May 1st, 1913

The May 1913 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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The Cascade

May, 1913

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is going to give another programme similar to the one it gave last year on Friday night, May 23, at 8 o'clock, in the Seminary Assembly Hall.

Some interesting features will be:
- Selections from The Cascade,
- Induction of the Staff for 1913-14,
- Awarding of Prize for the best Class Paper,
- Special music.

Those who attended the programme rendered last year will remember what a successful one it was.

Remember the date!!

Friday evening, May 23

---

The people of Ross have "hitched their wagons" of progress to this magnetic sign:

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TO THE SENIOR GIRLS
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TO THE SENIOR FELLOWS
THOSE DASHING, CHIVALROUS, AND JOLLY SPECIMENS OF CIVILIZATION:

AS A TOKEN OF OUR APPRECIATION FOR YOUR EXCELLENT EXAMPLE, AND YOUR UNTIRING EFFORTS TO DIRECT OUR FALTERING FOOTSTEPS; NOT FOR THE WORTH OF THIS PAPER, BUT OUR SINCERE REGARD FOR YOU, WE DEDICATE THE JUNIOR NUMBER OF THE CASCADE TO

THE SENIOR CLASS

SPRINGTIME.

Ann Grifft

When hearts are light and free
Oh, springtime is a joyous time,
As cooling zephyrs wafted by,
Or waves, that dance in glee.

The sparkling streams go bubbling by,
The sunbeams dance and play;
Our hill and dale and wooded vale
They linger all the day.

The birds begin in early morn,
And swell their throats with notes of praise,
Their sweetest songs to rise,
Till all the wild-woods rove.

Wild flowers pert, lift up their heads
Midst green grass here and there,
And buzzing sounds of honey bees,
Float on the balmy air.

So give me Spring, and then I'll sing
Her beauties rich and rare,
For wondrous Is God's handiwork,
Now visible everywhere.

Cheer up! sad heart, just try a smile,
Drive every trouble o'er,
There's still some blue in the sky for you,
There's sweetness yet in the clover.

Go out in the fields where lambkins play,
And daisies and buttercups nod,
The ill thoughts die, and troubles cease,
When the heart's alone with God.
LIFE.

HORATIO BEEGLE

Life! What is life? Who can correctly answer this important question? To Shakespeare, life seemed but a dream or a walking shadow; to the Psalmist, life was like unto a flower of the field, that today is and tomorrow is withered and gone. But to all does it not seem that Longfellow had the right conception of life when he said:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

Look, for a moment, at all the shipwrecks along the shores of time. What caused their frail barks to be dashed to pieces on the rocks of tribulation and on the reefs of sin? It is evident that for all such disasters there must be a cause. But what could lead a person to choose a route that would terminate so disastrously?

Was it not from the fact that many had not the true conception of life and what it is to live; not merely to exist, but to have a life that is rich with the perfumes of the flowers of kindness and sympathy. Perhaps they were influenced by others. The frown of a friend, the sneer of a loved one, or the unkind word of a brother may have started them out on the tempestuous sea of life with no pilot on board and with no star to guide them to the haven of rest.

There is no spectacle better calculated to lead the mind to serious reflection than that of an aged person, who, when nearing the end of life's journey, looks back over the long vista of his years only to recall opportunities unimproved. What voice can now bring cheer and gladness to that heart? What smile can sweep away the gloom and despair that have settled like a fog over his life? None, I say. None. To him life has been a sad failure and now in its evening, after all his years have been spent as for nought, he realizes that life was indeed more than an existence, and he now feels the burnings of anguish in his own breast. But too late! He can not return his steps. Could he do this he would give worlds. Could he again live over those years, how differently they would be spent. But all such hopes and wishes are in vain, and now he must enter the threshold of eternity alone, empty-handed, and with a soul afraid to meet its Maker. How sad is such an ending, and how heart-rending is such a scene. Yet how many souls there are that are preparing themselves for just such an end. To all the possibilities and joys of life they seem blinded. To its realities they seem asleep. O, that some power would shake them from their lethargy and cause them to realize where they are drifting!

Let us all remember that it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die. But may we ever keep before us the fact that true life consists not in living for self, but in living for others. And all who learn this great lesson shall be abounding with the dew of heaven and will sparkle and shine, and shall not only light the way for others, but shall banish darkness and gloom from their own pathway.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

And as we pass along through life may we ever strive to scatter flowers in the way of others, the beauties and perfumes of which will sweeten their sad lives and bring to them much hope and gladness. And may we not, like the unwise, in pursuit of the rich gew-gaws of pleasure, pass by the real gems of life.

