

November 1st, 1911

The November 1911 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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NOVEMBER, 1911

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The Cascade

Entered as second-class matter, Feb. 18, 1911, at the post office at Seattle, Wash.,
Vol. II under the Act of March 3, 1879 No. 2

An Unusual Adventure

Mary Cathey

One summer afternoon in one of our cities a new "1912" model Cadillac stood in front of the office of a well-to-do doctor. In perfect repair and with every section clean and shining it was indeed an attractive car; at least so it seemed to the young man who stood before it.

Every detail of his dress showed great care. This day he was having vacation. He usually worked in an automobile shop, so he fully realized that the car before him was an ideal one. How he admired it! Every fibre of his being longed to touch it. He reached over, pressed the button and set the engine throbbing. The great voice of the car reached the young man's heart and filled it with an almost uncontrollable desire to be in the driver's seat speeding away down the avenue. With a sudden realization of the impossibility of such bliss he sighed deeply and turned away.

As he did so he noticed the figure of a young lady coming down the steps of the doctor's office. As the young man watched her pull on the dainty gloves he decided that she was a gentle-woman in every respect. He also decided that she must be the doctor's daughter. At this thought the light sprang into his eyes and, with a heart full of expectation, he stepped towards her. Now his opportunity had come. She had evidently intended to go for a ride, but the driver was not to be found. As the lady neared the car she was met with the exclamation, "The car is certainly a beauty. May I not drive her for you?" The girl accepted prettily and was assisted into the car. The young man jumped in beside her and the car sped away.

Down the avenue past the beautiful residences of the wealthy and under the great trees which lined it on either side they went, out into God's free country. With a care-free laugh and a deep breath of the fresh country air the happy young man put on full speed, and the car raced away. The girl grasped the arm of the seat and leaned forward breathlessly. Her sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks indicated how intensely she was enjoying every moment. The breeze blew her golden curls back from her forehead. She and her new friend had found real life.

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On they raced, the car seeming hardly to touch the earth. Speeding through a small village, with reckless laughter they ignored the waving arms of the constable. Women waved their aprons frantically. Children, dogs and chickens fled from the onrushing car.

The girl was entirely ignorant in regard to automobiles, but was eager to learn. Therefore, as they rattled over a country bridge the car was slowed down, and the young man proceeded to explain to her all about the machine. Then on changing seats the girl endeavored to put into practice the knowledge she had just received. All went well until in trying to pass a hay wagon, she headed the car for a fence. They soon felt a jolt and at once found themselves in the ditch. The experienced one merrily came to the rescue, and after several attempts the car was backed out into the road without damage. But the girl deemed this sufficient experience for the time being.

The young man again drove the car, and away they sped over the hills and through the valleys, beneath arches of trees and along wild streams until the western sky, flooded with crimson radiance, warned the young couple to return home.

Taking a shorter route, they at length drew into the city. As they rolled up the smooth avenue the young man inquired as to where she kept the car. She looked up quickly with a frightened expression. "Why, this car is not mine!" she exclaimed; "I supposed that it was yours." At length both understood that they were driving a car which belonged to neither one of them. For a moment silence prevailed; each thought most serious of the probable results. Then the absurdity of the whole affair came in full force upon them and peal after peal of laughter floated out upon the evening breeze. When they reached the doctor's office they wiped their eyes and prepared for the worst.

Here they found a great crowd of excited people. As the couple attempted to leave the car they were confronted by officers of the law, who prevented their escape. Leading them to the office, the policemen presented them to the doctor. The young man insisted that he had made the mistake and that the lady was absolutely innocent.

When the good old doctor heard the truth of the affair he laughed heartily and forgave the chagrined couple. The three became fast friends and often recalled the adventure, which, had it not been for the good doctor, might have proven decidedly unpleasant.



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The Multitudes at Worship

Fred M. Chu.

It is with a joyful heart that I take my pen to tell how we Chinese worship our gods. On the fifth day of the Chinese New Year hundreds of people gather in the temples from early morning until late at night, to pay respect to the gods and to worship at their altars. No order or system of worship is observed. The people go, worship and leave at their own discretion. Sometimes five minutes is sufficient time for the worshipers to spend in the temple.

