December 1st, 1913

The December 1913 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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Greetings

TIS our glad privilege to again wish to you a Joyous Christmas and a Happy New Year. With each year we count in increasing numbers our friends from the Seattle Seminary, which friendships, we assure you, are mutual. Will you do us the honor to call for an Art Calendar for 1914 before our supply is exhausted.

We suggest as Suitable Gifts from our store:

- Pennants
- Chocolates
- Letter Writing Pads
- Fountain Pens
- Toilet Sets
- Fancy Soaps
- Pencils
- Box Stationery
- Kodaks
- Talking Machines

Your Patronage is always appreciated.

Fremont Drug Co.

[ Inscribed ]

Laugh & Woodman
When the Occasion Arises

that you need an undertaker, it is then you will appreciate the more, that beside being able to procure the necessary furnishings at an expense to suit your wishes - the appointments will be high class, and the obsequies carried out with that dignified solemnity, so desired, and yet so lacking in most present day funerals.

We have the reputation of being without a peer.

E. R. Butterworth & Sons

Marticians

Steve's Christmas Gift

Ellie, little girl," Steve Harvey turned to his wife, "what do you want for Christmas? What shall I get for you?"

"Oh, Steve, you know what I want most, but you couldn't get it for me—a good bear skin would cost about twenty dollars, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," her husband answered, "but twenty dollars isn't my whole fortune, dear. Let me see, this is the twenty-second, isn't it? Well, I think I'll walk over to Sawyer's tomorrow. I want to start at six o'clock."

"What for?" his wife inquired.

"You never mind," was the reply, and Steve strode out of the cabin.

They were a young couple and this was to be their first Christmas together. Steve had accepted the position of engineer for a construction company in British Columbia and being so recently married, he built a cabin near Mile 220 and took his bride with him. It was certainly a rough life for both, Jessie had put up with many inconveniences and discomforts but to her the life was novel, and full of zest.

Ever since her arrival she had heard the men talk of bear hunts and her greatest desire was to have a bear hide for her own.

Early the next morning she watched Steve start off through the crisp snapety December air. "I'll be back tomorrow night," he called back gayly, "take care of yourself and be good," and he was gone.

For about fifteen miles Steve's course led him along the "right of way," then he turned and followed a five-mile trail to the river. It was one day's trip at this time of the year when the snow was deep. At sundown he reached Sawyer's little log hut. The two passed the evening relating unheard of experiences common to life in that wilderness. At last Steve led the conversation up to the object of his visit. Old Sawyer was an enthusiastic listener and before the two "turned in" for the night, a large bundle was tightly bound and placed in the corner.

The early morning found Steve on his return trip, intending to reach home by evening. He struck the main trail at nine o'clock and by noon had covered half the distance. Along about three o'clock it began to grow colder and a wind came up from the north. He pulled his wool cap down over his face, strapped the bundle tighter across his shoulders and struck off on a short cut for home.
and asked for father. He went to the door and I heard the young
man ask in low tones if they might be married. Just then I caught
a glimpse of a girlish figure behind him. Father, of course, asked
them in, and from her blushes and his awkward movements, it was
evident they had never been thru the ordeal before. Father got on
his long-tailed coat and proceeded to perform that sacred, abomina-
torious ceremony. All was over and they were about to leave.
At the door the young man turned and asked the charges. My
heart gave a frantic bound. I had not thought of that. I tried to get
father's eye so he would make it big, but before father could speak
the young man continued:
"You have a cousin in E——, have you not?"
"Yes, Sir. Mr. H—— lives there; he is my cousin, but I have not
seen him for years."
"Well," the young man smiled cordially, "I am his son and we
that it would be quite a lark to come up here and have you marry us.
We certainly are much obliged. Here is a letter your cousin sent
you and here is five dollars for your services. Good night."
We all stood staring blankly at each other for full two minutes. It
seemed, after he had gone—father with the "five" in one hand and
the letter in the other.
Then we all began to talk at once. Father gave the "five" to
mother, then pulled his spectacles down on his nose and proceeded
to discover the contents of the letter. As he pulled the folded sheet
out a blue slip fluttered to the floor. I made a reckless plunge for it
and over the railing. Never was Rockefeller more overjoyed
over his biggest "deal" than I was over that twenty dollars.
That night I dreamed my dreams had all come true and the real-
ities of the next day did not disappoint me: it was past one when I
had thought of what father said: "God knows best."

