

October 1st, 1911

The October 1911 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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THE CASCADE

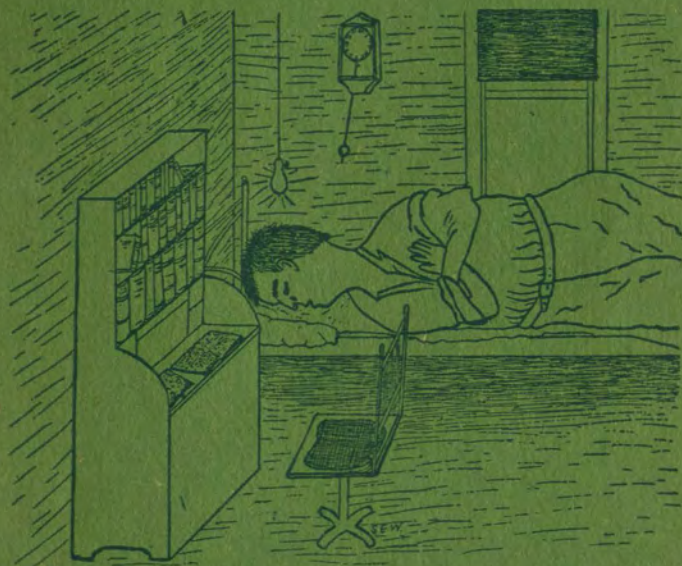
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FRESHMEN-NO.

October, 1911



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The Cascade

Entered as second-class matter, Feb. 18, 1911, at the post office at Seattle, Wash.,
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Vol. II

No. 1

THE MAN DIVINE

(Commencement Oration, June 7, 1911)

R. E. COCHRANE

Every age in the history of the world has produced a great man. A man who was honored and respected by his countrymen and all with whom he came in contact. Cicero, the most illustrious man of letters of all the sons of Romulus, gave to the world a prose style which has never been surpassed, and which became at once the standard by which all other Latin prose is now tested and compared. He, indeed, added largely to the vocabulary of his own language, words which were of such an expressive nature that they were immediately adopted. The greatest warrior of the world, Alexander the Great, leading an army of sturdy Macedonians, rode forth on his famous charger to conquer the world, and with victory after victory following battle after battle, subduing peoples and nations, he was finally crowned the conqueror of the Eastern World. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of the ancient world, was at the head of affairs in his own nation. He, with his personal character as one of the noblest, his bravery, the stainless purity of his public and private life, his splendid patriotism, and his services as a statesman and administrator, entitle him to a place among the noblest men of antiquity. As an orator, he has been assigned to the highest place by all critics since his day.

These men, truly, won the hearts of their countrymen in their brief stay on the terrestrial ball, but were soon forgotten when in some following age their places were taken by others, and their names and deeds of glory have been revered by only a few. But there is One, a Man among men, who, as far as we know, never wrote a word, save one, unrecorded, which he traced in the sand with his finger. His name has inspired the best in literature of all subsequent times. A man who never drew a sword in defensive or aggressive warfare, but has conquered the human heart where armaments and forces were powerless; a man who passed from the sphere of visible usefulness nearly two thousand years ago, but who, today holds the most prominent and active place in human society.

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"Whose name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice."

But how can this ideal life be accounted for? All life is mysterious. Human life is especially so, and great men are great mysteries. Who understands the nature of that spark that flashes from the human brain and illumines the world with its radiance? Whence and what is the wondrous power that gives to literature its beauty, its meaning,—that makes the spoken word inspire, that calls a world into its power? And, if we cannot easily fathom or comprehend the genius of a Cicero, an Alexander of a Demosthenes, men who lived and wrought on the mental and physical planes, how much more difficult is it to measure and understand Him, whose daily walk was in the spiritual realm,—an altitude so far above us that it is even now, to the average man, an undiscovered region?

Yet, we must account for Jesus on some rational basis. The time was when men worshiped brute force. He was greatest among his fellows, who was the fastest runner, the mightiest wrestler, or the most accomplished in the art of war. In course of time men outgrew this stage and passed to a higher conception of manhood and human greatness. It began to dawn upon the minds of men that it was not enough to excell in deeds of physical prowess, that a giant body without a controlling intelligence was like a huge battering ram with a blind man to guide it.