On this special day L. S. Yao and myself visited one of the largest temples in Chinkiang (this is the place where we lived before we came to America). The first that attracted our attention, aside from the multitude of people, was the large censer in front of the main entrance. In this censer there was a continual flame and smoke of incense. Passing on through the door, we found the temple filled with the smoke of the incense which burned constantly at fixed places. Many little candles shone through the gray darkness of the smoke. This temple, like most if not all Buddhist temples, contained one large room with a row of idols the size of a man extending nearly all the way around the walls. In the center stood a massive structure from which are supported three immense idols in front and various smaller ones at the back. On the floor were scores of circular straw mats, probably twenty inches in diameter and two or three inches thick. These were used to kneel upon.

For fifteen minutes or more we stood among a crowd of gazing spectators. One special idol, which in the minds of the people doubtless held a prominent position, was standing several feet above our heads. It was a huge bronze structure, elaborately draped with yellow satin and ribbons of various colors. Directly underneath it was an eighteen-inch cubical box containing several long slots in the lid. Into this the worshiper dropped his offering. Just in front of the idol, lying upon the floor, was a mat like those mentioned above. One by one men, women and children did obeisance. Their method was something like this; little sticks of incense were first lit and placed in a small receptacle to burn; their position, with respect to the idol, was next noticed, being sure that they were directly in front of it; then with the palms of the hands together and fingers extended, the hand was gently shaken in gratitude to the god. Afterward, kneeling upon the mat with hands in the same position, the head was bowed three times to the floor. With another shake of the hands the worshiper arose, tossed his mite into the box and passed on, making room for the others. Some mothers and fathers were there with their children. Each child, with the exception of the burning incense and giving the coin, had to go through the same performance. One case I remember in particular, was that of a little boy probably five years old. His father showed him what and how to do. The lad imitated the example so perfectly that when finished, his father manifested

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a broad smile of satisfaction, as much as to say, "Was not that well done?" Indeed, the act was performed admirably. It made us sad, however, to see, not only the older people blinded and deceived, but to see little children being taught this vain religion. Some of the worshipers, while yet upon their knees, asked the priest standing by for a bamboo cup containing fifty or more slabs of wood about a foot long. Engraved were numbers or certain characters, each different from the other. Claspng this cup in his hands the worshiper shook it vigorously until one of the slabs of wood fell out. The priest then read aloud the character it contained, whereupon he directed the worshiper to another part of the temple to receive a slip of yellow paper containing the corresponding number. Upon this paper was given a prescription for medicine, an outline of fortune, or misfortune, that would be his throughout the following year.

It is at this temple that five hundred or more priests make their home. For this reason there is within the temple court a large dining room and kitchen. The priests have four meals a day. As it was time for the third meal, we were privileged to see the priests file in and gather around the tables. The side of the dining room opening into the court was mostly open, but was protected by huge wooden bars. Spectators could look between these bars, but could not enter. We were not the only curious ones in the crowd that day, for by the time we pushed our way through the multitude already there had been formed three tightly packed rows of Chinese, and we helped to make row number four. I managed to see a little of the interior of the dining room, which I shall attempt to describe. The floor was paved. In rows were narrow tables. They were not more than twenty inches wide and long enough to accommodate six men, all of whom sat on the same side, leaving the opposite side unoccupied. One or two long benches took the place of chairs. The tables, of course, were set before the priests entered. No linen was to be seen, but just the dark red-painted boards. For each man there was a bowl of rice, a small one of tea, several kinds of vegetables, and a pair of chopsticks. Presently the priests came marching in, each taking his place and remaining quiet until all were stationed, then all sat down together. Though I knew better, I could not help but expect them to sing a hymn and ask God's blessing upon the food before partaking. Suddenly, while these thoughts were passing through my mind, one loud stroke was made on a large gong, as a signal for chopsticks to be seized. As each priest finished his meal, and arranged his bowls and sticks in order, he withdrew without any ceremony. How ungrateful it looked for these priests of the temple whose lives are supposed to be holy, and duty sacred, to partake of a meal which probably had been supplied by the offerings from the poor, without one token of thanks or appreciation except the rapidity with which it was eaten.

Next we visited the kitchen, which is a spacious room with a dirt floor. Built right upon the floor are two very large Chinese stoves, each containing six fireplaces, one for each of the stationary kettles in which the food is cooked. These kettles are made of iron or copper and remind one of the

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My First Impressions of Seattle Seminary

Lee Sherwood.

