

December 1st, 1911

The December 1911 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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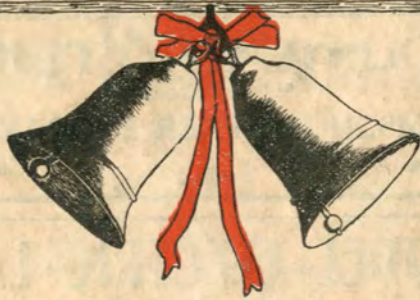
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Louis Newton

The Cascade



December - 1911

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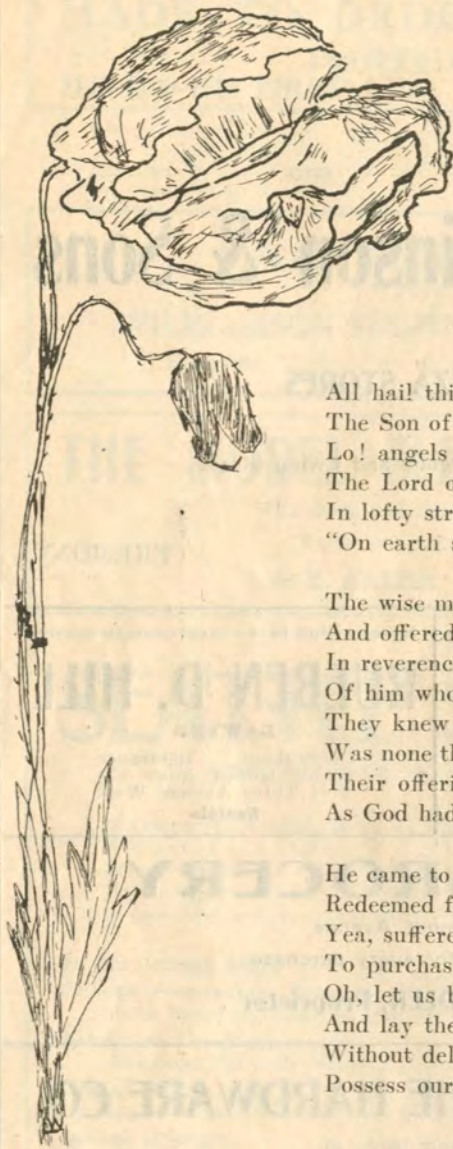
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PRICELESS GIFT

Louise Beegle

All hail this joyful Christmas morn!
The Son of God, the Christ, is born.
Lo! angels bending worship him,
The Lord of Lords and King of Kings;
In lofty strains they loud proclaim:
"On earth sweet peace, good will to men."

The wise men journeyed from afar,
And offered gifts of gold and myrrh,
In reverence worshiped at the feet
Of him who sought the lost to seek.
They knew the babe so weak and small
Was none the less the Son of God.
Their offering given, they went their way,
As God had bid them do that day.

He came to earth that we might be
Redeemed from sin, from bondage free.
Yea, suffered, died and rose again
To purchase life for sinful men.
Oh, let us bring our gifts complete
And lay them at the Savior's feet,
Without delay let him come in,
Possess our heart and cleanse from sin.



"Come here, little one," he said kindly. "Warm yourself and tell me who taught you to play?"

Syreno, for that was the child's name, stood gazing about her in wonder, and well she might, for this was Von Florio, prince of musicians, and himself the composer of her piece.

"My father taught me when I was a very little girl," she answered timidly.

"And pray who is your father that you are allowed to be out on such a night? Antonio," he added, "bring warm milk and food for the little one. You are hungry, aren't you, dear? Come, do not be afraid of me."

Syreno was reassured by the man's kindly face. With skillful questions he learned of the sudden death of the father, a young musician; of the departure for America; of the storm at sea; and of how the brave mother had kissed the child and placed her in the already crowded life-boat.

"An' now," she said, "Mr. Crogan says I have to earn my 'keep' 'cause he's got six other kids and he only took me home 'cause I had no place to go."

