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The December 1912 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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Lain Newton 1912

The Cascade



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THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Prize Story.

Louisa Ward, '13.

IT WAS COLD! oh so cold! A dim shadowy form moved nearer another and shivered as it drew the few ragged garments closer around itself. A sleepy voice exclaimed:

"Do not move around so, Piyari, or I will have to send you to sleep with the goats."

"Yes, mother," answered the little daughter, as she nestled closer to her mother. It was again quiet but Piyari could not sleep. Her thoughts flew back to the strange woman she had seen that day. A woman with a white face and white hands! She wished she could have gone nearer the strange being and had been allowed to touch her to make sure it was a living person, but she had been told if she did, her heart would be cut out and they would chop off her ears and pickle them and she shivered again from fright as well as the piercing cold. Again she thought of the funny clothes and she pitied the white woman who did not know the joys of wearing beautiful rings on her fingers and in her nose and ears. She wondered if under those black shoes and black cloth she wore on her feet, there were silver toe rings, and why she did not go barefooted like the rest of them. She determined to question her the next day and then she remembered what would be her fate if she ventured near her, but she would watch her and see and—then she fell asleep.

Early in the morning Piyari's father, Bala, arose. The goats and chickens were driven out of the hut and he proceeded to wake up the rest of the family. Soon a roaring fire was started and the children gathered themselves around the warm blaze as they toasted their hands and feet.

After their meager breakfast, Piyari and her mother went down to the village well and the father with her brothers went to the fields to work, leaving the youngest boy, Ganga, to look after the goats. The usual routine of work was started and it seemed that there was more to do than ordinarily. Piyari hurriedly performed her task for when she was through she was going with her little friend Radha to watch the strange white woman.

At last they were ready to start. They had not gone very far when they saw a crowd under a large banyon tree. They pressed up closer to see what was the matter and finally elbowed their way through. To their surprise they saw the white lady and a native man and woman sitting on a cot. The lady was telling the people something very strange. They curiously looked at the white face and drew nearer to scrutinize her clothes. They were greatly interested and chatted away to each other pointing to one thing or another that struck their eye. Finally they attracted the speaker's attention and she asked them what their names were. This scared them so that they ran as fast as they could through the crowd and hardly stopped till they reached Piyari's home.

They sat talking for a long time about all they had seen that morning. Finally Radha shivered and drawing her saree tighter around her said, "I must be going home. It is so cold and my head

aches so. Perhaps the gods are angry with me and I may get sick. I must give Kali another cocoanut or she will send evil on my head."

"Yes," answered Piyari, "we did very wrong to go and see the white lady, and I must pray again to the Tulsī. Perhaps the gods are angry and will prevent my wedding next month. Mother told me that if I did not get married very soon I would be laughed at, for you know I will soon be eight years old."

"Oh, Piyari, you were born under a lucky star," said Radha. "My father is angry at me because I am not married and the man I am betrothed to may die and then I will be a widow," and she looked lovingly at the glass bracelets and her little silver rings.

That evening Piyari ran over to Radha's house to have a chat with her and found she was sick with the fever. Her family were very angry about it, because she was to be married in about three weeks if her betrothed did not die, and now she had fallen sick herself.

"Yes, it is all owing to that missionary lady, who has bewitched her," said Radha's father.

"And we have bought all her wedding garments" added the mother.

Piyari went up to see her friend but she looked so strange, and recognized no one. For a week she lay in a stupor and it seemed that she would die.

A few days later the missionary came to Piyari's home. There was no one there but the little girl and she was very frightened. She started to run away but the lady caught and kissed her and she was so amazed that she did not know what to do, for she had never been kissed before. Then she began to scream and cry for she thought this was just another way that the white woman bewitched people. Then the lady began to talk to her in her own language so kindly and soothingly that she quieted down.

"My little girl, what's your name?" finally asked the missionary.

"Piyari," she answered.

"Did you ever hear about Jesus, Piyari?"

"Jesus, who's that?"

And then was told once more the old, old story of the Cross. When it was finished, Piyari turned to the missionary and asked, "Why did you bewitch my friend? Her folks are angry at you."

"And why are thy angry? I have never harmed a thing in my life," and then she went on to tell of the Great Physician who heals all our soul's diseases. And Piyari believed all she heard.

The next day the missionary went with Piyari to her friend's home. The lady was a trained nurse, and after overcoming the scruples of the parents, she gave some medicine to the sick girl so that she was soon well.

