

April 1st, 1911

The April 1911 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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Lais Newton

The Cascade



*"Glory, praise and honor
To Christ the risen King"*

EASTER NUMBER

APRIL 1911

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Lain Newton

DAYS OF SPRING.

*In days of Spring,
When Robins sing,
And flowers bloom so gay;
The warm sun scatters winter's pains,
And drives old life away.*

*The birds so free
Warble in tree,
And sing from morn to dark,
When music from the vaulted dome
Flows from the sweet skylark.*

*'Tis then we sing
By brook and spring,
And stroll through shady nooks;
We ramble over meadows green,
And read romantic books.*

*We love to play
And while away
The time that we should spend
In poring over lessons dry,
Which seem to have no end.*

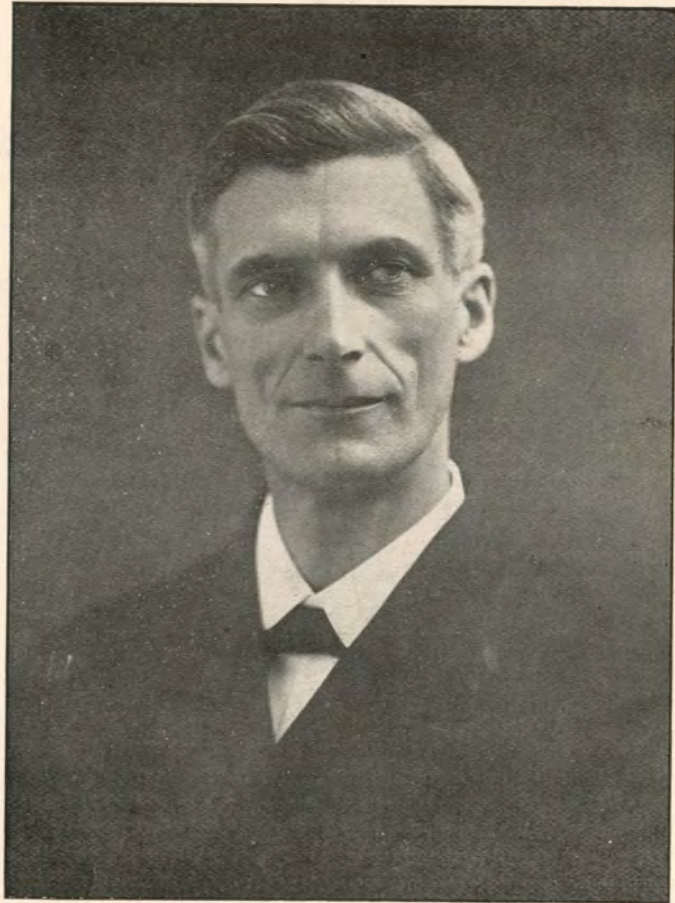
*We roam about,
Within, without;
We sigh to be set free
From duties, gruesome, great and small,
And dream of days to be.*

*In visions vast
Our thoughts are cast;
Great castles rise in air;
The Knight before his Lady stands,
And strokes her golden hair.*

*But when we shake
Ourselves and wake,
Our fancies scatter far;
We settle down to tasks once more,
And greet the days that are.*

*O days of Spring!
To thee we sing,
And wish thee naught of ill;
We love the blessings that thou bring';
O Spring! we love thee still.*

—E. A. HASLAM.



BISHOP WM. PEARCE

Who will preside at the Sixteenth Annual Session of the Washington Conference of the Free Methodist Church, to be held at Seattle Second Church, April 11-16, 1911.



Entered as Second-class matter, Feb. 18, 1911, at the post office at Seattle, Wash.,
Vol. 1. under the Act of March 3, 1879 No. 5

THAT SIXTH RULE

(The Prize Story.)

"Oh, mother, I've just received a letter from Grace. She says that she is going to spend a few weeks with me this summer. Won't that be fine?"

"Yes," said the mother, as she sat sewing in the sunny dining room of their humble home, "and did she say anything about going back to the Crystal Lake Academy next fall?"

"Yes, mother, and she wants me to go with her. What do you say to that?" And she stooped and kissed the wan face of the little woman, who looked up and answered in a kind, sweet voice, "Well, I don't know. That will be quite a little extra expense, you know, dear, and it may not be the kind of a school I should like my little girl to attend."

"Oh, but, mother," said the girl anxiously, going over to where the mother sat and kneeling beside her, "Grace said that the expenses weren't very much and they are very strict in discipline. She sent me a catalogue and I brought it down to show it to you. She told me to notice the sixth rule because the young people there thought it to be the hardest one to keep."

"What is it, Helen? Read it." The

mother paused from her sewing to listen while Helen read. "Visitation between the sexes will not be allowed except in places designated for general social interview." Well, I don't see anything objectionable in that, but," she hesitated a moment, "I wonder if that would bar Herbert from seeing me?"