"So you are compelled to play on the street in this bitter weather," he paused, then his face lighted with a new resolution. "You shall stay tonight. See, the **GREETINGS**"



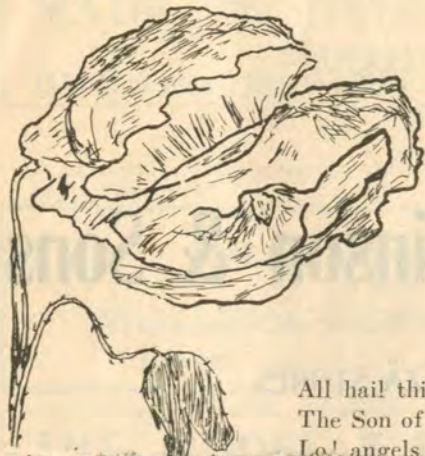
THE CASCADE

WISHES ITS

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A

JOYOUS CHRISTMAS



PRICELESS GIFT

Louise Beeble

All hail this joyful Christmas morn!
The Son of God, the Christ, is born.
Lo! angels bending worship him,

ments. A small match of perhaps ten years ago. Her scanty clothing could not keep out the chill of the night. There were tears in her brown eyes and her face was blue with cold. In one arm she hugged closely to her an old rag doll, in the other a violin. The gently falling snowflakes sparkled like tiny diamonds among her curls.

The child paused at the entrance of a fashionable apartment house. In the soft glow of shaded lights she beheld richly gowned women and children. There were great clusters of holly berries over the mantels. Christmas wreaths decorated the windows. In the hallway and drawing rooms and everywhere there were flowers, roses and great yellow chrysanthemums, while a little fountain was playing musically in the courtyard, Merriment and laughter bubbled over and floated out on the night air. The little waif's eyes shone with the light of old memories. For a moment the snow of the street melted away and she saw again the sunny land of her birth. Again she was living over her glad free life in Italy. Still dreaming of her home she began to play. First it was a little spring song—one could hear the bubbling brooklets, the singing of birds and through all the fragrant perfume of flowers seemed to be wafted on summer breezes. Then the music changed to a sad, sweet strain in which she poured out all the sorrow of her little life.

The little musician was so intent on what she was playing that she did not notice the creak of an opening window. When she finished some one called "Bravo." Looking up, she saw an old gentleman leaning out of the window. "Wait a moment," he said. Then she was conducted up a broad winding stairway and into a beautiful room lined with rows and rows of books. Curious musical instruments were scattered about and rare old paintings adorned the walls. An elderly gentleman was seated by the open fire. His long white hair was pushed back from his forehead. In his eyes the fires of by-gone years yet smoldered.

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"So you are compelled to play on the street in this bitter weather," he paused, then his face lighted with a new resolution. "You shall stay here tonight. See, this is your bed."

He lifted her playfully to a great couch. There, nestled among the cushions, her head pillowed on one thin little arm, she fell asleep. The rag doll was still clasped tightly to her. The firelight shed a soft glow over her childish face, smoothing out the sorrow and turning the dark hair to burnished gold. Long the old man sat and pondered, till the fire burned low and the Cathedral bells rang out the Christmas Chimes.

"Yes," he muttered, "she will make a wonderful musician; she has the ability. I will teach her myself and some day she will conquer the world with her violin. Tomorrow we shall see."

The next day all was settled. Von Florio sought out Syreno's master and with the aid of bribes gained possession of her. He always called her his little Christmas gift.

* * * * *

Ten years had passed. It was again Christmas eve. The Grand Opera house was crowded. Syreno Von Florio was making her debut. The curtain rose on a slender, dark-haired girl. She was clad in rose color from the soft laces at her throat to the little satin slippers. Her face was pale and she swayed slightly. There was a breathless pause then she began to play and at the touch of her beloved instrument new courage came to her. The recital swept on to the grand final solo. It was "The Nativity," Von Florio's masterpiece.

The music began with the stately march of the wise men searching for the Christ child. Then one could hear the weak wailing of the helpless babe in the manger as it was hushed to sleep by ministering angels. Soon the music changed to the tender brooding mother love of Mary; then again it became infinitely sad, foretelling the story of the cross. Through all the star of Bethlehem shone steadily. As she played on and on her cheeks

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flushed, her eyes sparkled, she became as one inspired; the music swelled to a triumphal chorus of angels singing praises over the birth of a Savior.

As she ended a storm of applause arose from the audience and was thundered from gallery to gallery. Syreno came out again and again. At last she brought Von Florio, her little hand holding fast to his arm. She laid her flowers at his feet, then held up her hand and all was hushed. Simply she told her story:

Ten years ago tonight I was a lonely little street child; and now before you all I wish to thank the one who first showed forth to me the Christmas spirit. The man who fed me when I was an hungered, who clothed me when I was shivering with cold, who opened his great heart and took me in when I was a stranger. Sweetly, solemnly, like a benediction, the Cathedral bells rang out the Christmas Chimes, and the vast audience rose silently and melted into the night.



