importance of his actions he would go up, but he stumbled out. When he thought of the importance of his actions he would go up, but he stumbled out. When he thought of the importance of his actions he would go up, but he stumbled out. When he thought of the importance of his actions he would go up, but he stumbled out. When he thought of the importance of his actions he would go up, but he stumbled out. When he thought of the importance of his actions he would go up, but he stumbled out. When he thought of the importance of his actions he would go up, but he stumbled out.
only had a boat," thought the lad. The next minute Daniel stumbled and fell to his full length. Upon examination he found a small can of water out of the reach of the room. He sank down in the bottom of the can and was soon unconscious to his surroundings.

The sun was high in the heavens when the boy awoke, and then he was in the little room. He was in a small room-yet the occupant to a spotless feather bed and covered with warm bed covers. He was not at home. He was dead certain that he was the Indian camp and the boat. But what came after and how did he get there?

A large rough-looking man entered the room. "Wash your face, you boy!" called that familiar voice. "What did you wake up for?" asked the same voice. The man left the room.

Daniel sank down in the floor and stared at the door. Suddenly, he started from his slumber. The next minute Daniel stumbled to the open door and saw the boat afloat on the water. The next minute Daniel stumbled from the pocket and was given in safety to the padre. A victor over the wrong.

In righteousness is strong, 'tis the hour. A pure, innocent child he stands. In sweet simplicity.

She bears him say his prayers at night, with love unfathomed to the sky. A true mother's love.

The teachings of his childhood days, in it all is love; into his being woven.

In manhood's prime he still is firm; drawn to the right by mother's prayers. A victory over the wrong.

How sad the state of human hearts. Out in this world of woe, who never knew a mother's love--that heavenly overflow.

Walter E. Shearer.

Mother's Love.

Elsie's Awakening.

Margaret Jones.

Elsie sat in the big window seat and watched the rain as it beat against the pane. She had been feeling fine all day, and it seemed like everything was going wrong.

Of course, she loved mother, but it seemed too bad that her mother should get sick right at this time. "If she doesn't get well soon all my plans will be ruined," thought Elsie. "I have worked for two summers and saved up money enough to go to college, and now, just as I am all prepared to go, this has to happen. I don't care," she thought, "I do not think it is fair."

"Elsie," said a sweet, familiar voice, "mother wants to see you a few minutes in her room upstairs."

"I am sorry," said Elsie, "I have to go to college."

"I know a mother's love;" answered her mother, "I have worked for two summers and saved up money enough to go to college, and now, just as I am all prepared to go, this has to happen. I don't care," she thought, "I do not think it is fair."

"Elsie," said a sweet, familiar voice, "mother wants to see you a few minutes in her room upstairs."

"Mother," said Elsie, "I have to go to college."

"Don't you see, Elsie, for you will be able to go to college. I am sorry that this happened, but I think everything will terminate all right."

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"I am glad to hear, mother, that you will be better soon, for I was certainly feeling blue about college. I will do all I can before I go, and I think if you keep quiet that you will be well in a few days."

With this Elsie pulled down the window shade to make the room darker, covered her mother up more closely, and left the room.

In a few days she was ready to go, and her mother was up again, resuming the cares and burdens of a large family. Although she was careful and worked about the house as usual, yet she was far from well, and needed Elsie at home to help her. She realized it, but would not say anything because she did not wish to interfere with her daughter's plans.

Elsie, full of ambition and elated with thoughts of college life, seemed indifferent to the condition of things at home.

At last the morning came for her to leave. Everything was packed and ready, and she was as happy, it seemed to her, as she could be. As the train pulled out she waved a last good-bye to her mother, and soon all of the cares of home were lost in the dreams of the future.

Her college life was just what she expected it would be. Every day was filled with pleasure and joyous anticipation; she never once thought of the cares and burdens that her mother was carrying. She was favored and flattered, and became very popular, which greatly pleased her. She was pretty and also quite talented, but too much flattering had made her proud. Day after day it was the same, always living for herself.

One day while she was playing tennis she was told that a telegram had just arrived for her. She dropped her tennis racket and ran across the campus, wondering who could have sent her a telegram. When it was handed to her, she eagerly tore open the envelope, but when she read the message she sank down into a chair, and all the joy that was in her cheeks suddenly faded.

Just then her room-mate came in, of course, wanted to know what was the matter. She told her that she had received a telegram saying that her mother was seriously ill, and she must come home immediately.