The family all rejoiced at her recovery, and began to listen to the words of the missionary and soon believed with all their hearts in the Gospel story. Piyari and Radha were always at the missionary's house, which had lately been built, and took an active part in the meetings.

Not long after, a crowd might have been seen going towards the river on the edge of the town. What did it mean? On the bank of the river stood the missionary lady and her husband who had arrived two days before. Standing near were the families of Piyari and Radha, who were baptized after a short talk by the missionary.

When the baptismal service was ended, the converts wended their

way to the missionaries' home, where again they were told of the life of Christ. Then in conclusion were spoken these words:

"Today is Christmas. It is the day of the year on which Christ was born. We always celebrate the day in America so we wish to remember it here." Then they were invited to the dinner spread out on the verandah and afterwards were each presented with a copy of the Gospels.

When it was over they thanked the missionaries for bringing the Word of Life to them and every one declared that their first Christmas had been the happiest day of their life.



"CHRISTMAS PEACEMAKERS."

Lois Cathey.

O H, HO," said Mr. Trueman, as he handed a couple of letters to his wife, "what do they say? Are they all coming?"

"Let me see," his wife answered, as she tore open the envelopes and glanced through the contents. "Fred is coming. He'll be here on Xmas eve and expects to drive over.

"Great, but how about Jessie?" her husband question. "What does she say?"

"O, she's coming," was the answer, "But as usual she must return on Christmas night. It is certainly agreeable to me."

"Well, you are the greatest sisters I ever saw. To let a little thing like a will come between you."

"Well, Joseph Trueman, his wife answered hotly, "it was no little thing, I'd have you know. Jessie would never have got that old chest if she hadn't teased Aunt Jane for it, and they both knew that I didn't have any kind of a chest at all."

"Why do you invite her, then, every Christmas?"

"Of course, I'll invite her and Daniel and little Ruthie. It wouldn't be the thing not to, seeing she's my sister. I don't imagine she wants to come, but she has to to be polite. I'm sure she's welcome, but she needn't expect me to inconvenience myself for her."

So the matter was dropped.

Christmas morning dawned crisp and frosty. Mother Nature had spread a thick white blanket over everything. The orchard boughs were weighed down almost to the breaking point, while fields of snow stretched away as far as the eye could reach. It was an ideal Christmas day.

Fred Wagner, bachelor, who had arrived the night before, was out having a snowball fight with John and Beth, Mrs. Trueman's children, when Mr. Trueman drove up with Mr. and Mrs. Bendell and their six-year-old Ruth.

"Merry Christmas," Mr. Bendell shouted.

"Merry Christmas, Uncle Danny," the children shouted back.

"Maggie," Mr. Trueman called out, "here are Jessie and Dan."

The sisters greeted each other coolly while Mrs. Trueman took the travelers' wraps and told them to make themselves at home.

Mrs. Trueman insisted upon getting dinner alone and from all appearances her sister was not especially anxious to be in the kitchen.

Ruth and Beth, however, lost no time in renewing the friendship they enjoyed for one brief day in the year.

Dinner was served at two o'clock, and such a dinner as it was. Everyone did justice to the good things, and after the dishes had been washed and put away the older people sat down to a good talk while the children scattered.

John took his bobs and left word that he'd be back for supper. Ruth and Beth begged to go down the road about half a mile to see a little friend. Accordingly they were bundled up, and after promising to start home before dark, they set out hand in hand.

Mr. Trueman drew up before the fire and launched forth on one of his famous stories while the others listened.

"Maggie," said Fred Wagner, breaking the silence that ensued after Mr. Trueman had finished, "are you and Jessie still quarreling about that will of Aunt Jane's?"

"We'll drop the subject, please," Mrs. Trueman interrupted, while Mrs. Bendell hastened to add, "Yes, we'll drop the subject."

"Well, I declare," said Mr. Trueman, "and as usual I suppose pressing business calls you home on Christmas night. Something ought to be done to bring you women together."

"Aren't they together," Mr. Bendell replied. "We come over every Christmas when Maggie invites us but the women act as stubborn as usual and won't write to each other between times."

"Well," Mr. Trueman said, with a sly glance at Mr. Bendell, "I guess we men will have to scrap and show you women how to make up."

"Mr. Trueman," his wife turned on him hotly, "I think we'll change the subject."