A BOY WITHOUT A HOME

L. A. Skuzie

No other school in Caldwell had a better reason to rejoice for a vacation than did Avon College. Nearly everybody was a boarder and they were all going home for Christmas. Long before vacation groups were heard talking about the anticipated future. Lessons were shirked, study hour not kept, and even the assembly hall had frequent vacancies. But the faculty did not want to break into the joys of the students to enforce the school regulations.

At last the great and notable day arrived and there was a hustle and bustle in the old college. "Are you going home?" was heard everywhere. Suitcases were pulled out of their dusty corners, and filled in a jiffy to catch the next train. The spirit ran high. Nobody was feeling bad. Even Pop Jim was talking and laughing, helping some to pack their suitcases and taking others to the train.

When all were gone Pop returned to the old Dorm. and to his room. He sat down on the bed and pondered over his misfortune of never possessing a home. He remembered in the faint past that he sat at the fireside with a man and woman. These he supposed were his parents. But since he could remember he never had a home. He was told by the boys and girls of the Aid that he was found in the snow. He had a package given him when he left the Aid which held his early relics such as his shoes, mittens, cap and a toy watch, besides other things. But what was the use of thinking about a home now? If he was not discovered in the past twenty years he surely could dismiss it from his mind. But this time of the year everybody thinks of home and perhaps that's why he thought of home, too. While sitting there he pulled out his change, looked at it, and with a smile put it in his pocket again. Then thinking aloud he said: "I am sure she will appreciate the present."

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Pop picked up his hat and started to the depot, where he could watch Christmas expressions on the people's faces. He found the depot crowded to its capacity. Taking his stand near the entrance, he watched the crowd meet and greet, which furnished him amusement. Toward noon an elderly woman stepped from a west-bound train. Seemingly she expected some one to meet her. She looked the crowd over, but could not see any one whom she knew, for no one noticed her. She walked past Pop and took her stand opposite him. He wondered whom she was looking for.

Once or twice he thought of speaking to her, but checked himself. A few minutes later a 20th limited thundered up to the depot and a crowd again got off. Pop noticed the old lady straining again. Just then her face lit up as she caught sight of a certain man. They rushed into each other's arms as lovers. Pop smiled but turned his head.

"I saw a strange thing, mother. It reminded me of what happened to us twenty years ago when our boy was lost in the mountains," said the man to the woman. (Pop looked back to see tears in the lady's eyes.)

She looked up to her husband and said: "Tell me about it, John."

"Well, mother, they missed the boy just as the train pulled out, and got off right away. Our boy would be twenty-three years old. Would he not, mother? I wonder where he is now?"

But the old lady did not answer. The expression in her face showed that she was living in the days when the joys of life were bidding her to drink deep at the fountain of a mother's lost hope.

"Some day I am going to find him," the old man added.

A thought flashed across Pop's mind. "Am I that lost boy?" Trembling, he stepped up and said, "Maybe I am that lost boy."

They both looked up with a start. With a cry of sorrow the woman fell on Pop's shoulder and wept, but her husband took her by the arm and said, "Come on, mother, and don't take on so."

She looked up to Pop and said, "I wish you were my boy. We had a boy once, but twenty years ago we lost him in a snowstorm and haven't seen him since."

"I was found in a snowstorm twenty years ago. So I am told. Three years ago I came out west to attend Avon College."

They were interrupted by a chauffeur who said that their auto was waiting for them. Pop was about to turn away when the old man asked him to go home with them so that they might talk the case over more fully.

After a thirty minute drive they turned into a beautiful grove in the center of which was a house, or rather a stone mansion. Ivy vines covered most of the stones, while climbing roses hung on the porch posts. Pop's heart sunk within him when he saw the grand display both inside as well as outside. He was sure that his parents never owned such a place. However, he did not say much. At the supper table they discussed the question pro and con, but could come to no conclusion. Pop was not anxious to discuss the question any further.