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**In Memoriam**

**THE CASCADE**

IT WAS WITH DEEP SORROW THAT WE LEARNED OF THE RECENT DEATH OF MARGARET ARRASMITH WHO FOR TWO YEARS WAS A MEMBER OF OUR CLASS OF 1914. AS A SCHOOLMATE SHE ENDEARED HERSELF TO US BY HER BEAUTIFUL CHARACTER. THE MEMORY OF HER UPRIGHT, UNSELFISH LIFE AMONG US WILL ALWAYS BE AN INSPIRATION TO US, HER BROTHERS AND SISTERS.
It was midsummer.
The air in my room had become oppressive. I tossed aside my paper, lowered the light; and opening the door carefully, took a round the family, crept stealthily along the corridor to the veranda. I passed, fascinated. The moon had just risen over the east tower and flooded the terrace with a soft, silvery splendor. The shadows of low clinging shrubbery and tall swaying poplars, through whose branches the breeze played mournfully, lent weird enchantment to the scene.

It had been just such a night as this. Oh! if I could banish from me that bitter memory that lingered so vividly, and recall those cruel words that hunted me continually. She had stood before me, proud, haughty, beautiful. She had lifted her lovely eyes to me in mute appeal, and in their unfathomable depths, expressions of reproach and defiance were struggling for predominance. She had turned without a word and left the room. She had gone—gone out of my life.

I dropped to the step almost unconscious, and turning my face toward the heaven, the evening breeze fanned my fevered brow. My heart beat fast! I listened breathlessly, and had concluded that she was in clinging white; her eyes shone like stars; her step was light,

It had been just such a night as this. Oh! if I could banish from me that most heart-rending moan rent the air, and vibrated through every cell of my body. I clasped the posts for support. Odium it be! Had she at last heard my penitent prayer, my heart's call?

"Boy," he began, "this cheque was made out by my father yan x an, but I am going to honor it now. When I was a young man—it seems an eternity since then—I brought the discomfiture of my father upon myself. One night when I returned from the club my father was waiting for me. He was very angry and held up to me a cheque—this cheque—he told me that from that time he disowned me as his son. That night I left the city. I secured a position, but my former habits led me astray. A few months later, before it has become necessary for me to use the cheque which my father had given me, I learned that his bank had failed and the shock had killed him. The cheque was now worthless, but for some unknown reason I kept it. There was nothing left me now to remind me of the old pride and ambition. Months passed and I went from bad to worse. Years followed one another in rapid succession. One night I found myself, listening to the singing of a little band of Salvation Army workers. I remembered the song as one my dear old mother sang years ago. A short time before it might have kindled a spirit of inspiration in my breast, but that night it was beyond even that. Despondency and despair settled upon me like a cloud, and I wandered my way to the river. When I reached the bank all was still but the swirling of the dark water at my feet. I stood there a moment and then taking off my hat I knelt, the first time in years, and prayed to my mother's God. All friends, it was the prayer of a man about to take his own life. I arose and stretched my arms high above my head when a hand was laid on my arm. I turned and face the old, broken-down man in that room, but he was not old then.

He took me home with him and a few days later I went to work at an honorable position. Before I left the home of my rescuer, prompted by the old boyish love of fun, or perhaps by some deeper feeling, I slipped this cheque into his pocket. From that time, though it was years ago, I have not seen
him till today. The day he befriended me was the turning point for better in my life. At length I succeeded in re-establishing my father's bank and now I hold the position which he held before his death. What the years have brought to my benefactor, I can only guess. So, friends, though this circle, in a sense is forged, I am going to redeem it.

The president arose and went into the room with the former, closing the door behind him. I do not know what passed in that room, but some time later I heard the street door close and looking out I saw the president talking earnestly to the old, ragged, stoop-shouldered man as they walked together up the street.

That evening I stopped for a friendly talk at the banker's house. With the freedom of a long friendship I went directly to his den where I knew I should find him. The thick carpet absorbed my footsteps and for a moment I stood unperceived, in the door way of the room. Sitting in front of the hearth in which a merry fire crackled out the "fogger" looking two years younger. He was comfortably shod and lounged back with eyes closed in a great easy chair, while a happy smile lighted up his face. The president of the bank sat near him, reading aloud from a magazine. Now and then he looked up at the old man with a tender, loving expression as if he rejoiced in the peace and happiness which were expressed there and in the thought that he had been instrumental in making the old man happy.