"I don't think that they would object to your brother visiting you."

Helen and Herbert Roberts had been well trained by their widowed mother from their earliest childhood. Herbert had learned photography and was now the chief support of the family, with what little sewing Mrs. Roberts could take in. Helen had finished the grammar school in their home town at Rockland. That evening the subject of her attending the Academy was discussed at the supper table and at family worship following, the guidance of their Heavenly Father was implored with reference to any plan that they should make for her future.

The summer passed quickly and greatly to Helen's disappointment, Grace was unable to visit them, but they had the pleasure of meeting at

The Cascade

the Academy. Not having seen each other for several years, their tastes and habits were greatly at variance; still, they loved one another and at their request Miss Bennet, the preceptress of the girls, gave them a large room together.

One warm afternoon not long after their arrival Grace was sitting under a large tree on the campus, enjoying the beautiful surroundings and talking with—well, she never knew how it happened—some one from the boys' hall. She had been talking, laughing, simpering, and coughing,—all mixed with variations to save monotony. This had continued for several hours—in fact time, Miss Bennet, studies and everything had been forgotten, when suddenly her attention was called to Helen hurriedly crossing the campus, and then she remembered that she had promised Helen that she would do some work for her immediately after dinner and she had some studies to make up and then—oh, yes, that sixth rule stared her in the face. What would Miss Bennet say? She abruptly excused herself and hurried to her room, only to find it almost supper time and nothing to show for all the time spent under the trees that Saturday afternoon.

"Oh, girlie, what will Miss B. do to me?" she asked Helen as she burst almost wildly into the room.

"Why, what have you done?" said Helen looking up quietly from her work.

"Oh, goodness, I've been out there talking the whole afternoon to—oh, you know who—and that sixth rule has been tormenting me ever since I came here."

"I have been thinking about another sixth rule that you have been break-

ing that is not in the catalogue," said Helen sweetly.

"What's that?" asked Grace impatiently.

"I've been thinking about the rules that Moses gave to the children of Israel, Grace."

"Oh, dear, dear, you are the oddest creature I most ever saw. You mean the ten commandments, I suppose. I'd like to know which one of them I've broken?"

"Do you remember the sixth one?" Grace had never heard her speak so kindly and she answered almost vaguely, "No; what is it?"

"It's the shortest one of all, my dear."

"'Thou shalt not kill.' That's the only one I know, but I've not been killing anyone."

"I don't think that that means human life alone," Helen said, and Grace sat down on the stool at her feet with a little sigh, ready to receive one of her quaint lectures. "I think there are many things that we are tempted to kill which are of great value in this world and one of them is time. It seems to me you have been killing a lot of it this afternoon, my dear," she said, laying her hand softly on Grace's head.

"I will try to remember, I really will," Grace pleaded through her tears.

A few weeks later, one bright Saturday afternoon Grace and one of her girl friends were near the depot on their way home from the postoffice, when a young man, who had just alighted from the train, seeing their C. L. A. caps, spoke to them, asking the way to the Academy.

"We were just going there," answered Grace. "We'll show you the way." The gentleman tipped his hat,

The Cascade

thanked them and took the place offered him between the two.

Grace kept up a lively conversation until they reached the school grounds. True, the girls had some misgiving as to what Miss Bennet would say to their walking with a strange man. Grace, after depositing him in the parlor, ran upstairs and bounced into the room with the old story, "Oh, Helen," she said, "I've been breaking that old sixth rule again and I know what I'll get from Miss B. before supper time, but I couldn't help it; I really couldn't this time, and I shall think it horrid of her if she makes me pay for this in another campus."

"Grace," said Helen calmly, "you're terribly excited, but tell me what you have done or I shall think you have forgotten my lecture."

"Gracious, I haven't been killing time, that's sure; for I just walked so fast that I almost ran, but I didn't want him to think that I was afraid of him."

"Him? Why, has a man been after you?"

"No, no, foolish girl; Mary and I were just coming past the depot, when a young man—it was really all an accident, Helen—asked us if we knew where the Academy was, and of course we couldn't say no, for we had the school caps on our heads, and so, since we were coming this way, we just had to bring him along."

Helen smiled at the explanation and asked, "Who was he, anyway?"

"How do you suppose I know? We couldn't ask him his name, but I can tell you that he was a smart-looking young chap, but precise and quaint, just like you, and, oh, yes, I just bet you—"

"Now, now, Grace," said Helen, tapping the red lips lightly with her fin-

gers, "that's one of those forbidden words again."

"Well, for pity sake what can I say! I presume I should judge, quite likely, without hesitancy of speech. I will undertake to assert he may by chance be that brother of yours," Grace finished with a low bow.

"My brother, Herbert! Why didn't you tell me that a long time ago girl?" she said excitedly, and Grace declared she nearly flew out of the room.

