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DEDICATION

To our beloved president, for whom the Alexandrian Literary Society was named, we dedicate this issue.

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ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS

Christmas

"Christmas, the birthday of One who never gave the world a dollar!"

It is worth remembering that Christmas is the birthday of Jesus, the man who never gave the world a dollar. He bestowed upon mankind not a solitary material gift. He earned no statue, painted no picture, wrote no poem, composed no song, fashioned no piece of jewelry, built no edifice, founded no city, erected no triumphal arch. But He stands in history as the great giver.

Silver and gold he had none, but such as He had He gave to men, the gentle touch of a sympathetic hand, the golden glow of a genial mind, the healing love of a generous heart, the bracing energy of a courageous spirit. Paul calls Him God's "Unspeakable Gift." The best thing God is able to give us is not gold or silver or costly stones, but Himself.

In preparing then our Christmas presents let us get ready to give some of the things which Jesus gave along with the many gifts which have prices. Let us give a few which are priceless.

Let us give thought to someone who needs sympathy, to someone who craves it, praise to someone who deserves it but does not get it, kindness to someone whom the world has overlooked, affection to someone who is starving for it, inspiration to one who is fainting because of the lack of it. One's Christmas does not consist in the abundance of the things which he receives or gives away, but in the spirit of good will which fills his heart!

PEACE AND GOOD WILL

Alexander Beers.

Most precious are these words. They are wafted to us from heaven and bring with them the aroma of the skies. They fell directly from lips of angelic visitors as they sang over Bethlehem's manger on the night of the nativity. Our language would be impoverished without these words which originated in heaven. "Peace on Earth"—this sentiment should be published everywhere. The minister of the gospel should proclaim it from the house tops. Strange indeed it might appear could they be chanted over the bloody fields of Europe where the nations are struggling in the "death grapple."

The world is far from this ideal condition now. Hate, discord and unrest are found everywhere. The time will come when, thank God, things will be changed, and this before we reach that desired goal called Heaven. "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." The Prince of Peace will become the King of Saints and shall reign without a rival from the "rivers to the ends of the earth." The earth shall yet be accordant with the harmony of heaven. This sweet song will be heard everywhere. Tennyson paints this golden era in the following beautiful and expressive language:

"When the war drums throb no longer
And the battle flags are furled,
In the parliament of man
The federation of the world."

Ruskin caught the vision of the coming glory and describes it as this literary artist alone was capable of doing:

They come, they come, how fair their feet,
Their glistening hosts increase,
"Upon the glassy mountain paths
They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
Our enemies are ours.
For all the earth is clasped in light
And all the world with flowers.

Ah, still bedimmed and wet with dew
But wait the little while,
And with the radiant deathless rose
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender living thing
Shall feed by streams of rest;
Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost
Nor nursling from the nest."

Man has attempted to Edenize this world, but has utterly failed. The world by wisdom knows not God. The best that has been pro-

duced by art, science, invention, literature, travel, philosophy, has not solved the problem. Like Job's visitors, miserable comforters are they all. The highest idealism of the dreamer has burst like a bubble blown by a boy. Notwithstanding our peace congresses and peace palaces, war is still rampant. Nations and kingdoms are rising and falling; nothing can endure save that it has the stamp of divinity upon it. No political party, no ecclesiastical organization, no institution of higher learning will bring in this golden age. It will come only when He whose right it is to reign will return, and the "kingdoms of this world" shall become the "kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ."

It is most consoling to know, however, that here and now the children of God may possess in their own hearts and manifest in their lives the spirit of this song. When the God of Peace has complete control of the human heart, all discord must cease. The One who spoke to the tempestuous sea of Galilee, "Peace, be still," can bring rest to the troubled heart.

Love is the key note and vitalizing spirit of the Gospel. It is the crowning diadem of all religious attainment—the fulfilling of the Divine Law and the enabling power to manifest the Spirit of Christ to the Child of God. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor." Old grudges, bitter strifes, uncharitable fault-finding, will disappear in the presence of love as the snow melts before the midday sun. Good will toward man will be manifested everywhere; it will be the very spirit, atmosphere and genius of the Christian life. It will be seen in all the activities of life and will be shown in the warm handshake, the pleasant smile and the hearty God Bless You. May God grant that during this glad Christmas time and throughout our earthly career that we may all breathe the spirit of this angelic sentiment and thus pray "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven."

CREATION!

When the Creator had made all the good things, there was still left some dirty work to do, so He made the beasts and reptiles and poisonous insects, and when He had finished He had some scraps that were too bad to put into the Rattlesnake, the Hyena, the Scorpion and the Skunk, so He put all these together, covered it with suspicion, wrapped it with jealousy, marked it with a yellow streak, and called it

A KNOCKER!

This product was so fearful to contemplate that he had to make something to counteract it, so He took a sunbeam and put it in the heart of a child, the brain of a man, wrapped these in civic pride, covered it with brotherly love, gave it a mask of velvet and a grasp of steel, and called it

A BOOSTER!

Made him a lover of fields and flowers and many sports, a believer in equality and justice, and ever since these two were, mortal man has had the privilege of choosing his associates.

MARTHA'S CALL

By Cora Smith and Margaret Jones.

It was Sunday evening. All day the snow had been falling, but as evening came it ceased and the soft light of the moon cast dark shadows across the glistening snow.

In the distance faintly chimed out the church bell, calling the people to evening worship. Soon was heard the tinkling of sleigh bells and the merry laughter of the happy young people.

Nearly all the parishioners had arrived, when Farmer De Witt's sleigh, drawn by spirited horses, hastily drew up to the door. The well-dressed occupants alighted and hurriedly found their accustomed places.

Farmer De Witt, the wealthiest man in the village, was greeted by a smile from the vicar. His daughter, Martha, took her place among the choir, and a hush fell over the audience as she rose to sing. It was the Sunday before Christmas and the song was of the Christ Child. As her sweet voice sang the beautiful words, the hearts of her hearers swelled with the Christ Spirit.

As the vicar rose to deliver his message, his soul was stirred as it had not been in years. He spoke of Christ's mission to earth, His compassion for the lost and great love for the poor. He spoke of the unhappy, destitute homes, and of the poor innocent little children, who were suffering with cold and hunger. He told of the many who had never heard the name of Jesus. He mentioned the great need of workers. Picking up the much worn bible he read Christ's own words, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields for they are white already to harvest." "And the laborers are few."

At the close of these words he knelt in prayer and fervently prayed that the "Lord of Harvest would send forth labors into His vineyard," and that a call might come to some one of his own little flock.

It was a thoughtful company that left the church that night, but one was more deeply stirred than any of the rest. It was in silence that Martha stepped into the sleigh and was driven home. She went immediately to her room and dropped on her knees. Her past life came up before her. Two years ago she had joined the church and made a profession of religion, but she had known nothing of the love of Jesus, or His saving power. Tonight she saw the Son of God hanging on the cross, bleeding, dying, for lost humanity. She prayed as she never had before that Christ would forgive her and cleanse her heart from sin and give her a vision of a lost and perishing world. She asked God to give her of His Spirit and make her an humble servant for Him.

While still upon her knees, as the vicar's prayer came afresh to her memory, she realized that she was the one that God called from that parish. She knew without a doubt that her call was from God, and determined to sacrifice her life of ease and luxury to minister to the needs of the poor and lead a life among the lowly.

When she awoke the next morning the scenes of the evening before came crowding upon her memory. She arose and kneeling in prayer she poured out her heart in thanksgiving and praise to God, repeating her consecration, and praying for courage to tell all to her parents, who had been so ambitious for her.

Martha was not a beautiful girl, but this morning as she came down to breakfast, her parents noted a glad, new light in her eyes, that they had never seen before.

When she explained to them her new purpose in life, and how she had given herself unreservedly to God, they were greatly disappointed, yet did not dare to cross her plans.

The very next day she began to prepare for her life's work. She felt her call so keenly that she could not remain at home in ease any longer. She packed a basket full of good things to eat, dressed herself neatly but plainly; took her Bible and started for the poorest family in the village. She had often heard before of the families that were in need right in her own little village, but she had never cared nor thought much about it. Nearly every day she went on some errand of mercy not returning until the shadows of evening were falling.

It was Xmas evening, and Martha was at the house of a poor drunkard's family. She had supplied their needs as best she could and was reading a chapter from the Bible, when a blear-eyed, staggering man pushed open the door and sank down into a chair. This poor, drunken man was the husband of the pale, little woman, and father of the hungry, ragged children. He did not want to treat his family like this, but the appetite of drink had such a strong hold upon him that he could not help himself. Many times he promised his wife that he would never treat her so again, but before night the vow was broken.

He had not been there very long before he noticed the stranger and that she was reading something from the Bible. Martha paid no attention to him, but went right on reading and then knelt to pray. The mother and children knelt with her, but the father sat staring at them perfectly astonished.