"Very well," her husband answered good-naturedly. "What a pleasant day. I'd like to acquaint the ladies with the fact that it's snowing."

At this bit of news all eyes were turned toward the windows. Great white flakes were falling thick and fast.

"My, my," Mrs. Trueman jumped from her chair, "it's getting dark, too. Where are those children? Ruth and Beth should have been home by this time. Joseph, why didn't you tell me before that it was snowing."

"Now you just be quiet," Mr. Trueman answered reassuringly. "We men will go after the girls; probably they haven't started home yet and are just waiting for someone to call for them."

The men hurried into their coats and hats and started down the road at a lively gait.

The women could not be easy. First one and then the other would run to look out the window, but the snow was falling so heavily that nothing could be seen outside.

At last Mrs. Bendell could stand it no longer.

"I'm going out to see what I can do," she remarked, and hurried away to find her coat and hood.

"Well," Mrs. Trueman said, "I suppose I might as well go, too. There's nothing to do here."

So both women started down the road at a brisk pace.

Not a word was spoken.

They had covered a little more than half the distance when they met the men. They were alone and both women gazed at them speechless.

"Where—" Mrs. Bendell began.

"They started home about a half hour ago," Mr. Trueman hastened to explain. "We'll find them all right. You just go back home and don't worry."

"I should say not," Mrs. Trueman flashed back. "I'll hunt for them myself."

"So will I," Mrs. Bendell added.

So they separated and began to run here and there and to shout the girls' names.

Suddenly Fred Wagner stopped and listened.

"Hush," he said; then shouted, "Ruth! Beth!"

Sure enough there was a faint answer. Everyone rushed in the direction of the cry. This led them to a gully and there cuddled up under a brush and half covered with snow were the two girls. Fred got there first and as he lifted up the first little object Mrs. Trueman, who was close behind, snatched it from him and began to brush the snow from its cloak and bonnet. Mrs. Bendell grabbed the other child and murmured, "Thank God, my child." Then looking into the tear-stained face raised pitifully up to her's, she cried out:

"Oh, Maggie, this is your baby; have you got mine?"

Mrs. Trueman held Ruth toward her mother.

"Yes," she said gently, then began to rub the cold little hands as if the child were her own.

"We'll carry the children," said Mr. Trueman, as he and Mr. Bendell came up together. "They're safe, are they?" he added.

"Yes, they're safe, thank God," both women said, and released their hold on the children.

The little procession started home with the men ahead. Not a word was spoken between the women 'till they reached the gate. Then Mrs. Bendell turned to her sister.

"Perhaps I'll stay over a few days. I think I can arrange it."

A tear trickled down Mrs. Trueman's face.

"I wish you would," she said gently.



SANTA CLAUS—THE BURGLAR.

Althea Marston, '14.

"I just can't wait 'till school is out! Oh Marie," whispered Jean across the aisle, "I got a letter—the best news!"

"Who from? Gordon?"

"No!" and Jean snickered out loud.

"Miss Jean Roberts and Miss Marie Davis, leave the assembly immediately," came the sharp, squeaky command from Miss Elkins.

"All the better," muttered Jean in an undertone, as she and Marie went out the door.

"Goodness, but I hope we don't run on to Prof. Smith," sighed Marie.

"I don't care one snap, we'll just tell him that old Miss Elkins sent us out," returned Jean.

"Well, never mind now, let's make the best of it and get to our room as quickly as possible."

"Does Miss Smith have a class this last period?" asked Jean, as they noiselessly went up the stairs of the Girls' Hall.

"We'll soon be safe in our room and then I'll tell you. I don't suppose you will think it is very much, but then it's news," laughed Jean.

"Jean, you always get so excited and enthused over nothing," Marie said half disgusted.

"Girls! What does this mean?" came the startling words from Miss Smith.

Jean, grabbing Marie around the waist, cried excitedly, "Oh, Miss Smith, Marie had another spell with her heart!"

Marie opened her big blue eyes and stared straight into Jean's.

"Miss Smith, just look into her eyes," added Jean.

"Take her into Dora's room, there, quick, while I run and get some medicine," commanded Miss Smith rather nervously.

"What ever made you spring that on to me for, Jean?" groaned Marie, now prostrate on the bed.

"What else could I do?" answered Jean. "And you saved the day. Well, dear, just make believe for a little while, won't you? You're the sweetest girl that ever lived, Marie, and I'll not forget you to my dying day," smiled Jean as she smoothed back the dark, wavy hair from her forehead.

