

November 1st, 1915

The November 1915 Cascade

Seattle Pacific College

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College Number

1915

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THE STAFF, in present-
ing this number of the
Cascade to the student
body, have endeavored
to avoid making it rep-
resentative of the Col-
lege department alone.
While all the material,
with the exception of local notes by the
reporters for the various classes and
organizations on the campus, was sup-
plied by the College students, we have
tried to make it what we think the
Cascade should always be: truly rep-
resentative of the whole school.



SOME OF THE COLLEGE STUDENTS.

Top row (left to right)—Logan, Denny, Willard, Thuline, Beegle, Root, Smith, Hight.
 Bottom row (left to right)—Mrs. Haslam, Ruth Combs, Miss Morrow, Vivian Thomas, Myra Burns, Florence Alberts, Addie Cook, Laura DuBois, Mary Cathey.

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THE LAND O' THE LEAL

By M. A. C., '19.

Nestling among the hills along the beautiful Hudson lies the little town of Arne, where the skies are always blue and the days are perfect from sunrise to sunset.

But to little old Mither Gray the skies seemed not nearly so blue as those of her bonny Scotland, and the days not half so fair. She had come to America years before, with her son and his wife, but of them all, there remained only she and a little twelve-year-old grandson—her laddie.

And often as they sat together in the twilight she would tell the boy of her "ain countree." Over and over he had heard the old songs, filled with unutterable longing and loneliness.

Tonight Jamie nestled his head down on her shoulder and listened while she sang softly:

"I'm wearin' a-wa', lad,
Like snaw-drifts in thaw, lad,
I'm wearin' a-wa' for the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, lad,
There's neither could nor care, lad,
The day is aye fair, in the land o' the leal."

A warm tear fell upon the boy's hand. He looked up in sympathy. "Dear granny," he thot, "if I could only help." Then she sang on—

"Oh, it's hame, oh, it's hame,
It's there that I wad be.
It's hame, far awa', in ma ain countree."

That night Jamie, little fellow that he was, pondered long and thoughtfully. He had heard that very day of an Italian musician at Poughkeepsie, fifty miles down the Hudson. Every year Count Andreali gave a wonderful concert, and this year a prize of one hundred dollars was to be given to the best boy soprano. And oh—Jamie loved to sing! He would go down and win the prize and he and granny could go back to the hills of Scotland! With his heart full of hope and expectancy, he fell asleep.

Since the time set for the concert was only three days off, Jamie broached the subject to his grandmother the next morning. Not one word did he say about the prize, for if he should fail to win it she would never be able to stand the disappointment. He merely coaxed to go down and hear the concert.

"Ah, no, ma laddie," she replied, "it wad never do—it is so far.

And you are sich a little lad though sich a brave one." But Jamie was insistent and finally gained her consent.

Bravely, courageously, not realizing the long, weary way, Jamie set out. The rising sun shone clear in the blue heavens above; and below, the waters of the Hudson sparkled and danced in the sunlight. Everything seemed to radiate life and hope. And the trilling of the birds in the tree-tops was just the express:ion of the music and singing in the lad's heart. Thru the heat of the noon and the warm laziness of the day, cheerily he trudged along until evening overtook him. And that night, out under the wide and starry sky, he lay down in the soft grass and was soon fast asleep.

But with the morning light, though stiff and rather weary, he was up and off again. Today, clouds hid the sun, and the sky grew dark and threatening. In dismay, Jamie made his way slowly thru the cold, chilling rain. Oh, the weariness of that day! And when evening came, it found him still fifteen miles from Poughkeepsie. He was so tired—too weary to move, and only dimly realizing that the contest was the following afternoon, he crawled into an empty barn to sleep. All night he tossed restlessly. And in the morning—oh, the thot of those long miles! Could he ever make it? What if he should be too late! He was frightened at the very thot! "I must get there! Oh I must!" he sobbed as he painfully plodded along thru the mist and mud.

And at last, late in the afternoon, he saw the spires of Poughkeepsie in the distance, and foot-sore and weary, he limped down the main street. Catching sight of a large hall, he went into the entry room. Jamie listened a moment. Some one was singing! He was there in time! Pushing open the door, he found himself in a large, crowded hall. Far up in front on the platform sat a row of boys, and a little chap in a black velvet suit was standing in the foreground, singing. The little Scotch boy, dusty and drooping with weariness, listened enraptured as the singer lifted his voice higher and higher. When the singer sat down amid a roar of applause, Jamie made his way down the aisle, and stepped up on the platform. The audience, surprised and disapproving, looked with curiosity and disfavor upon the queer, childish little fellow. But Jamie caught a smile from a kindly gentleman in the front seat, and immediately started to sing the only song he knew—

"I'm wearin' a-wa', lad,
Like snaw drifts in thaw, lad,
I'm wearin' a-wa, for the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, lad,
There's neither cauld nor care, lad,"—

A strange, dizzy feeling seemed to be stealing over him—he couldn't see, his voice faltered—he felt himself swaying—falling. He lurched against a table and, clutching at it, steadied himself. In a moment he had begun to sing again—

"The day is aye fair, in the land o' the leal."

His trembling voice grew stronger:

"Oh, it's hame, oh, it's hame,

Oh, it's there I wad be.

It's hame, far awa' in ma ain countree."

The boyish voice rose clear and thrilling. Oh, the longing, the loneliness, that throbbed with every word. There was not a person in the audience but felt the singing grip his very heart strings. As Count Andreali listened in wonder, his eyes conjured a vision of his own "hame, far a-wa," sunny Italy, and a mist rose before his eyes. Then the trembling voice died away, and the singing ceased.

Jamie turned quickly, and blindly staggered down the aisle and out of the door. Oh, how utterly he had failed! Without a word he threw himself upon the grass, and lay there still. As he choked back the bitter tears, he recalled those long, weary miles. He seemed to see the face of his old granny, and feel again the warm tear on his hand. He had tried—so hard, so hard.

"Why, little boy, it ees you here? Come, you must not feel so badly." It was the strange soft voice of the count. Jamie looked up into the kind eyes, and his own brimmed anew with tears. Then brokenly, Jamie told his story, and the count listened quietly. "And granny thinks o' naething else but hame—and she's pining a' wa' for her bonny Scotland. Oh—I ha tried so hard!"

"Listen," the count spoke quickly, "I know how it ees—and you haf been a braef boy. You shall yet take your granny back to her 'ain countree.' Your voice, my boy, it ees wonderful! And the prize—you haf won it!



AUTUMN

THE DEATH OF BEAUTY.

Beside a dying fire,
 Beneath a jewelled sky,
 The wind sobs a dirge in the rushes,
 A bat goes whizzing by.
 A soft breeze sighs through the dead, dry grass,
 From the lake comes the loon's weird cry.
 O'er all is a solemn stillness,
 The universe harkens to hear
 The last sweet note of the music that dies
 With the dew of the last flower's tear.
 "Farewell, sweet song," is the Autumn note,
 "For the death of all beauty draws near."
 "Farewell," sighs the breeze, and again "Farewell—
 For merciless Winter is here."

THE TIME OF THANKSGIVING.

Around a glowing hearthstone
 There sits a merry throng,
 There, the ruddy firelight dancing
 Keeps time to mirth and song;
 And high in the shadowy corner's dusk
 Hang strings of onions long.
 O'er all is the joy of fulfillment,
 Of labors now complete,
 For Nature's sweet promise of Springtime
 Now brings its fruits as sweet.
 "Be glad," laughs the flame in the chimney's throat,
 "Be thankful as now it is meet;"
 "Be glad," sings the cricket, "Again be glad,
 For blessings now heaped at your feet."