No one had ever read the Bible and prayed in his home before. He began to sober up; his mind wandering back to his childhood days, when he had prayed at his mother's knee. He thought of how from a strong, brave youth he had fallen to a poor, miserable drunkard.

As these thoughts were passing through his mind Martha earnestly prayed for the little family. While she was still pleading with God, the heart-broken man fell upon his knees and began to cry to God for mercy. It was more than an hour that they stayed on their knees, but before they arose victory had come to every heart.

It was a happy family that Martha left that Christmas evening, and she truly felt that this was the happiest Christmas Eve she had ever spent.

The next Sunday she was in her accustomed place in the choir at church and down in the audience, near the center, sat the redeemed drunkard and his family. Their faces were shining and a glad, new, light was in their eyes. As Martha looked at this family and remembered all that had happened in the past week, she thought surely God had answered the vicar's prayer.

Jesus calls us one and all
To work in His great vineyard wide,
Some the loftiest places fill,
Others toil unnoticed still,
But all must near the cross abide.

LIFE ALONG THE YUKON

By Charlie Markle, 7th Grade

I will sing about the Yukon that thunders to the sea.
It is a mighty river in the frozen North country.
Along her green and wooded banks, there's where I long to be,
For life along the Yukon is good enough for me.

It is springtime, and the singing birds are coming from the south;
The ice has left the rivers. From the lakes down to the mouth
There is plenty of mink and marten and caribou to see;
And life along the Yukon is good enough for me.

My latch string hangs on my cabin door to friend who may pass by.
A big bull moose in the cache outside is pleasant for the eye.
My pot hangs on the roaring fire; the smoke shy turns up free,
While life along the Yukon is good enough for me.

There are berries on the hillside, the snow birds' rosy store.
My little canoe, so staunch and true, is nestling near the shore.
I will take up again my pick and pan and prospect there with glee;
For life along the Yukon is good enough for me.

My old dog whines for friends of yore who have gone to the outside;
Some of them with gold in store have taken on a bride.
They can have their gold in store and damsels fair to see;
But the janes along the Yukon are good enough for me.

Then here's to the friends of other days—I may never see them more,
For some of them have passed and gone beyond the other shore;
And some have crossed the great divide to potlatch there with glee;
But life along the Yukon is good enough for me.

THE BOY'S WORLD

By Floyd Arthur Puffer

Shall we conserve to our nation, to the world, to posterity and to God the best token of sincerity—the very gem of our representative age? I hear the genius of freedom and democracy, monarch of our fatherland, in solemn tones of the ages answer, "Yes."

Shall our banner unfolding to the breezes in the distant millenium herald to the people of earth a history written in justice and the tenderness of keen friendship? Every true-hearted American is quick to say let it be so. We must build after patterns and they are oft lost sight of in the busy scramble of modern life. A poplar leaf hides our view of the sun; the slight substance of an earthly care may hide from us the immense and radiant God. In history we see that many "earthly" cares have hid the face of truth from the earnest seeker.

On holy knees we founded our nation at Plymouth, we established it at Bull Run, sifted it at Gettysburg and glorified it at Manila Bay and carried commerce to all the world. Busy people we! Yes, too busy to chart a safe course in sane development of true manhood. We as a people turn the boy loose to find by his own initiative where the rocks and shoals of life are and if he is wrecked we cry, "What a scandal." If boys are weeds and uncertain quantities we have in them some products of virtue for Emerson very truly said: "And what is a weed? A plant whose virtues have not yet been discovered." Shall we pause in our building of skyscrapers, canals and machines of war and dwell for a moment upon the art of building manhood!

The Boy. He is born into the world. Mother weaves her tender dream life about him while father, staunch and true, makes a path for little son. Mother's hope grows to ideals and waking babyhood takes up the mother wish and begins to translate it into human life pure and sweet. Baby coos on and soon from babyland he looks out upon the world. He takes by storm the A, B, C's, then he builds his air castles about grownup land. On he starts. Will he conquer the world or be conquered by it? He pauses a moment at mother's knee and prays his simple prayer and is off to the battlefield of life. Do you not think that he is interesting in this simple life process of his?

Has he a culture life? Indeed his boy mind is full of ideals the very essence of culture. He sees life as a unit now but wants to know "why?" "What for?" Analytical is the term which now applies for his educative process is on. You who are grown up may not believe in education but he does. If you don't believe it take him down town some day and see how many hundred questions he asks. He connects education to the world within and about him, we of more mature years connect it with the school room and books.

He has a simple standard of ideals secured in his nature and home life and upon these ideals all standards of value are based. His belief in the world being as yet unsullied, he believes in ideal

justice and pure friendship. This is doubtless the reason why Jesus pointed the world to a child. Because of absolute faith he imitates freely all the life about him.

Now comes his passions. His love life, his temper, his physical background are all untuned. They will not play the tune the world desires and now the world decides to train the child. We have briefly looked into the child's "being" life. Directly we will seek out his art life or the "doing" side of his existence. We have found that the boy has ideals, he has passions which furnish power to execute these ideals and a wonderful physical background or store house like body, capable of being at all times the battlefield upon which he must fight out the issues of life.

Goethe said: "We are shaped and fashioned by what we love." This is probably one of the more vital truths found in the philosophy of the boy life. Some will doubt that boys have an art life. But you who do so have only to think of boy love for nature, the brooks, woods, the chase and birds with their interesting nests, when you will see that art, the aesthetic arrangement of choice things, plays a large part in the boy life process.

The imagery of the boy mind is his first source of mental growth. He forms mental pictures of the things he would like to be and do. A mighty field marshal, or orator, or engineer may be a part of the boy picture. These pictures are always complete. He sees his hero or ideal as a finished product. This may account for his lack of feeling or sympathy for the mature habit of careful character building. The folk lore or school work lends color to the picture life, but the constructive art tendency exists, though unspoken, in even the uncultured who dream on in ever blissful idleness.

Fellowship is a third phase of art life in boyhood. See him with his gang of kindred spirits. He chooses at first only for pleasure and excludes from his circle only those who cause conflict. His friend must either be congenial or seek other circles of comradeship. It is to be hoped that those who read this will try hard to enlarge upon this key thought to boy life and make use of it in your efforts to exert constructive friendship over your boy acquaintances.

A very important part of boy life is contained in his loveland experiences. His response to mother love is natural and non-competitive, but the art of pleasing for the sake of winning is one of the first life problems. The world is not wise enough yet, as a world, to divine the import of this most important of all natural functions. Do we think of the boy as a person building opinions and philosophies in this experience, which will be useful in other fields of social life, or do we just think he has a bad case, laugh a little and pass on? The necessity for reconstruction of ideals to take in new fields of experience here for the first time occurs. This is the most potent of all ages for promoting the adoption of Christ's view of true living. The boy has plenty of time for thought and his thought machinery is very keen.

The content of our boy's art life is identical with any masterpiece you may suggest. It is the heroic, where courage and valor reign, the big, glaring, spectacular event which he paints on his mind canvas. The conquer instinct is dominant. Impulse not reason sways his soul. He has a million experiences to encounter and so he must dash on to the next. Does he drift from this to that? Yes, and rightly. Reason will set him right at the proper age, but this is the border of manhood and we must stop.

We have seen the boy's culture life, its ideals, passions and physical background, all interesting because they show us what the boy is. Then the art life with its sources in imagination, folk lore and fellowship, together with its content of heroism, impulse and shifting scenes. All of these tell us of the boy in action, of how he builds a mind and character. We can readily see, I trust, from this brief outline a field for study that later we may be workmen that need not to be ashamed because we are able to rightly divide the true from the false and in consequence be able to present to God and the world faultless characters, beautiful for their sturdy manliness and sincere in the hope of kindness for all. So shall we be the men of a glorious nation. America the land of justice and freedom.

LOST AND FOUND

Ruth Combs.

I once was astray on the mountain so cold,
Away from the Shepherd, away from the fold;
The night was so dark, not a star in the sky,
I trembled with fear as the cold wind swept by.

The heavens gave warning with thundering cry,
It seemed there was nothing to do but to die;
Alone on the mountain so cold and so bare;
Away from the fold and the dear Shepherd's care.

But hark! I heard calling far off in the night,
I saw the faint glimmer of a far-distant light;
I listened to catch every sound that might come,
'Twas the voice of the master calling, "Child, Come Home."

Through the darkness He'd sought me, and carried me back,
To the light of the sheepfold from the darkness so black;
Although from the Shepherd once I did roam,
There was singing in Heaven o'er the one that came home.

THE TRAGEDY OF HER LIFE— IN ONE ACT

By Alice Cathey, Prep. '17

Madelaine stood by the old oak tree for a long time after he left her. She tried to collect her scattered thoughts, but her dazed mind refused to work. She looked up at the thick branches overhead, then down at the mossy bank below. Fall was near and already the golden leaves were fluttering to the ground. Madelaine reached down mechanically and picked up a small dainty one from the grass. Idly tracing its venation she walked over to a rustic seat a few distant and sat down. After all, was life worth living?