This ideal produced an age of orators, philosophers, generals, and statesmen, but it did not touch the springs of character, nor did it add to human happiness. Solomon well said, "In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." There slowly grew on man an aspiration for a nobler manhood, a manhood that should stand for something more than strength of body or subtilty of mind. They began to see that great men were good men.

This conviction strengthened until one night the Heavenly Hosts sang their song of, "Peace on Earth, good will to men," to the shepherds on the hills of Bethlehem, announcing the coming of the Peasant of Galilee, who ushered in the day of spiritual supremacy, not ignoring the physical or intellectual nature of man, but rather teaching and exemplifying the perfect harmony of body, mind and spirit when guided and illumined by the Divine Light of Love.

Jesus is the perfect revelation of God, not a revelation from God. The mind and heart of the Son are the mind and heart of the Father, for He said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

He is the archetype to which all men must attain,—the sure prophecy of what all men shall some day be. Man being made in God's image must ultimately reflect and manifest God's nature. This is confirmed by Jesus himself: "Be ye perfect even as your Father, which is in Heaven, is perfect." The perfection of Jesus did not consist in insensibility to temptation. He did not belong to a separate and distinct order of creation, but "was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." His perfection lay in the fact that He overcame.

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He is the example of true manliness. We see Him as He turns from the sacred Jordan, leaving the throng of people behind, and seeks the quietness and solitude of the wilderness, where for forty days the tempter tries by every means to cause His fall. The Son of God is faint from insufficient food and the spirit of evil is constantly at His side with questionings: "Art Thou the Messiah?" "Art Thou He who was promised?" "Possibly Thou art deceived." These questions arise in His mind and then the comforting and assuring voices of angels speak and He takes courage. At last the struggle is ended. He comes from the desert more than conqueror over the mocking imps and scornful whisperers. And, as we see Him, the light of glory is radiant on the Divine Countenance as He begins His task of conquering the human heart.

He was constantly about His Father's business—that of lifting fallen humanity. Sacrifice and suffering marked every footstep as he wandered over Galilean hills and vales, a stranger in a strange land. With His little band of followers He went here and there relieving the suffering and applying the Balm of Gilead to the broken hearts of those who would receive Him, for from the first, "His own received Him not," and while even the foxes had holes, the birds of the air, nests, the Galilean Prophet had not where to lay His head.

We see in Him the richest type of humility. Where do we read of a prophet who called the children to him in the street and fondled them? The Master's heart warmed to the children, to the sunshine in their eyes and the magic spring in their hearts, no less than he loved the flowers of the field and the birds of the air. He loved to go down into the quietness and happiness of people's homes. He would let Martha go busily at her household duties while Mary sat listening at His feet, and He rejoiced with the joyous at weddings and festivals. The great men moved along the lofty walks of life amid world famous events and lived far above the multitude. But Jesus, the King of Kings, loved to spend His life among the common, in the midst of the crowd.

He might have walked with the greatest of men. He might have been the Exalted of Kings; but no! He chose the path of the Rejected of men, as the Man of Sorrows, who came not to bring glory to Himself, but to redeem a fallen world; and after three short years of earnest labor against the slander and curses of men, against the mocking and jeering throng, His work is finished and while talking to His little band of disciples on the summit of a mount, the attraction of gravity breaks. Up and up He ascends, leaving the scenes of toil and sorrow to be at home with His Father. The Disciples stand gazing in wonder, when a cloud receives Him from their view and a voice cries, "This same Jesus which ye see ascending into Heaven shall so come in like manner."

COMMON JUSTICE

D. A. SAWYER.

The early shades of a short winter afternoon were gathering over a college of the Northwest. The drizzling rain had ceased, but the heavy clouds cast dreary shadows over the landscape.

Wallace Abbot crammed the yellow envelope into his pocket and strode thoughtfully across the campus. "Father's had another stroke; come home tonight." At first it almost dazed him. Here was an event that must mark another great change in his life. A score of things rushed into his mind. He thought of his father, lying pale and quiet, of his mother and little sister, of home, then of the renewal of the struggle against poverty, and of his education—he must leave the college. Only a few minutes ago he had been reviewing his plans for a promising future. Of late a new thread had gradually woven itself into these visions. How beautiful it had looked to him! Were all these bright dreams to be crushed by this bit of yellow paper? Tomorrow he would be far away. The endless routine of busy college life would roll on—without him. Amid the laughter of the gay and the common cares of all he would soon be forgotten.