By the help of her room-mate she was finally ready to go, and hurried off to the depot to catch the train that would take her to her mother.

All the way home on the train she kept thinking, "What if mother should die before I can reach home?"

"It can't be," she thought; "I must tell her I am sorry for being selfish and wicked. It would be terrible to think that I could never see her again."

"Oh, God," she prayed, "let her live until I see her again."

"I am a wicked, selfish girl," she said, half aloud, "and mother would not be sick today if I had only stayed at home."

When the train pulled in at the station her father was there to meet her. He looked very sober, and did not say a word. As they were going home Elsie begged to ask about her mother, but he acted so strangely, and heart-broken, that she thought she would wait, for it was only half a block from the depot to their home.

As they entered the house a peculiar quietness pervaded it. Only that kind of a stillness which is experienced when someone is lingering between life and death. Elsie dropped her satchel, threw her hat aside, and rushed upstairs into her mother's room.

Her mother lay very quietly and faintly smiled as she heard the familiar step of Elsie. Elsie, falling down on her knees by the bed, clasped her mother's hand gently and nuzzled.

"Oh, mother, I have been so wicked and selfish and treated you so cruelly! But you will forgive me, won't you mother?"

For a moment all was quiet save the heavy sobs of a fihé girl as she lay with her face buried in the quilts. Then her mother said softly;

"I am sorry that you had to leave school, Elsie, but perhaps you can go back sometime. Don't cry so hard, little daughter. I have nothing to forgive. Only promise me that you will be a Christian and take care of the family when I am gone."

"Oh, mother, mother," she pleaded, "I'll do all of that and more, but I can not see you go."

"It must be, daughter," she said, "but if you will be true we will meet again some day. I have nothing to forgive you for, Elsie, only remember—give your life to Jesus today."

With this she was completely exhausted, and in a few minutes was gone to be with Him who had helped her bear the burdens and cares of life.

Elsie fled from the room and, going across the hall to her own bedroom, she threw herself down upon the bed, nearly frantic with grief. Suddenly she got down upon her knees and began to pray. For hours she struggled and groaned. She told the Lord how wicked she had been and begged Him to forgive her. It seemed like everything was black and she was in a cloud of despair. At last the victory came, and she knew that Jesus had come into her life to abide. The peace and glory that came into her heart was such as she had never witnessed before.

A few hours later she came down stairs and told her father of the wonderful change that had come into her life, and with tears and thanksgiving they knelt down together and praised the Lord.

Elsie immediately stepped into her mother's place and bore the cares and worries her mother had once carried. The Lord greatly blessed and helped her in her work.

**The College Bell.**

*O. D. B.*

The dear old College Bell is cracked,
In tune are dull and flat,
It points our ears to hear its tone,
We love it not for that.

The College Bell has seen its day,
Its voice is harsh with age;
While once it played a merry tune,
Now it has missed that stage.

Old College Bell, with all your fault
We spend thee on thy way,
While we see more young meet thee in the place
And ring a nearer chime.

We cannot blame the College Bell
For making such a choice,
For since the College Name is changed,
The Bell must change its Voice.
Did you ever stop to think of the great labor, sacrifice and responsibility involved in running an institution like the Seattle Seminary and College? You, as students, enjoy the privileges of attending and reaping the benefits of years of struggle, improvement and progress, but do you appreciate the heritage that is yours? And if you do appreciate it, do you ever give expression to that in such a way as to make the heavy burden lighter, and encourage those who are endeavoring to give you assistance and instruction along the pathway to knowledge? Do you feel grateful to your instructors for their willingness to sacrifice and give you their best? If so, why not act as though you were thankful, or even more, why not speak an encouraging word here and there? Who can tell how much sunshine and warmth there is in a kind word spoken in due time?

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Perhaps you forget that the members of the faculty have burdens and serious problems to solve. Indeed they have many that you know not of. Do not look upon them simply as the ones who give and enforce the laws and regulations of the school, but look upon them as true friends who are ever ready to give you a helping hand and a word of encouragement and treat them as such. True, they are deriving themselves of many innocent pleasures and good times for the success of the school and the success of every student in the school, and this sacrifice can be made smaller and smaller by a true spirit of appreciation and thankfulness on the part of the recipients of these blessings.