T. L. V., '19.

SEATTLE PACIFIC COLLEGE

AN APOSTLE OF SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

By John Root

Seattle Pacific College as an educational institution may rightly be called an "Apostle of Sweetness and Light." From the days of her establishment, she has been charged with the high commission of developing a class of students who are to be the exponents of spiritual perfection and intellectual refinement. Seeing that, "Sweetness and Light," is another term for culture, and since culture in its highest state involves the perfection of the spiritual as well as the intellectual, a religious institution should be the proper place for such training. But in order for this College to offer this degree of culture it must necessarily possess, not only the right students with whom to deal, but certain ideals as well.

The standards of Seattle Pacific College are those which are naturally the most conducive to the development of the highest form of culture. It is, in the first place, the aim of the institution to discover to its students the true merits of the great fundamental principles of life. And together with this discovery give them ample instruction through different branches of study, which will enable them to become proficient in the different vocations they may choose to follow.

The main feature about the training offered is that, while the mind and intellect are being developed, light from the spiritual side of life is thrown in to illuminate the path of life's progress, giving a touch of Divine understanding. While there is much stress laid on the part of thoroughness in study, yet the great objective is to get each individual student to accept Christ as a personal Savior, who when enthroned within becomes the true foundation of all, "Sweetness and Light," and consequently the foundation of all true Culture.

This last fact is the one great factor in the weaving of a high moral fibre throughout the entire association. As examples and leaders in the establishment of this phase, God-fearing men and women on the faculty board meet the demand and set the pace. And in their endeavors they hold the ideal of righteousness before the student as the true goal toward which to strive in all the pursuits of knowledge.

The crying need of the world today is for those who will work with willing hands in the expression of love, sympathy, and true friendship toward those who are sad, suffering, sorrowing, and disconsolate. The aim of Seattle Pacific College is to answer the call and in return send out a steady stream of large-hearted, earnest

workers, well drilled in the art of making themselves a constant source of encouragement to those with whom they come in contact. Therefore it is her mission to rise as a magnificent lighthouse, standing on the shoals of the great sea of life, casting forth her rays in brilliant sweetness. Just as the lighthouse on the ocean beach proves to the captain the direction in which to steer his boat into safe channels, so Seattle Pacific College stands on the ocean beach of life as a guide to those who are endeavoring to find the real way to greatest satisfaction in life and the reflectors of her light are those who have been saturated with the Divine illumination of a Heavenly vision, making it possible for them to go out into the world bearing the glad tidings of hope and comfort through the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

FOR WHOM CHRIST DIED

(The following verses present the actual experience of the writer whose school duties caused her to sit beside and assist a most repulsive lad of the slum district of an Eastern city.)

Forbidding, unattractive lad,
So helpless, that it makes us sad
As we attempt to give him aid;
With few to love, and none to guide,
Our hearts for him would open wide,
For he is one for whom Christ died.

Yet naught but grace, and that alone,
Can see reflected in this son
The image of the Holy One;
Unloved, till He stood by our side,
And whispered, as He sought to chide,
"A little one for whom Christ died."

We then beheld with tender love,
One of the least of those who move
The angelic hosts of heaven above;
We sought to be with grace supplied,
That pure in heart we may abide,
And live for those for whom Christ died.

—Nancy C Morrow.



"One ship drives east, another west,
While the selfsame breezes blow.
'Tis the set of the sails, and not the gales,
That bids them where to go.

"Like the winds of the air,
are the wars of the fates,
As we journey along this life.
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal,
And not the storms and strife."



ON THE 5:15

By V. L. T. ('19).

It was a bright day in midsummer and the sun shone through the thick leafy branches of a grove in Western New York and down into a natural arbor. There, on a rude rustic bench, made of logs, sat a man. The expression of his face, the cut of his hair, the position in which he sat, proclaimed him to be a business man, accustomed to sitting at a desk. But his clothes were after the fashion of the ancient Greeks. He wore a white toga, reaching only to the knees, and around his head was bound a garland of wild flowers. His expression was dejected and disgusted, but suddenly, in response to a low whistle, he revived wonderfully, looked carefully all around him and then answered with the same low trill.

When he had answered the call, the bushes were parted to reveal the figure of a typical eastern farmer, in overalls and straw hat and with the inevitable ragged crop of chin whiskers.

"Waal naow, Mr. Wilmerding, is everything all right?"

"You bet it is, Jenkins. She's gathering wild strawberries and honeysuckle over by the brook for 'midday sustenance.' How she manages to live on honeysuckles and wild strawberries is more than I can see, but as long as she can stand it, I can manage. It wouldn't do to give in now, would it?"

"Waal, seein' as how I never heard the fust of it, I kain't hardly say, that I reckon it hain't good policy to give in to the wimmin folks on general principles. They're apt to git too uppity with their new-fangled notions if ye do."

"Just what I say, Jenkins; just what I say. But, by the way, what have you got in that basket for today. It smells mighty good and I'm as hungry as a grizzly bear. Has Mrs. Jenkins caught on to our game yet?"

"Only a little mince pie and some meat and bread and butter. No, Mr. Wilmerding, Mariah haint caught on yet; but I reckon she will if I hain't mighty keerful. I sneak into the pantry like a thief naow, an' ef she watches me much closer, I won't be able to git it at all. By the way, Mr. Wilmerding, haow did ye ever come to git started on the fool thing anyway?"

Wilmerding had meantime possessed himself of the contents of the basket and if his erstwhile business associates could have seen the Hon. Jerrold R. Wilmerding with his Greek toga and garland of syringia blossoms, sitting on a log with a half of a generous mince pie held firmly in both hands, it is doubtful if they could ever again have been sure of his sanity. When the cravings of the inner man were more or less satisfied, although he was still munching on the remains of his lunch, he began:

"Do you know, Jenkins, it hurts my conscience to eat like this when she hasn't had anything but wild strawberries for a week? And if you could see her tackle a porterhouse steak at home! But it's all her own fault, so I should worry. You see, she wanted to go to Atlantic City for the summer and of course, that meant a lot of new duds, and really, I just couldn't afford it. I hate to refuse Linnie anything, but when I had once said no, I thought I had better be firm. Well, she cried, and I asked her why she couldn't be content with simple life for once and told her about how the ancient Greeks lived in health and happiness on the fruits which they found in the forest. Well, she cried herself to sleep that night and I felt like a criminal. But the next morning she woke up with a new light in her eyes and when I kissed her good-bye, she said: 'Well, Rufe, I have decided to try your plan of the simple life.' Little I knew the awful meaning of those words. But that night, she had it all fixed up and I couldn't go back on my own plan, could I? I'm dying for a human suit of clothes and a good bed but as long as she can stand it, I can."

"Jerrold, oh Jerrold," came a feminine voice, "where are you, dear?"

"Beat it quick!" this in an agonized undertone to Jenkins, then, "Right here, Ethelyn, dearest."

Mr. Jenkins "beat it" hurriedly, but not a moment too soon, for he was hardly out of sight when Mrs. Wilmerding, a pretty blond, positively entrancing in her white flowing garment, appeared from the opposite direction.

"Oh, Jerrold, I feel so refreshed! You have no idea how entrancing the little butterflies are as they flutter about so picturesquely. I became so engrossed in watching them that I nearly forgot to gather the berries. Poor dear, I expect you are nearly starved."

"Why, no, iove; I'm not hungry. I have satisfied my soul in the contemplation of Nature's beauties. But you must eat. Go ahead and I'll sit here and watch you."

"Oh, no, Jerrold. If you aren't hungry, I'll read to you and we'll both eat later. Let me see, we were reading Plato's Republic, page 212. Oh, here it is. He was just talking about the multitude always choosing the apparent to the neglect of the spiritual."

"This then, is that which every soul pursues, and for the sake of this, it acts all with a prophetic impression, that it is somewhat yet in doubt, and unable to comprehend what it is, nor to hold by a steady opinion of it, as in other things, and thus are they unsuccessful in other things, if there be in them any profit. About a matter, now, of such a kind and of such mighty consequence, shall we say that even these best men in the city and these by whom we take in hand to do everything, shall be thus in the dark?"