"I'll care for Marie now, and you run back over to school," Miss Smith said as she entered.

"I'll be apt to run back over to school," muttered Jean to herself as she went up to her room. Just look at my hair. If Gordon could only see me now," she said to herself as she stood in front of the mirror.

"How's the heroine, anyway?" shouted Jean as she entered Marie's room two hours later. "It will be all right, won't it Marie, when I write and tell Gordon how you saved the day?"

"Somehow you always win me over," laughed Marie.

"Now the news! A great big Christmas box. That's more than nothing, isn't it?"

"O yes," answered Marie, "and just think of the fun when we open our boxes."

"Now, since you've been such a dear, I'll go down to the kitchen and prepare the greatest meal you ever had. Tra la! There's my letter on the bed, I didn't tell you half," called Jean as she slammed the door.

"Such a girl; but I wouldn't take the whole world for her," Marie said half aloud as she lay thinking of the predicament Jean had gotten her into.

* * * * *

"Oh, Marie, take this tray quick! I'm so weak!"

"What's the matter?"

"Only wait, wait till I get my breath," whispered Jean. "Now I am all right. Did you think I was never comin'? You know how dark it is out by that old walnut tree. Well, I heard some one talking in an undertone, so I stopped for a while—my but I'm so glad, for just think, Marie, these two men—"

"Two men!" interrupted Marie.

"Yes, two real men."

"Go on, Jean."

"And somehow these two men overheard the teacher talking 'bout Christmas doings, for they planned how one would dress up like Santa Claus and sneak in a little early and take the presents off the tree and hand them out the window. More than that, one of those demons spoke about a lot of Christmas boxes."

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Marie.

"Isn't that excitement, tho? I didn't wait to hear any more for fear they'd see me, and came around in thru the side door," finished Jean.

"Now, eat your supper, Marie; perhaps you'd better warm that oyster soup in your chafing dish," said Jean as she sat down on the bed. "Now while you eat I'll talk and plan. Let's keep mum 'bout this, shan't we? And not let one of the teachers find out. And just you name them, Marie."

"I would like to have Dora, Flo and Edith. Just we five to be the heroines."

"That's great," laughed Jean.

"Send a note down on our telephone and tell the girls to come quick," said Marie, forgetting all about her supper.

"Now we're all here," laughed Flo, since the story was told last to her.

"We want to give those men, and especially Santa Claus, such a scare as they never had or expect to have, don't we girls?" whispered Edith.

"Wouldn't it be awful if they really did get away with one of our Christmas boxes?" remarked Dora.

"That will never be," came from Flo and Jean.

"We'll have to watch for him first, Dora; your room is over the door, isn't it?"

"I'll be the watchman, then," laughed Dora.

"Sh! Miss Smith might hear us," whispered Marie.

"Say, girls, let's mask so he won't know who we are!" said Jean excitedly.

"All right!" and the girls were on their feet.

"Oh, I forgot something. I heard him say that he didn't have a gun but that there would be no need of one," added Jean.

"I'll dress up in my cowboy suit and get one of the boys' baseball

bats. Oh, I can hardly wait," exclaimed Flo as she jumped up and gave Marie a big hug. "Just think, if you hadn't played sick we never could of had this fun planning and the great time to come, could we, Dora?"

"I don't know, it might not be so much fun after all," answered Dora, rather dolefully.

"Just two weeks from this very——"

Tap! Tap! Tap!

"Come in."

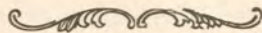
"Why girls!"

"Oh, Miss Smith, we all wanted to see how Marie was," joined in the girls as they moved towards the door.

"Good night, girls."

"Good night."

(Continued next month.)



DORMITORY LIFE.

M. C., '14.

It was the night before exams. In room three, her chin in her hands, sat Althea M., gazing dejectedly into space. She couldn't study—she didn't give a continental whether she passed or flunked.

Suddenly the door opened and Eleanor M. thrust her head in. "Oh, Al!" she whispered loudly, "come over to our room and have some coffee! We're going to make some, real strong, so we can keep awake, and study. We've just got to cram for tomorrow."

With alacrity, Althea jumped to her feet and in a few moments Eleanor, Myrtle, Margaret and Althea were assembled in room two.