Our most worthy president is a man who has great responsibility resting upon him and many times he feels it keenly. He is very busy and does his best to redeem the time. And perhaps you fear you would bother him if you took the time to stop him and thank him for his interest in you. But I am sure that his big heart would rejoice and would leap for joy to know that his efforts were not in vain and were not made without receiving appreciation. This is true not only of our president but also of his wife. What great good these two persons have brought to the school is beyond our power or ability to tell, but we are sure that they will receive great rewards in the hereafter if not in this life. We can say with truth and sincerity—-

Though our labors here may part us,
And our paths may distant lie,
Still we e'er shall be united;
Bound by friendship's tender tie.

Now everyone try to scatter a few seeds of kindness and notice what beautiful flowers will be found along your pathways and listen to the gentle notes of laughter which are indicative of the smiles of the soul. A “thank you” costs so little but is worth so much. Try this way of making great profits with little capital. None are too poor to enter this corporation. Each share brings large dividends. Where could you find a better offer or a better business?

The last chapter of the continued story, “Love Conquers All”, will appear in the next issue of the Cascade.

We were surprised last Thursday morning with President Beers’ announcement that our Alma Mater had received her new name, which had been decided upon the evening before by the Trustees. Henceforth her name shall be:

“SEATTLE PACIFIC COLLEGE.”

The popularity of this name was called into question by a rather weak applause from the Student Body.

Page above—The Cascade
The Students' Voluntary Missionary Band has not been very active this year. But as a band we feel the need of more active service than simply studying to fit ourselves for foreign work. What we are here at home, we will be a large extent on the field. Feeling this to be true, we recently reorganized and judging from the enthusiasm shown we will yet accomplish a good hit this year. Our president has arranged for the band to hold missionary meetings in some of the smaller churches where the members are not often favored with a missionary address. So, while stirring up the pure minds of our brothers and sisters to the needs of the foreign field, we will be gaining valuable experience and knowledge that will later be of great benefit to us.

The Western Washington Student Volunteer Conference which was held recently in the Y. M. C. A. building, University of Washington campus, Seattle, was one of inspiration and delight to all who had the privilege of attending. The committee on arrangements spared no pains in securing excellent speakers for the occasion, and no one who heard these addresses can ever forget the messages of zeal and eloquence, direct from knowledge the needs of the foreign field. we will be gaining valuable experience and the members are not often favored with a missionary address.

While we are at home, we will be to a large extent on the field. Feeling this to be true, we held recently in the Y. M. C. A. building, University of Washington campus, Seattle, a band to hold missionary meetings in some of the smaller churches where securing excellent speakers for the occasion, and no one who heard the heart of the speaker to the heart of the hearer.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Haslam; vice-president, Ms. Davis, Miss Springer, the Rev. Dr. Layton, Mrs. Helicker, Miss Luella Dyer, the Rev. Mr. St. John, Mrs. St. John, Dr. Layton, Mrs. C. A. Davis, Miss Springer, the Rev. C. H. Jones, and last, but not least, Mr. McCollum, travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. It seemed that every sentence uttered from the opening session to the close was freighted with emotion from the Holy One, and was the means of enabling Christian workers to see their duty and responsiblity to the unsaved millions at home and abroad, as they had never seen it before. They were brought into closer touch with Him, whose we are and whom we serve. Delegates and visitors, alike, were inspired to live in daily communion with God, to listen to His call and to be ready to respond quickly and cheerfully to His every desire concerning them.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Oliver Hudson, Seattle Seminary, and College; vice-president Miss Zada Kaitram, Selsingham Normal; secretary, Lloyd Henderson, University of Washington, and treasurer, Fred Heron, College of Puget Sound.
enough to publish.

Any hikes? Why, sure. I almost forgot. Thank you for reminding me, Jack. The Juniors and Sophomores had a joint hike Washington’s birthday, and talk about “excitement.” But, there! Don’t be afraid. I will not aggravate you with an elaborate account. We went to Schmitz Park and despite all disadvantages had a simply GLORIOUS time.

Say, not to change the subject at all, there’s some mighty curious proceedings going on in the Freshman class. A little bird told me the other night that at least two members of the class were frequently found at the city library late at night. My, how happy their teachers must be to think they take so much interest in their studies. Wouldn’t it be glorious if the Sophomores had a few such scholars?

Well, I’m afraid the editor will feel like wringing my neck if I keep this up. so I will stop abruptly.

Oh, yes! If any of you have freckles—take pleasure in referring you to Bob Graffie. “Takes ‘em all off without leaving a trace.”