Right after supper he begged off and went home. As he was leaving Mrs. Gorden (that was their name) stepped out with him and told him that she would be glad to have him come again and they would consider it

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further. Pop agreed, but knew that it would be of no use, since so much time had intervened. It was long past bed time when he got home. So he tip-toed to his room and quietly went to bed not the worse for the day's experience. He thought that it would be a huge joke if he were Morse Gordon. He dreamed that night that he was a little boy wandering over the snow, and pulling on his woollen cap to keep the cold wind from blowing on his ears. On awakening the next morning he thought about his dream and about the cap, for he had a woollen cap among his relics. He stepped to his trunk and pulled out the old package, that he had not looked at for a long time. Taking the cap, he turned it over and over, and smiled at its shape and size. Just then his eyes caught a piece of cloth sewed under the fold. Examining it more closely, his heart gave a leap. There it was as plain as day, "Morse Gordon." Grasping the cap as his dearest treasure he ran downstairs and up the street. In a few minutes he was there. Forgetting all formalities he rushed into the house, and parlor, where the old folks were seated at the fire. "Father!! Mother!!" he gasped, as he rushed into their arms holding the cap in his hands. With a cry of joy the mother fell into his arms, while tears rolled out of his father's eyes as he took hold of his son's hand.



PARODY

"THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL"

Breathes there the lad with hopes so dead
 Who never to himself has said:
 "I wonder what I'll do today
 To bluff my lessons some new way."
 Who always reads the lesson through,
 Just as his teacher told him to?
 If such there breathe, show him to me,
 For such a fellow I never did see.
 Some really study very well,
 But then you never can always tell
 Just what may happen to stop your work,
 So that a part of it you must shirk.
 The teachers are kind and patient with us.
 When they have just cause to make a fuss.
 But most of us try to do our best.
 And kind Dame Fortune supplies the rest.

LOIS CATHEY.

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THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Rose Richey

When silent autumn passes from us
 And the leaves have left the trees,
 When the crisp, cold wind blows 'round us
 And the ponds begin to freeze.

'Tis then each gentle falling snowflake
 Finds a mission to fulfill;
 Whispers o'er the Christmas message,
 "Peace on earth, to men good will."

And each wee chirping snowbird,
 Flitting joyful here and there,
 Echoes back in notes of gladness,
 "Christmas, Christmas, everywhere."

'Tis now a solemn hush steals o'er us
 As our minds in silence drawn,
 Wanders back to ancient meadows
 Where the shepherds saw the dawn.

Of the holy star transcendent
 Ushering in the glorious morn
 When the wise men in great rapture
 Found the Lord of glory born.

Now may we, as did the wise men,
 Worship at the Christ-child's feet
 Offering there our richest treasures
 In homage and love complete.



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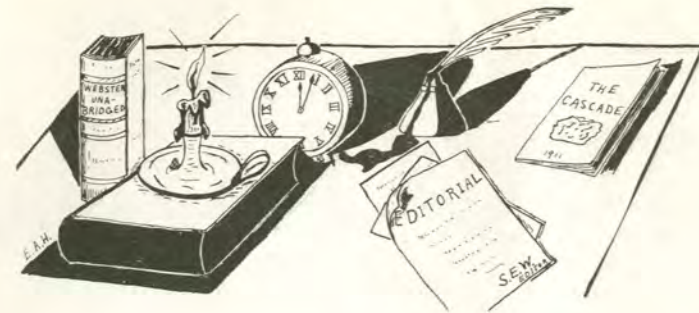
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~ 1911-12 ~

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As the year draws to a close we are reminded of the great event which took place hundreds of years ago. It was then that the world gave birth to the one who is the greatest personage of all time. His coming by thousands of expectant people would usher in the epoch of a universal kingdom with the promised Christ as leader and the priests his executive cannon. Instead of this the greatest and most permanent movement of all ages was organized. Great because of its importance in dealing with man in two worlds. Permanent because its principles have met the demand of every age.

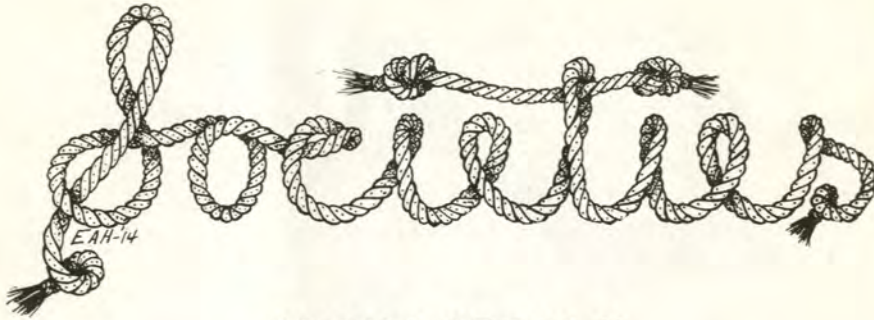
Nor should we forget the inestimable results accomplished on earth since its originator has retraced His steps to that other world. All that is good in the present civilization derives its existence through his personal efforts. On the other hand, it is impossible to estimate the power of His influence over evil. Picture if you can a Christless world, wrapped in the ever increasing rapidity of accumulated corruption. Cast aside Christian principles and the possibilities of a judgment-summons and calculate the trend of the mind and heart of man. This ought to command our hearty appreciation for the accomplishments of the world's Savior.