"Just think how much we will get done!" This from Eleanor M., who was pouring coffee—black and strong.

"This is simply great! Perf'ly delicious!" came the rapturous chorus from the girls.

It was just 8:30 when they rose to leave. Althea burst into her room with, "Oh, sister! I feel so energetic and ambitious. Why, I could sit up and study till morning!" and she prepared to demonstrate the fact by pulling out her books.

In a few minutes she decided she wanted some cocoa, and Miss Marston proceeded to make it. While they were sipping leisurely, about 9:30, in came Eleanor again.

"We're going to make some more coffee, Al, better come in."

It was no sooner said than agreed upon, and thus another hour was spent. Then they proceeded downstairs to the office, to study. After a short interval, however, they came pell-mell upstairs. They had heard a noise!

About 12:30 they decided to retire and Eleanor said wearily:

"Well, Margaret, we haven't accomplished much, but you set the alarm and we'll get up early." And they went to their respective rooms.

They tried in vain to sleep. No slumber came to their eyelids, and they tossed restlessly until after 2 a. m. Then they fell into a deep sleep, which even the alarm, ringing at 5:30, did not disturb. We saw them rush into Assembly just as the bell stopped ringing. They were pushing in hairpins and fastening collars, having just arisen. Kindly do not ask about the results of the exams.

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EDITORIAL.

With the ending of this, another year, we are reminded of the great event which took place hundreds of years ago—the advent of the Prince of Life into this sin besmirched world. Thousands of men and women throughout Christendom will commemorate and celebrate out of a full heart salient with joy, the day of all days in the Christian calendar, the anniversary of the birth of Christ.

We cannot forget the inestimable results accomplished during His short sojourn on this scene of time. All the benefits and privileges which we, as an enlightened people, derive through our modern civilization come directly from His influence.

Picture for a moment a Christless world wrapped in the spirit of indifference and ever-increasing corruption and idolatry. Cast aside the possibilities of a divine judgment with the precepts and teachings of Christianity and calculate the awful depths to which the degenerate sons of men would sink. This thought ought to kindle in every heart a flame of devotion and appreciation to the One who thought it not robbery to take upon Himself the form of man and carry life beyond the dark realms of death, and in so doing has pro-

vided for our eternal welfare, making it possible for us to become co-heirs with Him in the land of the many mansions.

Centuries have passed since the angelic Host announced to the lonely shepherds in the vales of Judea, "Peace on Earth." The peace that passeth understanding has not diminished one iota, but has grown with time and is the colossal pillar upon which the pilgrim leans in the rugged journey through this world of suffering and sorrow.

We are glad for this another opportunity of devoting this number of our paper in the memory of one who has made it possible for us to enjoy the Christian privileges of this institution.

The revival meetings which have been in progress under the able ministrations of the Rev. J. H. Flower of St. Louis, have proven a great blessing to the entire community. About seventy-five persons arose Sunday morning upon the invitation requesting that all who had been saved or sanctified during the meetings should stand up. The greater part of these were students. God has surely been in our midst. The blessing of the Lord is with Brother Flower. The work done has been along the old-fashioned salvation lines, and we believe and pray that it will last for eternity. May those who have started as followers of the Lord continue to seek the blessing of God upon their souls and let their lives become a blessing and an uplifting force for the amelioration of the suffering, and the emancipation of the people who sit in darkness bound by the fetters of sin.



REDEMPTION.

All hail fair day that saw thy birth,
All hail thy condescent to earth.
No power more high than thou e'er dwelt
In flesh, nor e'er such suffering felt.
For mortal sin and wandering souls,
Unguided, journeying to their goals.

'Twere not for men to match the power.
Dread Satan's kingdom used to cower
The bravest hearts. Oh puny hand,
Uplifted now, dost think could stand,
And in thy strength, couldst strike the blow
'Twould lay bold Satan's warriors low?

Oh no! none but the Savior's worth
By sacrifice could win this earth
From darkest woe! Oh could it be
That Jesus thought enough of me
To leave his realms of beauteous light
And feel the darkness of my night?

But lo, He comes! let men rejoice;
He comes, our King, and 'tis His choice
To suffer keenest misery
That we through him may be set free—
Let hearts be bowed in holy awe
And know, for us Christ Calvary saw.



REV. J. H. FLOWER

of
ST. LOUIS, MO.



Lee Sherwood

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS.