He stopped to look around once more on the scenes which had become so familiar. Memories crowded fast upon him. Every nook and corner of the college grounds seemed dear. Here and there his eyes lingered—she had been there with him. They had chatted under the maple tree; they had strolled down the winding walk; by those steps only yesterday she had chided him,—chided him for his frowning.

Just then he noticed a group of the boys standing at the corner of their dormitory. They were laughing and talking, and glanced occasionally at him. When he started toward them to tell of his misfortune their conversation ceased. Suddenly changing his mind, he passed into the hall and to his room. Why should he tell them? Openly they might sympathize; secretly they would rejoice. They were jealous of him; jealous of the approval he had won for his industry; jealous of his ability. And there was one who was jealous for another reason. Russell St. Clair had also sought the smiles of the president's daughter.

Russell had been raised in a wealthy home. Accustomed always to having what he wanted, it seemed very mortifying to have his will crossed by this poor minister's son. A deep spirit of rivalry had grown up between the two. Russell, with the prestige money always gives, had at first scored heavily, but of late had often been angered to find Wallace preferred to him. Yes, Russell would be glad to see the last of his rival.

On entering his room, Wallace dismissed these things from his mind and busied himself in preparing to depart. A number of the boys came and went. Some offered their sympathy; a few their services. The room was soon dismantled, his trunk hurriedly packed and the transfer engaged to carry it to the depot.

A half hour later he waited in a little hallway. In a few minutes he heard her step and then—she stood near him.

"Elsie, I have come to bid you good-bye."

"Why, how's that?"

"I have received a message that my father has had another stroke of paralysis and I must go home tonight."

"Oh, is it possible,—your poor father. Perhaps it is not as serious as you think." The coldness of her sympathy for him surprised him.

"Oh, it is no doubt quite serious," he said. "When he recovered from the last attack the doctors told us the next would be much worse. I must go home to stay. It seems very hard to leave the dear old college and—and you." He would have said more, but something in her manner stopped him. Somehow he knew that she was thinking of Russell. A feeling of desperation seized him, but he overcame. Bidding her a polite farewell, he rushed out into the darkness.

The damp breeze could not cool the fevered brow, nor still the tempest raging in his breast. Who would not rebel in his heart at such injustice in the battle of life? Russell could have at his bidding education, wealth, and all that money could buy; but his life must be a constant struggle against poverty.

His thoughts ran back to the little parsonage in which he had spent his childhood. He had heard his father tell of the choice between dollars and a service of sacrifice for his fellow men. He thought of the years his father had spent in giving counsel to the erring, lifting the fallen, and helping the needy. Then of that time, five years before, when, overcome with the burdens of others, his health had given way. Nothing had been saved during those years of service. So the man who had spent his life for others must take his son from school to support the family, while members of his own church, who had chosen the dollars, lived in luxury and scarcely paused to pity the worn-out preacher.

Then he thought of the years spent in clearing the little farm in the West; of the effort to keep the wolf from the door; of doctor bills and mortgages; and now, when the farm had been cleared, his father's health seemed improved, and the future began again to look bright, to find that the battle must be renewed; that the rich still inherit the earth.

The raw wind began to chill him and he groped his way toward his hall. He wanted to be alone, so he slipped into a vacant room and sat brooding over life's troubles. After a time he began to hear the sounds of people hurrying through the halls. He heard doors open and shut and the voices of the boys, but he heeded not.

Then steps close to his door.

"Hello, Church; is that you? Say, I believe he's gone."

"Think so? Well, if he gets out of town tonight St. Clair will be in a fix. I guess he'll pretty near get what's coming to him."

"Aw, there's no danger of that. He didn't aim to stir up such a fuss. Besides, he's got the dough. No danger of St. Clair gettin' canned."

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"Well, I don't know what you think about it, but I call that a scurvey trick in St. Clair. If I was Abbot I'd——"

They had passed out of hearing.

For a moment he stood dazed; then the whole truth burst upon him. What should he do? He started from the room, then checked himself. He paced rapidly up and down in the darkness. Then a plan struck him and he became calm. Opening the window he slid quietly down the rain pipe to the ground. Starting around the corner of the building he ran square into some one.