Seattle, Wash., October seven,
In the year of nineteen 'leven.
Dear Mother: A few lines I shall trace,
To tell you how I like this place.
This world's a wilderness of woe
As to Seattle Sem. we go.
We've rules enough to choke us all:
We mustn't whistle in the hall,
Or call out windows, bang the doors,
Or run upon the second floors,
Or keep our lights on near till ten,
And we dare'n't even look at men.

At six-thirty the first bell rings,
And we must hasten and don our things,
And get ourselves to the breakfast table
Just as quickly as we are able.
After breakfast then comes prayers,
And just as soon as we've placed our chairs,
Off we hustle to do our work,
And not a bit of it can we shirk.

When the bell rings at a quarter to nine,
To school we go, to sing a line,
And hear a talk and go to class;
But always be a good little lass,
And do not whisper or make a noise
Or cast a glance among the boys.

At twelve comes the welcome dinner bell,
And indeed we're hungry, I can tell!
School starts again at a quarter past one,
And at four, when school is done,
You may depend we're glad to rest,
Especially if each has done his best
At work and study, and kept the rule
And tried real hard not to act the fool.

After supper and prayers at five-thirty,
And washing the dishes that have gotten dirty,
Then jabber lots till seven o'clock,
For after that you mustn't talk;
But study each in your room till nine,
Or you will feel some less than fine
When you hear a rap on your door and this,
"Girls, be still or you will miss

Some of your privileges after this."
At nine, fifteen minutes of fun and then
Into your bed as fast as you can.
But is this all? No! come to think—
Our life's not near as black as ink.
With jolly friends and teachers kind,
A better school is hard to find.
For what girl wants to make a noise,
Or cares to linger round the boys?
With all our work in school and out,
We've better things to think about.
So, when I take it day by day,
I do not hesitate to say,
"Life has more happiness than woe
As to Seattle Sem. we go."
And it is study that I oughter,
As sure as I am your loving daughter.

In Memoriam

At the head of every worthy movement are men of ability and strong moral character. There is no greater assurance of a man's genuineness than the success and endurance of that which he has taken upon himself to perform.

Realizing this, we as members of the Philopolemic Debating Club, feel that we owe our appreciation to those who were the founders of this society. This society has not only been a success, but has been a great blessing to those who have been connected with it.

Whereas one of the principal founders of the club has so lately passed away, we extend to the bereaved ones our heartfelt sympathy. Winfred Granthem shall ever be remembered not only as a true friend and first Alumnus of the Seattle Seminary, but as a progressive citizen. It was through his assistance that the Philopolemic Debating Club was organized.

Be it resolved that this Memorium be published in the next issue of the Cascade and that a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

S. E. WYLER,
R. J. MILTON,
F. D. HELM,
Committee.

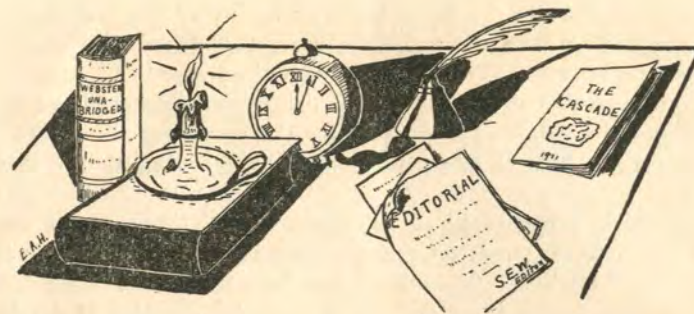
The Cascade

Published Monthly during the School Year by the Students of the Seattle Seminary

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Through the generosity of the Business Manager, a prize of one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) will be given to the student subscriber handing in the best Christmas story for the next issue of the Cascade.

CONTEST STORY
The conditions of this contest are that only student subscribers are eligible, that the story is to be not less than 1500 and not more than 2000 words, and must be about Christmas, and that it must be handed in on or before November 30.

All who wish to enter the contest had better begin early. Write your story and sign a fictitious name to it. Then write the fictitious name and your real name on a slip of paper and send it in a sealed envelope to the Editor. After the stories have been considered and decided upon by the contest committee, the envelopes will be opened and the winner's name determined.