FRESHMEN.
The Freshman Class reports “Hard at Work.” We returned from the hike refreshed in mind as well as body, and have resumed our respective duties with a determination to do our best. We realize that “Labor conquers all things.”

The day spent on the hike to Ballard Beach was enjoyed by all of the class, as was proved by the many interesting and varied descriptions read in English class the following Tuesday.

Yes, our class is very busy. You are sure to hear more from us soon.

Prof. Stillwell and the students were especially pleased on Feb. 17 with a piano solo by Miss Vina Smith. Prof. Stillwell said he liked soft music like the piece just rendered, so his romantic sentiments are not all gone.

Following this Dr. Davidson, a prominent physician of this city, gave a very comprehensible lecture on our city’s water system. He showed its comparison very favorably with the water system of other cities and aroused much interest and in such vital questions of the home and city.

As an institution we are well favored with musical talent and recently enjoyed a mandolin solo by Miss Fennel.

The need of missionaries in different lines is most forcibly impressed on our minds by a recent lecture from Mr. McClellan in which he proved conclusively that the need of teachers, doctors, preachers, etc. in foreign countries greatly exceeds our own, and gave the students of America the S. O. S. of call of distress from heathen nations.

Anyhow along the line of special divers is always bolder with delight by the boarding students and after the report is over their only regret is that their storage room was too limited.

The farewell dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Thomas on Feb. 24 was a very enjoyable occasion and the music from their graphophone was a special treat.

If we seem to relegate our prominent presidents to the rear during the usual routine of school work, they become pre-eminent and almost immortal on their birthdays. If our first president could have stepped on the scene of action Feb. 22 he could have hardly helped from feeling flattered at the bakes, picnics and parties which were going on. Each class did something unique and despite a few showers they all reported a good time.

I am sorry to report that mumps are again in style. If you seek a sign, look about you.
**ALETHEPIANS.**

*"All-hapians."*

The Aletheians are sure going to do something. Now it isn't all talk, either. In fact, we aren't saying much now. But we sure have some unique plans "up our sleeve" for the fair spring days. There's going to be something doing and that before very long.

And when something happens, you'll all know about it. But don't be excited now, for some things may never happen. You know there are several things to be taken into consideration, among which are—Well, perhaps you have all planned something, only to meet with disappointment, so I need not mention "the might be hinderances."

But I'm quite sure we'll find no obstacles in the way for something just must happen and it sure will happen. I think, if nothing happens and you happen, you'll sure know all about it when it happens.

So, if nothing happens and it happens and you happen; great things will happen. Now, just wish you knew how this happened.

Well, it does just happened to happen. Just like everything else will happen to happen.

**THE PHILS.**

In glancing over the reports from the various clubs and societies of the school we often see just a few lines concerning the activities of that particular club with an added apology something like this: "Look for a better report next time," etc. Groundhog day has passed with us at a long time ago and I venture to say you have been asleep if you have not heard of what we have been doing.

To begin this semester we elected Billy Robinson president, Harold Mann vice-president, Sam Troutman secretary, Wesley Thomas treasurer, Harry Oughton marshal, Cliff Denny chaplain and your humble servant as a better report next time. In this report one section is somewhat different from the usual condition of things in the school, the regular reports from the various clubs and societies of the school we often see just a few lines concerning the activities of that particular club with an added apology something like this: "Look for a better report next time," etc. Groundhog day has passed with us at a long time ago and I venture to say you have been asleep if you have not heard of what we have been doing.

To begin this semester we elected Billy Robinson president, Harold Mann vice-president, Sam Troutman secretary, Wesley Thomas treasurer, Harry Oughton marshal, Cliff Denny chaplain and your humble servant to report our affairs to the Cascade.

Our first meeting was presided over by Father Time, who smote and the reins of government from the old officers and gave them over to the new. The inaugural address of the new President Robinson and the farewell address of the ex-President Gill were delivered in connection with the regular program. Our next (second) meeting was held at the home of our president and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Beers, where, after the business session we were entertained in a most delightful manner. Mrs. Beers spoke to the society concerning the present work being done, also of the success she believed was in the future for all of us. President Beers also addressed us after complimenting on what his wife had said. He told several instances in connection with Lincoln's life which were of profit to us all. Refreshments were served (by "squares") after which the company adjourned, giving ample assurance that the evening had been a most pleasant one.