There is, however, another sense in which our appreciation ought to be more deeply expressed. It is through His suffering that our welfare in two worlds has been prepared. We may now have a personal association with Him through faith, and for our service have a mansion prepared by Him in the great hereafter.

We are glad for the privilege of devoting this number of the Cascade in the memory of the one whose principles have made this school possible and whose spirit has blessed and revived the Christian world.



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ALEXANDRIAN

Because of the series of revival meetings, which were in progress nearly every evening during the greater part of last month, the Alexandrians held their program on Friday afternoon, November 17. There were not so many visitors as there probably would have been had the program been given in the evening, but the students were all present and found the entertainment well worth listening to.

Miss Ruth Stillwell gave a reading which was rendered in such a manner as not to lower in the least her high reputation as an elocutionist. The next number was a piano solo by Miss Gladys Barnes which did credit to her musical attainments. This was followed by a very interesting debate on the subject, "Resolved, that La Follette is a greater statesman than Roosevelt." Miss Scott and Mr. Miller were the debaters on the affirmative and Miss Sharpe and Mr. Morgan on the negative. The decision of the judges was unanimously in favor of the negative although they did not win their laurels without some hard fighting. Miss Lois Cathey read a parody of her own composition which showed her to be a poet of no mean ability. The mixed quartette sang two very fine selections.

A few closing remarks were made by Prof. Stillwell, who, as usual, did not lose this opportunity of giving some good timely advice.

MISSIONARY

A farewell service for Brother and Sister Millican was held Monday evening, November 20, in the Seminary chapel, under the auspices of the Seminary Missionary Society. The service was opened by the singing of several missionary hymns, followed by prayer by the pastor, Rev. C. E. McReynolds.

After the devotional exercises, Prof. A. J. Marston gave some pleasing introductory remarks, after which Roy Millican gave his farewell address, in which he related a short story of his life and calling to the missionary work. We were especially pleased in that part of his address in which he spoke of his conversion, which took place several years ago in the old Seminary building at a noon-hour prayer meeting held by the students.

Mrs. Millican followed her husband with an excellent address on her

life and calling to the foreign field. She told how she had felt her call to be a missionary of the Cross before coming to the Seminary as a student, but had not let her feelings be known, and how she had been in the school but a short time when the secret came out and she was invited to attend a meeting of the Volunteer Band, of which she soon became a member.

Following Mrs. Millican's address, Mr. Beers gave a short but instructive address on "The Requisites of a Foreign Missionary," after which a few farewell remarks on the part of the Ross society were given by the pastor, Rev. McReynolds.

The closing numbers of the program were the singing of two hymns, the first being a beautiful selection by a quartette composed of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cathey, H. K. Biddulph and Miss Z. May Colson; and the second a song by the congregation.

The subject of the organization of a Mission Study Class was considered and a vote was taken as to how many would contemplate joining a class of this character. About twenty votes were cast to that effect.

Brother and Sister Millican sailed Nov. 21 for Japan, where they will take up their life work as missionaries of the Gospel. Many of the students and friends in the community went to the wharf to see them depart. As their boat, the Tamba Maru, began to move slowly away, the company on shore sang "God be with You," and several verses of "Face to Face."

Not long ago, through Roy Millican, Floyd Appleton presented a magic lantern with about seventy-five views to the Volunteer Band. We as Band members appreciate this valuable gift very highly and wish to thank our dear brother for his kind remembrance.

ALUMNI

We enjoyed Mr. Sawyer's visit at the Seminary. He stopped on his way to Nebraska, where he will attend college near his home.

Miss Lillian Pickens came up from Everett a short time ago. She brought sunshine with her as usual.

Two members of the Alumni, Mr. Roy Millican and wife, sailed for Japan as missionaries Nov. 21.

A new little nine-pound Alumnus has joined our ranks. We suppose his name will be Ray Marston, Jr. There is also a new member at Mrs. Frank Marston's.