The president of Barnes & Co. Savings Bank had not forgotten his former benefactor.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

JOURNEYS KELLEY

The flames danced merrily about the logs in the fireplace, casting their gay in the beautiful face of the girl reclining in a large chair before it. Her hands rested gently on the open Bible in her lap. She read the chapter again, and lay back and thought long over that portion relating to the "Prodigal Son." Slowly her mind wandered from that passage to the days of her happy youth. "Tirzah she recalled, her eighteenth birthday. She and her lifelong friend, now a promising young man of twenty-one, who was about to go away to finish his college course, had taken their lunch and gone out on the lake. It was a memorable evening; for there they had planned their future life. Three years had lapsed since that night, and he had written to her only a few letters. But she had heard of his failing in with bad company and learning their evil ways. She had gone West with her parents to their attractive new home. Here in the midst of their happiness, her father had been suddenly

THE CASCADE

snatched from them. Then followed the saddest days of her life. Within a short time her mother, grief-stricken, left her an orphan. Then followed several years of loneliness. Her only companion was Dinah, the faithful woman who had lived with the family since they had come West. Thought of her father, her mother, and of the friend who had been unworthy, brought her much sadness and longing as year after year passed by.

Suddenly the shrill whistle of a heavy freight train, sounded out on the crisp night air, and reused her from her reverie. Why should a train stop there? She arose and went to the window. Down at the crossing she saw the men running from one end of the train to the other. She hurried down stairs and called Collins, and asked him to go down and see what had happened. They had scarcely crossed the half when they heard men's voices and footsteps, coming up on the veranda. Collins opened the door. Before them stood two men, bearing in their arms the unconscious form of a man.

"Madam," began the engineer hurriedly, "this man has been seriously injured and hurt!"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Margaret, "bring him in. Here, Collins, take them up to the East Room and I'll call Dr. Brown."

About a half-hour later the physician came down and informed Margaret casually that there was not much hope for the poor fellow. Then, taking his hat, the Doctor walked out of the room without further ceremony. Margaret was thoroughly disgusted at his attitude and determined to see that the sick man should receive every attention necessary for his recovery.

For five days he lay at the point of death, and during the entire time was faithfully cared for by Dinah. At length the crisis was passed and one morning a short time after Margaret decided to go down and visit him. She walked softly down the hall and pressed before the open door. She gazed at the color left her cheeks, but instantly she recovered herself. She was simply dreaming. She stood speechless, gazing at the man who was standing by the window. Suddenly she realized herself and acting as if nothing had happened, she entered the room.

"Good morning," she said with an effort, "and how is our patient today?"

"I long to know the young man turned his fine manly face toward her. "Margaret!" he said; "Is it possible?" He started toward her, but thinking of his past life, he stopped as if stunned.

Margaret quickly found her way to his side and in her sweet way, told him she knew all, and had never ceased to pray for him. The engineer had told her he was working his way to the West, where he intended to start life anew. The young fellow dropped to his knees crying:

"Margaret, I long to know the One whom you trust and who makes you so sweet and forgiven. Help me find the way."

In a few moments they arose and he knew he was forgiven by their Father and wished to be forgiven by her also.

"Margaret," he said, "I don't deserve this happiness after the way I have wasted my years, but this is the happiest moment of my life—the first time I ever realized that God is so good."

30
MOTHER.

HELEN JOHNSON

Last night as I sat dreaming,
And that of my childhood days,
A vision of you passed before me
That set my mind ablaze!
I see you as you sat there,
In that dear, old-fashioned chair.
With the firelight playing round you,
And touching your silver hair.
Your shoulders are bent and weary,
And your brow is wrinkled with care;
For many burdens you've carried,
Burden; hard to bear.
But alas! my vision is over,
Broken by music clear:
But I'll never forget your sweet vision,
And the memories of you, so dear.

ROSE M.

BUCKINGHAM

There be none of all the flowers
That e'er grew on land or sea,
That are like the dimpled rose—
They're the fairest ones to see.
So when your heart is heavy
And your life is full of care,
Just look upon the smiling Rose,
And you'll find blessing there.
And when your sight is failing,
And your eyes grow old and dim,
The fragrance of the Rose will be,
What once the light had been.

THE WAY OUT.

VIOLET HAVILAND

I am in a bad dilemma,
All I see no pathway out;
Things are really looking serious,
And I feel inclined to pout.
I am not a poet, neither
Am I of poetical mind;
But a modest, prosy maiden,
Striving wisdom's path to find.
If I were but Rose or Lily,
Or if even Pearl or Grace,
Perhaps among the lofty minds,
I'd hold more honored place.
But being just a Violet,
I'll fill my lowly sphere,
Bringing sweetness to the sufferer.
And to the sad good cheer.
But wherever the Master needs me,
In some larger, nobler place,
He'll make o' my life a poem,
And thus save me from disgrace.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING.)