Here she paused and smiled slightly, for she perceived that her audience was fast asleep and snoring in no gentle tone.

"Bless the poor boy," she whispered. "I wonder how much longer he can stand this starvation diet. Not much longer, I hope, for I just can't bear to miss any more of this glorious season in town. I don't see how he does it. I'd die."

With this, she tiptoed carefully away. When at a safe distance, she halloed clearly three times and then waited. Soon Mrs. Jenkins, in a fresh blue calico dress and with a basket on her arm appeared stealing cautiously through the bushes.

"Oh, Mrs. Jenkins, do hurry. I'm half starved and Rufe is asleep, but goodness only knows how soon he'll wake up. Do you know, I feel positively wicked to let him starve himself when you are so good as to keep me supplied, but when he's so stingy, he can just have enough of his old 'simple life.'"

Mrs. Jenkins obligingly produced a substantial meal from her basket.

"I don't know, Mrs. Wilmerding, how long I can bring you this. Silas is getting so he hangs around that pantry like a dog over a favorite bone. I'm afraid he must suspect me."

The two women were startled by a low whistle, and then an answer. Forgetting the basket and the outspread lunch, they sped silently through the bushes in the direction from which the sound came. Peering through the screen of foliage, they saw Silas Jenkins in overalls and J. Rufus Wilmerding in what Mr. Jenkins styled a "Greek nightie," busily engaged in eating apples and reading the baseball news and heard Rufe say:

"Good work, Jenkins. Do you think you can slip me my supper at the usual place?"

With an outraged air Linnie stepped out into view.

"Jerrold Rufus Wilmerding! To think that you have been deceiving me all this time!"

Words cannot express the feelings or appearance of Mr. Wilmerding. And Mr. Jenkins silently faded from view. Mrs. Jenkins did likewise but in the opposite direction, each without apparently noticing the other.

Mutely Rufus rose. Silently he proceeded toward the place where they had left Plato's Republic. Mrs. Wilmerding, however, was far from silent, but the poor boy took it meekly. Three steps, however, brought him to the place where through the bushes he could see Ethelyn's lunch spread out on a convenient log. Now the mind of Jerrold Rufus Wilmerding was noted for its keenness and acumen, and in less time that it takes to tell it, he had grasped the whole situation.

"Linnie," he said, and pointed to the lunch, "the train leaves for New York at 5:15. Do you think we can make it?"

"Oh, Rufe!" she answered; "of course we can!"

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION AMONG WOMEN ABROAD

By Ruth Sharpe.

Modern education abroad is intensely interesting to the wide-awake American student, but the growth of the religious phase of education among the nations is of especial interest to the Christian young woman.

Since the floodgates were opened to Western civilization, countries commonly termed heathen have been pressed on all sides to receive innumerable types and systems of education from other countries, and now that the most serious national restrictions are removed, they face modern education as a young lad does his schoolmaster, all aquiver with boyish enthusiasm, inquisitiveness, and withal, willfulness and caprice, yet with an abundant capacity for development. Some of the more advanced countries have already passed the fairy tale age, and are now reaching for the fundamental truths of life.

Foremost among them are the Japanese, who are far from satisfied with their school system. "Religion has now been placed under the Department of Education, and Christianity has been recognized on an equal basis with the two other leading religions." When such strides are being made in the educational system, how pressing is the need for provision for Christian instruction! And what is to be done with the thousands turning to Christianity every month? How can they render efficient service if they are not rooted and grounded in the faith?

The Christianizing of India has been a laborious process, but since the bulk of Christian effort has been directed toward the women of India, the old ship of idolatry is loosing from its moorings. The statement, "When you reach a man you gain an individual; when you Christianize a girl you gain a household," has been demonstrated to an amazing degree, in the progress made in the effort to educate girls since the first early Christian missions, to the present college at Lucknow, the Christian College for Women at Madras, the College at Nanking, and other centers of Christian endeavor for women.

Not only in India is this true, but throughout the Orient are the natives beginning to look on their daughters in a new light. Of the Chinese students who are educated in America on the Chinese indemnity fund, last year ten young Chinese women were included as an experiment and their standings averaged around A, A+ and A—. They are proving themselves, and their success will mean more than

the work of fifty foreigners. But time flies so swiftly, and as yet the means of education are so meagre and the instructors so few. In China, the adult Bible Class movement has its hands full to provide teachers for the numbers who wish to learn. The girls of the East who have been the down trodden of the earth, plunge into the college studies with all the zeal and intelligence of the American youth. The awakening of China has been phenomenal, but where now are those who have prayed for this? Are we Christians like the individual who led the blind man to the narrow foot-bridge over the mountain stream and there left him to find his own way across?

But the Orient is not alone in its awakening. Old South America, whose universities existed centuries before the United States became independent, is shaking off her lethargy. "While the United States has less than twice the population of South America, it has over six times the number of school children." The women are taught that they need no education, no enlightenment. Accordingly, a low grade of morals follows in the train of ignorance.

One of the principal factors in remedying this condition is the progressive school. American missionaries started the first kindergarten and manual training shop, and at Sao Paulo they founded MacKenzie College, the model school of the continent. The educated women in South America are smart, and bright scholars. They are splendid needle women, lovers of family and home. The one need is the knowledge of Christ. A social service worker has organized the first teacher training class among the young women of South America, and in addition to their course in study they have weekly activities such as serving the poor and needy. What an inviting field for activity!

But there are other fields. The Moslem women all over the world but especially in Arabia are beginning to struggle with their fetters. These efforts may seem futile now because of the tyranny of the Mohammedan religion, but the number is so very great that when once they gain knowledge of their power and privilege as women, the world will not be able to withstand their demand for freedom and truth. Do you know where the biggest university in the world is? "At Cairo where the Mohammedan youth from all over the world go to school." They teach that the earth is flat, and that the Koran is The Book. Though the biggest, it is the deadest university in the world, and yet it is the most lively obstacle to Christian education abroad because it is the great Moslem center.

The world over we find our sisters reaching for enlightenment. The European war itself will give place for a wedge, that will be the salvation that will result in the awakening, of that silent part of the nation—the women.

Let every young man and woman who aspires to usefulness, live lives of thorough consecration to the Master. There will be no lack of work to be done, or of prayer to be made.

THE LAND OF THE COVENANTS

By John Logan.

Scotland! The very name awakens fondest memories, revives holiest scenes and makes dearest associations throb with new life. Scotland, charming in her romances of love, mighty in her struggles for freedom, pathetic in her sufferings for Christ, and glorious in her covenants with God, how incomparable among the nations! Scotland, coming up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved in holy dependence and dauntless faith, while heaven looks on with admiration, how beautiful, how instructive, how inspiring!

Scotland, extending from the north boundary of England, into the higher latitude, thrusts her rocky shores with rugged irregularity into the deep sea on three sides. Her granite cliffs, resisting the ceaseless waves, teach her people the lesson of constant vigilance and unconquerable courage.

In this north country the summer days are long and delightful; the echoes of good-night linger till the voice of good-morning may be heard. The days touch each other; twilight scarcely leaves the sky. The winter reverses the order, making the path of the sun short and bringing it down close to the hilltops. The storm loves the long night; the winds moan and sift the treasures of hail and snow over mountain and meadow.

Scotland contains about 30,000 square miles and nearly 4,000,000 of population. The shores, especially the western and northern, are beautifully fringed with narrow firths and steep indentures of the sea, making the sea lines picturesque beyond description. The surface is mostly mountainous and rugged, presenting to the eye natural scenery, which for beauty and magnificence can scarcely be surpassed. On the mountainside mists suddenly form, dense as thunder-clouds and bright as snow drifts, under the radiance of the sun.