FLOYD HOPPER, '74.
Friendship

"Friendship is like a vase, which, when it is flawed by heat or violence or accident, may as well be broken at once; it never can be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they be fractured, may be cemented again, precious ones never." "Friendship is the most valuable and rarest of all human possessions" and "is infinitely better than kindness."

-- * * * Mysterious cement of the soul!

Sweetness of life! soldier of society!"

"Friendship, peculiar bane of Heaven. The noble mind's delight and pride. To men and angels only given. To all the lower world denied."

Friendship is a superior gift, too often lightly entertained. In our daily walks of life we smile at those about us and call them friends. From kindly impulses we perform services for them and lay at the door of friendship. We look to those above us and desire to be called "friend." We look to those less favored than we and still wish to be called "friend." Only from those of whom we are not proud do we withhold the name of "friend." But let us first know what our friend must be.

Emerson says: "A friend is one with whom I may be sincere; before whom I may think aloud." One of the greatest demonstrations of friendship is that a friend should "really endeavor to advance his friend in honor, in reputation, in the opinion of wit or learning, before himself." To be a true friend, one must first be true to himself."

If we seriously consider ourselves and our attitude toward those about us, do we find easily those whom we would choose as friends, i.e., real friends—those in whom we repose the utmost confidence. Or, turning upon ourselves, would we choose ourselves as friends? Only to so far as we are faithful to ourselves can we claim true friendship. A friend will love more than admire, yet cannot love unless he can admire. Let us consider whether we are cultivating solid, pure, noble qualities worthy of a noble friend's appreciation.

Friendship is not a gift to be sought for, but to live worthy of Few will we know in life whom we may frankly name as friends. True friends—those in whom we repose the utmost confidence. Or, turning upon ourselves, would we choose ourselves as friends? Only to so far as we are faithful to ourselves can we claim true friendship. A friend will love more than admire, yet cannot love unless he can admire. Let us consider whether we are cultivating solid, pure, noble qualities worthy of a noble friend's appreciation.

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Mrs. Tarleton had been bustling about the kitchen all morning, first to the cupboard, then down cellar, and now to the side shelf, until an unacquainted observer would have surmised a grand family reunion that Christmas Day. Occasionally she broke out in matches of Christmas songs that she had learned when a little girl, or in later years when her children prattled of Santa Claus, and sang of the New Born Child, who had come to save the world. Whether or not she was expecting company, it was evident that she was enjoying the reminiscences of past Christmas days.

Mr. Tarleton was in a very different mood. As he fed and carried his faithful old horses he might have been seen stopping occasionally in his work and striking their necks and talking to them in a gruff, lonely tone. He, too, was thinking of past Christmas days, but the contrast of his happiness in the days of yore, and his disappointed hopes for today, were such a contrast that he could not help giving way to the latter emotions. He finished his chores in silence, and after giving the horseless family an extra large breakfast of hay and oats in honor of the day, he was ready to go back to his firelace and morning paper.