"I was trying to tell you when you interrupted me," she called after the fleeing girl.

To Helen's glad surprise she found Herbert waiting for her in the parlor below, and after a long, pleasant conversation she returned to her room to get Grace, but found her stretched upon the bed and crying as if her heart would break.

When Helen pressed her to come down to the parlor she asked in a smothered voice, "Does he know that I'm your roommate?"

"Yes, and that's why I want you to come down. He's quaint and precise, like me, but he's just the dearest brother you could want to know, Grace," and she sat down on the bed and brushed the stray curls from Grace's forehead.

"Did he hear what I said about you?" she asked plaintively.

"About me? Oh, yes; but I don't care about that. Come, come, that will all be fixed up after we come back."

"Well, I care and I'm not going a step," she said bursting into tears and again hiding her face in the pillow.

"My dear little girl," said Helen in her own sweet, reproving tone, "shall I tell you what I do feel sorry about?"

"Yes," sobbed Grace.

The Cascade

UNDERGROUND MYSTERIES

S. E. Wyler.

While hunting rabbits on a hillside of one of the southern Atlantic states, three boys met with a rather peculiar experience. One of their number, supposing a rabbit to have entered a large hole, stooped to make examinations. No sooner had he placed his head near the hole when the air suction through it drew the hat from his head and took it into the hole. They bade him enter the place, head first, while they hung to his heels. He did so, and at a distance of about five feet under the surface of the earth the hole began to get larger, being several feet in diameter.

The boys being unsatisfied with this investigation of so great a phenomena, determined to go to a nearby village and purchase a torch apiece. They did this and began the exploration anew. They had not gone far into the hole when the velocity of the air suction was greatly diminished and instead of a small hole they were in a large cave-like structure, whose walls were composed of large rocks of irregular shape and size, and having a great variety of hues. Some looked like layers of gold and silver, others glittered like diamonds. Just in front of them they saw a large marble column suspended from the top which looked as though the Creator had failed to complete his work in making a pillar for the support of the ceiling.

Their vision being limited by the darkest of midnight and their torches giving but little light, they advanced through the unexplored regions very slowly. They came to a place where

the great cave seemed to subdivide into numerous small cells which proved to be the hallways to other larger apartments. Through one of these they heard a great noise like the rumbling of a mighty cataract. They entered this room through a crooked hallway and to their utter astonishment saw its walls of pearl glittering like beads of diamonds from the reflection of the ripples of the stream, whose waters were as clear as crystal. In the water they saw fish of every description, of every hue, size and shape known to man. In the bottom of the river, among the beautiful pebbles, were seen uncountable numbers of shells, clams and lobsters. The entire stream seemed to be a paradise of bliss.

After having bathed in the stream, which seemed to be a fountain of life, they resumed their exploration in another cell to the right and just a little lower than the preceding one. Here they saw trees whose foliage was nearly white. Amid the branches twitted numerous birds bidding the uncheered darkness flee with their melodious strains. As the boys advanced, the birds, loving darkness rather than light, betook themselves to other trees, but all the time keeping up their music, as they had never learned the phenomena of silence. Everything told them that they had entered another element. The ground, the walls, the ceiling seemed to be made of living organism. Among the white blades of grass they saw small animals of curious forms, some flat,

The Cascade

others oblong, having no hands or feet, but moving about. The entire mossy-covered wall seemed to be moving by the hurrying hither and thither of every imaginable insect, even the ceiling looked as though it was coming to meet them.

Next, through a small opening they entered a cell which had an equatorial climate. They could not understand the reason for so sudden a change, especially since it was so near the other cells. However, they determined to investigate the situation and if possible solve the mystery. They went hither and thither along the broken wall until they came to what looked like the rear of the cell. Here they saw a large banister of solid plate rock about three feet high, which was planned by the Creator to keep the tourist from falling into the deep pit just beyond it. They looked over the banister and saw nothing but impenetrable darkness. Far beyond all estimable depth they heard the faint sound of boiling lava, which was producing heat for the temperature of the room which they had entered. Further investigation showed that the floor on which they stood was without foundation and would spring as they walked to and fro, but they could not tell how far it projected over the edge of the boiling lake. Leaning over the banister, with hand and torch outstretched, they sought to see the burning lake. But no, their light penetrated but a short distance the darkness, which only the sun could have illuminated.

Resuming their journey, they went through a very narrow and crooked passage into another cell. On the opposite wall they saw a light place which suggested that there might be an opening to the earth's surface.