That the mind is capable of development is a fact demonstrated by the progress of humanity. According to popular belief, the mind of prehistoric people was limited in its sphere of work, so much so that useful commodities were scarce and unsatisfactory in service. History reveals incomprehensible steps of development. In fact, during the past century the world has been revolutionized several times, so that the present civilization is entirely different than any other. In an individualistic sense this goes to show that man can develop his natural abilities.

HUMAN DEVELOPMENT
There are five kinds of actions, according to Psychology, which contribute their portion in formulating the thoughts and steps taken by the individual, i. e., unconscious reflex action, that which is done unconsciously; conscious reflex action, that stimula which enters the brain hurriedly and passes into motor action; impulsive action, which moves toward a dimly conscious end, but does not know the consequences; and deliberative action, which involves reason and choice. These actions determine the various steps taken by man. The last mentioned shall command our present attention.

Deliberative action is undoubtedly the most important for human development. It involves a clear idea of purpose, desire, choice, and deliberation. There must be a voluntary effort before nervous stimula can pass into deliberative action.

STAFF

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R. J. Milton.....Alumni
Lee Sherwood.....Exchange
Clara Root.....Missionary
Myra Burns.....Societies
Louisa Ward.....School News
Kathryn Whisner.....Joshes
Eva Signor.....Art

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J. M. Root.....Assistant



1911-12

E.A. H.

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

This action requires the co-operation of the will. The will must rid the mind of every other influence and concentrate the attention on the one subject under consideration. Through it we have the power to examine a subject from its various standpoints, or may give a single impression the entire attention. Deliberative action is entirely under the control of the will. We can think only as the will is active in holding or rejecting the various ideas presented.

The mind is a battlefield of conflicting ideas. Thoughts of every description rush into the mind, causing a continual turmoil. This is evident in the undeveloped intellect. The mind leaps from thought to thought. Every little disturbance causes a new thought to gain the attention of the deliberative faculties. Thus the attention is diverted, the main thought lost and our intellectual ability weakened.

Through the will we have power to so control our intellects that no foreign matter can enter while considering a desired subject. This may be difficult at first, but by cultivating the habit of attention, we may develop this trait. Some one has said that no one is educated until he is able at will to give his entire attention to any subject for one hour. In other words, we can develop attention so thoroughly that our wills will have perfect control of every subject under consideration.

The mind is continually confronted by the five actions mentioned above. The majority of these do not materially aid our intellectual development. In fact, every action which is not a voluntary effort of the will merely holds its own and accomplishes no extraordinary results. Not that these actions are unnecessary in the human mechanism. They are essential in their proper place. But if we would realize the possibilities of self-development we must guard against every careless application of our intellects. No subject should be considered in a half-conscious state, but should have the entire attention of our minds.

Often the individual finds himself confronted by habits which are not conducive to his welfare. He may feel his great need in having such habits broken and may send a plea for Divine assistance. This may be granted; more likely, however, the habit will be broken only by the personal efforts of the individual himself. No matter what the habit is, if you desire it can be broken. Determine that the habit must be conquered. Concentrate all your energies for its overthrow. At first no gain will be apparent, but never allow an exception. By perseverance, like Demosthenes' impediment, it will soon be a thing of the past. The reason why habits grow so strong is because they are held before the mind so much. One because of his weakness feels his inability and permits his mind to be in a fretful, worried state. This is detrimental. Forget your impediment by thinking about a better habit directly opposite to the former. By so doing a new habit will be formed which will take the place of the old.

We read of men who have cultivated their minds so thoroughly that a panorama view of any procedure would give them a complete synopsis of

(Continued on Page 20.)

MISSIONARY SOCIETY NOTES

The regular monthly meeting was held Oct. 24 in the Seminary chapel. An interesting programme was given. Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. F. W. Cathey, who recently came to Ross. We were favored with a song by a quartet composed of Misses Sherwood and Barnes, and Messrs. Wold and Haslam, Jr., followed by short but instructive reports on different lines of missionary work by several members of the society.

Mr. S. Hishikawa, our student from Japan, gave an interesting ten-minute address on Japanese stories.