As he entered he was astonished at his wife's preparations for a big dinner. "Why, Ma," he exclaimed, "what are you doing?" "I'm preparing the Christmas dinner," Mrs. Tarleton answered, in such a merry tone that her husband looked at her in wonder. "Well, but you don't think we can eat all the chicken and pie that you are fixing them, do you?" he said, with a shadow of a smile in his eye. "No," replied the optimistic old lady, "but we have always had a big dinner before for the children, and I can't bear the idea of being all alone, but you and I. It makes me feel as young and happy to do things like I used to; then, somehow, I don't know why, but I have had a feeling all morning that we won't be alone at dinner." Christmas day had formerly been a day of pleasure in the Tarleton home. Today it was very lonely and altogether dismal, as the two old people thought and talked of the daughter who was so many miles away attending college; of the bright 12-year-old boy just taken home by diphtheria only a few weeks before, and, last but not least of the son, now a young man of twenty-five, who had declared his intentions of never going to school again, nor of spending his life tied up on his father's farm. He had left the old home six years before and had not been heard from since. Those had once all flocked in the family circle to make a merry Christmas day.

An hour later the old man put down his paper and went to the window to observe the weather. The sky was covered with heavy, snow-laden clouds, the temperature had moderated some, and everything bid for a bad snowstorm. Already the large, beefy flakes were
Sitting down like leaves from invisible trees. Mr. Tarleton's eyes wandered unconsciously from the sky to the woodshed. There were only a few blocks left in there and a big storm was coming on. He had plenty already cut in the woodlot down by the railroad a half-mile distant.

After informing his wife as to where he was going, he hitched his horses to the large bobsleds and started off in the direction of the railroad at a brisk speed. He had not gone far, however, when he heard the train whistle far down the track—one, two, three, four long blasts in quick succession.

"Ah," thought Mr. Tarleton, "something wrong down there. Come, Babes," he spoke to the horses, "let's spin down and see what the matter is." He touched the willing animals with the whip and in a few minutes he was in sight of the ill-fated train. When he came nearer he saw that the engine and two front cars were derailed and badly wrecked. The excited passengers were out in the snow, cold and bewildered. Some of the men were working at the heagun car, digging out the buried trunks and cases from among the debris and trying to make the injured people comfortable.

As Mr. Tarleton drove up, a young man about twenty-five years of age bounded out from the group to the sleigh.

"Father," he cried, "is this really you? I am just coming home for the holidays—" he was going to say, "if you will let me," but before he finished the old man's arms were about his neck, and he knew there was no need of begging.

Needless to say, there was a very happy Christmas party sat down to that dinner prepared by the faithful, trusting mother. The prodigal son, becoming disgusted and sick of wild life, had returned to his old farm and his aged father and mother.

Mr. Tarleton sat silent for some time at the table after dinner. Then, looking across at his wife, he said: "Ma, how did you know he was coming today?"

"I didn't know it," she said, "but I wanted him to come so badly, and we need him so much, that I felt that God would surely send him—and He has."
Perhaps our love and admiration for the gorgeous maple and the many other beautiful specimens of deciduous trees has somewhat diminished our devotion to the common fir. The rich, velvety shades of green, the variety of leaf and branch and the cool shade these favorites afford, add ready cheer and comfort to all the other innumerable delights of the bright spring and dreamy summer months.

But as the melancholy days of autumn come all these fair robes of gaudy drapery must be discarded, and their beauty and grandeur becomes a thing of the past. We no longer linger to rest under the stiff, awkward branches with the brisk, wintery wind crackling thru their lonely tops, but "mourn" on to the faithful old fir, who sheds with us always. And 'tis there the nephry mourru thru the sable and barren branches of the lowly fir, bending them low in meek submission until either the sunbeams of the warm south wind or the never-failing rain have compassion on it and remove the heavy burden.

And then, oh, the joy of Christmas Tidings! How the evergreen longs and yearns to rejoice and gladden our weary hearts! The fir, so self-forgetful, never trying to be a rival of any of the proud and haughty monarchs of the forest, is ever at the mercy of even the commonest of the expectant "kiddies." But what thought has it for the morrow, other than the hope of bringing joy and comfort to the little "bucks" and "girls" of every age. The children dance and sing about it. Santa again comes down the chimney and, perchance, the "mosey" and the "tots" will fall into the branches of the old fir, and the Christmas song will be heard thru the rich green boughs.