Overhead a flock of birds careened by, joyfully seeking a home in the south, to the left a little brook babbled in and out among the trees, while to the right was that path! She looked at it with eyes brimming over with unshed tears.

That path! Could that small trail hold the tragedy of her life? As she thought of the contents of their brief talk she sighed heavily and turned longingly toward the peaceful brook. Then, shuddering, she looked away, knowing that escape must come some other way than that.

Thinking of their conversation, she realized that all was not over, even though she had fought, it seemed to her, for her very life; yet no definite understanding existed.

Sitting there in the mellow glow of the setting sun, she saw, faintly at first, then growing larger and larger as it came closer, the figure of a man! She gave a little scream as she recognized him, then sank back with a moan. "O, what shall I do," she cried, nearly distracted. "What shall I do?"

As the man came closer and closer to her, she became so frightened that it was impossible for her to move from her seat. She stared at him as if fascinated.

He drew nearer and nearer. The sun sank slowly, slowly, behind the horizon, the dismal cawing of the crows lent a curious feeling of depression to the already depressed heart of Madelaine.

She grew desperate. The man would soon be at hand and she could do nothing. She sprang from her seat, only to be confronted by him. He stepped up politely and, with hat in hand, waited for her to speak.

"I must be calm," Madelaine thought tragically. "I must be dignified, no matter how I feel." So, mustering up her courage she lifted her head coldly and with trembling lips and fast beating heart said:

"What do you mean, sir, by intruding again?" The man bowed and handing her a letter said gravely, "I regret the necessity of taking your valuable time, but I assure you that it must be done."

Madelaine closed her eyes and clutched the little note convulsively.

Neither spoke for a moment, then, with a little sarcastic laugh, the man asked: "Do you wish me to leave you while you read it?"

"If you please," Madelaine managed to say. As he walked off, down beyond the old oak tree, Madelaine dropped wearily to the bench and opened her note. It read:

"Dear Madam:

"We have made a most unfortunate mistake, for which we humbly beg your pardon. The bill sent to you should have read \$5.00, but by a mistake in the printing it read \$50.00. We hope you will excuse it and favor us with your continued patronage.

"EASTERN OUTFITTING CO."

RHETORIC I—CONGLOMERATES

THE OLD HORSE

The old horse thrust his nose through the bars of the gate. He was an incredibly thin, whitish animal, nobody knew how old. No one claimed him. No one befriended him. He did not possess a thing in the world—not even a halter.

He stood there, feeble, dejected and miserable. His gaunt frame was racked every few moments by a hollow cough. As his poor, dim eyes looked dumbly at me, my heart was touched with sympathy and I ventured to stroke his nose.

But the nervous old horse turned tail and made a rickety flight down the lane.

M. C.

"AMONG THE TOMBS"

I most enjoy wandering among the tombs, when I am in a meditative, reflective and serious mood. It was in this sort of a "faraway" feeling that I last visited the resting place of those who once had sensations, emotions and experiences similar to mine.

Quickly passing through the beautifully decorated tombs of the wealthy, I reached the earthly abodes of the poorer classes. These tombs were not so extravagantly carved or polished; neither were all the inscriptions of a cultured type, yet many seemed to manifest that sweet spirit of simplicity. Some of the epitaphs I read and reread, the orthography was so quaint and peculiar.

Near a corner of a lot, partly secluded by a hedge, was the grave of an old man. The last name was so weather worn that it was quite impossible to make out all the letters. At the upper right hand corner of the cement slab were sprawlingly written:

Reader, behold as you pass by,

As you are now so once was I;

As I am now so you will be.

Prepare for death and follow me."

I judge from this the poor soul had been sincere and wanted to

help others prepare for death, a point wherein he has, perhaps, failed. Then the "after that" came—would I have been willing for such an inscription to be left as my final testimony?

On I sauntered to a large double mound. At the head was a moderate sized stone of granite. In tantilizing letters these words were half engraved: "Here lies old Abraham, and Sarah resting peaceful on his bosom." Just beneath this in an entirely different type of printing was etched: "Comfortable, indeed, for Sarah—but how about poor Abraham?" At once I felt that this last addition was left by some modern rogue and passed on. The next head stone to the right was marked with the name "Moses Crame—Died at the age of 103 years, leaving 140 children and grand children." The four words so full of meaning, "Gone but not forgotten," were starchily printed in big old English, each word occupying a corner of the slab.

"Surely our deeds live after us," I mused to myself as I next bent over the tiny grave of a babe. Here, weathering had completely destroyed all the inscription. Just two sections beyond this, to the left, was a white fantastically carved stone. It was very conspicuous, entirely different from the rest. The epitaph was written in a distinct vertical hand:

"Here lies my dear husband John;

So vainly seek I for another to fill thy place."

Signed, "Lizzie Scruman." All at once I felt that my meditative, reflective and serious mood had vanished, but where I knew not. Hurriedly I made my way to the great arched gate of the cemetery.

A. M.



WHEN THE MORNING STARS SANG TOGETHER

By Elva L. Batchellor.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night." There was one whose years were many more than fourscore and ten. He sat on the ground holding firmly, by both hands, his upright crook, and resting his chin on the uppermost fist. His weathered profile showed clear-cut in the moonlight, and his white hair, glistening in the pale yellow rays, suggested a halo decidedly in harmony with his thoughtful mien. His lips moved in a soft whisper.

He had not been there very long before he noticed the stranger kinsman and namesake, Joel. At first he had struggled against the growing spirit of apostasy among his people, but now that he knew that his grey hairs were being brought low to the grave, he had become submissive. Tonight he was filled with peace, but his heart was overwhelmed with an unutterable longing for some sign that the day of His coming should be near at hand.

In his yearning he softly repeated some of the promises. "I shall see him but not now; I shall behold him but not nigh; There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth."

Placing his crook beside him he lay down; but sleep was far from him, and he gazed up at the firmament. Almost unconsciously he kept on quoting to himself: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." * * * "O give thanks unto the Lord for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever; * * * to him that made great lights for his mercy endureth forever."

These words brought to him almost a feeling of shame for his selfish thoughts. Why should he, a simple shepherd, be more favored by beholding the arrival of the Saviour, than all the hundreds and thousands of holier men who had lived before him? Did he not behold at that very moment more of the glory of the Lord than he could begin to comprehend? Again he unconsciously reverted to the Scriptures in his thoughts. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." "Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadows of death into the morning and maketh the day dark with night; that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth; the Lord is his name." "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor." "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?"

On a sudden, just as he came to these words, he became all attention; his vacant gazing gave place to a look of intensity and excitement. Orion was literally unloosing his bands. Above him Castor and Pollux were locking themselves in each others arms in transports of joy. Jupiter and Saturn blended as one planet in the radiance of their exuberance. He saw Perseus regain the power of his winged feet and fly as though bound on some wondrous mission. Cassiopeia no longer maintained her half reclining position, but sat upright in her chair. Pegasus, the winged horse flew faster and faster to keep ahead of Perseus. Andromeda waved her arms in an ecstasy of rapture. Then with one glorious peal, all of the heavenly bodies joined in a mighty anthem that rolled and reverberated down to the shepherd's plane.

The other shepherds awoke: "And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. * * * And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host." Their numbers surged and swelled, so that the heavenly bodies were completely lost in their midst. In their hands were silver harps, and on their tongues were words of unearthly sweetness, for they were "praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Joel alone had seen the glory in its entirety. It was more than his mortality could endure. Breathlessly he whispered, "When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy," then sank back to the ground.

DOWN FROM THE STARS

The day is filled with turmoil,
 With heartaches and tears and despair;
 And sadness and deep disappointment
 With struggle and strife are there.
 But the night brings a soft, solemn stillness,
 That sets me alone and apart,
 And down from the stars comes a quiet and peace
 That enters into my heart.
 The day brings misunderstandings;
 Brings broken friendships and pain;
 Brings blighting and scathing and heart-
 breaking scorn,
 Though we strive for humanity's gain.
 But the stars move on in their courses,
 Each part of a perfect whole.
 And that faith in divine supervision
 Brings peace to my troubled soul.

T. L. V. '19.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

"A thousand bells ring out, and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness, charmed and holy now!
 The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given;
 For in that stable lay, new born,
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries Ago!"

We turn our thought once more to the day on which thousands celebrate the birth of our Savior. With many it has become a season for mere giving and taking, with little or no thought of the One in whose honor this day is set aside. As we sit and meditate on the past and present, thoughts flood our mind of how those of long ago celebrated Christmas, and of where so many of our customs originated.