Mr. Ralph Milton has quit College with the intention of going into business.—What next?

Rev. C. S. McKinly and wife visited the Seminary during the month of November. He delivered a stirring address in the Assembly.

Miss Laura Deringer is teaching school somewhere in the state, we understand.

CLASS NEWS

COLLEGE

Thursday evening, Nov. 23, the College class in Physiology had an informal gathering in the parlor of Messrs. Skuzie and Haslam. A grand old luncheon was served and a thoroughly enjoyable time was had. We withhold the menu from the press because of its enviable feature. Besides the members of the class, Misses Sharpe and Burns and Messrs. Hishikawa, Morgan, Skuzie and Haslam, Prof. Marston was present.

After luncheon Mr. Marston gave an excellent speech on College life and was answered on the part of the students by Mr. Haslam. We look forward to another such time in the future.

The Sophomore class of the College department is getting along nicely. Our studies have been piling up quite heavily upon us but we are keeping our heads above the waves.

For the past five weeks, Myra Burns, our class heroine, has been absent because of sickness, and we were very happy when she made her appearance last week.

Monday evening, Nov. 20, Mr. Skuzie and Mr. Haslam, the other two members of the class, met at Miss Burns' home and spent a very enjoyable evening.

PREPS

SENIORS

Yes, we are alive yet but rather sleepish. You see, Miss Marston put us into a sleep of twenty years the other day and while we are glad to be awake and at the Sem. we are still adjusting ourselves to our surroundings. Rip Van Winkle couldn't have had a worse time of it, but he didn't get the fun out of it that we did. Why, we found all of our future careers like Watkins being President of the U. S., and Kathryn Whisner teaching music, Effie Vanderveen and Lee Sherwood dying of heart trouble, while Eva Signor sold paintings for a living. Emma Olson was preceptress of the Sem. and Freeda Scott did dress making as a missionary in Africa. We can imagine Daisy Poole teaching in the Philippines and Lois Catton with L. L. D. attached to her name. Mr. Wyler became a renowned author while Mr. Helm swayed multitudes with his oratory.

Never mind, though! for even while sleepy we are more wide-awake than most folks think. After Christmas see if we don't have more to say.

And a Merry Christmas to you!

JUNIORS

The Junior class is at present probably the most active and united class in the Seminary. Its members are taking hold of the work started some time ago in regard to selecting a debating team in view of challenging the Seniors, and, in fact, of vying for the laurels of the school. Up to the present there have been two class debates, and by Christmas vacation our team will probably have been chosen. Some excellent talent has been displayed, and we are anticipating a warm round up before long with our honorable superiors.

We regret the loss of one of our most talented classmates, Miss Effie Humphrey, who is now taking up music. We also welcome among us Mr. Logan, who a short time ago was promoted to our ranks.

Mrs. Itle Dinsmore Ballard, a former member of our class, is now making her home over the Ross Marche.

Mr. Kimble, when giving a very interesting book review of "The Virginian," was asked by Prof. Loomis if the hero had any rivals. Mr. Kimble answered, "No, he was more fortunate than most of us."

SOPHOMORES

Sophomores! That name sounds good to us, and we are trying our very best to make it sound good to every one this year.

The duty of a Sophomore is two-fold. He must study diligently to maintain the honor of the class and must support his class in its endeavors to surpass the Freshmen in every respect. Already there is a good-natured rivalry between the under-classes. A meeting was called on Nov. 19, by the president, for the purpose of electing a debating team to contend for honors with the Freshmen Dec. 15. Miss Eleanor McLaughlin and Mr. Robert Leise were chosen. Meanwhile President Miller wanders from one class to the other, careworn, but unconcerned, sighing softly to himself.

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

And it might be made sublime,

If we were not kept so busy

Plugging Caesar all the time.

Miss Root, our secretary, is the good angel of the class, who records our worthy deeds only.

The officers are supported by a "galaxy of some twenty-five stars of the first magnitude." As a class we represent a ponderous mass of accumulated wisdom(?). It is our desire to be a blessing and a credit to Seattle Seminary.

We have two long years ahead of us before we reach the stately "irreproachable dignity of Seniors, but we anticipate these years with pleasure. In the meantime we purpose to be honest and industrious

So that even the Faculty keen

Will give three cheers for 1914.

FRESHMEN

FRESHMAN YELL.