The ascending grounds furnish luxuriant pasture for numerous flocks of sheep. Here is the shepherd's paradise, who with his dog and crook keeps careful watch. While the brow of the mountain is white as alabaster, with glistening snow or mist, its cheeks are flushed and crimsoned with flowering heather.

Many picturesque lochs nestle among the hills, in whose placid waters is mirrored the glory of the sky in all the brilliant variations of day and night. Poets and novelists have thrown a charm over these waters, with their shady isles and deep coves, relating the stories of love and the tragedies of war. Castles, some in ruins, some in excellent preservation, dot the country from sea to sea, crowning the most prominent hilltops, and grimly telling of the era of savage strife and imperilled life. Splendid cities, thrifty towns and modest

country homes are an index of present prosperous and peaceful conditions. The industry, intelligence and happiness of the people are everywhere apparent. The numerous churches, schools and colleges bear testimony to the high tide of Christian civilization, which, through the labors and fidelity of the fathers, have carried the present generation into enviable prominence in the sight of the whole world.

The climate of this land of the Covenant is pleasant and healthful. The asperity of winter is softened by the ocean streams coming from the south; the heat of summer is reduced by the high latitude and the mountains. Withal the Lord has blessed this celebrated country with rare natural advantages for producing a strong and indomitable race. Something in their environment seems to have given them more than ordinary qualities of mind and heart. They listened to the deep music of the sea; they gazed upon the majesty of the mountains; they meditated upon the solitude of the moors; they kept vigil over their flocks in the storm till they grew solemn, vigorous, magnanimous and unconquerable.

But above all this, God, in the early ages, gave them the Scriptures, and the truth made them free. From the dawn of the evangelization of Scotland, there has ever been a band, and sometimes a host, whose hearts God touched, whose lives he enswathed with fire of holy zeal for Christ and His crown rights. They grasped the meaning of the word of God, heard the solemn voice call them into the marvelous light, and lived in the radiance of the great presence of the Almighty. They stood upon revealed truth and grew solid as the granite in their convictions of truth and right. The matchless inheritance received from our Covenanted ancestors is an inheritance of truth, liberty, and high example, and it will go on forever perpetuating the memory of the illustrious inhabitants of this magnificent country.

(Tune: Tipperary.)

Come and give aid to the Cascade,
For it needs you th's year,
There is no time for hesitation—
You are wanted now and here.
Get all your themes together,
Let's show what we can do;
There's a big, big audience awaiting,
And it's all up to you.

—A. S.

TEMPTATION

By Ruth Combs.

Thinkest thou the trials of life are oft too many and too strong?
Thinkest thou the weary pathway oft too rugged and too long?
Thinkest thou the many battles for thy hand oft prove too much?
Then remember all is lightened by the Saviour's gentle touch.

Think thou not when through deep waters He may call for thee to go;
Think thou not whene'er thy pathway leads through sorrow or through
woe;

Think thou not when heavy burdens or great sorrows press thy soul
That the Saviour is not near thee from thy heart the cares to roll.

When the waves beat fierce around thee and the wind blows loud and
long;

When the trials and temptations 'round thy pathway seem to throng;
When o'erhead the clouds may gather and the sunlight darkness hides,
Then remember that above the mists and shadows Christ abides.

Do not think that thy small trials e'er exceed what Jesus bore
He was tempted like as we are, and He bore the cross before;
In the wilderness alone for forty days and forty nights
He was tempted of the devil, led through valleys and o'er heights.

He was not to pleasant gardens or to sunny fountains led,
He was not on royal diet at rich banquet tables fed,
He was not in pleasant company of dear friends asked to go,
But into the lonely desert went He with his strongest foe.

In the day the sun beat down upon the hot and parched ground,
For no shade trees or no pleasant streams of water could be found;
But so barren was the desert that no birds scarce dared to fly
Overhead to break the stillness, by their happy, welcome cry.

When the sun, the only sign of life, went down behind the hill,
When the clouds of deepest gloom began its place in heaven to fill,
Naught was heard except owls' hooting and the night bird's lonely cry,
And the piercing, dismal howling of the jackals prowling nigh.

It was in such dire surroundings and in such a lonely place,
With His body weak from fasting forty nights and forty days,
That our Saviour thus was tempted and such heavy burdens bore,
Hush thou, then, thy sad complaining, art thou ever tempted more?

COLLEGE IDEALS

By Addie T. Cook.

Doubtless many a bright minded young person has gone through his entire college work without having any definite worthy ideals for living; in so doing he has failed to give his share of blessing to humanity and he has also failed to properly fit himself for life. The world is looking to the educated man not only because of his technical training, but also because it believes him capable of advancing solutions to some of the vital problems which man is now confronting. Therefore, as young people, indeed having barely begun our quest for knowledge, yet having the name of college men and women, there may open before us, as we leave the halls of learning, various positions of usefulness and honor. For these positions we must be prepared with noble ideals, high aspirations and correct standards. Then it must needs follow that our influence will be of some value in the world.

Now for a little while the subject of College ideals lays claim to our attention. To possess an ideal means to have in mind a goal toward which one works. The child looks forward to advanced years when he too shall accomplish large deeds of usefulness. The live wide awake boy is often, though unconsciously, a hero worshiper. His hero is one in whom he has full confidence; it may be father, big brother, or possibly another far advanced in the social scale, but it is the aim of the child to become such as they—to do the things which they do and in the way which they do them.

As young men and women, we are confronted with a broad future; weighty responsibilities are ours to assume; mighty tasks are before us to accomplish. And, as the boy is influenced by his hero, so the right kind of ideals, though not all embodied in one mortal man, are strong factors in guiding the lives of college men and women.

Of longing, one writer has beautifully said:

"Of all the myriad moods of mind, that through the soul come thronging,

What one was e'er so dear, so kind, so beautiful as longing.
The thing we long for that we are for one transcendent moment" . . .

In a similar manner we may speak of ideals. If a man's ideal is high above him, his endeavor to reach it, if pursued in the right way, must necessarily bring him each day nearer the goal.

Numerous ideals might be named, but here we will notice only a few. The college graduate, though none so brilliant and cultured as he, is not truly a man of letters without including on his list of ideals, that of "humility." How beautiful the manifestation of this spirit. It is a passport through the open door, which to arrogance

and boastfulness would quickly close. It tells even a College man that he has not learned all, and he, with an unprejudiced mind, will gain, from unlearned men, bits of knowledge which will prove valuable.

Said Samuel Smiles: "A manner at once gracious, and cordial is among the greatest aids to success and many there are who fail for want of it." The ideal of "courtesy" may well be sought after. Sincere politeness does not mean tipping the hat and speaking cordially to that one only, who is of equal rank and education; it does mean, however, a courtesy extended to those outside one's own little social group. True gentility, shown the one who has been less favored with cultural and educational training, makes him feel that you extend to him the hand of a brother; he feels that you recognize him as an individual factor in the world of action, and your very attitude inspires him to reach one round higher in the ladder of humble attainment. In this manner is indicated your possession of the spirit of "true courtesy"—for in the words of Henry Churchill King, "Your idea or ideal is not fully yours until you have expressed it."

"Honesty" is also numbered among the ideals of the well-educated man. Some think: "honesty is the best policy." True it is. Because it is right it is therefore the best policy. Honesty is not a weak term; it indicates manliness and strength. To be honest in all things is something worth while.

Consider next the ideal of "noble, purposeful labor." Many doors of opportunity stand ajar for the man who sincerely endeavors to accomplish successfully his share in the world's work. Proper attainment in this undertaking, however, is dependent upon another qualification, "courage." A college man without courage will come far short of efficiency. Within the grasp of every educated person there lies a certain dynamic power; this power needs but the touch of courage as a stimulant to action, and then, as Emerson expresses it, "None but he, knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried."