Later perchance the weather god, choosing to gladden the hearts of the expectant "kiddies" lets fall the crystal snowflakes on the dreary, barren branches of the lowly fir, bending them low in meek submission until either the sunbeams of the warm south wind or the never-failing rain have compassion on it and remove the heavy burden.

"Well, I'm glad we don't have to go home," another ventured, "for it would have hurt my folks as it did my friends." Then, as Beth admitted, "Girls, it's too bad, but we'll get over it and be it teach us as a lesson never to do it again. I guess we've learned. It doesn't pay to indulge," the girls felt it voiced the sentiments of their hearts.

"And as the girls hurriedly cleared away the remains of the feast under Miss Bennett's watchful eye, they nervously whispered to one another and conjectured as to their punishment.

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...and the hatchet. The children dance and sing about it. Santa again comes down the chimney and, perchance, the "mosey" and the "tots" will fall into the branches of the old fir, and the Christmas song will be heard thru the rich green boughs.

Chapter III. (Continued.)

A tragic bash as of midnight fell on the gathered number. Then Miss Bennett breaks the silence.

"Girls, I'm prouid and shocked beyond measure. You will all come to my office at eight thirty in the morning."

She received no answer save the gloomy submission on the downcast faces. No one moved. Then from the preceptress came the peremptory words:

"You have five minutes to leave this place and twenty minutes to be back in your rooms."

As the girls hurriedly cleared away the remains of the feast under Miss Bennett's watchful eye, they nervously whispered to one another and conjectured as to their punishment.

"Well, I'm glad we don't have to go home," another ventured, "for it would have hurt my folks as it had been planned."

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Chapter IV.

A messenger boy ran quickly up the stone steps of the Administration Hall of the Crystal Lake Academy. The news he carried sent the assembled faculty in the room above. Finally it came. They would not be sent home, as this was their first offense, but would be allowed to remain on trial. In addition fines were imposed and their privileges suspended for an indefinite length of time.

"My, that's some punishment," dolefully remarked Pepper Syney.

"Chocolate creams and ice cream sodas, farewell for one long, sorrowful month."

"Well, I'm glad we don't have to go home," another ventured, "for it would have hurt my folks as it had been planned."

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Elizabeth Carlton with quickened steps to the office. There she was met by Miss Bennett.

"Be perfectly brave, my dear Elizabeth. It might be a great deal worse.

Practically Beth read the short message:

"Come home at once. Mother is dying. Jim."

What! What had happened? For a moment she stood dazed. What did it mean? It really wasn't mother! She reread the message but could not comprehend the awful significance of those few words.

Then, half unconscious, she realized she must go home. It took but a short time to pack. Fortunately it was nearly train time, and soon the miles were speeding by in quick succession. All day she travelled and her busy mind flew to the dear home scenes. What would she meet on her arrival? She shuddered! She dared not think of what there might be. At last she reached the familiar depot and Jim's comforting face looked the dearest it ever had.

"How's mother?" Beth almost whispered.

"She's still with us, but a change may come any moment," Jim answered.

When she later saw the precious face, she knew life was fast ebbing away. Her heart was filled with immeasurable sorrow. For a moment the dear eyes opened and a fond look of recognition lighted them. Then they closed forever on this world.

A sob of anguish broke from the lips of brother and sister, while Mr. Carlton bowed his head upon the table. It seemed too awful to be true. As in a dream they performed the few remaining offices for the dear departed one.

It was a full week later that Beth realized that the college education she had so longed and planned for was now but a visionary dream of the past. Her duty was to remain and help to fill the place of the one who had left them.

It seemed, oh, so hard at first, but for the love of her father and Jim she willingly sacrificed her own ambitions.