"Why, Elsie, what are you doing here?"

"Wallace, is this you? Where have you been? We've looked for you everywhere. They've told you about the telegram? Wallace, will you ever forgive me? I—I knew, and was afraid to tell you." Her voice trembled. He started to answer, but heard some one approaching and drew her back into the shadow of the building. A few minutes later they walked toward her home.

"What time is it, Elsie? I must soon go if I catch that train."

"Catch the train? You are not going now?"

"Yes, for a little while. I thought I would leave town until tomorrow and let the results of this trick fall on those who planned it."

"Listen, Lawrence, I have a fine plan. I was going out to visit my Aunt, but could not go alone until morning. I will telephone her that we are both coming and we can go on the ten o'clock Interurban. I know she will be glad to have you come with me."

An hour later they sat together in the noisy little car as it plunged through the darkness. They were talking, not of the past, but of the future. Scarcely did they bestow a thought on him who had that day caused them such extremes of sorrow and joy. Perhaps they would have been more considerate had they known that Russell, after laboring three hours to undo what he had done, was tortured throughout the long sleepless night by a relentless conscience and the fear of the morrow.



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The Cascade

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per Year \$.75
Per Copy 10

Subscriptions may begin at any time

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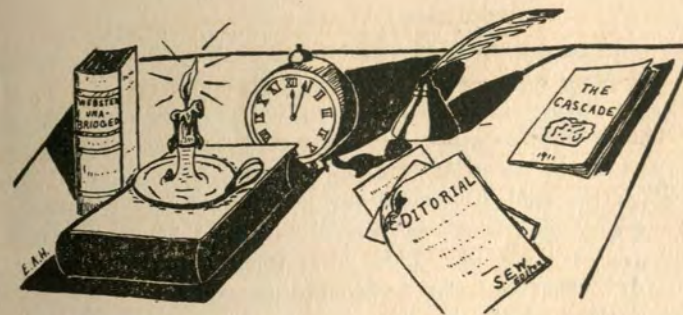
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~ 1911-12 ~

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

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You have observed that this number is dedicated to the Freshman Class. As usual, it is the largest class in school. We, with the school, welcome you and solicit your hearty support in all the undertakings of the year. We wish to introduce you to the Cascade with the thought that you will do your duty in making this paper a success by handing in your subscription early and giving us the cream of your literary talent.

Possibly many of you have fancied that since you have been promoted from the grades, you will have smoother sailing, and that people will look up to you. This may be so. More likely, however, you will be a source of much amusement. The joke column may be full of your intended witty sayings; "Freshman" will be a by-word, the comment of the day, until you may wish that such a name were never pronounced.

Now for a little advise. Be brave, little Freshman; take your place at the bottom of the ladder and climb the rounds one by one; always keeping a high aim, a steady nerve, mixed with all the perseverance you can muster. Thus, success will be assured.

To the subscribers of the Cascade: There will be a prize of fifty cents offered each month, to the student presenting to the Cascade the best story of not less than a thousand words with the exception of the Christmas story, for which there will be a prize of one dollar given.

Only subscribers are eligible.

Some people are inclined to think that it is an easy matter to run a school paper. They seem to think that all there is to it is just to take a collection of articles down to the printer and have him put out the finished product, for a few words of commendation and thanks. They seem to think little of the bill that comes in a few days later. Say, reader, did you ever stop to think that it takes money, and no small amount of it, to run a paper?

There are two methods used to secure money to pay for the paper, and both are used in most all magazines. The first is by the subscriptions. The second is by means of the advertisements.

It is the duty of every student to subscribe for their paper, and aid in this way; but there is another duty that few seem to consider, and that

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is *patronizing the advertisers*. We know that many do unconsciously patronize them, but we want you to *consciously* patronize them; *i. e.*, go to them and tell them, after making a purchase, that *you saw their ad. in the "Cascade."* This will please them greatly and make them feel that it is a *paying proposition* to advertise with us. A good illustration of this is the way in which the students patronized Raymond & Hoyt's shoe store last year. They gave us a trial and as results came in, they continued and increased the size of their ad. This year, when approached about the matter, they said: "That ad last year brought us good results;" and consequently renewed their ad for the coming year.

We carry nothing but thoroughly reliable advertisements in our paper, and consequently you are perfectly safe in patronizing them.