I want to go home,
Boo! Hoo! Boo! Ha!
I want to go home
To Pa and Ma!
Freshmen! Freshmen!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

The Freshmen class held a meeting Nov. 21st for the purpose of electing their debaters for the annual Freshmen and Sophomore Debate. Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Higby were elected. Although we are young in experience we are progressing rapidly and hope to gain the day in the near future.

SCHOOL NEWS

Mr. C. I. Tenny, son of C. W. Tenny, whom many of the friends of the Seminary used to know, visited the school and addressed the students with an interesting speech.

Misses Grace and Esther Hall, of Olympia, Wash., have been visiting their cousin, Miss Lela Trepus.

The revival services which have been in progress have been a great blessing to all. Many of the students have been reclaimed, saved and sanctified. Rev. Frank Cathey assisted during the services and his sermons greatly benefited those who listened to them.

Mr. Pease, an old stand-by of the Seminary, gave an interesting talk on Hygiene not long ago in the Assembly Hall.

It was the eve of Mr. and Mrs. Beers' wedding anniversary, Tuesday, Nov. 22, and the event was remembered by having a contribution from the various tables in the dining hall in the form of dishes which were placed on the plate rail. This will add a great deal to the appearance of the room. Mr. Beers suggested that this event be remembered in this manner every year.

Prof. Stillwell gave his annual "spring lecture" rather early this year. It was very instructive and should be heeded by all.

November 30 shall long be remembered as a great day for the Dormitory students. After partaking of a bounteous feast on turkeys and other eatables, Prof. Newton addressed the dining hall with a short talk on the origin of Thanksgiving. Mr. and Mrs. Will Cathey sang several songs, after which all adjourned. A large crowd of young people made a pleasure trip to Queen Anne Tower. Games were played on the Tower and all had an enjoyable time.

On the evening before Thanksgiving quite a number of the Seminary students were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Signor. The evening was spent in a very lively and delightful manner. Many interesting games were played and several choice piano selections were rendered. Most delicious and appetizing refreshments were served, after which several roasting toasts were exchanged.

The evening following Thanksgiving the dormitory students met in the ladies' parlor to entertain themselves. A most delightful time was enjoyed by all. One of the amusing games of the evening was "Grunt, Piggie, Grunt." Mr. E. A. Haslam, in trying to detect the grunt from Miss Grace Root, said, "That does not sound like any of my pigs." (I wonder how many he has.)

On Saturday afternoon, Nov. 25, the Seattle Seminary enjoyed the finest musical treat that it ever had. Through the efforts of Miss Rustad, the instrumental teacher of the Sem., and through the generosity of Rev. A. Beers and many of the students and friends of the school, who contributed the necessary funds, Edward Baxter Perry, the blind music artist, was secured to render Piano-forte Lecture-Recital in the Assembly Hall.

Too much can not be said to the praise of this great artist. He is all that could be desired. His lectures are very simple and instructive; in fact, he aims to make them so simple that a child can understand them. He said, in part, "I am not here to entertain, but to instruct," and surely it was instructive; but with that instruction came ample entertainment.

The program began shortly after three o'clock. Mr. Perry was introduced to the audience by Mr. McElester of the city, and rendered the following program:

Beethoven—Introduction and Rondo, from Sonata, Op. 53.

Silas—Gavotte in E. Minor.

Wagner-Brassin—Feuerzauber (from Die Walkure).

Wagner-Brassin—Walkurenritt (from Die Walkure).

Chopin—Berceus.

Chopin—Scherzo in B flat Minor.

Perry—The Lorelei (by request).

Liszt—Rhapsodic Hongroise, No. 12.

Liszt—Gondoliera (enchore).

Each number of the program was prefaced with a short lecture, giving an account of the author and origin of the piece, and a description of the piece itself, thereby giving the audience an exact understanding of the selection.

A large crowd was in attendance. Many came from the city. The audience fully appreciated Mr. Perry and applauded him heartily.



EXCHANGES



"The Lens," Portland, Ore. We have enjoyed reading your paper very much. You show good taste in cuts and material, and we almost envy your school spirit which brings to hand so many good poems and stories. That "Letter from a Kansas Critic" deserves a page among the stories, for it was excellently clever. We thought it seemed to be among the ads.

"El Monte," Monte Vista, Col. You have good material in your paper and we enjoyed that "Mark Antony's Oration" immensely, but think your mother should take you over her knee and spank you soundly for putting in your paper an article like that paody on the "23rd Psalm." What about your own cuts?