Seattle Seminary was not a whit behind the times on the presidential election, although the publicity of the returns is rather late. The result plainly showed that the students of the school are up to the minute on the questions and policies of the day. In looking over the several exchanges we note that several of the schools entered into the spirit of election day, but we believe that we have surpassed them all a trifle in that we voted on both first and second choices.

The result is as follows:

| First Choice. | | Second Choice. | |
|---------------------------|----|---------------------------|----|
| Eugene Chafin | 51 | Woodrow Wilson | 46 |
| Theodore Roosevelt | 19 | Theodore Roosevelt | 17 |
| Woodrow Wilson | 15 | Eugene Chafin | 11 |
| Eugene V. Debs | 4 | Eugene V. Debs | 7 |
| William Howard Taft | 1 | William Howard Taft | 6 |
| | | Pierce | 1 |

PHILS.

Nothing doing this month. Look for us next month.

ALETHEPIANS.

At the last meeting of the club great enthusiasm was shown and all were very much aroused, especially when the speeches, upholding the different presidential candidates were given. We were also highly favored with a vocal solo by Miss Ruth Dake, and an instrumental duet by the Misses Staggs and Tucker.

For some reason, all were extremely interested in the closing feature of the evening. It was believed that by throwing the paring of an apple over the left shoulder, an initial letter would be formed which would be that of the one who was to be a very near and dear friend through the walk of life. The results of this superstitious idea were most exciting, indeed. Although there were a few faces which expressed disappointment, the eyes of many beamed with joy and satisfaction as if to say, "It is really too good to be true."

SCHOOL NEWS.

We have been especially favored during the past month in having the opportunity of hearing some very fine talks in our chapel exercises. Brother Flower spoke on, "The Rich Fool," and told us of the necessity of preparing for the future life instead of seeking for the good things of this world. The Portland Chief of Police, Slover, brought us a message of much interest. After telling some of his experiences, he told of the constant presence of Christ with him and asked us all to live so near to Jesus, that we might always take Him with us. Dr. Drake gave a fine talk on "Character Building," and especially spoke of the effect of our thoughts on our lives and faces. We are very glad to hear such inspiring talks and hope we will hear many more such.

Mr. and Mrs. Beers have returned from their trip to the East. On his way home, Mr. Beers had a chance to see James J. Hill, that great railway magnate, and obtained the promise of \$40,000 towards an endowment fund for the Seminary, with the condition that Mr. Beers raise \$160,000 within the next two years. We were given a very graphic account of this interview by Mr. Beers. We are sure that our worthy President will be well able to raise this amount in the stated time if he has the hearty co-operation of all the friends and well-wishers of the Seminary.

The Seminary faculty and students were invited to the home of Hon. Samuel Hill, the son-in-law of James J. Hill, the evening of the twenty-first of November, to hear a lecture on "Good Roads," which was illustrated by stereoptic scenes. Our host was assisted by Major Bulby. The lecture was very instructive as well as entertaining, and we know will not be soon forgotten. Among other things Mr. Hill said that Seattle was the best paved, sewerred, watered, and lighted city in the world. We should be proud of the fact that we live in such a splendid city.

As the revival meetings were in progress, we had no special entertainment on Hallowe'en evening, but the excellent supper made up for a good deal we might have missed in other ways. The table decorations were very novel and pretty. The effect of the candle-lighted room, as we entered for supper, was indeed lovely. We wish to thank the social committee for the delightful times they are giving us this year.



Class News

SENIORS.

As studious as ever are the Seniors. We miss Mr. Harry Bartlow, our class president, who had to return home on account of ill health, and hope that he will soon be restored to perfect health. Our best wishes follow him.

Have you noticed Haslam Jr.'s pompadour?

Lena's favorite German word, "Morgen."

Aldridge—Afraid of earthquakes.

Why does Rachel like Olives so?

Don't forget the Deacon.

Esther W.—A chip off the block of Wood. (Oh, you splinter!)

Why does Louise play on Kimball pianos?

Does Haslam like Jacob's wife?

Bessie—Wards-off boys.

Why does Wood like Professor Burn's home so well?

Florence—The gem of the class.

Logan—Is'nt troubled with a lass.

JUNIORS.

The Juniors are still keeping alive the interests of the Seminary and demanding the attention of the faculty.

Some of them at present are in the death-throes of Physics, some are struggling with Algebra, and all are gliding peacefully and delightfully down the stream of English. Our silence in assembly is due to the fact, that our tongues are so impaired by German and Cicero, as to render speech uncomfortable, if not impossible.