Now, students, wake up and show your appreciation to the advertisers for their help. Show them that their ad is not a *charitable proposition*, but a *paying proposition*.

Subscribe for the Cascade. Only 75c per year.

ALUMNI

Of the class of 1911, seven are continuing their school work: Mr. Milton, Miss Perry and Miss Marsh in the College department of Seattle Seminary.

Miss Rose entered the University of Washington this fall.

Mr. Trousdale is a freshman in the new and famous Reed Institute of Portland, Ore.

Elvis Cochrane is assistant preceptor at Hermon, and also a freshman in the College department.

Miss West and Miss Deringer have become school "ma'ams." Miss West has gone East of the mountains to take charge of a school.

Miss Barnhart and Mr. Rollin Cochrane are working and persuing their study of vocal music—and incidentally other things.

Miss Gem Lewis is in Spokane, working and keeping house for her father.

Lula Meacham is enjoying out-door life on her father's farm in Tumwater.

Miss Arvilla Wood (*i. e.*) Mrs. Roy Stains, is making domestic science a specialty. She does not find it difficult, as she has only to cook for two, and hers is a labor of love.

Mr. Jessie Marston, after finishing his course at Greenville College, has returned to the Seminary as a member of the faculty.

Mr. Glen Densmore lately joined the Benedicts.

Ethel Ward will soon sail for India, there to take up her life work as a missionary.

Mr. Sawyer is working at present in Vancouver, B. C.

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MISSIONARY SOCIETY NOTES

CLARA ROOT

We are pleased to note the great degree of missionary spirit shown, on the part of both members of the faculty and student body, at the very beginning of the school year.

The school missionary society has been well organized with Prof. A. J. Marston, president; John M. Root, vice-president; Miss Daisy Poole, secretary, and L. A. Skuzie, treasurer.

A farewell service for the out-going missionaries, Brother and Sister Floyd Appleton, was held in the Seminary chapel, Monday evening, Sept. 25, under the auspices of the school missionary society. In this meeting Bro. Appleton favored us with a very interesting talk on the present political conditions in China. Mrs. Appleton followed him, making a touching allusion to the fact that she and another one of the missionaries present had lost their mothers since she and her husband had been home on a furlough—her own mother, Mrs. Alice Millican, and Mrs. Phebe Ward have been called from earth to Heaven within that time—and how precious it was that they in the providence of God should each be permitted to care for their mothers in the last trying hours. She also gave some very good advice to the students, saying that when she first came to Seattle Seminary, as a student, she felt that the institution was hers and that the spirituality of the school depended upon her individually, and exhorted the students to take upon themselves this same responsibility.

All hearts were indeed touched when Miss Ethel Ward, who has endeared herself to both teachers and students, arose with deep emotion as she alluded to the precious remains of her mother that she would leave behind when she went to India. She spoke of being in the Seminary for six years and that India was the dearest spot on earth to her, but Seattle Seminary would always be next in her affections.

After Miss Ward sat down, Prof. Marston arose and in a few well chosen remarks, suggested that the Seminary Missionary Society should undertake the support of a missionary on the field. Mr. and Mrs. Beers each spoke expressing their approval of taking up the support of a missionary. They said it seemed the opportune time had arrived when this should be done. As Miss Ward was soon to go to India, they thought it would be a great privilege to support her on the field.

Prof. Marston then called for subscriptions, and within a few minutes over three hundred dollars were raised, after which we were favored with a duet by Mr. and Mrs. William Cathey.

Miss Nellie Whiffon, returned missionary from San Domingo, has been with us for a few weeks and gave us a very interesting address Sunday evening, Sept. 24, on the people and customs of San Domingo, after which a collection of one hundred and thirty-one dollars in cash and sub-

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Society

ESUN

ALEXANDRIAN

The first meeting of the Alexanderian Literary Society was held Sept. 15, 1911, for the purpose of electing officers. The results of the election were as follows:

Oliver R. Haslam, president; S. E. Wyler, vice-president; Emma Olson, secretary; John Root, treasurer; Kathryn Whisner, musical director; Louisa Ward, assistant musical director; A. D. Armstrong, marshal; Prof. A. J. Marston, program censor.

Considerable interest was manifest in the election despite the fact that a large number present were new students. We are contemplating the hearty co-operation of all the students in making this a prosperous year.