Mrs. Beers gave a pleasing report on the recent meeting of the General Missionary Board, from which she and Mr. Beers just returned. She reported the meeting one of the best they had attended since being members of the Board. She states that the meeting was well attended and also that the financial circumstances were not nearly so embarrassing as formerly, the large debt having been canceled.

Among those accepted by the General Board to go as missionaries to the foreign field were Mr. and Mrs. Roy Millican for Japan, Miss Ethel Ward and Miss Effie Falkner for India. All are members of the Student Volunteer Missionary Band. Mr. and Mrs. Millican and Miss Ward are graduates of Seattle Seminary and will go to their respective fields this fall. Miss Falkner is at present a student of the Seminary and is expected to go to her field one year from now.

GOOD-BYE

Ethel Ward.

On the evening of Oct. 23 I had the pleasure of bidding farewell to the Seminary and start on my long journey to India. Did I say a pleasure? Well, it was a sad pleasure if I may use such an expression. Sad because I leave behind many dear ones whom I have learned to love during the years spent at Seattle Seminary and a pleasure because I am returning again to my dear land of India.

These last six years spent here have not brought a single regret that I ever came to this dear spot, which has grown more precious each successive year. It is not only precious because of the many dear friends and loved ones left behind, but also of the sacred spot on the hillside above the Seminary where lies the early remains of the dearest one God ever gave to me. As I think of her holy life I feel that the only way I can show my gratitude to God for his goodness in granting me such a mother is to give him my life for the country which she called "The land of her adoption."

I love dear India and next to it Seattle Seminary, and as I leave I bid you all a last good-bye. God bless you every one. You have all been a blessing to me, and my daily prayer during my absence will be: "God, make me worthy of my dear friends at Seattle Seminary."



Society

ESM 103

ALEXANDRIAN

The Alexandrian Literary Society rendered its first program of the year on the evening of Oct. 13. It was a decided success in every way, and both the officers and those who took part are to be highly congratulated. Several of the numbers were of a humorous character. Especially so was the dialogue in which "Rilley" was the chief actor. One enjoyable feature was the music. Mr. F. Chu sang a Chinese song and Mr. Kimble played a cornet solo. We were also highly favored by having with us Mr. and Mrs. Heard, who are well known musicians of the city.

We are looking hopefully forward to a year of success and expect to make the society one of profit to ourselves and an entertainment to our friends. Your presence at our public programmes will be an encouragement.

THE PHILS

The Phils held their regular meeting on Thursday evening, Oct. 12, in which, among other things, the question of purchasing two drums for the newly organized Phils' brass band was brought up. The question was warmly discussed, but finally laid on the table for the present.

During the discussion Mr. A. Allen, contrary to the constitution of the club, left the session without permission from either the president or the marshal. In order to retain the dignity of the club it was unanimously decided that Mr. Allen be summoned for trial on the Friday of the following week.

Accordingly, Mr. E. A. Haslam was chosen to act as judge, and O. R. Haslam as prosecuting attorney. Mr. Allen was immediately notified concerning his trial and chose Mr. Skuzie as his attorney.

On Friday evening, Oct. 20, the Phils met at seven o'clock for the purpose of dispensing with a little necessary business and for the preliminary exercises of the evening. The meeting was then adjourned for a short recess, after which the judge in his Prince Albert coat entered and called the court to order. The sheriff brought the prisoner from his cell, uncuffed his hands, and escorted him to the side of his attorney.

Twenty-four of the young ladies were panned for the jury. One at a time was called forward and examined by the attorneys until six jurors

were accepted, three being dismissed. The six jurors were: Misses Robinson, Olson, Becraft, Louisa Ward, Lee Sherwood and Daisy Poole.

After the jurors had been duly accepted and sworn in, the prosecuting attorney read the charges and stated the case. The assistant attorney for the defense, Mr. Logan, briefly presented their case. The plaintiff's witnesses, Messrs. Root, Aldridge and Bell, were in turn summoned to the witness stand, sworn in, and examined by the attorneys, Haslam, Jr., and Skuzie. The defendant's witnesses were likewise examined, after which the prisoner was brought to the stand and questioned.