It was about this time that a change came over Beth. It seemed that her mother's death had made a deeper impression on her than on the rest—not that they did not all miss her, and miss her keenly—but it came to Beth in a different way. She was now no longer her care for company of any kind. Often for hours she would sit and seem to be thinking deeply on some trouble in her heart. The family could not understand her. Time passed, but still Beth did not come out of this strange quiet which had settled over her. Friends came in and tried to cheer her up. Jim took her out to make her forget for a while, but it seemed she had forgotten how to smile. The family had almost given up in despair—thinking that she would go insane if something did not soon break up the gloom over her. She seemed devoid of feelings, either of joy or sorrow. But something at last broke into her inmost heart and changed her into a girl with a radiant future before her.

(To be continued.)
## The Cascade

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### Editorial

**Christmas Customs.**

Do you hang up your stocking every Christmas eve? Sure you do. Or at least you did until you "grew up." When you were a little fellow, you never thought of going to sleep Christmas eve without seeing that your stocking was hanging where old Santa would be sure to find it. And sometimes even now you sneak around and hang it up when you think no one sees, don't you? Now why do you do it, anyway?

Do you know that long ago, so the legend says, St. Nicholas wanted to remember a poor, yet good old man; so he dropped his gift down the chimney and by chance it fell into the gentleman's stocking, which had been hung before the fireplace to dry. Since then Santa has not failed to keep up the custom which he started so long ago.

But even if you have outgrown the custom of hanging your stocking, you always have a Christmas tree with candles, don't you?

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And why? Do you know that the first Christmas tree was set up by St. Winifred, a missionary to the Scandinavians? In teaching the natives that they were mistaken in their Druid worship, he cut down the great oak tree around which they had gathered to offer a human sacrifice and, as the tree fell, a young fir tree seemed to spring up miraculously in its place. Winifred called it the tree of the Christ Child. Now there is scarcely a home but what thoughtlessly thus commemorates the birth of this child.

The burning of candles is an old Roman custom of the feast which was in progress when Christ was born. All over the land thousands of candles were burning, and this was indeed a fitting, though unintentional proclamation that a Light had come into the world. We still involuntarily attach these primitive customs to Christmas, yet the beautiful sweet spirit of self-forgetfulness and sacrifice, the Spirit of the Master Himself, seems to descend upon the world anew at this most sacred time above all others, melting it into one great, loving family and harmonizing the discords of our hearts into one anthem of praise to Him who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that we might be saved.

Page nineteen
The Thanksgiving dinner was a feature that inspired everyone present with pleasurable sensations. The Cascade feels like giving a rising vote of thanks even now. A hundred and one people sat down to ten beautifully laden tables. The beautiful decorations, a host of cheerful faces, ten large platters of turkey, ten splendid cakes, ten generous dishes of cranberry sauce, all made everyone feel glad. Oh, there were lots of other things, too, but we can't name them all. Poised, two-minute addresses were given by H. H. Pease, Rev. Whelon, Rev. Dewey, Rev. Best, W. W. Cathey, Professors Marion and Newton, E. A. Haslam, manager of the Cascade. President Beers is always an able toastmaster.

Mrs. Raymond Robins, president of the National Federation of Labor and prominent sociologist and social settlement worker, of Chicago, addressed the students in morning chapel. She made the labor problem so transparent before our vision as to arouse deep sympathy for the cause of those who work for a living and are by that work deprived of their chance in life to make themselves what they ought to be as citizens of our nation.

President and Mrs. Beers, with a few of their friends, entered a fine supper and a cheerful evening November 28 in celebration of their twenty-fourth wedding anniversary.

Recently the trigonometry class made a practical demonstration of the use of Trig. by measuring the height of the campus flag staff. We found it to be 104 feet, 15 centimeters and just a few millimeters over. Almost 105 feet, you see.

By kindness of Augustine & Kye, well known First avenue merchants, we had the great pleasure of enjoying eighty pounds of turkey. How shall we ever be able to show Augustine & Kye how much we really appreciate their generous gift?