The dark, stormy weather does not bother us in the least, for our brilliancy lights the way to knowledge.

Some of the members of our class have been on the sick list, but we are glad to see them taking their accustomed places.

Burton Beegle—A great admirer of Henry I.

John Root—Is very much pleased with what he has seen of Tacoma.

Walter Scott—Seems to enjoy the society of the Freshmen class. Ask Vida.

Wesley Miller—Always has the last word. Never knows defeat.

Considering the last report of the Senior class, we would say: Blessed is the class that tooteth its own horn, for when it tooteth it not, it shall not be tooted.

SOPHOMORES.

Although we are not little children any more, we are looking forward with great anticipation to the coming holidays, when we may look upon the familiar scenes of home once again. Yes, and we also expect to indulge in the goodies that always fill the pantry shelves at Christmas time.

The Sophomores met last week and accepted the challenge of the Freshman class for the annual debate. We also elected our debaters, Mr. Higbee and Mr. Cathey. With our honors in the hands of such capable speakers we feel that we shall know no word like "Fail."

We are glad to welcome three new members and former students into our ranks.

FRESHMEN.

The Freshman class can say as the farmer did who was digging a well. He had gone quite deep without striking water, when his neighbor, who had been watching operations, asked him if he was not becoming discouraged, "No," he replied, "I am getting a long well." The Freshmen are not to be entirely overlooked. You will find within our ranks musicians, poets, artists, stenographers, barbers, road-builders—oh, well, we are not as green as we look.

OUR MISSIONARY ACTIVITY.

Among the many agreeable phases and privileges of school life, we find the opportunity of working for and in missions one of the most enjoyable. Practical experience in this case is a very valuable teacher and along with it comes great blessings.

The students that are full of the mission spirit are greatly benefited by having a night each week at the Olive Branch Mission, at which time they have a chance to be in the actual service of the Master. Here it is that they come in contact with the lower classes of humanity which naturally causes great sympathy and love to be aroused by the loving spirit of Christ.

The many scenes which go to prove the destruction that sin brings into the life of man are great incentives for creating a firmer determination for a settled Christian life. It also seems that the blessing of the Lord is so graciously manifested that one feels the fire of supernatural love coursing through his veins until it must flow out to those men who have become the victims of sin and shame.

Why should the students be discouraged when they are able to help to spread the gospel story to these men who are lost in sin's dark night? Nay, they ought rather to rejoice and count it a God-given privilege, while He indorses it with His peculiar smile. To Him be all the glory.



We are glad to see the exchanges come in from our exchange friends. It is indeed with interest and pleasure that we peruse your pages. But we have a suggestion to offer which to our mind will prove to be one of value to every exchange that will consider it carefully. It is not original with us but it is such a good one that we decided to profit by it, and not only so, but to pass a good thing along. We received the Tolo, Franklin High School, Seattle, Wash., the other day with the notice that the exchange department hereafter would not be a place of non-interesting criticism and comment, but a department in which to place jokes and puns and such things of interest as would be found in the columns of the exchanges.

We took the hint. So, hereafter this department will be devoted to such material as is above stated. We are sure that this is an excellent solution of the problem, "Does the Exchange Department Pay?" This problem has presented itself to us, due to the fact that the department has been one of interest and benefit only to the editors and managers of the paper. Hence, we take the hint and thank our friend, the Tolo, very cordially for it.

Hereafter, in view of the fact that we will print our own paper, the Cascade will increase in size to twenty pages, allowing two pages instead of one for this department.

In addition we will state that a full list of all our exchanges for the year will be published in the Commencement Number next June.



STUDENTS, ATTENTION!

Do you realize that **YOUR EYES** are worth **Millions of Dollars** to you; yet how you neglect and abuse them.

Do you realize that lack of concentration, dullness in school and loss of memory are mostly due to **Eye Strain**.

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Botany Student—There is a plant that we have not studied yet—that brewery over there.

First Flea—"Been on a vacation?"

Second Flea—"Nope; been on a tramp."

History Teacher—"Mr. —, where were the Ostrogoths?"

Mr. ——"In France."

Teacher—"What did you say?"

Mr. — (thinging hard)—"In Spain."

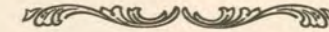
Teacher—"Again, please."