They immediately made for this place. This, however, was rather difficult, because the floor of this cell was made up of jagged rocks, and large boulders balanced on other rocks. Many times while trying to make their way through the sharp rocks they would tear their flesh or while climbing over a large boulder would overbalance it and be crushed between two rocks. However, this did not discourage them in their attempts to find a way out of the cave. Finally, after struggling for some time, they were greatly disappointed in their anticipated deliverance. The light place which they noticed proved to be the reflection of their torches on a glass-like rock. After climbing, stumbling and rolling for some time, they found a small opening through which one might pass with difficulty. They made their way through the passage as best they could and found themselves in a cell which proved to be nature's preservatory hall of petrified sculptural art. The floor was covered with broken fragments of petrified substances, such as shells, stones, wood, grass and leaves. Just in front of them stood a tree whose trunk and limbs were petrified. Near the end of the cell they saw what seemed to be human beings sitting erect. It was a company of cliff dwellers, who had wandered into the cave, lost their way and were now seated in eternal rest. They had evidently taken a deer with them and were consuming it when death had cut them short. Next they saw was a petrified bird sitting on a petrified limb and singing a petrified song. Stepping to the right, they realized their long anticipated deliverance, a passage which led them to the surface of the earth.

The Cascade

EDITORIAL

Published monthly during the School Year by the students of the Seattle Seminary.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Pear Year.....\$0.50
Per Copy..... .10

Address all communications to the Business Manager, Box 154, Sta. F, Seattle, Wash.

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This month reminds us again of the great plan of Calvary. It brings before our minds the picture of the three crosses standing side by side and on the central cross hangs The Man of Calvary, the Son of God, the Savior of the World. We recall the suffering that must be His as he hangs there wounded and bleeding. He speaks—does he call on those who revile him? Is it to answer their unrighteous calling? No—He turns from it all; and see, the Great Heart, ever unconscious of self, provides a home for his beautiful mother with His well beloved disciple. Hear Him: "Woman, behold thy Son," and to the disciple: "Behold thy mother." There is a silence, the noonday sun seems to scorch the barren hill and the

physical agony must have been untold, but does He complain? See, He speaks again—no. The parched lips open and a faint voice says: "I thirst"; only to receive the sop of sour wine from the hand of a soldier, perhaps more attentive than the rest. But this is not the last. He has gone through an awful night of trial and mockery, and even the soldiers cast lots for His sacred mantle. Is His spirit harsh towards those who stand with wagging heads saying, "He has saved others, Himself He cannot save." No—drops of blood fall upon the pallid cheeks as He prays: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." There is a silence, a dark cloud suddenly passes over the great expanse of sky—the thunder rolls and the cross of our Savior is only visible by the lightning flashes that seem to rend the heavens. This continues for three long hours, as if God Himself had turned from the scene. At last in the agony of one who is bearing the sins of the world—alone—we hear Him cry: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Then came the great earthquake, and the rending of the veil in the temple giving every man access into the Holy of Holies. He suffered all this that we might have eternal life. What have we done for Him? Do we find the spirit of our Redeemer in tests not half as severe as he went through for us? Are we as thoughtless of self as He was? Is our spirit always as kind and forbearing with those who mock us as His was and do we ever pray His prayer, "Father, forgive them"? And when that great hour of affliction will overtake us—that hour that must come to every one—when it seems that no one can help us and it seems that even God has turned away

The Cascade

from our cry—have we held on with His strength, realizing that without the strength of Him who called the universe into existence we are helpless mortals? Let us, seeing the example of our Lord, arise and be about our Father's business.

But let us back to Golgotha's Hill. We see the men taking the lifeless form from the central cross and bearing it away to be laid in a sepulchre in which never man had lain. The Roman soldiers are placed as guards of the tomb after a great stone has been placed at the door.

For three long days the world is without a Christ, without a Saviour. For three days He is battling with the powers of darkness, and on Sunday morning an angel descends from Heaven, strikes the Roman guards to the ground, rolls the stone from the entrance and bids the Conqueror come forth. We see Him walk from the tomb in all His glory, and our hearts shout the praises of Him who was slain for our transgressions. He is risen and rules forever and forever.

"Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;
He arose the Victor from the dark domain,
And He lives forever with the saints to reign.
He arose, He arose, Halelujah, Christ arose."

Students, do you realize that this is your paper? Do you not know that through you the journal is either a success or a failure? Do you not know that the Business Manager and the Editor and his staff can do nothing without your support? The Cascade does not belong to a few students who are members of its Staff.

It is yours. And it is your duty to pitch in and help. There will be only two more issues of the paper this school year; you hadn't thought of that, had you? Let us make these two last issues eclipse all others which have preceded. What do you say?

WELCOME TO SPRING.

Welcome, merry birds of Spring-time;
Welcome to our great Northwest;
Welcome, birds of songs and joy,
Welcome from your long, long rest.

Joyful little flowers are coming,
Welcome to the earth again;
Happy are we when we see thee
Coming back to us again.

Welcome, sunshine, welcome ever,
Welcome to our land of rain;
Welcome, O bright, glorious sunshine,
Thou who visits every lane.