Yes, we are still progressing. If you had entered our last meeting you would have imagined something was progressing, around the floor, anyway. It certainly was a busy procession. The extemporaneous debates and speeches continue as lively as ever. We possess a great deal of the spice of life—"variety," anyway. The president knows her business well. Three cheers for our president!
Alumni

In a short time there will be a new recruit on the India field. Miss Lorhna Marston, '08, has started on her trip to the distant East. We bid her Godspeed and bespeak for her a life of great usefulness.

The faculty of the Penawawa High School has a splendid addition this year in Miss Mabel Peterson, '06.

Miss Tressa March, '11, is very much in love with Greenville College, and she thinks everything is simply grand. Her studies are prospering well and she will complete the course in oratory next June.

Miss Ethel Ward, '10, sends encouraging news from India. God is blessing and helping them over there. She writes of a convention they are attending: "Among other things there are thirty missionaries here today we had a roll-call giving the states as well as countries, and there were sixteen states and five countries. Then there are eight holiness missions represented here. But we are having a good time together, because God is here and He is blending the hearts of His children together in such love and unity."

Mr. R. E. Wyler, '12, is making good use of the knowledge he gained at the Bellingham Normal. He wields the rod of authority over a small group of children not far from Olympia, Wash.

We appreciate the many alumni we number among our faculty. Miss C. May Marston, '08, is our splendid German Lehrerin. Her pupils think there is no one can be at their teacher.

Miss Nettie Tong, '05, has a splendid addition this year in Miss Mabel Peterson, '06.

In what respect is President Beers like ex-President Roosevelt?

Mr. G. C. Hall think a great deal of their preceptress.

Miss Edna Belle Lawrence, '92, is our splendid German Lehrerin. Her pupils think there is no one can be at their teacher.

Mrs. May Colson Newton, '03, is having fine success in her vocal music classes. What else could be expected with such an able instructor?

Prof. A. J. Marston, '93, has learned the art of teaching. His Physiology and Ethics students enjoy his thorough and practical methods. He is not only accomplishing a great deal in this line, but is a very wise and able preceptor. His many other duties help to make him about the busiest person on the campus.

Miss Ada Belle Lawrence, '88. And what may be said of her? Just to mention her name is to remind us of one of the very popular members of the faculty. Her students think her "just all right" out of school. But in class time—well, she knows how to make them study.

CONUNDRUM.

In what respect is President Beers like ex-President Roosevelt?

Answer: Both are actively engaged on the firing line.

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Exchanges

We enjoy good exchanges and are very much pleased with those we have already received. The Cascade is an enthusiastic friend of every lively and high grade school paper.

Tolman, Lincoln High, Seattle, Wash.—We are glad to see you this year. Your Literary department is very good. We like the life in your paper.

The Dacadian Monthly, College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Tex.

—You have a neat cover design. We are glad to exchange with you.

The Hemnica, Red Wing Seminary, Red Wing, Minn.—Your paper is very neat. Can’t you get a few cuts? They always help out.

The Oniman, Calm College, Honolulu, T. H.—Your Literary department is well worked up. You certainly are fortunate in securing views. We hope to see an Exchange Column soon.

The Vista, Greenville College, Greenville, Ill.—Again we see old friends between the covers. You must be having good times.

The Free Methodist is always welcome. It is always filled with interesting spiritual material.

The Kuyx, Queen Anne High, Seattle, Wash.—You are to be congratulated on your first story, "Blaze of the Lost Garden." It is a work of art. All you need is a poem or two.

The Charles, East High, Rochester, N. Y.—You are the best weekly we have on our list. "The Spectator" and the "Book Lover’s Corner" are suggestions worth following.

Our Tattler, Walton High, Walton, N. Y.—Come again.

Continued from Page 20

noted scientist and inventor, M. M. Wood, on the evening of November 25 at the Y. M. C. A. received knowledge of some new and important powers and utility of the newly discovered power, the ultra violet ray, and stirred the audience with profound wonder at the marvelous power of the inventor to harness natural forces for the benefit of humanity. The gyroscope offered both comedy and tragedy in its unique history as told by its wonderful master, Professor Wood.