"Unselfishness" and "sacrifice" easily group together. How akin they are, and how worthy of being termed College ideals. Unselfishness feels a joy in his friend's accomplishment as if it were his own. Sacrifice denies personal pleasure that another may be profited. These ideals in operation have given blessings many times over. How often a sad dejected heart has been made glad because someone else remembered to show a kindness. From the life spent unselfishly, there comes a double blessing. "Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on oneself."

Cultural arts also demand the interest of college men and women. Science and History are important, but there is an ideal to be attained in the "esthetic" as well. Music gives inspiration to the

soul; beautiful pictures are admired, and nature is found to be pleasant and enjoyable. There is a peculiar charm attached to the dear old home. Here the individual has found love and sympathy, and just as long as father and mother live it will be a place dear to his heart.

Every man has been endowed with a living soul, the hungering of which cannot be satisfied except with the Living Bread. One may develop the intellect and seek to bless the world by his activities, yet in a large measure he will fail unless he provides for the soul culture. Provision is made whereby all may dwell in the love of God; therefore the highest and most important ideal for every College man is "Purity of soul." Education is "opening the eyes of the soul to the great purpose and end of life."

"The world wants men—pure men, Free from the taint of sin,
Men whose lives are clean without, Whose souls are pure within."

HYMN OF PEACE

By Burton Beegle.

Behold the billows roll and toss
Upon the sea of life;
The nations filled with jealous pride,
And now in war and strife.

The blood of thousands now doth flow,
And death laughs at his prey;
At night are heard the cries of pain,
And sorrow fills the day.

Oh! that the hearts of men would yearn
For friendship, love and peace;
Oh! that the suffering brought by war
Would all forever cease.

Oh, that the Christ of Galilee
Would hear our pleading cry,
And send the white-winged Dove of Peace
To earth from realms on high.

And, Thou whose voice the winds obey,
Speak from the holy hill;
Stretch forth thy hand of Providence,
And whisper "Peace, be still."

COLLEGE REMINISCENCES

By Myra Mary Burns.

College reminiscences, did you say, was the subject for me to write about? It sounds easy enough, but ah me, where to begin, where to end; what to tell and what not to tell; how much to say and how little to say. I've pondered all these thoughts over and over and have come back to the starting place very little wiser than when I was first told of the great task that confronted me.

We often hear it said by those of more mature years, that their school days were the happiest days of their lives; and while we do not exactly like to cherish the thought that we will soon leave these dear old College days behind us, imprinted only upon the tables of memory, yet we do feel that these are truly good days and days that we should make the best of in building a good foundation for our future life.

College life in these halls was not begun until the fall of 1910, so we may easily call these the pioneer days of this promising and prosperous school. In the very early days we were few in number, we launched our bark with only six on board, but we were full of faith and courage, and like the pioneers of this country many years ago, we saw brighter and better days ahead of us, and they are truly dawning one by one, for we now number more than twenty and have already landed three on the shore of life at the station we call graduation.

Perhaps one of our greatest feats was the organization of the Alpha Club, a literary society conducted by the college students for their social and literary uplift, where the talents of each one are developed and where they may receive the benefits of personal contact with their fellow classmates. We believe it to be very essential in the education of everyone, that they may become accustomed to appearing before the public and that ease and grace of manner is best developed by constant drill in appearing before a few of their friends, preparing them for the greater task of appearing before large audiences.

We are also true believers in the old adage that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and many times we have gayly left these halls of learning and taken a few hours of refuge on some neighboring beach or elsewhere. How well some of us remember one day at Fauntleroy Beach. All was beautiful and quiet for several hours, then it began to sprinkle, then to rain, and then,—but by this time we had sought refuge under a fallen tree and with magazines to read we were quite contented. When the downpour finally subsided somewhat, our beloved professor and the boys built impromptu

board shelters around a roaring camp fire and we descended to enjoy its cheerful glow and warmth. But ere we realized it, again the rain came down and darkness with it. We were safe enough as we were, but how to get home was the question, and that was entirely out of the question while the rain continued in that manner. Our lunch boxes were not yet empty and the fire was extremely inviting, so we proceeded to make the best of the situation. The sky finally cleared somewhat and we started for home, when we found to our dismay that the tide had come in and our walk for nearly a mile along the beach would have to be on slippery logs and in the dark. But as most stories end well, we finally reached the car line, but not dry shod and not without questioning our location a time or two.

This in only one instance of our many trips to the various places of diversion in the city of Seattle. Time and space would not permit of relating all, and perhaps it is just as well, and now we feel as we look back over these few fleeting years we can say that this has truly been a "Perfect Day," each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer, and as we count them over we would not have had them otherwise, for they have each had some lesson to teach, though some have been extremely hard and others most beautiful, yet they all go to make up a perfect day, and, best of all, the day we hope is not yet spent, but is only well begun.



THE INDIAN CURIO SELLERS

By T. L. V. ('19).

THE LOVERS.

Above them, the summer sun rode in his glory,
 Frolicking waves dashed the cliffs at their feet;
 A whispering breeze wooed the sweet buds of spring-time,
 And an Indian brave wooed a maiden as sweet.
 He was a warrior of stature commanding,
 Broad were his shoulders and fearless his eye;
 As his fathers before him, so he would be, like them
 Brave in the battle and fearless to die.
 She was tall as his shoulder and lithe as a willow;
 With footsteps as light as the breeze on the wave,
 Her eyebrows were arched like the wings of the sea gull,
 And her eyes beamed with pride as she looked on her brave.
 Their hearts were as happy and light as a bird song,
 Joy spoke in each movement and beamed from the eye;
 For they were the children of Earth and Water,—
 The heaven-blessed nurslings of the sky.

THE "SIWASHES."

The red summer sun glared hotly above them,
 The murky waves rolled 'round the piers at their feet,
 The discordant screaming of traffic and commerce
 Engulfed and surrounded their wares on the street.
 He sat ragged, unkempt, in the dust of the traffic,
 His shoulders were bowed with the droop of despair,
 His eyes, that of yore had flashed fire and courage,
 Regarded the crowd with a sad, vacant stare.
 She was no longer a willowy maiden,
 But shapeless, and squalid, and hopeless and old,
 And she listlessly watched as the world passed around her,
 The picture of hope, love and courage grown cold.
 For them, there was no more of love and of music,
 The bright light of hope had long set in their sky.
 They will pass—and we shall yet boast of our wisdom,
 And sing our own praises while such as these die.



THE FACULTY

FACULTY

- | | |
|---|--|
| ALEXANDER BEERS, PH. B. President
Theology.
PH. B. Greenville College, 1914. | EMMA SCHMITZ, Mus. Bac.
Piano.
Mus. Bac. Univ. of Washington, 1915. |
| ALBERT H. STILWELL, A. M., Vice-Pres.
Ancient Languages.
A. B. University of Rochester, 1878.
A. M. <i>ibid.</i> , 1883. | BLANCHE COHEN.
Voice.
Quincy Conservatory of Music.
Student in Berlin Conservatories. |
| OMAR ALLEN BURNS
History and Political Science.
A. B. Greenville College, 1902.
A. M. University of Washington, 1906. | TRESSA E. MARSH, B. O.
Elocution.
B. O. Greenville College, 1914. |
| C. MAY MARSTON, A. M.
Modern Languages.
A. B. Greenville College, 1902.
A. M. University of Washington, 1914. | MRS. E. T. BELL,
Art.
Columbia Art School. |
| WALTER ETHAN BAGLEY, B. S.
Mathematics and Physics.
B. S. University of Washington, 1915. | MRS. E. A. HASLAM,
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San Jose Normal. |
| ELVA L. BATCHELLER, A. B.
English.
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Seattle Seminary. |
| MRS. ADELAIDE L. BEERS,
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Chesbrough Seminary. | MRS. W. E. BAGLEY,
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| WARD F. FOLSOM, A. B.
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Recorder.
Seattle Pacific College. |
| RUTH H. SHARPE, A. B.
Instructor in English.
A. B. Seattle Pacific College, 1915. | MYRA M. BURNS.
Stenographer.
Acme Business College.
Seattle Pacific College. |
| WILLIAM W. CATHEY,
Chorus Director.
Seattle Seminary. | MRS. ELLA COLSON,
Matron. |
| | A. WAYLAND STEVENS,
Curator of Buildings,
Seattle Pacific College. |

FACULTY OFFICERS

- | | |
|--|---|
| President A. Beers | Dean of Women Mrs. A. Beers |
| Principal A. H. Stilwell | Preceptress Miss Nancy Morrow |
| Registrar and Preceptor E. A. Haslam | Secretary Miss Ruth Sharpe |



Published quarterly during the school year by the associated students of Seattle Pacific College, Station F, Seattle, Wash. Seventy-five Cents a Year in Advance. Fifteen Cents the Copy. Entered at the Seattle Postoffice as Second-Class Matter, Feb. 18, 1911.