Welcome, Springtime, in thy glory,
With thy birds and fragrant flowers,
Thou art Queen, we all adore thee;
Welcome back thy sunny hours.

—MARY EVA, '13.

Here's to the Ward sisters, who won the prize in the Story Contest last month. The prize of two dollars and fifty cents is waiting for them in the office. They may have it as soon as they call.—The Editor.

Prof.—"What is one of the numerous productions of England?"

Student—"R—R—"

Another Student (in loud whisper)—"Beds of iron."

First Student—"Iron beds."—Ex.



Society

ESIGNOR

ALETHEPIAN PROGRAMME.

On Friday evening, March 10th, the Alethepians rendered their first public programme this year to a very large and appreciative audience. As the Aletheopian Club is a girls' organization, only young ladies participated in the well planned and well executed program. So pronounced were their views on the suffrage question that they even selected one of the ladies for the invocation.

The meeting was called to order by the chairman, Miss Myra Burns, and opened with prayer by Mrs. A. Beers. The program then began with a selection by the girls' chorus. Next, Tressa Marsh gave a splendid reading, "Frances E. Willard," by J. D. McCormick, and all who know Miss Marsh can not doubt that it was excellently delivered.

After a beautiful selection, "Sweet and Low," by the ladies' quartette, came the debate. The question was, "Resolved, That the State Should Provide for Technical as Well as Liberal Education." The affirmative was supported by Misses Bessie Bixby and Addie Cook, while Misses Laura Deringer and Ethel Ward upheld the negative. The affirmative won easily.

The next in order was an instrumental duet by Misses Katherine Wisner and Saidee Rose; and then a splendid reading by Miss Vera Lough. The ladies' quartette followed these with a fine selection, "Peace, Perfect Peace."

Miss Gem Lewis read a splendid impersonation, which turned out to be one of Mrs. A. Beers'. The scarf drill, which then followed, was well performed by the young ladies who participated.

The reading, "Home, Sweet Home," by Ruth Stilwell, accompanied on the piano by Miss Bessie Ward, was doubtless the best number on the program. The program then closed with an instrumental duet by Bessie and Louisa Ward.

The young ladies certainly are to be congratulated for the success of their entertainment; and we hope that we may hear from them again before long.

THE ALEXANDRIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The new president of the Alexandrian Literary Society and the members who took part in the last programme are to be congratulated. It was the best literary programme of the year. The debate was not only instructive but interesting from start to finish. The music was well rendered and the girls' Indian club drill capped the climax. After the literary the girls who participated in the drill entertained a few of their friends. A little spread was given and the boys all said that they had a lovely time—especially Dana. I wonder why?

EXCHANGES



Cardinal, Portland—It is a great pleasure to us to find something original among our exchanges. You rank among the first who have originality. Keep it up. Give us some more of the same kind of stuff.

Kodak, Everett—You have a clean-cut paper. The Literary department is well developed. We admire your school spirit. But how strange it is to get an exchange without any ads—something very unusual.

Kuay, Queen Anne High—We desire your explanation on the subject which you mentioned in your exchange column. After looking over it several times we were unable to make out what the editor really meant.

Tolo, City—Comes for the first time. We like the order of your paper, with all its departments. But your stories are a little tame.

Mirror, Sioux Falls, S. D.—Why have such an odd paper? Are not your foreign language students able to read English? Some lively school and class notes would greatly revive your school spirit.

The Trident is always full of life. But your athletics have crowded out your class notes. Don't forget that education has a far more reaching effect than athletics.

Houghton Star, N. Y., has found its way to our desk. Too much of a good

thing is too much. You have crowded out your class notes and literature to make room for Prohibition reports. We also consider this work very important, but all other departments ought to have an equal consideration.

Every once in a while we run across an exchange that permits immoral jokes to be published, and vulgar expressions to be used in its columns. We consider such things as very poor literary taste on the part of the editor, as well as the student body as a whole. It not only reflects on the staff, but also on the school. It shows the lack of training for a wholesome taste for standard literature.

Let us try to show the high standard our school holds by our contributions to the organ that advertises our school among the schools and colleges of our land.

We are glad to receive the following exchanges: Clarion, Rochester, N. Y.; Lowell, San Francisco, Cal.; Intercollegiate Statesman; Bulletin, Spring Arbor Seminary; The Free Methodist, and The Vista.

The Editor asked a certain student to compose a couple of lines to be put on the cover of the paper. Here's what he received:

"Easter time has come again,
We'll eat the product of the hen."



SENIORS

The Senior class is still in the land of the living. We are striving hard to come up to the standard that the Faculty has fixed, viz., ninety per cent. Will we make it? That's the question. It looks as though ninety had been placed on the top round, but we are climbing. We're going to show that one class can graduate with every member averaging above 90.