"The Vista," Greenville, Ill. We make special mention of your September number on account of "The Ministry of Sorrow," knowing that tribulation and sorrow are great factors for bringing seriousness in one's life; and also to express our delight in reading "My Journal Continued." Please ask Edith Morgan to write some more in her Journal, and ask some one to draw cuts for you.

"The Clarion," Salem, Ore., has a beautiful cover design this month, but have you no artists? We notice that some of your department cuts have been used ever since you were born and nearly all are several years old. And we believe that if high school students read only stories their education would be lacking. A religious oration like "The Man Divine" will not hurt anybody.

We like your cover design, "Tolo," but we want your exchange editor to "get busy."

"Hesperian," Oregon City, Ore. Your cover this month is among the best that we have received this year, the color being especially harmonious. "A Hallowe'en Story" deserves special mention. One or two department headings that were not cartoons would be an improvement.

"Lutheran Normal School Mirror" contains a very fine oration on Martin Luther. Couldn't you elect a staff artist and get him to draw some cuts for you?

"News," Eugene, Ore. You are a fine paper and well worth being looked up to. We like your cover and your contents.

(Continued on Page 22)

Joshes



There was a young fellow named Perkins,
Who loved to eat Heinze's bottled Gerkins,
And he ate them so strong
That before very long
They pickled his internal workin's.

The mystical age has not as yet worn off from Ray Kimble. Each day seems to unfold new wonders in him. Thanksgiving afternoon at 3:00 he lay down for a pleasant little nap, and on awakening the next morning after a sixteen hour Rip Van Winkle snooze, thinking it was only supper time, inquired of the boys in the bathroom concerning supper. We wonder if he made such a noise falling to sleep that it stunned him? He is now searching his pockets for enough money to buy four boxes of bon bons for the young ladies who cooked breakfast for him.

Wonder what next?

There are meters iambic, and meters trochaic,
And meters with musical tone;
But the meter
That's sweeter,
And neater
Competer,
Is to meet 'er in the moonlight alone.—Ex.

Kathryn W. (talking about ex's)—I just flunk in everything. S'pose I'll flunk out from home soon.

Hattie Eggert (flippantly)—What shall I study tonight, anyway?
Mark J. (indignantly)—Oh! how to keep quiet!

Prof. Stillwell (in first year Latin class)—Mr. Bell, whom will you take?

Mr. Bell—I believe I take Miss Smith.

A. Beers (in the dining room, the evening the students of the different tables presented fancy plates for the plate rail around the room)—I have heard from some source that Prof. Marston made the suggestion that originated this movement. It's a strange thing to me that he should begin to think of dishes at this particular time in his life.

Prof. M. (by way of apology)—I must set myself right before this body of students. I wish to say that I do not possess the distinguished honor of having suggested this movement. It was from someone else.

Beers—Yes, we rather thought that there was another in it some where.

Marston—It's a good thing my back is turned to the larger part of the audience. I'll quit before I get in worse.

Freshie—I'm a poet! Just listen!—

When I was sleeping last night,
I tried to think with all my might,
I dreamed I had a hard fight,
I swung a strong right,
Hit the fellow in the sight,
And stood back to watch him light
In the mud clean out of sight.

Soph—That's alright.

Watkins (reading his imitation of Rip Van Winkle)—“Upon awakening from my long sleep I learned that Miss Olsen was the intended wife of the president of the United States.” In conclusion, he said, “and I was soon aspiring to the presidency.”

Prof. Marston (in English class)—The two front seats pass to the board, please.

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Continued from page 18

"The Hemmica," Red Wing, Minn. You have improved since we last saw you. Now stir up your artist. And thank you for your compliments. We like your plan of treating at quite a length a few of your exchanges at a time, and different ones, we suppose, the next time. "The Crucial Moment" is a good story.

"The Houghton Star," Houghton, N. Y., could be improved by some good stories and cuts. "Variety is the spice of life," so give us a new cover design.

When we give hints and suggestions in our exchange column we do not wish to infer that we are perfect, or even perfect along those lines in which we criticize others. Nor do we wish to be always finding fault, but those faults which we are finding in others we are doing our best to eliminate in ourselves.

[Ad written by Oliver Haslam]

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Was Radi-cand because she worked a graf(t)?

Miss Poole (at table)—I want a Dutchman and I want to get him all by myself.

Allen (at Miss Colson's table)—Don't ask me for money; you can't get blood out of a turnip.

Miss Colson—Oh, I thought you were going to say cabbage.



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