Before the birth of Christ, the Romans celebrated an annual feast, called the feast of Saturn. In the change from pagan to Christian, many of the customs, both in time of celebration and manner, have been found to originate in this Roman feast. Since Christmas first began to be celebrated in the church, it has gone through many changes.

During the Middle Ages, when the power of the church was at its height, the celebration was very gorgeous and beautiful, but it later degenerated into rioting, drunkenness and terrible revelry. A Puritan writer, in a description of one of the Christmas festivals, tells of how the king appointed a "Lord of Misrule," and how he, with his gaily dressed attendants, riding their hobby-horses and dragons, would march into a church and drink, dance and carry their carousing about to the limit, even on the Sabbath day. The Protestant reformers who made an effort to change these customs were scoffed at and imprisoned. As this reform spirit gained a headway, they, on account of the celebration having been reduced to such a terrible state, sought to entirely abolish it. We who live in a time of higher civilization can hardly conceive the idea of the birth of our Christ being celebrated in such barbarous ways.

But it was impossible to entirely do away with the Christmas festivities, so the Puritans were allowed to sit quietly in front of their fireplaces or sing their crude carols and play simple games. Thus we see that the Christmas spirit was not entirely stifled.

Some of the most interesting things to dwell on is how and from whence we obtained the custom of decorating with evergreens, holly and mistletoe, and of how we came to eat turkey and mince pie at this time.

The first Xmas tree was used by the Germans, and adopted from them by England.

The ancient Druids celebrated the annual custom of cutting mistletoe. The priest, clad in white, cut it with a golden sickle, and it was carried on a white cloth. To make the ceremony more impressive, oxen, and even human beings, were sacrificed. Many superstitious ideas center around the mistletoe.

Green decorations in houses and churches were supposed to keep away evil spirits, and were not removed for twelve days, or until Candlemas day.

We have noticed that superstition hung over all of the old festivities. The people believed that on Christmas eve the oxen knelt in adoration in their stalls, and the bees and birds hummed and sang Christmas carols. In short, all nature in one way or another acknowledged the birth of Christ. A story is told of how an Indian crawled cautiously out to see for himself whether or not these superstitions were true. As no one was supposed to be out after midnight, he no doubt was very much frightened and confessed to having heard strange noises. This shows that the old English superstitions were brought to this country by settlers and spread even among the Indians.

The Christmas dinner has always been a prominent feature of the day. The bill of fare included drink, pudding, sauce, mustard, beef, mutton, pig, veal, goose, turkey, apples and nuts. A boar's head was also necessary, not only as good eating, but also for an ornament. Peacocks were also considered a popular dish, being roasted and decorated with feathers. In cook books edited in 1675 are found recipes for plum pudding and mince pies.

Each European country is noted for its different characteristics. In Norway a pipe of tobacco is smoked and then the family and guests sit down to a very simple meal, compared with that of England.

In Sweden it is the custom to hang out ears of corn for the birds' Christmas dinner.

Santa Claus and the tales of his castle and workshop originated in Holland.

In Italy fish is the prominent dish at the feast. The Italians are strict observers of certain religious duties on this day.

The Christmas tree and home circle celebrations are more noticeable in Germany than in other countries.

The first century of colonial life in America was a busy one, and gave the settlers very little time for pleasure. But had it been otherwise, they would not have allowed any festivities, as they were a sober people, and the revelry and dissipation of their home country had become very repulsive to them.

Gradually times changed and today we have practically the same customs greatly trimmed down and refined.

Although there are those who care little or nothing for the sacredness of this great day, there are also a great number who love to hear year after year the story of the birth of the Babe in the manger, which, like other stories, never grows old.

L. DORA BELL, Prep. '16.

ALICE'S XMAS PRESENT

Hazel Alberts, '16

It was a chill November day. The biting wind nipped the rosy cheeks of a young school girl who hurried briskly up the steps of a little house and burst like a ray of sunshine into the firelight of the room.

A discouraged woman rose to meet her and greeted her with words: "Oh, Alice, I don't know what we shall do! The house in Springfield has burned down, and the worst of it is the insurance has run out."

Alice went swiftly to her mother's side. "Do not be blue. There is surely some way out. Remember, 'Into each life some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary.'"

But all night long Alice lay awake struggling silently. It was such a disappointment to give up the career she had planned for herself. She was so fond of music and art, and she had so longed to finish her education. "I will not be selfish," she thought. "Mother has been so good to me. I'll do it, and she shall never know how hard it really was for me to give it up."

"This is my last week of school," she announced the next morning as she prepared to leave. "Monday I am going to apply for work at Draper and Shatts. No, don't open your eyes so wide. I have thoroughly considered it and fully determined that this is the proper course to pursue. Don't look so worried, mother, I shall continue my studies by myself," she laughed, closing the door behind her and hurrying to school. In her haste she forgot about the crowded street until she was nearly knocked from her feet, and quickly looking up she recognized Mr. Draper, one of the owners of the large department store to which she would soon apply for a position.

"I beg your pardon, sir. My mind was occupied and I wasn't watching where I was going," she apologized.

"I beg your pardon," he smiled down at the blushing countenance before him. Alice hurried on with eyes wide open now, but her sweet face had impressed the man forcibly.

"Do you need any more help?"

The superintendent looked up to see a girl of perhaps eighteen years looking earnestly up at him.

"Have you had any experience?" came the sharp inquiry.

"No, sir; but I will try to please you," she replied.

"You may fill out an application blank, and if I need you I'll call you; but there's nothing open at present." Alice turned away with a sense of keen disappointment.

"What name did that girl give you?" asked Mr. Draper quickly.

"Alice Pillon, I believe, sir."

"Has she a phone?"

"She gave me no number."

"Mail her a card and tell her we have a place for her." The superintendent looked up with amazement. Mr. Draper was a tall, dignified man with a kindly face and large gray eyes in whose depths was a look of sadness which was baffling.

"I wonder why Mr. Draper watches that new girl so much," remarked one of the clerks one day.

"Oh, it's nothing serious," was the answer. "I've seen him smile several times, so you may know he isn't displeased."

Mr. Draper was saying to himself: "The very picture of her—the same voice and actions. I wonder if it could be true."

After that, he had many conversations with Alice, at first talking only of business, but gradually drawing her out until he had learned her history. When she was four years old she had been in a shipwreck, where her mother had been drowned. Alice had some way been saved and Mrs. Pillon had taken her. She told him of her ambitions and the disappointment that had come to her.

On Xmas eve Alice and Mrs. Pillon were surprised by a visit from Mr. Draper and a strange gentleman, whom he introduced as his lawyer. With a glad light in his eyes, Mr. Draper began at once with his story.

"Fourteen years ago I, with my wife and little girl had a very happy home in a northern city. That fall my wife and child visited her mother in the south. She expected to be absent about two months. Nearly six weeks after her departure I was greatly shocked to see her name on the list of missing passengers of the S. S. Columbia, which went down. I immediately telegraphed her mother and learned that Mrs. Draper had started home on that ship, thinking to surprise me on my birthday. That was the saddest birthday I ever spent. Of our little girl I never heard. Since then I have been so lonely, until I saw you on the street that morning. When you spoke the voice was so familiar that it startled me and brought a flood of memories from the past.

"Since then I have been searching and inquiring everywhere, and watching you closely. My lawyer tells me, and my heart, too, that you can be no other than that little daughter of long ago." His voice trembled as he stretched out his hand and asked: "Will you have me for a father?"

Bewildered with surprise, Alice looked steadfastly at him. Then Mrs. Pillon gave a quick exclamation: "It is so! It is so! The initial on her little garments was 'D'!"

With a hesitating step and a cry of recognition, Alice ran forward, and found that night the very best Xmas present she ever had—her father.

GOING HOME AT CHRISTMAS

Winfred Thuline, Col. '19

There are three institutions in our great commonwealth that are great factors in building character and influencing our lives. They are the home, the school and the church. Each has a place of decided importance in moulding our character. We cannot well conceive of how any one of the three could be done away with, and life be complete. Many memories of the past hinge around associations of home, the little country school house and the local church. We love to recall the happy scenes of childhood and youth which were so deeply impressed on us.

The thought of home has a peculiar charm for many who have left its helpful influence and have gone out to mingle with society in general. We may imbibe cosmopolitan views of life and sweep along with the mighty current of human progress, but there still remains cherished in our bosoms a love and yearning for home, its simplicity and peace, which never can be entirely satisfied anywhere else. However, a visit with our loved ones occasionally, as at Christmas time, helps to slightly alleviate this feeling of separation.