The officers of the class are as follows:

R. E. Cochrane, pres.; R. J. Milton, vice-pres.; Tressa Marsh, sec'y and treas.

After four years of hard study we, the senior class, are beginning to find out just enough about things to know that we do not know it all, but still this does not decrease our desire for our day of graduation to come. We have seen other classes pass out before us and go forth into the world, seemingly happy, and we wonder if we, too, shall be happy. We shall continue to look forward to that day when we shall pass from this institution of learning. We do not intend to stop there, we will continue to go on and try to fill the position in the world which has been assigned to us to the best of our ability.

R. J. M.

JUNIORS

The Junior class has been having several meetings within the last few weeks to plan for the entertainment of the Seniors. They have also been saving their cash to use later in the spring. The president of the class suggested that each member consider himself a committee of one to plan for a suitable place and a pleasant way to entertain the Seniors, at the annual Junior-Senior picnic. We will try our best to entertain them so that when they leave their Alma Mater they will be able to take with them pleasant memories of their association with the Junior class.

The Junior class is well represented in the Tennis Club, as over half of its members belong to that organization.

EMMA OLSON.

HEARD AMONG THE JUNIORS.

The Junior girls in conference (silence pervading for a long time):

K. W.: "I just can't stand this."

E. V.: "Stand what?"

E. O. (interrupting): "The silence?"

K. W.: "No, not that; but I can't stand to see the rest of the girls have such a better show than we. Just think, four girls to one boy."

E. O.: "Aw, I don't care." (?)

L. C.: "That will do for you, but look at us."

F. A.: "We've got to do something."

D. P.: "Let us make wooden men or rag dolls."

Continued on page 16



Sophs

In search of a suitable scene and inspiration, the Sophomore English Class spent a short time on the beach near the lighthouse last week. It proved to be a profitable and pleasant search. We found no gold, nor did we expect we should, but some of the impressions we received there were more profitable to us than any metal could be. While standing on the shore and viewing the hills and mountains, the great body of water so powerful and hazardous at times, we were

reminded how feeble and insignificant man is compared with them, yet God in his wisdom gave us dominion over it all. Indeed, it would take an all-wise God to create such as this.

Although little heard of, we are fighting hard. These are busy, pressing days. Perhaps some laugh at the thought of a Sophomore being busy, yet we find very little time for anything but study.

They say "old dog Tray is ever faithful," but how can he be faithful and be-Tray.



The Freshman class held their semi-annual election recently. They have a "right smart" set of officers. Here they are:

John Root, pres.; Kimbal, vice-pres.; Miss Lobaugh, sec'y and treas.; Bur-

rows, marshal; and Wold, chaplain.

This seems to be the only class in the school that is the least bit religious. We are glad to note that their official staff has among its members a chaplain.

College

On Saturday evening, February 25th, Miss Myra Burns entertained the College Class at her home. We all fully enjoyed the hospitable supper that was served early in the evening. After supper we indulged in an interesting game, told stories, popped

popcorn, toasted marshmallows and, of course, all laughed and giggled. Miss Burns' sister favored us with a solo. Then we sang a few songs and disbanded. We certainly enjoyed the evening greatly, and are very appreciative of Miss Burns' hospitality.

MISSIONARY NOTES.

On Sunday evening, March 5, the Student Volunteer Missionary Band had an especially interesting meeting. A letter from Miss Peterson, a former teacher, now in China, was read and appreciated by all. Following this came a very instructive talk by Miss Burrows, who gave a brief history of the missionary work in the F. M. Church.

Missionary sermons and addresses are so frequent here that they seem almost like monthly or weekly occurrences, but the pastor recently announced that "the annual missionary sermon," as required by the discipline, would be preached on Sabbath morning, March 19, by W. F. Mathewson from Japan. The text on this occasion was Rev. 22:17. The sermon was indeed an inspiration and blessing to all present.

A revival spirit is indicative of the true missionary spirit, and this has been graciously manifested in the Seminary recently. The regular weekly students' prayer meetings have been increasing in power and blessing, and in order to receive the "extra blessings" the Lord had in

store for His children, some special meetings have been held. These have resulted in great good and the channels are still open for the rivers of salvation and a tide of missionary zeal. E. W.

THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

Last fall a number of the young men who are preparing for Christian work organized a Ministerial Association. They elected the following officers: W. F. Cook, president; E. A. Haslam, vice-president; A. Wold, secretary and treasurer.

Owing to the interference of so many things, practically nothing was done until the latter part of January. During the illness of the president, Mr. Cook, the vice-president, at the request of a number of the members, called a meeting and the constitution was discussed. On Friday, Feb. 3rd, the president called a meeting and tendered his resignation, owing to the necessity of his leaving school. The resignation was accepted, and E. A. Haslam was elected to succeed him.