ANNUAL STAFF FOR 1915-1916.

Mary Cathey	Editor
Althea Marston }	Assistants
Vivian Thomas }	
Cora Smith	Locals
Addie Cook	Societies
Samuel Troutman	Exchanges
Ruth Sawyer	Joshes
Althea Marston	Alumni
W. A. Stephens	Business Manager
Wm. Robinson	Assistant Business Manager

OUR SPECIAL COLLEGE STAFF.

Mary Cathey	Editor
Althea Marston }	Assistants
Vivian Thomas }	
Mrs. E. Haslam	Locals
Laura Du Bois	Societies
Elton Smith	Exchanges
Florence Alberts	Joshes
Althea Marston	Alumni

The Cascade Staff feel that some explanation should be made for our tardy appearance. The Associated Student Body decided to put out during this school year a quarterly rather than a monthly. By doing this we will be able to make each number larger, introducing

more cuts and better material all around. We believe that four feature numbers will be more acceptable than eight mediocre editions.

The following plan has been accepted: The first number is put out by the College Students; the second will be representative of the Alexandrian Literary Society; the High School department is to edit the third number, and the last edition, the Annual, will be an exceptionally fine paper.

The editor wishes to take this opportunity to thank all the College Students, who have so willingly made this number what it is. We certainly appreciate their ready and hearty response.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER WILL BE A SPECIAL

The frontispiece will be "The Arrival of the Shepherds." This alone is worth the price of the paper.

We are endeavoring to do our best.

We will appreciate your hearty co-operation.

Send in twenty-five cents for a Christmas number. Also inform your friends as to our Christmas Special.

A. S.





LOCALS

So far this semester, the Campus has rung and is ringing with the sounds of mirth and enjoyment, telling us that the students really are enjoying their play time as well as their work. Some of these "good times" have been in the nature of hikes as of old.

Those of the boys who enjoyed the hike to Three Tree Point with Ed Haslam as guide are still sounding the praises of that day. All that goes to make up a day's hike, they enjoyed, namely, a campus fire—most important of all, a good lunch and plenty of exercise.

The girls have tried to keep pace with the boys in this sport. Miss Sharpe accompanied a crowd to Fort Lawton, but it proved to be such a wet affair, that the results were drowned.

The Geology class and some friends, with Prof. Bagley, enjoyed a hike to Alki Point just a short time ago. Of great interest to many was the first landing place of the pioneers of Seattle. They all reported a wonderful time and said for once that they had plenty to eat.

What, perhaps, has proved as pleasant and as enjoyable a time this term, was the reception tendered the College students by Mrs. Beers, the faculty assisting. This was given in the parlor of the Young Ladies' Hall. After an unusual ceremony of receiving, a most excellent program was given. Perhaps it would be of interest to some to know what this unusual ceremony of receiving was. The doors were opened and the College members came marching in. The faculty were all standing in a straight row, so sedate and majestic. Then, for a half-hour or so we went shaking hands down the faculty line. The entertainers were Dr. A. Beers, Miss Tressa Marsh, Miss Ruth Stilwell, Miss Cohen and Mr. and Mrs. W. Cathey. After the excellent program, the evening was spent in enjoyable conversation, while partaking of delicious refreshments. At an early hour all departed, declaring that a more profitable evening could not have been spent.

During the past few weeks, we have been greatly favored by

having with us several noted and certainly most interesting speakers and musicians. Dr. E. L. House gave us a most instructive lecture, taking for his subject, "The Three Minds."

Mrs. Ada Hilling entertained us one morning with several beautiful instrumental selections.

At another time Miss Blanche Cohen gave us several vocal selections. Among others who have entertained us are Rev. J. B. Truland, Rev. J. D. Marsh speaking on "Thoroughness." We much regret that Rev. J. D. Marsh is leaving the Coast. We truly appreciate his many and entertaining lectures given in the assembly.

Miss Dorothy Wilcox, just before leaving for Boston, gave us three very excellent readings.

On Columbus Day Prof. Burns addressed the assembly on "The Discovery of America."

Our last lecture was by Prof. C. Ackerman, of the University of Washington, on "The Early Fur Trade in the Northwest."

A few weeks ago Prof. Stillwell gave one of his annual Spring Lectures, which was somewhat out of season. Subject Matter:

"In the Spring a livlier iris changes on the burnished dove,
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to tho'ts of love."

MISSIONARY ACTIVITIES

By Ethel C. Hight.

Here at the Seattle Pacific College we are endeavoring to push on the Missionary cause. When this school was first started twenty-three years ago, it was known as a missionary school. Ever since that time, the institution has educated, equipped and sent forth its Christian young people to fill their places in the home and foreign fields.

At present we have a Student's Missionary Society, and also a Student's Volunteer Band. These organizations are both doing good work. The Student's Missionary Society has recently elected the following officers: President, Addie Cook; Vice-President, Elton Smith; Secretary, Vina Smith; Treasurer, Samuel Troutman. The Program Committee plan some interesting meetings for the year. The organization aims each year to support some missionary on the field. The last two years they have in part supported Miss Ethel Ward, of India.

Let us as young people, as students and faculty members continue to keep the burden of the missionary work on our hearts; and may our daily prayer be for the "evangelization of the world in this generation."

RELIGIOUS WORK IN THE SCHOOL

By Edwin W. Hight.

Christian organizations are encouraged by the faculty and are the most prominent in the school. The Christian Students Union, consisting of all the Christian students in the institution, has been organized. It is the object of the "Union" to look after the spiritual interests of the school. For the benefit of any that might be discouraged, as well as for the spiritual growth and development of all, the "Union" has been divided into five prayer bands. Each evening of the week one of these bands meets in the chapel to spend an hour in prayer. The bands choose their own respective leaders, whose duty it is to instruct and encourage any who may need help.

John Newton has said:

"Then let us earnestly pray
And never faint in prayer,
He loves our importunity
And makes our cause his care."

Prayer is, in the words of the poet,

"The Christians' vital breath,
The Christians' native air,
His watchword at the gate of death
He enters Heaven with prayer."

So the prayer life is considered of great importance. When the students gather around the family altar during the morning and evening hours of worship, there is a consciousness of the presence of God. The Tuesday evening students' prayer meetings are times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Each morning from 8:15 to 8:45, during the school week, earnest voices can be heard coming from recitation room number two. The students are praying for divine help and guidance in discharging the duties of the day before them. The great desire of every heart seems to be that God will help them to live in an altruistic spirit during that day and, therefore, be a blessing to others.

There are a number of young men and women in the school that are preparing themselves for definite Christian work. It appeared to some that these young people should become active in Christian work while here in school. The Lord laid it upon their hearts to organize Evangelistic Bands to go out and hold meetings whenever the way might open. Since the organization of these Bands, God has been marvelously opening up the way for these young people. It is not only an opportunity to carry the gospel to

others, but it is also preparing these young people for public work. As we help others, we become stronger ourselves.