MARY MILLER

When the last Physics lesson is ended,
And the last experiment is dry,
When the last wretched problem is finished,
And our paradise seems nigh,
We shall rest—and faith, we shall need it—
Sleep peacefully if we can.
Then we'll wake, and come back to the Sem In
And take Physics over again.
It's here, it's there, it's everywhere;
It is a vision in the air.
In the shadow, in the light,
To the great big moon at night—
Everywhere I turn my eyes,
That girl! oh my, that girl!
MARY CATHEY—
Any good that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now.

HELEN JOHNSON—
From the crown of her head to the soles of her feet she is all mirth.

RUTH WEST—
Not because she's gay and pretty. Not because she's bright and witty. But just because she has "no charm."

MARY EVA—
"Her mouth ful smal and thereto soft and read."

BURTON BEEGLE—
He has the wisdom of an heape of learned men.

FLORA JOHNSTON—
"The world's a stage." I like the world.

MARY MILLCAN—
Quite a girl.

ALTHEA MARSTON—
A sudden thought strikes me—let's swear eternal friendship.

ELEANOR McLAUGHLIN—
If you have something to say, first think carefully and then don't say it.

WALTER SCOTT—
Three cheers, not so loud as to be vulgar; one, two, three! Freshmen!
NORA JOHNSTON—
"They say most folks are moulded out of faults,
And the most become much more the better
For being a little bad."

JOE KELLEY—
We love her for her smiles, her looks, her way of speaking gently.

MARY JOHNSON—
"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

VIOLET HAVILAND—
"Her grey eyes twinkled in her head aright,
As do the stars on a frosty night."

JOHN ROOT—
"He was a man, take him all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

ADA BEEGLE—
German she spak, ful faire and fetishly. After the manner of Seattle Sem, for Deutsch of Ber.

AGNES SCHNEIDER—
"In fellowship, we kunde she laugh and carpe."

JUNIOR LAMENT.

JULIA MARSTON
"All sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "it might have been."
We are ever reminded of those happy days of yore (in our Freshman year) when we were equal—in number. Most of the Junior boys have gone—after two brief years of struggle. They left us and how to mourn their loss. Nor criticism, nor trials of Sem. life, nor flunking, nor the fury of the faculty can touch them farther. They have taken their places in the Elysian Fields of life. Behold! our eyes fill with tears. Alas! that we did not realize, until too late, what precious articles they were.

Ah! 'Tis true we've only three lone fellows.
Ah! 'Tis true we've only three lone fellows.
What! It is as it were.
Girls to right of Them,
Girls to left of Them,
Girls behind Them.
But—happily we think on Them, and then, we seem to change our state with kings.
We are very glad that no one ever believes to read an "afterward," nor we wish to express a few words which we would rather no one would read. We have taken one great opportunity of a lifetime to fully express our thoughts.

Regretfully, and humbly, we wish to thank all who have aided us. As school papers are never original, we wish to thank all the school papers ever edited. If you read one, you have read them all. If you publish ours, you will never publish another.

Although we don't like to admit it, the work has been interesting, and it is with pleasure we publish the Junior number of the Cascade for dear old Seattle Seminary and her friends.
A SEMINARY FELLOW.

Music, a warm fire, and a week of studying for exams—this combination caused Joe Knight's downfall.

He had been a student at East High School for a year, and had acquired the accompanying steady habit. His home was in the city, and so, although the week from Monday morning until Friday night was passed studiously at the dormitory, the week end was usually spent at home—or at least we supposed it was.

One Friday night, after an unusually hard week of exams, Joe hurried home to keep an engagement at the home of Miss Marjory Young. At eight o'clock Joe made his appearance, and Marjory met him at the door. He followed her into a dimly-lit library, and at her direction, dropped into a comfortable Morris chair before the fireplace. Then Marjory stepped over to the piano and began playing a soft, dreamy air. The warm fire, the easy chair, and the exquisite music seemed to be getting control of Joe. He felt that he was drifting out into the waves of music.