Upon accepting his resignation, the association unanimously passed a res-

Continued on page 24

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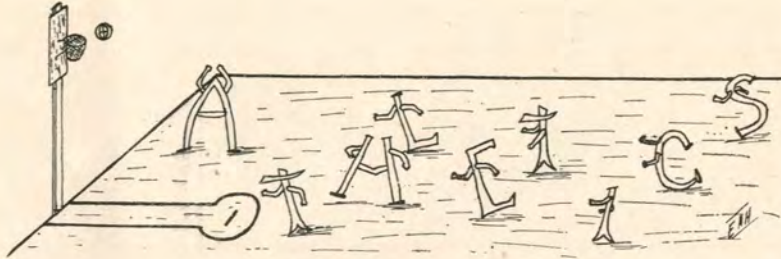
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TIGERS, 22; ALERTS, 11.

Such was the score of the last basket ball game played on the Seminary court. It was not a game stocked with excellent team work and clever passing, but it was one replete with individual brilliancy. There was practically no team work shown on either side, as the teams had done no practicing of late. However, a few of the old stars played their customary, brilliant game.

The basket throwing of Jones and Staggs won the game for the Tigers. They were the whole show on their team. Root, the new center for the Tigers, showed up well against Cochran; but their guards were inclined to be pretty rough, and as a result made quite a number of fouls, five of which were converted into points by the Alerts.

The Alerts put up a poor game; but this was owing to the fact that the most of the players had had no practice for the last three months. Still they played a clean game, and made but three fouls.

On the whole the game was fast, clean and snappy.

The following is the lineup:
 Tigers. Alerts.
 Jones.....rf.....R. Cochrane
 Staggslf..... Haslam
 Rootc.....E. Cochrane
 Parrisrg..... Skuzie
 Allenlg..... Milton
 Time of halves—fifteen and twenty minutes.
 Referee—Prof. S. M. Zeller.

HEARD AMONG THE JUNIORS
 Continued from page 12

E. H.: "You've got it. Let us all make one apiece."
 E. O.: "That will never do; I want the real thing."
 K. W.: "I want something to call me 'girlie.'"
 Chairman: "Let us hear the committee on resolutions report."
 The resolutions: "Be it resolved that the present Junior class has four girls and a fraction thereof for every boy."
 "Be it further resolved that no na-

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tion can stand with the population proportion four to one and a fraction thereof. Therefore, be it resolved that we send a special request with strong inducements to the young men of the nation to come and fill the ranks of our fallen comrades."

The meeting was brought to a close by the sudden appearance of the preceptress. But the girls are in hopes that the class of 1912 will have equality by September.

Miss Bixby (at the debate)—We need our men!

A DARK TRAGEDY.

There was a gate,
 There was a latch,
 That led into a mello-patch;
 There were two fine young colored men,
 Who thought this patch the Lord did send.

There was a gun,
 There were two triggers;
 Two loud reports,
 And two dead niggers. —Ex.

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Red

Miss Ward—"They're going to stop all the street cars tonight."

Miss Vanderveen—"Why?"

Miss W.—"Oh, just to let the people off."

Miss Dull—"Have you heard the story of the peacock?"

Effie V.—"No; what is it?"

Miss D.—"Oh, it's a beautiful tale."

Prof. Burns (in civics class)—Elvis, on which side of a case is the plaintiff?

Elvis—On the side of the feller that gets killed.

Trousdale—In our hands lies the future of the nation.

Hattie Eggert—Don't smile, Trou, or you'll crack your face.

The other day the Senior class were discussing Burk's speech on conciliation. (Did Miss M. get rattled???)

Miss M.—Miss Burk, what is your opinion?

Prof. Burns (in English class)—Miss Emma, did you learn the Beautitudes?

Miss E.—No, I forgot.

Prof. B.—Your forgetter is pretty well greased, isn't it?

Miss M (in English class)—Mr. Scott, you may read your composition.

Scott—I can't.

Miss M.—Why?

Scott—Oh, I can't read my own speaking.

Teacher—To what besides a room may the word "chilly" be applied?

Miss Dull—Chilly (chili) sauce.

Prof. Stilwell (after warning the girls not to go bareheaded in damp weather)—But I suppose that most of you have more head covering than I.

Geo. S.—I have an old pair of worn-out socks; what shall I do with them?

Zeller—Give them to the poor.

Staggs—All right, help yourself.

"Take it to Evans"

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First Party—It's awful to be without a beau, isn't it?

Miss Vandervine—Yes, I feel like a ship without a rudder.

When the donkey saw the zebra

He began to switch his tail.

"Well, I never," was his comment, "Here's a mule that's been in jail."

—Ex.

One day the editor was sitting at the desk pounding away on the typewriter. Suddenly the head of a little fellow popped in the door and ejaculated: "Say, mister, are you printing the next Cascade?"

K. W.: "Look out, Emma, the ball will hit you stretching your head out the window while the boys are balling so near by."