I recall such a visit after being away for a number of years. What feelings welled up in my breast as I approached near enough to the old homestead to make out familiar objects, such as the house, the old grove and the towering windmill. I was reminded of the words of Lord Byron:

" 'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

The little maid in cap and mittens, who came tripping along to meet me I recognized as the tiny sister whom I used to rock to sleep in her cradle and carry in my arms to the stable, where she could stroke the horse's velvet nose with her little hand. The shaggy old dog also that greeted me with a questioning bark was the same Shag that used to accompany me on hunting trips far afield. What a pleasure it was to be at home once more; to notice the expression of warm cordiality on all faces, and to have every one crowd around both to ask questions and to listen to the story of past experiences. It is impossible to do justice to my subject in trying to explain the satisfaction one feels at such a time. In a leisure moment I had but to glance about at the many familiar things in their accustomed places, when immediately a chain of thought would be awakened. There was the old churn that propelled by my sometimes weary young arms, had turned out so many pounds of apparently sweeter butter than I have ever tasted since. The milk house, now half buried under a mound of snow, stood as before, holding its store of milk and rich

yellow cream. Inside the kitchen, my old and faithful acquaintance, the family clock, stood on the shelf, still unceasingly marking the hours. How intensely I had watched its homely face in the breathless stillness of midnight just before it solemnly tolled out the twelve strokes as the signal that the old year was dying and the new year was being ushered in. All these reminders brought a sense of appreciation for the past and a gladness that I had lived.

The spirit of Christmas was markedly present in the atmosphere of the home. The old-fashioned turkey dinner was a rare treat. Was it not because mother herself had roasted the turkey and baked the pumpkin pies that made these so delicious; and the cranberries, though of the same variety as I had often eaten elsewhere, somehow seemed more delicately flavored than usual.

My story would hardly be complete unless I mentioned the delightful sleighing party by moonlight over the crisp snow of the rolling prairie. It is impossible to picture the charm of the scene on that clear winter night when the broad canopy of heaven was brightly studded with quivering stars and the air seemed fairly to crackle with cold. This however, one did not feel while snugly reposing among fur blankets in the sleigh. God had clothed the shivering earth with a beautiful blanket of snow, and as we sped along we almost fancied that we could pick out from the black curtain of heaven in the east the star that guided the wise men to the little babe Jesus in the manger.

These delights and many similar ones I enjoyed before I concluded my visit and bid farewell to the home folks. I left them with a refreshed spirit and a high sense of the benign influence of home.



THE JOY OF SERVICE

By Ruth Sawyer, '17

Kling, Wash., Dec. 22, 1915.

Dear Father:

Will you pardon me for writing again so soon, Daddy? I just must do it though. I'm so discouraged with it all. Why did I ever come to this poor, old, back-woods place anyway?

I can just imagine I hear you telling me to calm down and begin at the first, so I will. First, I simply have the awfulest place to teach in, with a dirty, old coal stove to keep filled, etc. Second, I've been trying to get up a program for the day before Christmas, and, Daddy, you never saw such a time—it's terrible. And, third, the lack of sociability. There's seldom a solitary word spoken during the meals. Mr. and Mrs. Hogg are as good to me as they could be to a boarder, but, Daddy, just think, he asked me tonight if geometry wasn't some kind of medicine. I do miss your interesting talks so much.

Well, I must close now, dear. Wish I could be home Christmas.

Your loving daughter,

AMELIA.

Rev. H. R. Beet,

S. Bend, ———.

Kling Valley lay covered with a sixteen-inch carpet of glistening snow. On the north and south the narrow valley was hemmed in with hills. Up the valley and snuggled back against the deep banks of snow was the Kling school house, one of the poorest types of building ever devoted to the cause of education. It was constructed of sod, or the upper turf from the soil, piled like bricks. The outer walls were thickly flecked with white where the wandering snow had found its way into the many deep crevices.

Great flakes began to fill the air, wandering hither and thither, and finally fluttering softly down to join those already piled on the ground. From the south over the brow of the hill came a wagon. The strong horses plowed through the snow to the ice and then walked fearlessly across the lake. Only the driver was visible, but as he pulled up before the school house a half dozen heads appeared and as many children with their mothers crawled from the wagon, where they were riding on piles of hay. Now other vehicles came down the slopes of the surrounding hills. Finally a large bob sleigh came clipping around the corner and seemingly brought up the rear, for no more teams made their appearance.

The teacher stepped quickly down from her seat, while Hogg drove on to hitch the prancing horses. She stopped a minute on the step before she pulled the leather string that lifted the old-fashioned latch and then with a strange feeling she entered. Joyful, eager crys met her entrance. "There see ist," from a small tow-headed

youngster of five. "Hello, teacher," "Say, teacher, did you bring my piece?" "Hello, Tommy! Yes, Mary, it's in my pocket," she answered, passing up the aisle and stopping at the so-called desk. For a moment she paused and her eyes wandered upward to the rafters, then down to the clay-plastered walls and the rough hewn boards that composed the floor.

Again the feeling of repulsion and despondency swept over her, but at this moment she was aware of a tiny hand flying before her face. An intense stillness had settled down over the room and every face was turned toward her. "Plea'th, teacher, when tan I speak my pieth?"

It would be needless to dwell on all the details. How Mabel forgot her piece, "The Night Before Xmas," and had to be prompted several times, or how Marie left the second verse out of her recitation, or even how one character in the Xmas dialogue forgot to appear.

Only one number was left on the program. The teacher arose. Her feelings had changed now. When she saw the joy manifested at these simple efforts for a Christmas program she was ashamed that she had begrudged her labors among the people. Simply, she told over and over again the old, old story of the shepherds and the little Christ child. And they were never so interested before.

After this, to heighten the Christmas spirit that was already so prevalent, bulging bags of nuts and candy were distributed among the children and young people, and a rather noisy time followed. There was no doubt but that they were enjoying themselves. The merry laugh and twinkling eye spoke plainer than words.

So ended the festive occasion, and the sleighs ploughed through the ever deepening snow, homeward.

Amelia, the teacher, remained behind, and as she took her paper closer to the "old coal stove," she perused the following letter:

Dec. 24, 1915.

Daddy:

I'm just going to write a few lines to say it isn't half as bad as I thought. The program is over and you should have seen how every one enjoyed it! Why, even Grandma Bosenbake was delighted, and she's almost seventy.

Why, Daddy, it's worth everything to see folks so pleased and I'll never complain again even if the stove does smoke. And say, papa, do you think you could come up here in the spring and hold a series of meetings? I'm sure the people would be glad to have you, and I know the meetings will do me good.

Well, I must close as it is getting quite dark.

Lovingly,

AMELIA.

P. S.—Merry Christmas, Daddy!

In Memoriam

FREDERICK D. FARGHER

Age 16

Died Dec. 3, 1915.

TO MR. AND MRS. A. W. FARGHER:

The Seattle Pacific College joins you in loving remembrance of Fred. His bright and smiling countenance, and his kindly ways drew our hearts toward him.

How little we thought as he passed us day by day that he was soon to smile the last time, soon to leave us forever. Indeed our hearts are saddened, because this precious boy has been taken from us. As a flower quietly opens its fragrant petals, so this youthful life was blooming into beautiful young manhood, and there seemed in him promise of a noble, useful life in the world's activities. But Freddie is gone. One has said: "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," and though his voice is hushed in death, yet his life still lives. His cheery countenance and his ready response to all requests leave their influence behind, and we have been made better by his association.

To you, his loved ones, we, teachers and students of Seattle Pacific College, tender our sincere sympathy, and pray that this providence may be the means of drawing us each nearer to the One who, above all, knows how to comfort the bereaved.

By the Committee,

O. A. BURNS,

ADDIE I. COOK,

M. K. MATTHEWSON.

ALEXANDRIAN NOTES

Twenty years is a long, long time when you look back over it and surely a society which has lived that long is well entitled to look back with satisfaction and pride. It is indeed a tribute to those who founded the Alexandrian Literary Society that it is a strong, live, forceful student organization today.

The charter membership embraced fifty names, many of whom have since become "well-known and beloved among us." The first president was Miss Lily M. Peterson and her brother, Mr. Joseph Peterson was the first secretary. The students met for organization, Oct. 11, 1895, but the first regular meeting was held Oct. 25. It was at this meeting that Miss Laura Millican suggested naming the society for Mr. Beers, who was then, as he is now, the beloved president of the school.

Since then there have been necessarily some lean and some fat years, but the society has always been the moving force in literary and social affairs in the school.

The Alexandrians have brought many laurels home to their Alma Mater. At one time, debaters representing the society held the high school championship, not only of the city but of the state, having defeated such schools as Broadway and Lincoln. The state championship of the previous year had been held by Auburn High School, and when our debaters defeated Auburn, they carried the title until the closing debate of the series when it was taken from them by Mt. Vernon. Of the two men who held this record, one is now lecturing with the Chautauqua and the other is attending a medical college in the East.

Since then the achievements of the Alexandrians have been many and varied, and while the society activities have of late years been confined within the school itself, they have been just as spirited and interesting as ever. The meetings this year are in charge of the classes in the academic department and have, so far, been very fine.