I. P. LEAGUE

The Intercollegiate Prohibition League has re-organized for the coming year with the following officers: Mr. Watkins, president; Mr. Wold, vice-president; Miss Bessie Ward, secretary; Robert Leise, treasurer.

Mr. Borton, a graduate of Greenville College, and traveling secretary of the Intercollegiate Prohibition League of the West, made the Seminary a visit and gave us an arousing address.

We advise all to join this league and aid in creating prohibition sentiment. For the members of this society there will be an oratorical contest for which a nominal prize will be given to the winner. Start early to write your oration, and go in to win.

ALETHEPIAN

The Aletheians held their first meeting for this year Tuesday noon, September 19, for the purpose of electing officers for this semester. The results of the election were as follows: Kathryn Whisner, president; Freda Scott, vice-president; Louisa Ward, secretary; Clara Root, treasurer; Lil-

lian Perry, musical director; Misses Marsh, Olson and Burns, program committee; Ruth Stilwell, club editor for the "Cascade."

We are glad for the interest shown by the former members at our first meeting and with the addition of the new members, that we hope to take in very soon, we are looking forward to one of the best years we have ever had.

PHILS

Since the opening of school the Phils have had two meetings, the first of which was held on Friday, Sept. 15, 1911, for the election of officers for the first semester. The results were as follows:

L. A. Skuzie, president; C. F. Watkins, vice-president; Ralph Milton, secretary; A. D. Armstrong, treasurer; John Root, chaplain; M. R. Kimble, musical director; S. E. Wyler, marshal; H. P. A. Wold, Phils editor. The inauguration followed and each member of the official staff solemnly promised to contribute to the realization of a prosperous and happy term.

The interest shown in the meeting of Sept. 22 by the large attendance, the good order, lively debate and responsive disposition to extemporaneous speeches made it a great success.

Since there are a large number of new gentlemen from nearly all parts of the globe, part of whom have already enrolled, we hope that all who are interested in personal development of extemporaneous speaking will apply for membership early and thus aid us in crowning the year with success.

H. P. ALBERTSON WOLD.





SOPHOMORES

On Wednesday, Sept. 13, the sophomore college class met in the book room and organized. As there were only three of the class present the officers were chosen by lot, and, strange to say, the officers of last year were returned to their respective offices: E. A. Haslam, president; L. A. Skuzie, vice-president; Myra M. Burns, secretary-treasurer. Myra M. Burns, was also selected as member of the board of directors of the Cascade.

The sophomore college class is quite well represented in the councils of the Cascade. Skuzie is associate manager and president of the Board of Directors. Myra Burns is a member of the Board of Directors and is the Society Editor of the paper, and Haslam is the Business Manager.

We regret the absence of Misses Cook and Ward from our class this year.

Miss Ethel Ward is going East and later will accompany her father to India.

Have you subscribed for the Cascade yet?

FRESHMEN

The College class of 1915 is glad to be able to report this year a membership equal to that of last year, and the prospect for a successful year of work is very good.

Three of our class are graduates from our own Seminary, a fourth hails from Genessee, Idaho, and a fifth, a former graduate of the Greenville College Preparatory, from Oregon. The sixth, however, is from a far country, and we are proud indeed to number among us a fellow classmate from Japan.

At the first of the year the class organized and the following officers were elected: Ralph Milton, president; Seiichi Hishikawa, vice-president; Tressa Marsh, secretary; Ruth Sharpe, class editor; Lillian Perry, marshall and member of the Board of Directors of the Cascade.

We, as a class, look forward this year with our hopes high and our interest deep for the success of our Seattle Seminary.

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PREPARATORY

SENIORS

The seniors are starting out well this year, with a good sized class, having, however, the usual proportion of girls to boys. We do not suppose there will be any danger of the seniors breaking the new "8th rule."

At the senior class meeting in September, the following officers were elected: President, Kathryn Whisner; vice-president, G. F. Watkins; secretary, Daisy Poole; treasurer, Effie Vanderveen; Member of Advisory Board of Cascade, Ruth Stilwell; class editor, Lee Sherwood.