In his desk in Assembly Hall was a piece of music he had intended to bring to Marjory. He was soon hurrying up the steps of the "M" building, in the hall he came face to face with Miss Law case. She addressed him in her cool, academic tones: "You may compare the principles of the steam engine with the inverse principle in respect to arches." Joe chuckled and looked ahead for a means of escape. She had fathomed his ignorance. He fled up stairs. From Assembly Hall came strains of music—what was it? Werd and Beagle humming on their patches? Ah, no! It was the chorus reposing, there stood Mr. Culley telling his tales. Joe slid into his seat and began ransacking along somewhere in the bose. They were playing "The Holy City," and had just come to the refrain: "O'er Hill, O'er Dale!" As Mr. Ward's words of warning. Joe realized that Miss Peters was playing the few preceding measures, and that the eyes of all were upon him. Big drops of perspiration covered his brow. Then he made one frantic, tremendous effort—and he woke up.

The music had ceased. Marjory had left the room. The coal had burned low in the fireplace. How long had he been asleep? He jumped to his feet—tipped noiselessly into the hall, grabbed his hat and opened the door. As he went down the steps a window opened and a sweet voice floated out upon the midnight air—"Good night."
SENIORS.

As the school year draws to a close we are more and more assuming the regal dignity of seniors—even Jack Wood is looking serious. How easy our heads could rest on the pillow at night if we had our orations written.

JUNIORS.

We wish to tell the Seniors that we, as a class, planned all sorts of original and unique entertainments and good times for them. "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft astray." And ours were nipped in the bud by the inevitable.

The Junior class has four Johnsons—but they aren't all Swedes. So when we regret the lack of boys in our class, we resort to Johnson Sons, and they do very well.

"We are enjoying the spring weather, and as a whole—the girls are escaping the usual "spring epidemic," but we can't speak so good a word for the boys. As a class, we are becoming quite athletic. You really would enjoy watching the girls play basketball. It's so exciting! Leave it to the Juniors to keep the girls playing basketball. It's so exciting!"

SOPHOMORES.

Time for class notes again, eh? Well, I can hardly believe it. Time, oh where, oh where, has it gone? Does it seem possible that your year which was going to be so long and tedious is almost past? And that our work, which
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Scottie came out of the dining hall
and met Morgan coming from Fre­
mont.

Scott—How are you?
Morgan—I've just eaten a bowl of
oxtail soup and I feel bully.

Scott—I've just eaten a plate of
hash and I feel like everything.

Herciista (translating)—Has in
Galla get important.

"Hike into Gaul, it's important.

A little Japanese attended the mu­
sical recital and sat next to Mary
Johnson. Mary said: “Your Japan­
ese compress the ladies' feet in your
country, do you not?”

“Oh no, madam,” he said, “we al­
low our ladies' feet to grow to their
full size—not that—and he bowed
low—not that they could ever hope
to rival yours.”

C. Anderson (signing registration
card)—Bora—Yes.

A certain party stood on Milican's
front porch, preparatory to sepa­
ture. The young man leaned against
the doorpost. Suddenly, Mr. Milli­
can, sleepy and indignant, appeared
on the scene. “Young man, release
that door bell kindly, and let the
family rest.”

Addie Patterson (coming home
from the Kaffee Klitch)—“Well,
mother, I got theulty.”

"Why come right in and let me
meet him,” gushed the parent.

Just get together with yourself
And trust yourself with you,
And you'll be surprised how well your­
self
Will like you, if you do.

It was cold, and her hands were
cold, too,
And I—well, wouldn’t you?
It was cold, and my hands were
cold, too.—Ex.

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THE CASCADE

Vot tickets as he for all dey pie?
Vot makes dey teacher wish to die?
Dey Senior!
Vot tickets hean in it mit dey olive?
Vot offer honey about univer?
Dey Senior!
Vot in dey High School’s greatest
Boy? 
In fact, vot dey greatest pills?
Dey Senior!

George Allen had met with a seri­
ous accident and his mother was
afraid it would have a permanent
scar on his lip.
"Don’t worry, mother," he said,
"myRESSABE will cover it."

A jolly young Polish’s tough
While mixing a compound of snail,
Dropped a match in a vial.
And after a while
They found his front teeth and a
cuff. — Ex

The potato’s eyes were full of
fouc.
The cabbage hung his head.
There was grief in this kitchen on
that day.
For the vinegar’s mother was dead.

Hey, what’s the use in taking stock
In everything you hear?
Why rip the lining out of cloth
And make lout look so queer?
You cannot always tell by girl.
Perhaps it’s all a lie.
Just get around behind a tree.
And watch yourself go by.

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of The Cascade
this year will be edited by the SENIOR CLASS.
It will have some very attractive features, among
which will be an individual engraving of each member
of the Senior Class.

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