Much of the interest and enthusiasm this year has been inspired by the zeal and optimistic loyalty of our president, Mr. Stephens. We are, indeed, sorry to lose him and certainly wish him good luck and a speedy return.

Vivian Thomas.

V. Thomas

M. Cathy

E. Smith

A. Stephens

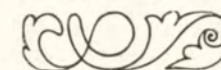
L. Cochran

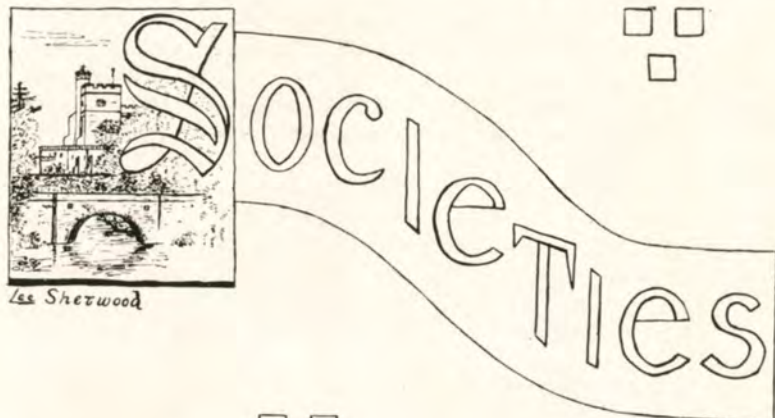
C. Tucker

Alexadrian Officers

G. Huston

V. Staggs





ALPHA CLUB NOTES

Oh, the sands are grey and the cliffs are grey
 And the seagull is grey against the sky;
 But the water gleams with the rosy beams
 As the sunset's opal beauties die.

Then the night comes down with her sable crown
 Thickset with the purest of starry gems,
 And the purple waves tell of ocean caves
 That are richer than kingly diadems.

The sea wind brings on its salty wings
 The voice of the boundless, uncharted deep,
 Where the restless mind is at last resigned
 And lulls itself into dreamless sleep!

T. L. V.

Now! Just see what you've went and done. That Alpha Club hike inspired even the quiet college folks and it isn't spring either. But seriously now, we really did have the grandest time! Our chaperon, Mr. Bagley, of the science department, made the hike interesting by explaining the geology of the country as we went along. And then, the big camp fire and the feed and songs and stories all helped make it a "big" time. We haven't done anything serious since, although two meeting nights have passed but it has seemed necessary each time to postpone it on account of some important school activity. We are planning a debate on the war for our next meeting, so if you aren't strictly neutral, you had better look out for submarines.

DAS KRANZCHEN

The German Club, being of course one of the great social features of our school, has planned a most delightful entertainment which will come off about Christmas time. A Kaffee Klatch will follow immediately after. A series of brilliant social events will occupy our time during the rest of the year.

The first year German class is fast degenerating, we are sorry to say. Sometime ago, Mr. Ritchie was telling a story in German and he said, "Der Hund gegangen"—Miss Marston interrupted, "Now, Everett, you wouldn't say the dog gone." Mr. Bishop began to smile. It is needless to say we were all shocked. But Everett tried to excuse himself by saying, "Why, Miss Marston, I looked it up in the appendicees."

You ought to see the crowd of enraptured listeners gathered outside room I as we sang, "O Tannenbaum." It is usually pitched so low that we have to go down into the deep to bring it up or so high above in the clear, blue skies that we have to whistle for it to come down.

The second year class has brightened the path of the first year students, by telling those who find German difficult, to just wait till next year. Then it begins to get hard and this year's work will seem like play compared to the awful siege before us. We thank them one and all for this thoughtful encouragement. Alice Cathey.

PI KAPPA DELTA

Games, refreshments and a jolly crackling fireplace aided the good fellowship feeling at the organization of the students of S. P. C. who do not board on the campus, Nov. 1, at the home of Miss Minnie Isenhath.

Mr. Stephens, one of the "insiders," took charge of the organization for us. The following officers were elected: President, Minnie Isenhath; Vice-President, Dwight Hill; Secretary and Treasurer, Esther Mann, Marshall Homer Swick; Cascade Reporter, Rubie Thomas.

After taking the chair the president appointed a committee of five to formulate a constitution for the club, and to bring in suggestions for a suitable club name and you see the results above.

The purpose of the club is to promote good fellowship among the outside students. Any of these are eligible for membership in the club. The present membership is: Esther Mann, Alice Cathey, Minnie Isenhath, Hazel Alberts, Neva Finch, Rubie Thomas, Wallace Kennedy, Homer Swick, De Voist Warren, Bob Graefe, Dwight Jones and Dwight Hill.

The music was fine and um—um—if you could have tasted that whipped cream cake—some of Miss Isenhath's own baking—I am sure you would envy those who were there. All who attended were more than enthusiastic over the prospects of the club, and expect it to be one of the real forces of the school. Rubie Thomas.



MERTON MATTHEWSON, President
 MARGARET WHITESIDES, Secretary
 CELESTINE TUCKER, Treasurer

SENIOR CLASS NOTES '16

By Irma Sharp.

Since the last edition of the Cascade, the Seniors have been quite studious, more especially about the time of the exams. However, we are not mourning over anyone's funeral (no one flunked.)

We also are quite proud of our little silver class pins. Nearly every one, who has even glanced at them, thinks they are the cutest thing ever put out. You will find all loyal Seniors with them pinned in a conspicuous place.

A couple of girls from the "Dormitory" planned to entertain the Senior class the day following Thanksgiving at a Poverty gathering, but as the revival meetings were still continuing, it was postponed until a later date. A good many substituted skating (and not always on their feet) in its place.

I might further state that it has been rumored about that the Senior flashlight pictures are the best ones taken of any class in school.



LUCILLE BLACK, Treasurer
 CLIFFORD DENNY, President
 ALICE CATHEY, Secretary

JUNIOR NOTES

By Mary Stipe.

The Junior class program came off with crowning success and much mental relief to the members. The class meetings called at all hours before the program seemed to have taken all the energy and mental accessories of the brilliant class. Therefore, we have had only two class meetings since. But just remember we are not dead, neither are we deaf and dumb as to our mental possibilities. We are looking forward to victory over all our Cicero and mathematics, and we are sure of seeing the banner of victory flying over the conquering Junior class at the end of the year.

Corrected.

Wife (during the tiff)—I have suffered every calamity that can befall a woman. Husband (calmly)—Oh, no, you haven't, my dear. You have never been a widow. Wife—You evidently don't understand me. I said "calamity."

* * *

No Need for a Leader.

The society reporters always speak of a bride being "led to the altar," just as though a bride couldn't find her own way there blindfolded.—Philadelphia Record.

* * *

Luck follows the hopeful; ill luck, the tearful.—German Proverb.



JESSIE BELL, Treasurer FRED LEISE, President ELVA SWICK, Secretary

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

By Joyce Rose.

The Sophomores are still as busy as bees. Indeed, the very busiest one among us is our Cascade reporter. She has been moving this week and necessarily this meant staying up late at night, and for some reason or other, she was so very busy that she neglected writing up our class notes. Luckily there was one who took enough interest to write them for her.

As I suppose most every one knows, our Alexandrian program has been postponed until Friday, December 10, and we hope that it will be none the less interesting than those which came before it.

Indeed, I am not much of a reporter, but I have endeavored to fill, at least, a part of the space allowed to us.

BUSTED!

An old darcy who wanted to enter the ministry proved his knowledge of the Bible history by telling the following tale to his examining board:

"Once w'en the queen of Sheba was gwine down to Jerusalem she fell among thieves. First they passed her by on de oder side den they come ovah an' dey say unto her, "Fro down Jesebel!" but she wouldn't fro her down; and again dey say unto her for de third and last time, for I ain't gwine to ax you no mo', 'Fro down Jesebel,' and dey fro'd her down for seventy times and seven, till de remains were 'leven baskets and I say unto you whose wife was she at the resurrection?"



CAROL FUSSEL, Secretary LELAND COCHRAN, President NEVA FINCH, Treasurer

FRESHMEN NOTES

By Pearl Smith

What! Can it be possible that you are asking for Cascade material again? It seems only yesterday you nothered me for a report of our class doings.

I shall not try to tell you of our class in detail—that would take years. I only wish to say that we have some very fine students in our class. Some real artists! Artists in drawing, artis's in music, and almost every other kind of an artist, even to that of a traveling salesman. Nurses, too!

And then you call us green. We are sorry that you don't know the class as well as ye scribe knows it at this writing.

Freshmen? Sure and proud of it. Better to be fresh and green than old and dried. We are joyfully plodding along and endeavoring to the best of our ability to make the first round in the ladder successfully with our banners floating high.