The senior privileges have begun to be in evidence already as the senior girls at the Dormitory have received permission to study after the ringing of the "Lights-out" bell. There should be some fine work done in classes with all that extra time for study. Let us each make use of our opportunities, and see if we cannot surpass the work of any previous senior class. Is it a "go"?

"Do we like the Sem? Yes, come to think—

Our life's not quite as dark as ink;
For pleasant work, and teachers kind
And jolly schoolmates here we find;
And—never let it be forgot—

We'd rather keep the rules, than not.

And what girl wants to make a noise?

Or wants to fool around the boys?

With good straight work, in school or out,

We've better things to think about!

And when each night, with lessons done,

With work well spiced with harmless fun,

We view the labors of the day,

We do not hesitate to say,

'Life has more happiness than woe

As through Seattle Sem. we go.'"

JUNIORS

Rah! Rah! Rah!

The members of the Junior class greeted each other the first day of school.

This year has opened with the brightest prospects for us. At our first class meeting our very worthy classmates, Oliver Haslam and M. Ray Kimble, were elected president and vice-president, and Louisa M. Ward, sec'y.

We are very glad to welcome the old students back and extend a kind greeting to the new ones who are here for the first time.

Our career began in the freshman class, and during that year the teas-

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ings which were given us were patiently borne. The next year we were sophomores, and consequently called foolish, for that is the meaning of the word. The present freshman and sophomore classes have our kindest sympathies.

We are now called "wise" for we at last know that we do not know all there is to know. The ladder to success is very steep and long, but by patiently climbing up we mean to reach the top. You will hear more from us during the year.

MARY EVA.

SOPHOMORES

The first meeting of the Sophomore class was held Wednesday, Sept. 13, 1911. The following officers were elected for this coming year:

Mr. Miller, president; Miss McLaughlin, vice-president; Miss Root, secretary-treasurer; Mr. B. Beegle, marshal; Mr. Scott, representative of the class for the Cascade. The next meeting was held Friday evening, Sept. 22, and the debating question was brought up and questions for debate discussed.

The sophomore boys have organized a basket ball team with H. Hamilton as captain. We challenge any class team in school for championship.

H. HAMILTON.

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FRESHMEN

The freshman class of 1911-12 met in one of the recitation rooms and elected class officers for the ensuing year. Mr. Armstrong was unanimously elected president, and afterwards a general balloting took place to fill the various offices of the class. After the election was over, there gathered around the president a thoroughly competent and efficient staff capable of handling the business problems of the class.

The class this year is undoubtedly the pride of the institution, because it is composed of thirty bright and energetic students; students, we believe, that will bring credit to their teachers, honor to the institution, and be an inspiration wherever they may go and in whatever sphere of life they may be.

It will only be a matter of time before we will be defending our class title in the various games and programs of the season, but by appearances it is almost a foregone conclusion that we will make the senior classes bow before their superiors in the contests in or out of the school during the year.

It is needless for us to say more on this matter, because the class as a body believes in the old adage that "Actions speak louder than words," and a casual observer can easily see that the freshmen are "action personified."

J. LOGAN.

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EXCHANGES



Once more school has opened and once more we take up the agreeable duties of publishing the Cascade. Our paper is as yet in its infancy, and its editors and managers have had little experience in this line so far, but this year we intend to profit by last year's experience and far surpass our attempt of last year.

We consider the exchange department as one of the most vital in the development of any school paper. Through it we see ourselves as others see us, and consequently are broadened and enlivened. We heartily welcome the criticisms from our exchanges and will try to be fair in ours.

We were quite disappointed in the number of Commencement numbers received in exchange the last month of last year. However, we received a few excellent ones.

The *News*, Eugene, Ore., is an excellent piece of art. The engravings are neat and tasty, the literary department abounds in intensely interesting articles, and the general spirit manifest is live and wholesome. We sincerely hope that we shall have the privilege this year of again enrolling the *News* among our exchanges.

The *Review*, Sacramento, Cal., is above criticism. It is all that could be wished for in a commencement number. The art work is exceptionally good.

Argus, Harrisburg, Pa. Don't you think it would be a good idea to change your department engravings occasionally? They are good, but an occasional change avoids monotony.

The *Houghton Star*, though small for a commencement number, is quite neat and tasty. A few art engravings at the head of your departments would improve the appearance of the paper.