E. T. (senior), seriously: "Be careful, boys; don't knock the ball through the second story window."

THE JUNIOR BOYS.

Wyler (weeping): "Watkins, you and me are the hope of the white race."

Watkins: "How's that?"

Wyler (still weeping): "All the rest are girls."



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Freddie Scott, standing on the Nickerson Ave. regrade with several of her classmates: "What railroad is this?" (Pointing to the regrade track.)

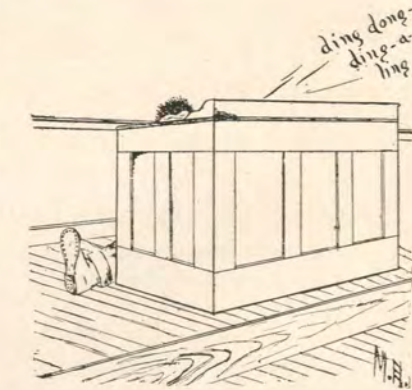
Kathrine: "Why, didn't you hear of the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound railroad that's under construction?"

F. S.: "Oh, yes, but I thought that was downtown."

Two Irishmen once went to war. In the first battle they fled to the rear. The captain soon found them and reproached them thus:

"You are big cowards."

"Well, Oi'd rather be a loive coward for five minutes than a corpse the rest o' m' loife," retorted Mike.



Young Allen did a naughty thing;
Also the Class-bells wouldn't ring,
So Prof., to punish him severe,
Just took the Culprit by the ear,
And made 'im make 'em ring.



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A TRUE STORY.

(Dedicated to Riley.)

I boarded a steamer one night on the Sound,

And sat myself down on a seat,
Then in came a girl with a babe in her arms;

Her looks, well, they could have been beat.

She sat down beside me quite calm and at ease,

And things they were going quite grand,

When in came the newsboy with papers to sell;

He saw me and made his demand.

"Newspaper," said he, holding one in his hand.

"Don't read 'em," said I, quite uncomposed.

"The news has been thrilling, I say," he then said.

"Don't want it," and still I reposed.

"Well, look at the pictures," again he went on;

"Oh, no, I don't want to, you see." And then I just thought 'twas all over, but no,

"Well, show them to baby," said he.

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The Cascade

THAT SIXTH RULE Continued from page 5

"You gave him such an awful impression of Miss Bennet. She has been so kind to you, my dear, and given you every privilege that was possible in your position, and when you make slighting remarks about her I am reminded of another sixth rule, or really a part of the same one."

"What, the 'thou shalt not kill one'?"
"That's it, Grace," she said, laying her head on the pillow beside her.

"Oh, I know what it is. Let me tell you this time. Thou shalt not kill another's reputation."

"Yes, dear, you will remember what Shakespeare says about it if I tell you, won't you?"

"I know what it is, Helen; you had it marked in your book that I used last semester and I learned it so I would always remember. Let's see, 'But he that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him

And makes me poor indeed.'"

"You are learning fast; very soon you will be giving my identical lec-

tures, and I hope with as great profit as mine have been to you."

"I'll go with you now," said Grace, drying her eyes with a bit of cambric and lace, and slipping her arm around Helen's waist, they entered the parlor together.

We will not enter with them into their sanctum, but suffice after a short, pleasant visit Herbert returned to his home in Rockland.

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There were two boys too lazy to work. "There are three 2's in this sentence." A Prize at Pearsall's Cafeteria for second sentence properly written.

The Cascade

The school passed swiftly by and the lessons that Grace learned from the sixth rule lectures she began to prize very highly, for more reasons than one.

Many years have gone by and those lessons have never been forgotten. In fact, Grace has daily reminders of her long-loved lecturer, for she now loves the same heart who used to be so precious to Helen and the two can never cease sounding the praises of that Sixth Rule Instructor of the Crystal Lake Academy.

An attendant at a Kansas institute for the deaf and dumb was undergoing a pointless rapid-fire inquisition at the hands of a female visitor.

"But how do you summon these poor mutes to church?" she asked finally, with what was meant to be a pitying glance at the inmates near by.

"By ringing the dumb bells, madam," retorted the exasperated attendant.—Ex.

Freshie (in trouble)—"What would you do if you were in my shoes?"
Senior—"Get a shine."—Ex.

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THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

Continued from page 14

olution extending to Mr. Cook their thanks for his services and wish for his speedy recovery.

At this meeting the constitution was adopted.

The association will hold regular weekly meetings on Wednesday evenings at six-thirty o'clock. At these meetings a short program will be given. We shall also try to procure some ministers to address the members. We intend to do all that we can to improve our talents along these lines and prepare ourselves for the work that is before us.

A boy who had been brought up in the country was now working in the city in a store. A lady came in and asked for some bird seed.

"Oh, you can't fool me! Birds grow from eggs, not seeds," replied the boy.
—Ex.

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