All the evidence having been produced, the prosecuting attorney presented his arguments for the plaintiff. The attorney for the defense then made a strong and able plea for the defendant and appealed vociferously to the jury for mercy, saying that the prisoner should be released on the grounds that the marshal, being secretary pro tem, was not at his post, and the president failed to do his duty in not placing a temporary marshal at the door. If this man is found guilty, the president and marshal should likewise be found guilty.

The prosecuting attorney closed the argument with a short sum-up, which ended somewhat as follows: "We are not trying the Philopolemic Debating Club, the president, or the marshal; we are trying Mr. Allen; but if these other gentlemen wish, they can be tried later."

The judge, who filled his position most competently, then instructed the jurors as to their duty and read the sections in the constitution bearing on the case. The jury was then conducted by the bailiff, Mr. Milton, to a side room, from which they returned after about ten minutes' deliberation, with the verdict "Guilty." The prisoner was fined twenty-five cents for his first offense.

The trial throughout was marked with the best attention and keenest interest despite the fact that it lasted until 10:10 o'clock. So we are reasonably contemplating a successful year in the Phils.

ALUMNI

Dig into it, "Seniors." It's fine to be an Alumnus.

Miss Ward has left us for her work in India. We certainly wish her a pleasant voyage and are sure her life will be a blessing to all who come in contact with her.

Mr. Earl Milton looks bad of late. His features are haggard. His clothing hangs loosely over his form. He wears a green cap, and—— he is attending the U. of W.

Louis Skuzie is getting quite sharp(e) lately.

For information regarding "Hermon" California see Lillian Perry.

Mr. Wilber Cook has gone to Arizona for his health. His address is 202 N. 9th St., Phoenix, Arizona. We are sure that he would be greatly encouraged to hear from any of his friends.

CLASS NEWS

SENIORS

On Friday evening, Sept. 29, the Seniors and college students were delightfully entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Beers. The evening was spent informally looking over the collection of pictures which Mr. and Mrs. Beers had brought home from Europe. After light refreshments we enjoyed a hearty "sing" before going home.

Seniors, the time has come when your orations should be started on their way. Do not put off the evil day.

JUNIORS

Our forces were increased this month by a new member. We are glad to welcome Miss Violet Haviland into our midst.

The Junior class pins were received and all were very much pleased with them.

Miss Mary Eva, a former member of our ranks, has left to take up school-teaching. We wish her the best of success.

"Usefulness Is the Rent We're Asked to Pay for Room on Earth—Some of Us Are Heavily in Debt."

The Juniors are planning to hold short sessions after school in which they will try to increase their talent as speech-makers. They will debate on different subjects, the first being, "Resolved, That the Study of Greek Is More Beneficial Than the Study of Latin."

SOPHOMORES

The first meeting was held Monday evening, Oct. 16. Six debaters were chosen for a tryout debate, which was held Oct. 20. The question was "Resolved, That California Acted Wisely in Advocating Woman Suffrage." At the same meeting six more debaters were elected. The question for this debate was "Resolved, That Private Schools Are More Beneficial Than Public Schools."

Since the court is being fixed, the Sophomore Basket Ball Team will resume practice next week.

FRESHMEN

We are still progressing. In a meeting not long since we chose blue and white as our class colors.

Several in the class took part in a chain debate. Some talent along this line was discovered.

At the second meeting an extremely interesting programme was rendered in which some excellent musical, vocal and oratorical talent was exhibited.

We are sorry to accept the resignation of our class editor, Mr. Logan, who has been promoted to the Junior class.

The class is doing good work in every way and promises to make a good showing on the school records.

SCHOOL NEWS

The students of the Advanced German Class held a reception in honor of Miss Ethel Ward, the evening of the fifth of November. The refreshments were served in German style and German songs were sung. The conversation was carried on in German and if a stranger had been present he would have almost supposed himself over in the "Vaterland."

On the evening of October 9 the students of the boarding department enjoyed a very pleasant evening in the dining room playing games and pulling taffy.

Friday evening, Oct. 27, will always be remembered as a time of great enjoyment at the home of Miss Tressa Marsh. A Halloween scheme was carried throughout. A very nice lunch was served and enjoyable games were played. Miss Lawrence was chaperon for the evening.

Rev. A. M. Trelstad of Brooklyn, N. Y. a special acquaintance of Mr. Wold, recently made Seattle Seminary a visit. He spoke favorably of the institution, both as to its location and equipment.