The student, also, has the benefits of Christian environments. In most institutions of learning in the land today, evolutionary and materialistic theories are taught; and in many instances their graduates go from their walls little less than infidels. The idea of the Creation of the Earth is disbelieved, that Christ is the divine Son of God is denied, and prayer is mocked. Scarcely can one find a safe place to educate the young people of today, but every one must acknowledge that Seattle Pacific College, a Christian school, having for her chief cornerstone, the Bible, casts an influence about her students that has a tendency to make them stalwart young men and women, then sends them forth fully equipped for life's conflicts.

COLLEGE NOTES

This year we have a larger number of college students than ever before. It does us good to see again some of the old students. Here is Mr. Willard, though he was somewhat late. If matrimony does not overtake him, he will graduate next June, together with Mr. Haslam, Miss Burns and Miss Cook, whose names are familiar to all who have been acquainted with the school in the past few years. Every one at college was glad when Althea Marston turned down the opportunity of training in Chicago, and took her place in college, where she belongs. And back again are the apparent deserters, John Root and Mary Cathey. Laura Du Bois is here to keep the girls alive and the faculty busy. Other Alumni from the class of 1915 are Mr. Thuline, Elton Smith and Mr. Stephens. We are glad that Florence Alberts managed to get way over here, from the land of sage brush and jack rabbits. We must not forget Miss Coombs, nor Burton Beegle, who are with us again this year. Oh, yes, and Mr. Logan, that optimist, is here to keep the skies blue and the sun shining.

We more than welcome the new students who have joined our numbers. They are already proving very valuable.



ALEXANDRIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

By V. L. T., '19.

"Naow, Mariah, ef ye don't belong to that there thing, it hain't no use to try to tell ye about it. Ye jest kain't git the flavor, that's all."

That just expresses it. If you weren't there, it ain't any use to try to tell you about it, for you must see to appreciate the awful embarrassment of Mr. Berry when he is called upon for an extemporaneous speech. You must be there to realize the intricacies of parliamentary drill involved in the election, recall and reinstatement of a marshal.

Even the election of officers with its thrills of interest cannot be contained in a mere list of those chosen to represent the membership of the society. Nevertheless, if your imagination is good, perhaps you can picture the keen contest that finally resulted in the following elections.

- President.....Archie W. Stephens
- Vice President.....Samuel Troutman
- Secretary.....Celestine Tucker
- Treasurer.....Leland Cochran
- Chaplain.....Elton Smith
- Musical Director.....Vida Staggs
- Assistant Musical Director.....Mary Cathey
- Cascade Reporter.....Vivian Thomas
- Marshal.....Glen Huston

Indeed the vote for the last office was so close that the friends of the defeated candidates petitioned for a new election, but in spite of some brilliant parliamentary sparring, Mr. Huston retained his office.

At the next meeting an excellent program was interrupted by the exit of the college students on account of Mrs. Beers' reception, but not before our president, Mr. Stephens, had given a rousing talk on the spirit in which school activities, particularly Cascade, should be carried on, and that quintette, whose music beggars all descriptive adjectives, had performed to the strains of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," and "Mother Machree." The rest of the meeting was conducted by Mr. Troutman, the Vice President, and we are told that the program consisted of extemporaneous speeches. It was announced that the programs would be given by the classes in the Academic Department, beginning with the next program, by the Seniors.

Ah! That brings us to the Senior program. It is no use trying to describe it. The bare sketch that space permits us to give couldn't give an inkling of the real excellence of the whole evening. First, the Seniors gave an excellent program of music and readings. Then the audience was allowed a glimpse into what purported to be a typical class meeting where such public-spirited questions as patronizing Cascade advertisers, building a gymnasium, establishing courses in commercial subjects, domestic science and chemistry were discussed. Then, the Seniors suddenly vanished and after a Victrola concert, reappeared as the Seniors of Badger Hollow High School. The rest of the program was one laugh after another. The class prophecy, the quartette, the valedictory, the human organ and the presentation of diplomas were all equally good. There was one thing at least accomplished. Ye scribe went to the program with a bad headache and a case of the blues and came away laughing. And surely every one else did the same. If you missed it, we are sorry, but don't make the same mistake again. Be sure to see the Junior program, and remember the Alexandrians try to represent the best interests of the whole school.

P. S.—Don't forget that the next issue of Cascade is the Alexandrian number, so let's all work together to make it the best ever. Get your material in early.

ALTHEPIANS

"Rome was not built in a day"—neither is the Althebian Literary Society to attain its greatest success in a short time. Rome was built stone by stone, one magnificent building after another—each an achievement in itself. So we plod on, mounting each obstacle as we come to it and after each little pull we realize that we have put up one more stone in our great literary structure.

Remembering the tale of the tortoise and the hare, we have

curbed our rising spirits and started out with a slow but sure gait that betokens winning in the end.

Our officers now are:

President—Celestine Tucker.

Vice President—Margaret Whitesides.

Secretary—Lucile Black.

Treasurer—Mary Stipes.

Chaplan—Alice Batdorf.

Musical Director—Vida Staggs.

Cascade Reporter—Ruth Sawyer.

At our last meeting we had a short program and several extemporaneous speeches and piano selections. We are determined that our society shall bring out the best there is in each one of us.

Well, this is the first time you have heard from us this school year, but it will not be the last, so keep your ears open.

PHILLS

The first meeting of the Phil—Debating Club was held Sept. 16 for the purpose of electing officers and the results were as follows: W. Robinson, President; L. Cochran, Vice President; C. Denny, Secretary; W. Thomas, Treasurer; H. M. Berry, Marshal; C. Denney, Cascade Reporter; S. Troutman, Musical Director; E. Richey, Chaplain.

With this competent corps of officers and also the hearty co-operation of all the members, we expect this year's work to be one of great success. Much interest and enthusiasm is already being shown and the boys are rallying grandly to the support of the program committee with their extemporaneous speeches. The aim of every member is to make this year the best in the history of the club, for altho our membership is small, the material is of the very best quality.

C. DENNEY.

ALPHA CLUB

Laura Du Bois.

Enthusiasm? Indeed, and lots of it, too. Each member seems to feel a coal of new life burning within until the whole club is aflame with new inspiration and zeal to push forward to higher and nobler ideals, and I'm sure this shall be accomplished with our noble president, Mr. Beegle, at the helm.

Certainly, we are quite popular, too, as we have already enjoyed a very lovely reception given us by Mrs. Beers. We have held two other regular meetings in which we have partaken of the literary when intellectual ability was tested, and, of course, proved efficient.

We surely are partaking of the activities of the social world also, and the flavor is extremely appetizing.

Now you see we are all lively and active in our college realm, so look out for us, as there shall surely be something doing for we never start anything we cannot finish.



By Irma Sharpe.

Seniors! Of all things which that name has ever implied, the class of '16 comes the nearest to being perfect. They are a large class of enthusiastic students who possess an unusual amount of class spirit. On Sept. 13 they held their first meeting, and, as their Junior president had proved himself so faithful over a few things,—in their Senior year they have made him ruler over many things. I am sure it is with joy, and not with grief, that Mr. Mathewson has accepted the office. He has a few assistants, however, namely: William Robinson, Vice President; Margaret Whitesides, Secretary; Celestine Tucker, Treasurer; Irma Sharpe, Cascade Reporter; Vida Staggs, Representative to Associated Student Body; Hubert M. Berry, Marshal.

The Seniors seem to still believe in the old rule, "Too much work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so they started from the first with occasional social activities. At different times the girls and boys were entertained at lunch, where very pleasant evenings were spent.

The Alexandrian Literary Society called on the Seniors to render the first program of the year, which was given after two weeks' notice. Now, as the strain is over, the nearby drug store is complaining of being mobbed by Seniors asking for nerve tonic.

DAS KRÄNZCHEN.