Page twenty-three
Fresh—"Why do so many students like to take botany?"

Skr—"Look in the lab and you can tell."

Senior (in English exam)—"Irving was born at the end of the Revolutionary War and died in 1721."

Put—"Every man should take a wife."

Hos—"I'm with you that, I wish somebody would take mine."

Haslam—"Louisa, how do they call the inmates of the deaf and dumb school together?"

Louisa—"I don't know."

Haslam—"With the dumb-bells of course."

Louisa—"Well, they couldn't hear them."

Prof. Marston announces in dining room—"The kitchen wishes volunteers to help undress the turkeys and dress them for dinner tomorrow."

STUDENTS ATTENTION!
Do you realize that your eyes are worth millions of dollars to you; yet how you neglect and abuse them? Loss of concentration, dullness in school and loss of memory are mostly due to eye strain. Over working eyes, strained eyes, cartilage and nervous strain. More and more Seminary students are patients. Ask the students! Glad to consult with you. My charges are reasonable.

STUDENTS}

Page twenty-four

For Better Food

Food that is light, tender and wholesome—you need a leavener that is capable of producing these results.

Crescent Baking Powder

will raise the dough to airy lightness, and keep it raised until thoroughly baked, leaving it moist and tender.

The accurate combination of pure ingredients, plus greater leavening power, makes it most reliable.

25c full pound
Ask your Grocer

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING CO.

Seattle   .   .   .   .   Washington
C. J. McCUTCIN
Dry Goods - Toys - Shoes
Gents' Furnishings
710 BLEWETT ST.  FREMONT

Althea—“Every time I get on a ferry boat, it makes me cross.”
Miss Hunter (to Wayne Higbee)—Get out of the way, boy; I can’t see over your head.
Mr. Riggs—“Just wait till Aldridge gets his chicken from home. We’ll have a feed.”
Miss Selders—“I’ve got a wing and a heart already engaged.”

If chicken and turkey you miss from your yard,
You can guess where they’re without trying too hard.
With Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years all here,
There won’t be a fowl left to start the next year.
Senior—“Burke’s Conciliation is dry enough to drive a man to drink.”

Fremont Pressery
3420 Fremont Avenue
Branch of DIXIE DYE WORKS
HATS CLEANED AND CLEANING AND DYEING
BLOCKED. PRESSING & REPAIRING
GLOVES CLEANED.

Lowman & Hanford Co.
616-620 FIRST AVENUE

Book Sellers  Stationers
Copper Plate Engravers

THE BEST HOLIDAY GIFT
A Box of Societe Chocolates
is always a welcome gift.
You know you are giving
the best when you give
Societe Chocolates

Jake—“What is this place?”
Mike—“This is the woman’s exchange.”
Jake—“Well if I’d known
that I’d a brought my wife here
long ago.”

Ice Cream  Lunches
912 Second Ave.

Stokes
CHRISTMAS CANDIES

If we invite you to inspect our line of Holiday Candies and Fancy, Silk-lined Work-Baskets.
Most Reasonable Prices

EVANS
Christmas Suggestions

Fountain Pens  Booklets
Letter Paper  Leather Cushions
S-S Pennants  S-S Pillows
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Remember the Numbers
715 3rd, at Columbia
1435 3rd, at Pike
Christmas Gifts for Men

Give a man at Christmas the sort of things he likes and has a real use for; and in choosing them from a store that supplies the wants of the best dressed men in the city you will be sure of both quality and style.

Gloves, cravats, shirts, caps, hats, sweaters, etc.

219 Second Avenue

King Bros. Co.
CORRECT APPAREL FOR MEN

Comfortable Slippers

For the Entire Family at pleasing prices.

HOYT SHOE CO.
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