**ATHLETIC NOTES.**

The notes for an "All Seminary" basketball team gives the following results:

Forwards—W. Robinson and R. Stewart.
Center—V. Stewart.
Guards—H. Oughton and W. Thomas.
Substitutes—H. Mann and F. Gill.

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**For the second time:**

Forwards—W. Robinson and R. Stewart.
Center—Graves.
Guards—C. Demney and M. Matthewson.
Substitute—Kennedy.

These teams are good material and would put up a good fight against any corresponding team.

We have played a little baseball this month. On the 12th of February the lower classmen defeated the upper classmen in a scrub game on the campus lawn. Many errors characterized the playing on both sides. Our boys will soon "tighten up" and the games will be more interesting.

On Wednesday, the 12th, President Beers told us in of plans to build a gymnasium in the near future. Now, is everybody's chance to prove a north as a booster and a worker. Everyone should be ready to work and sacrifice if necessary. It will pay us to do so.

This gymnasium is a proposition for the students and must be by the students. Make boosting your motto for this that we so much need.

**Exchanges**

The number of exchanges we receive from various schools is still rapidly increasing—for which we are thankful.

Should any of the criticisms we offer seem harsh or unjust to the CRITICISED, please attribute the same to the undeveloped critical talent of the exchange editor or to anything you may desire. Only kindly remember that they are offered for the sole purpose of revealing some of your defects and thus help us to improve your paper—and not for a destructive purpose.

Praying you in advance for bearing in mind the above, we shall proceed.

"Bill's Valentine" was somewhat romantic and, best of all, it reveals the thoughts and actions of many young men when their "Bank Accounts" is exhausted, and they must obtain the cash for undeniable purposes—for instance to purchase a valentine. The humiliation they sometimes
experience while gaining this end is often very embarrassing—poor things—the often need our sympathy.

"The Adventure of Shyf" displays good talent.

That February Class Issue was—great. Poems “Lincoln” and “Life Is What You Make It” were excellent. And then the class poem should come each Senior who reads it to copy you. “Driver No. 4” is a good story. Your “Class Prophecy,” in poetry, was quite good—but your motto can hardly be surpassed by any of other, cause each Senior who reads it to carry and remember and be proud of him; nephew.

From the Domestic Science Report, your school surely produced a Genius of T . H. S. Such talent ought to be duly esteemed.

The fourth little son has taken up his abode in the home of Alfred Miss Ullian. Dame Fortune has again been kind to one of our Alumni members in giving a wee little daughter to Mrs. Sudee Rose Kimball, ’11. Mrs. Kimball was the satisfaction of a class of seventeen members.

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, dizziness in school and lack of memory are mostly due to eye strain?

STUDENTS need a good Eye Specialist to overcome Muscular Eye Trouble, Eye Strain, Headache, Blurred Vision, Infested Eyes, Nervousness, Dizziness, etc. We have many Specialty Students as Patients. Ask the Students! Glad to consult with you. My charges are reasonable.

W. L. EDMUNDS, Oph. D.

Phone: Main 2174
201-203 Leary Bldg., Second and Madison.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Millican, ’92 and ’95, now missionaries in China, are hoping soon to see them again in Seattle, although it is not yet certain whether or not they will return for a furlough.

Rev. John Pradley is serving the Midford circuit of the Southern Oregon conference in a very acceptable manner. We should all be delighted to see his five little children, full of life and fun. By the way, did you know that he is a “Hit’s” uncle?

Lee Oughton (as the boat was sinking)—Say, do any of you fellows know how to pray?

Jone—Yes, I do.

L. O.—Well, you pray while we put on the life preservers, as there is one leaking.

Prof. Burns—He was the daughter of a woman who was a protestant prince.

Prof. M.—“Hadn’t we better go on the car?”

E. R.—“Oh! I look so awful.”

Prof. M.—“Why are you the best looking one of us.”

E. G. (enthusiastically)—Oh! did you say Thuline.

C. C. (dis appointed)—No! No! Gasoline.

W. R.—Yes, and his wife was such a help for him.

C. S.—Surely, they always are.

For information of nonsense, see Grafe, Berry & Co.

G. Smith—Just see those clouds. I simply can’t get over them.

G. R.—“Please may I borrow your knife.”

W. L.—“O, It’s too “Dull.”

G. Lius—May I borrow (beher) you.

Mr. S.—No, you may not borrow me.

Miss M. (in English)—Who was the mother of mankind?

Berry—The serpent, want it?

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