Since the above notes were written the death angel has visited our midst and taken from our rank one of the choicest of our lot. Our hearts are saddened and the world seems less attractive than it did a short time since—when Freddie Fargher was numbered among our freshmen.

We will not try to tell how much we miss Freddie, or "Fritz" as we called him. We were especially proud of him as our representative on the tennis court, the basket ball field and in the school room. He was a favorite, not only of the class, but of the whole school. He was always happy and cheerful—a veritable ray of sunshine.

It somehow seems too sad to be true and we begin to ask: "What is death that comes as a thief in the night, all unannounced, and snatches here and there a gem of rarest worth and leaves but aching hearts behind?"

THE CHORUS

The chorus, under the direction of W. W. Cathey, is composed of over fifty voices. We have been putting in some very hard work at our weekly rehearsals and expect to give that beautiful oratorio "The Messiah" at Xmas time.

Last September, when we reorganized, we discovered but few of last year's singers. The oratorio was new to most of us. Imagine, if you can, Mr. Cathey rapping for order, our accompanist, Miss Ward, striking up the opening measures, and fifty voices plunging into the then unfamiliar strains of "And the Glory of the Lord." In spite of Mr. Cathey's efforts the vocal parts would find themselves lagging, and would directly proceed to hustle over a passage at a great rate to make up for lost time.

Perhaps we would get as far as "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." We certainly did our level best to perform this literally. It seemed to be a signal for parting company. Each shifted for himself and got to the end as well or rather as soon as he could—excepting Mr. Ritchie, who, wrapped up in his own melody, kept on his quavering course and wound up by a solo of at least three measures. Then would come a sharp rap, and a smile which was a cross between despair and amusement.

Mr. Cathey is "no respecter of persons" and we had to learn to sit up and sing or run the risk of being personally recognized by the director. The sentiment of that old song, "Music, That Lulls the Weary Soul to Rest," seemed to appeal rather strongly to a few of the members. But not so with our leader. He has broken one baton in keeping the altos awake and has, so he tells us, three more to break if it is necessary.

And now, as we look back over the semester's work, we are rather proud of the progress we have made. Mr. Graefe has ceased to loiter casually along, and has finally succeeded in keeping up with the rest of us. Mr. Swick's strong bass comes rumbling along and Mr. Berry slides up and down those long runs as though his voice worked automatically. Anyone not familiar with the difficult runs and close harmony of "The Messiah" cannot appreciate this.

At the last rehearsal Mr. Cathey was ill and for the first time in the history of the chorus was not able to be present. But two brave tenors—Wilson Cathey and Robert Liese—alternated as leaders. They did nobly, and led us with many beautiful gestures and flourishes of the baton clear through the entire oratorio.

You can readily see from the picture that the members were chosen more for voice than looks. You may find a few pretty faces among the sopranos and altos, but do not look too closely. While you are scrutinizing the tenors and basses, please comfort yourselves with the fact that the picture was taken while the chorus was in repose instead of in action.

M. CATHEY.





Cora Smith.

Once more Thanksgiving has come and gone. The students were given two days' vacation. While a few of the "insiders" went to their homes, most of them remained here and, of course, the day was made pleasant for them. The dinner was a feature that inspired everyone present with pleasurable sensations. Pointed addresses were given by Mr. H. H. Pease, and Mr. Puffer; and music by Mr. and Mrs. Cathey. President Beers is always an able toastmaster.

In the afternoon, some of the students kept up the record by taking the annual hike to the Queen Anne tower. Those who were not brave enough to face wind and weather, enjoyed themselves, sitting by the fire place and telling stories.

Evidently some of the outside students enjoyed the day following Thanksgiving, as it is reported that four couples were seen with a well filled lunch basket making their way north of Ballard.

Two weeks after the Senior program we were favored with a program given by the Jolly Juniors. The efforts of the orchestra were greatly appreciated as it dis—played the hidden talent of the class.

At the first meeting of the missionary society of the school, an interesting and profitable program was rendered in honor of Miss Ethel Ward, our missionary.

Wednesday morning, Nov. 24, a very instructive talk was given by Miss Ida Barker, lately returned from China.

You remember that Alfred Tennyson wrote, "The Passing of Arthur." We students have just written on the exams of the regular nine weeks' test. There may be some analogy between our passing and the passing of Arthur don-cha-know?

One of the greatest events in the late history of the school was the changing of the seats in the assembly. By this new arrangement the gentlemen in marching out, pass through one door, and the young ladies through another. No doubt in future years the Seattle Pacific College will be quite famous as being one of the first to adopt the segregation of the sex.

We are sorry to learn that we are soon to lose the business manager of the Cascade.

The students enjoyed a short address given recently by Rev. Frank Cathey. The students are greatly edified by these addresses which are given from time to time, by the warm friends of the school.

A memorial service was held Tuesday, December 7, for Freddie Farger. Mr. Beers told of his trip to the funeral and of the appreciation of the family for the floral offerings sent by the classes and Alpha Club. Members of the faculty and student body told of the sincere sorrow and regret of the school at losing one of our best students and favorite comrades, and Freddie's crepe and flower covered seat testified to the love and sorrow of all.

This number of the Cascade is being put out by the Alexandrian Literary Society, consisting of students from the Intermediate, Academic and College departments. We have tried hard to make it a number that you would appreciate and enjoy and hope that you will take it home with you on your Christmas vacations and advertise the Cascade, the Alexandrian and S. P. C.

We wish our subscribers, our advertisers, our friends and our enemies, one and all a Merry Christmas and a pleasant, prosperous New Year.

REVIVAL NOTES

By John Root

It has been our pleasure during the last few weeks to see some miracles of transformation through the regenerating power of Jesus. Rev. H. E. Warren as a loyal messenger of scriptural truth has been with us in special meetings, assisted by the pastor and with the hearty co-operation of the president and every member of the faculty. He was much blessed in preaching the gospel and almost every service was freighted with the solemnity of conviction and repentance.

We are more firmly convinced than ever that the old established Bible conditions of salvation are the only ones that will ever stand the test and are glad to know that some of our fellow students have fallen into line and given heed to the call of their Savior.

On the other hand, to those who reject Him there must ever be the aching void of an unsatisfied conscience, but as the message of old was sounded by the Master, "Ye must be born again," so the message was sounded anew and those who accepted it have found the blessings of saving grace.





By H. Berry.

About Nov. 1, 1915, football between the rival classes of Seattle Pacific College was introduced into the school. The Freshmen-Seniors organizing against the Junior-Sophomore team. The Hon. R. M. Graefe was unanimously elected captain of the Junior-Sophomore team and Mr. Berry of the Senior-Freshmen team. The captains were certainly busy getting their respective teams in practice for the scrimmages. On No. 2, the mighty goal-posts adorned the field and the first scrimmage was played Nov. 4, the Junior-Sophomores winning by a score of 14 to 0. Sensational playing was done by both teams. Mr. Matthewson, the husky center of the Senior-Freshmen team, was scratched on the face and at once called on Miss Black, who was standing on the side lines, for a bandage.

Alas, we must come to the sad part. One of the small boys from the outside ran in among the players. He was accidentally stepped on and his eye injured temporarily. Football and basketball have now passed, and we are eagerly looking forward to Xmas vacation.

The pastor of the church, putting on his spectacles, said: "As I said last Sunday, I will now call the names of the persons who are asleep in the congregation. John Stackpole." There was no response from the audience. "John Stackpole!" This time louder than before. The sleeping man stirred restlessly in his seat and replied: "Be down in a minute; keep things hot for me." "You are going down fast enough and things will be kept very, very hot for you," said the pastor.—Sel.

Father—When you get married, Laura, I wish you would marry young Blank. He is going to make a noise in the world some day.

Laura Du Bois—I believe you, dad; I heard him eating soup the other day.

* * *

Ritchie—Do you think mind cures are always successful?

Miss Tong—Certainly—if there is any material to work on.

* * *

Graefe—Is it true that you proposed to Viola the other night and was rejected?

Berry—Well, not exactly rejected. She said when she felt like making a fool of herself, she'd let me know.

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE ALUMNI

Of course every Alumni is a special "who," but all cannot be mentioned, so only a few will appear.

William Aldridge of '13 spent the week-end visiting the College and old school mates. He still possesses that "dignified" personality as of yore. His presence so intimidated several of his school friends that they dared not "walk right up and say 'hello.'"

Fred Gill's sojourn in Oregon proved to be rather brief, for his "high" physique is again about the campus.

Josephine Kelly has been the victim of that horrid, drowsy, unwelcome visitor Mr. La Grippe. After serving a week's sentence she again took up her work at Sears, Roebuck & Co.

During the Educational convention Messrs. Wesley Millican and Frank Walkins came out to the College. Their time was most limited, for they merely "walked right in, turned right around and walked right out again."

Frank Bailey also was down to the convention from Fall City, where he is teaching. A new responsibility has fallen upon him and his wife—the bringing up of Frank Holmes junior.