Recently Rev. J. H. Flower made Seattle Seminary a visit and gave an excellent chapel address on "Positiveness of Character." We appreciated his remarks and hope for his return.

Collected Prohibition Extracts

"An open saloon is a thing to be tolerated only as long as it can not be prohibited."—Wm. J. Bryan.

"A saloon is the place where moderate drinkers are converted into drunkards."

"Every fifth home must furnish a boy for the saloon. What number is yours?"

"The worldly wise man is not the man that buys, but the man that sells."

"Instead of sending the drunkard to prison, why not send the liquor traffic to perdition?"

"Let us fling ourselves into the thickest of the fight; let us live the life of action, which is the only true and happy life. Men tell us God is force; nay, He is that purposed force behind all forces, that combines head, hand and heart."—Francis E. Willard.

EXCHANGES



We have received some fine exchanges this month and some to whom "a hint to the wise ———."

"Cardinal," Portland, Ore. Your paper is fine. We like the quantity and quality of your cuts and especially the cover design.

"Houghton Star," Houghton, N. Y. We wonder if your love stories are just the thing for a school paper, and where are your cuts?

"Guard And Tackle," Stockton, Cal. Your paper is very excellent and your stories good, but please don't cut them up so much.

"The Clarion," Salem, Ore. You leave nothing to be desired but an exchange column. Your cuts are exceptional.

"The Hemnice," Red Wing, Minn. We like your subject matter, but we don't understand Norwegian, so we couldn't read your story. Haven't you some artist to draw some cuts for you?

We are glad to receive the *Intercollegiate Statesman* with its good Prohibition news. Come again.

We have never seen a better school weekly than "*The Clarion*," Rochester, N. Y. The jokes are superfine.

"Kuay," Seattle. We admire you throughout, but the name on your cover is a little hard to read. Your poetry is especially good.

When is a bonnet not a bonnet? When it becomes a lady.

"The Oracle," Cincinnati, Ohio. We think it too bad that your deluge of exchanges does not permit of your criticising us.

What most frequently becomes a lady. A little girl.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of our one religious paper, the *Free Methodist*. News of "the fight" is always welcome.

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Setterlind—"Kimble, you don't chew your pie enough. David Livingstone is said to have chewed his at least thirty times."

Kimble—"Well, he died."

What about those nice knee-spanked boys; wasn't that fine? Ask D. Westfield and E. Curtis.

Didn't Miss N. subscribe for the Cascade?

Business Manager—"No; she is using Frank's."

Miss B.—"That is a case where one serves for two."

J. Logan—"I wish I could come under that heading."

Mr. Wold—"What was that terrible noise that I heard in your room last night?"

Kimble—"It was me falling to sleep, I guess."

Mr. Wold has a fine alarm clock. All he has to do is to touch a button and it awakens him.

Student (in physiology)—"What are some of the physical stimulæ to the salivary glands?"

Prof. M.—"To mine the sight of sour pickles is a stimula."

Mother—"What do you think of my daughter's execution?"

Music Teacher—"It would be an excellent idea, madam."

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The Multitudes at Worship

(Continued From Page 5.)

large kettles used in America for making applebutter. Neither wood nor coal is used in these stoves, but a kind of tall reed or grass which grows in swampy places. To see mankind given over to idolatry in this way makes the Christian more fully appreciate his deliverance through the blood; it makes him even more grateful to God that love reached him. The next thought that naturally follows is: their souls are fully as valuable as mine, and even the soul of the vilest wretch is worth more than all the world. Would to God that our ability and numbers were sufficient to point that vast multitude thronging the temple to the cross of Jesus Christ.

Human Development

(Continued From Page 9.)

the situation. Others at a glance can read a fourth of a page of a book. It is said of one of our late presidents that he could read a political bill and be engaged in conversation at the same time. The writer knows of a man who was a great stammerer. In attempting to speak, his tongue seemingly would be tied into a knot, making the formation of syllables impossible. But by careful attention and correct pronunciation this impediment was overcome, until now he is a fluent speaker. Undoubtedly one great fault with all of us is, we fail to give personal development the proper attention. Think ye that brain gangula is limited in its sphere of labor? If so compare the present world to the prehistoric and mark the great change of civilization through human development.

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