The first number of the *Lowell* of San Francisco is quite an advertising issue—seven pages out of sixteen being devoted to that department. We presume, however, that this will not be continued during the year. We welcome the *Lowell* to a place in our exchange department.

We have also received this year the *Free Methodist*. We consider it a very valuable addition to this department.

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Athletics

While the Seattle Seminary cannot be termed an athletic school, still there is enough doing in this line to afford the students good wholesome exercise, if they will take it.

We have at present an excellent tennis court and, through the kindness and labors of Miss Mary Burrows; have means provided for the erection of two more. We also have an outdoor basket ball court back of the boys' Dorm where the boys can work off much of their surplus energy and get wholesome exercise. As yet our gymnasium is only prospective, but we hope to have it in the near future.

At the first meeting of the tennis club, E. A. Haslam was elected president; Myra Burns, vice-president; Kathryn Whisner, secretary-treasurer, and L. A. Skuzie, custodian. E. A. Haslam, L. A. Skuzie and C. May Marston are the committee to supervise the construction of the new courts, which are to be the very best possible.

Any student of the Seminary or member of the Faculty may become a member by paying the initiation fee of \$1.00. All are cordially invited to join. Pay your fee either to E. A. Haslam or Kathryn Whisner.



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Joshes



Prof. Stilwell—Who has No. 1 on the roll?

Ans.—Adam.

Prof. B. (In English History Class).—Haven't we some customs about the mistletoe?

Racheal B.—Not at the Seminary.

Miss Burrows.—Mr. Setterlind, what is your first name, please?

Mr. Setterlind.—My maiden name?

Prof. Marston (In Physiology Class).—What is the name of the vein running up to the head,—that is the one running north?

Freshie, (7:00 A. M., in bed.)—Oh, what's the use anyhow?

Soph.—Oh, I know what's the matter with you; you want your mother to come and call you.

O. R. Haslam.—Why didn't you announce the quartette practice sooner?

Miss Sherwood.—I am not the one to get after; get after Mr. Wold.

O. R. Haslam.—I am not after you.

Soph.—Oh, you're a freak in nature.

Freshie.—I'm no freakish nature.

Teacher (In Physiology).—What is a cell?

Freshie.—A place to shut bad men up in.

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That some of the teachers are afflicted with cold feet is evident by the way the cook is missing the stove lids in the morning before breakfast.

Miss Richie (In Debate in Senior English).—Our worthy opponent has said that Canada would not want to leave her mother country, but as far as that goes, we will all have to leave home sometime.

SCHOOL NEWS

School opened very auspiciously this year. A great many of the old students have returned, but we miss some faces that we saw last year. Many new students have come to fill the places of those who have not returned.

Mr. Beers has been advertising for boys all summer and his wish has been granted to some extent, for in the boarding department there are about an even number of young ladies and gentlemen, but in the schoolroom the fairer sex still holds sway.

On the evening of September 15 a very informal reception was held in the young ladies' parlor for the purpose of allowing the old and new students to become better acquainted. On inquiry as to the various homes of the students, it was found that many parts of the country were represented, especially Canada. Some of the home states mentioned were Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Utah, Illinois, Ohio, New York, Montana, Texas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Oklahoma and many others. Some have also come from foreign countries: Sweden, Norway, Holland, Switzerland, Japan, China, Africa and India may all claim to be the birthplace of some of our students.

Mr. Hiram H. Pease gave a very interesting chapel talk to the students on his trip to Florida. It was very instructive and greatly enjoyed by all.

LOUISA WARD.

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MISSIONARY SOCIETY NOTES

Continued from Page 11

scriptions was taken for the missionary cause. Miss Whiffon expects to return to San Domingo in the near future.

We were highly favored by having with us Brother and Sister Schofield, their three children and Miss Maude Edwards of Niagara Falls, all of whom were en route to China. Brother and Sister Schofield and Miss Edwards each delivered a short but interesting address in the church on Sunday afternoon.

On the morning of the 26th of September, a number of friends and relatives from the Seminary and surrounding community gathered at the Great Northern docks to bid farewell to Brother and Sister Appleton, Brother and Sister Schofield and Miss Edwards, who all left that morning on the Awa Maru for China. Just as the vessel began to move slowly away the company sang "Native Land, Farewell to Thee."

The Missionary Society has also taken steps to provide for a Curio Museum. A large collection of curios has already been procured from various missions.

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