Helen Johnson lately joined the jolly teachers at Bellingham. After her first day at the Normal she was asked: "And how long have you taught?" Evidently the very atmosphere of Bellingham imparts to one that "teachified" appearance.

Ruth Stilwell lives just above the College, but we seldom see her. She leaves before daylight for the "U" and pursues her studies until late in the afternoon.

Lois Catton also spends the greater part of her school week in the vicinity of the Chimes.

Mr. and Mrs. Dana Newton are the happy father and mother of a son, Roderick Winslow.

Our Cascade "Story Girl" is again teaching in Idaho. But Louisa says she is going to "lock up the door, throw away the key" and come back to S. P. C. next year.

Mrs. Amy Body Millican was with us a few weeks ago. She is conducting missionary meetings throughout the conference. Mr. Frank Millican is attending Reed College at Portland.

Clara and Grace Root prefer the Eastern Washington climate. Clara is teaching at East Crescent, while Grace is attending the Normal at Cheney.

Wade Folsom has been assisting John Logan, the pastor of the Hillman church during a series of revivals.

We want to thank all the members of the Alumni who have subscribed for the Cascade. Those outside of the College are: Mrs. June Cathey, Ethel Lawpugh, Dana Newton, Fred Gill, Louisa Ward, Earl Thomas, C. S. McKinley, Stella Peterson, Walter Scott, A. J. Marston, Harold Mann, Floyd Hopper, Eva Signor, Josephine Kelley and Oliver Haslam.

ALTHEA MARSTON.

EXCHANGE



Almost Christmas! Many times our friends wonder what we would enjoy for a Xmas gift. Very often this is a difficult matter to decide. But it is an easy task this year. The greatest boon we ask is the continuation of our present Exchanges. Although many are small, most of them are of an excellent quality.

The Totem easily heads our November list. Its peculiar size is a curiosity rather than a defect. The general appearance and quality of this paper is good. Your "football terms" illustrated in cartoons are the latest out. "An afternoon with Grandmother" is a good story and presents a beautiful spirit. Your "True Vision" is a real gem. Your school didn't carry the football honors of the city, but I admire the pluck you manifest.

Footba'l number of "The Lewis and Clark Journal" is splendid. There's one point about your journal we cannot understand, "How did you get such a monopoly on ads?" If you can solve this puzzle for us, it will help our paper wonderfully. Here's our hand for a good shake. We are always ready to congratulate an honest winner.

The Mirror: You're true to your colors for cuts. In this you excel all our Exchanges. Your story, "In the Mixed Car," is the most exciting of the season. The abundance of literary material you offer certainly exceeds any we have found thus far in other papers.

One clear November afternoon, one of Uncle Sam's servants laid a large, unfamiliar envelope upon the Exchange desk. Inside this envelope was a new Exchange labeled "Aletheia."

To the Aletheia: We value your paper very highly—why? Is it because the quality of paper is so good? No. The first page will answer for itself. This is the strongest, holiness paper we have received and we do appreciate it. The spirit of your paper is decidedly Christian. The Prohibition league is doing splendid work. You are our only Exchange that advertises "The Volunteer Band." THIS IS THE KIND OF EXCHANGES WE NEED. COME REGULARLY.



JOSHES

L. K. (to Ward, who is looking for something in Joyce's desk):
"Oh, you don't need to look, Mr. Folsom, I'm sure she's a good housekeeper."

* * *

Tommy was an inveterate whisperer and on his report was written the words:

"Tommy talks a great deal."

In due time the card was returned with his father's signature and these words:

'You ought to hear his mother.'

* * *

C. Hill—Some day we will be telephoning through the air without wires.

Prof. Bagley—Maybe; but won't it seem queer to have an operator call back to you and say: "The air is busy."

* * *

In the days when the West was young, when there was every reason for referring to it as the "Wild and Wooley West," good doctors were about as scarce as women out in the mining camps.

Many a man who failed at prospecting would set up an "office" in a shack and became a "lawyer" or a "dentist" or a "doctor." There is a young physician in Chicago whose father was also a physician, and for many years had a literally "wide" practice, riding from fifty to a hundred miles sometimes to visit a patient. This letter was written to the young doctor's father by one of these men who, failing at mining, set up as a doctor. The letter follows:

"Dear Dock I have a pashunt whose trubbles I diagnoze as havin his windpipe ulserated off and his lungs dropped down in his stummick. I have given hym everything you could think of but with no effeck his father is a rich and wellthy man with bushels of monney and in-floenshul and land, nose I don't want to lose hym he is to good a pashunt what shal I do for hym plees ans a reply by return male at once.

Yours fratturnally,

DOC HENDIRSUN.

FLIMSEY GAY LETTERS

Dear Flimsey:

I have been saving my pennies to buy a dear, little girl friend of mine a Christmas present and have denied myself a hair cut. Now she makes fun of my hair and refuses to speak to me. What shall I do, as I love her dearly?

Homer Swick.

Answer: Take your money and get a hair cut. Then perhaps when she sees how handsome you really are, she will relent.

* * *

Dear Miss Gay:

I tat beautifully, but I am of a very sensitive disposition and Oh, Miss Gay, it is so unpleasant when the boys make fun of me and call me "sissy." What can I do to prove my manly courage?

Squire Willard.

Answer: Just keep on tatting, Squire. Now that football is killed on the campus, all the boys will soon be learning to crochet, tat or embroider.

* * *

Dearest Flimps:

I am six feet, two inches tall and have beautiful blond hair, blue eyes and a monocle. Do you think a new gold tooth would be becoming to my style of beauty?

Bob Graefe.

Answer: We can hardly tell, Mr. Graefe. You neglected to tell us whether or not you wore purple socks.

* * *

Dear Miss Gay:

My one ambition is to be famous enough to get my picture in the Cascade joke section. I have tried to bribe the business manager but he is obdurate. What can I do? I look just like Charlie Chaplin and he has his pictures in all the papers but no one here appreciates me.

Hubert M. Berry.

Answer: If there are any girls on the staff, send them each a box of candy for Christmas and patronize your advertisers and send the men members a box of Holeproof hosiery from E. M. Brooks. Write and tell us if you succeed.

* * *

Dear Miss Gay:

We are four unhappy high school girls, two blonds and two brunettes. We have tried lemons, pickles, chalk, starvation and exercise, but cannot reduce. What shall we do? Please don't ask us to stop eating doughnuts.

Althea Martson,

Cora Smith,

Margaret Mathewson.

Ruth Harding,

Answer: My dear girls, be happy as nature made you. I once was plump and pretty myself but I was not happy until I reduced. I am now a skinny, homely wreck and must make my living answering such letters as yours. Remember Marie Dressler, Tetrassini, Bill Taft, and Johnny Bunny.

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Dear Flimsey:

You have helped many others, now I come to you for advice. I am leaving school to be married in March. I have had no previous experience and wish you would tell me what I need in my trousseau.

Archie Stephens.

Answer: I cannot advise you without knowing your age and your bride's complexion. Congratulations, Archie.

* * *

Dear Miss Gay:

People say I'm conceited and that I have the swellhead. What can I do to avoid this?

Merton Matthewson.

Answer: Pay no attention to what people say about your head, Merton. There's probably nothing in it.

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* * *

A quarrel between two people often settles things along the same lines as a dog-fight in a flower bed.

* * *

A grouch by any other name is cranky just the same.

* * *

Freshman — What is a synonym of sugar?

C. H.—Revenge.

Freshman—How's that?

C. H.—Revenge is sweet, isn't it?

* * *

People who blurt out what they think usually don't think.

* * *

Mr. Burns (in Economics): "Mr. Logan, is a glass eye an economic good?"

Mr. Logan: "I don't know, Professor, I can't see through that."

* * *

It tickles a man more to be patted on the back than to be poked in the short ribs.

* * *

In this Seattle climate it is hard to hate anybody.

* * *

Join the reading club and cut out the gab-fest.

* * *

No. Aurelius, Joan of Arc wasn't on the trip with Noah.

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Why is the letter "V" the sweetest in the alphabet, Archie? Because it is nearest to "U", Laura.

* * *

When you eat sausages at a quick lunch next door to the dog catcher, don't lose your confidence in humans.

* * *

Life to some is like York Street in New Haven, Conn., begins at a hospital, doctors all along both sides and ends at a cemetery.

* * *

After you have walked the floor all night with the baby, Mr Logan, be thankful you don't live in Greenland, where the nights are six months long.



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Student—Can you see good in a fog?

* * *

Editor: "Have you any good joshes for the Cascade?"

Josh E.: "Uh! they ought to be good. I keep them in my German testament for almost a week."

* * *

Prof. Folsom (after long drawnout proof)—Now, class, we get x=0.

Sleepy voice, from the rear of the room—Oh, my, was all that work for nothing?

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