Mr. — (guessing again)—"In the northern part of Italy."

Teacher—"Very good, Mr. —."

Somebody said to a German, "Why is your hair so white and your beard is still black?"

He replied, "My hair is twenty years older than my beard."



Funny Stuff

Sputter, sputter,
Get some butter,
Grease a tin or two,
O, it's dandy,
Skuzie's candy,
Come and have a chew.
—Vista.

Miss Logan (in Economics)—
Mr. Logan, what did you find
concerning the wants of people
in the daily papers?

John L. (very calmly)—The
first, "Wanted, by Seattle Seminary,
a man with a wooden leg
to mash spuds."

Deacon (to Ruth S.)—May I
see you home?

R. S.—No, thank you.

Deacon—O, I was just foolin'.

R. S.—So was I.

Prof. Burns—What does embar-
go spell backwards?

A. Allen—"O grab me."

Mr. Logan—"The catch of the
season, and he isn't caught yet."

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The Young wife sighs,
Why don't my cakes
And pastries rise?

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A NOTE FROM AN OLD FRIEND

Greenville College
Nov. 19, 1912

I must compliment you on the November Cascade. I think it is the spiciest of any gotten out yet.

Sincerely,
L. A. Skuzie.

EVERYTHING FOR CHRISTMAS

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Prof Bagley to A Allen in Algebra—"Everything I say to you goes in one ear and out the other."
Allen—Is that what we have two ears for?

Prof. Stillwell—"What do you wear glasses for, Oliver?"
O. R. Haslam—I put such a shiny shine on my shoes, it hurts my eyes to look at them.

Mr. Higbee—"Kenneth, your face is dirty again this morning, what would you say if I came to breakfast every morning with a dirty face?"
Kenneth—"I would be too polite to say anything."

When did Romeo and Juliet meet?
On "Twelfth Night."
What did Juliet say when Romeo proposed to her?
"As you like it."
What was Juliet's character like?
The Tempest.
What was their courtship like?
A midsummer night dream.
What was their first quarrel?
A comedy of errors.
From whom did Romeo buy her ring?

The Merchant of Venice.
Who married them?
Julius Ceasar.
Who was the best man and bridesmaid?
Anthony and Cleopatra.
Where did they live?
In a Hamlet.

Miss Laurence in Physics—Mr. Scott why do you lean in when running around a curve.
Mr. Scott—Because if I did not one part of me would be running round the curve, and the other part going off at a tangent.

QUESTION TO BE SOLVED

Does Bill Aldridge like rice? (showers of it.)
Has Pitts got a girl?
Does Debs like red hair?
Does Flora enjoy eating noodles?
Does the eighth rule effect Morgan?
Does Louise like coronet music?
Why does Scottie go Stag—ering around the campus?
Why does Bill A. wear a cap? (Because he has lost his Hat(tie))
Have you tried Prof. Bagley's cure for colds?—For further particulars ask John Root.

Freshmen—irresponsible.
Sophomores—irrepressible.
Juniors—irresistible.
Seniors—irreproachable.

While crossing a city street a farmer was knocked down by an automobile. Before he could get out of the way he was knocked down again by a motor-cycle which came rushing along behind. A friend of his on the sidewalk yelled to him, "why didn't you get out of the way?"
"How'd I know it had a colt!" was the angry response.

Prof. Burns—(Discussing the great scism in Europe when the three popes were in power) Here we have three claimists to the Papacy; all claiming to have the key of St. Peter. Rather amusing, isn't it? Evidently all of them couldn't have it.
Morgan—Maybe two of them had skeleton keys.

Prof. B.—(In English Hist.) Why did Henry VI marry Margaret?

Morgan—Because he wanted a wife, I guess.

A truly eloquent parson had been preaching for over an hour on the immorality of the soul. "I looked at the mountains" he declaimed, "And could not help thinking, beautiful as you are you will be destroyed, while my soul will not, mighty as you are you will eventually dry up, but not I!"

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(Oh you Deaconess.)
"I wonder how the Old Folks are at Home."—Leah P.
"When the Moonlight's on the Prairie"—Nora J.
"In the Sweet Bye and Bye"—Frank Eckley.
"They always, always pick on me."—Gladys Barnes.
"When the Roll is Called up Yonder I'll be there."—Oliver H.
"Er kommt immer spat in die deutsche Class.

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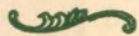
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