"Das Kränzchen," the student organization of the German Department, met Oct. 27, 1915, and reorganized. Our former president, Miss Alberts, presided. The following officers were elected:

President, Vivian Thomas; Vice President, Celestine Tucker; Secretary-Treasurer, Ruth McElhoe; Cascade Reporter, Alice Cathey.

The purpose of the organization is to promote a greater interest in German conversation and the study of German in this school. We plan to make "Das Kränzchen" a real social force in the school by giving a series of interesting programs and kaffee klatchen. Our rallying cry is "Deutsch über alles." ALICE CATHEY.



By Mary Stipe.

The Junior class was called to order Sept. 9, 1915, by our former President, Samuel P. Troutman, for the election of officers. Those elected were Clifford Denney, President; Samuel P. Troutman, Vice President; Alice Cathey, Secretary; Lucille Black, Treasurer; Mary Stipe, Cascade Reporter; Helen Griggs, Marshal, and Minnie Isenhath, Class Representative.

With our distinguished corps of officers the Junior class are steadily advancing intellectually. We have had a number of very enthusiastic class meetings and even though we for the present may seem very quiet, look out! We are going to make things go, and you will hear from us not so very far in the future.

We congratulate ourselves on having our most brilliant and entertaining class member, Robert Graefe, with us again this year. A hearty welcome to our new members, Mr. Chan, Miss Mills and Mr. Swick, is extended by each member of the Junior class.

And don't forget the Junior class is awake, as you will see by the Alexandrian program to be given Nov. 5. Remember and come, for you will miss something if you don't.



The "verdant Freshmen" of 1914 have climbed another round in the ladder of knowledge and have become the "gay young Sophomores" of 1915. Our numbers are comparatively small, yet it is not the quantity, but the quality that counts. We expect to live up to our motto, "Not merely to exist, but to amount to something."

We met in Room 1, as usual, Sept. 13, to elect officers for the year. They are as follows: President, Fred Liese; Vice President, Wesley Thomas; Secretary, Elva Swick; Treasurer, Jessie Bell;

Marshal, Howard Hall; Class Representative, Willis Lightle; Cascade Reporter, Joyce Rose.

We retain the colors of last year, which are blue and gold. We hope to have many enjoyable times with our faculty member, Mr. Edwin Haslam.

The Sophomore Alexandrian program will be given Nov. 19, 1915. We are working hard to have a program which will be worth attending. Our class is by no means dead and you may expect to hear of us in the future.



By Pearl Smith.

The first Freshman meeting for the purpose of electing officers was held Monday, Sept. 13. Owing to a plurality of suffragette votes it was a problem in the minds of the Freshman boys how to secure a majority of votes, but after the balloting the following were elected: President, Leland Cochran; Vice President, Prentice Stilwell; Secretary, Marion Robison; Treasurer, Neva Finch; Marshal, Fred Fargher; Class Representative to Associated Students, Glen Huston; Cascade Reporter, Pearl Smith.

The class activities for this year look very promising, as the majority of the class have shown great enthusiasm and we are in high hopes that the class spirit now being manifested will continue.

Our president has already appointed a committee to arrange for the Freshman program to be given before the Alexandrian Literary Society Dec. 3. We hope to give one of the most interesting and profitable entertainments thus far brought before the society.

It is with pride that we declare our choice of class colors, and it is needless to say that the Green and Gold will be well represented in the various games and debates of the season.

Green is for vegetables, fresh and sweet,
 Straight from the garden, good to eat.
 Yellow for jealousy, which I ween,
 Isn't good for children under eighteen.
 But put them together and they will be
 The Freshmen colors! He, he, he!



Athletics

By H. Eerry.

Basketball is booming along with the same enthusiasm that it did last year. The prospective teams are doing their best for the season's match games. Capt. Robinson of the Senior team, Capt. Denny of the Junior team, Capt. Thomas of the Sophomore, and Capt. Warren of the Freshman have been working their teams to the utmost in order to get in the necessary team work.

We were very much elated to see the Hon. Mr. E. Ritchie turn out for basketball and put his wonderful mental tactics to work directing the physical. The Juniors and Seniors seem to have the most promising teams and we expect to see some good games in the near future.

Last and most important, we must not forget the girls. They have shown some fine spirit and done some good work during the time they have played. There are at present only two girls' teams, but the girls plan on some exciting contests between the Junior girls, the Senior girls and the College team before the season ends.

Miss Minnie Rex still has the same famous wing and is in the best of form for the season's games.

We must not forget our faithful promoter, E. A. Haslam, who is our standby and referee, and who is helping us to make 1915 our greatest basketball year.



TENNIS.

Alas, we must abandon one of our dearest sports on account of the winter months that are coming on. The past tennis season has been one of success and has seen some fine work by not a few excellent players. The stars of last year's tennis tournament are still playing brilliantly and many new players have been developed.

We will not forget this tennis season and we are looking forward to next spring, when, under the direction of Mr. Haslam, we expect to make things go.

ALUMNI

By Althea Marston.

Only four of the academic class of '15 have commenced their college work with their Alma Mater.

Mr. and Mrs. Higbee have settled in Albany, Oregon. He is seeking more wisdom in the Albany College and also has a pastorate there.

From all appearances Ethel Lawpugh could not endure the strenuous city life in Portland. She is at present receiving the benefits of ranch life in Appleton, Wash. The last we heard from there was that she had gained sixteen pounds (16 lbs.).

Harold Mann is proving to be very competent in the Bank of California.

Gladys Smith, our alumna of Penewawa, is spending her time in "getting ready for Christmas."

Fred Gill, after three years' absence, has again returned to his home in Medford, Oregon.

The State Normal at Bellingham is well represented by our three "Marys" of class '14, also Laura Derringer of class '11.

Our last Alumni president, A. Jesse Marston, is enjoying pleasant home life on the farm in Clarkson, New York. He writes that the vineyards are inviting to the eye and pleasing to the taste. (Please note the figure.)

Earl Thomas is still pursuing his medical course at Marion Sim's-Beaumont in St. Louis.

Following are those who have recently taken the fatal step into the realm of "Domestic Felicity:" Katherine Whisner and Frank Scott; Homer Wheelon and Lulu Meacham; Louis Skuzie, Joseph Peterson, David Sawyer and Wade Folsom.

Edna Lawrence is now in Chicago, where she is in training at Cook County Hospital.

The "Grandpa" of '14 has found a place in the student body at the "U."

If Carl Anderson is in the city we wish he would make us a visit.

Walter Scott, the president of class '14, after a year's study in practical agriculture, is now in search of more intellectual knowledge at Greenville College. He is our only representative there this year. We urge you, "Scottie," to hold the standard high, as you were taught when a mere high school lad.

EXCHANGE



All things come to those who wait,—so does the Cascade.

Altho the first number has been rather slow in appearing, we have not been asleep. During the two preceding months our business manager, editor and entire staff have been faithfully devising plans to raise the standard of this paper.

Since this is true, the Cascade will be far better than it was last year, and because it is better we feel justified in asking our former exchanges to continue their friendliness with us. Don't fail to send us your paper! We need it.

There is another service you may perform: Show us our faults and mistakes. We invite your honest criticism in order that the Cascade may continue to increase in quality and thus be a blessing to all its readers.

The following is a list of our exchanges:

Tolo—Franklin High School, Seattle, Wash.
 Kuay—Queen Anne High School, Seattle, Wash.
 Orderly—Hill Military Academy, Portland, Ore.
 Totem—Lincoln High School, Seattle, Wash.
 Chevron—Albion High School, Albion, N. Y.
 Rambler—Wellsboro High School, Wellsboro, Pa.
 High School Argus—Harrisburg, Pa.
 Echo—Nashville High School, Nashville, Tenn.
 Cracle—Winfield High School, Winfield, Kansas.
 Houghton Star—Houghton Seminary, Houghton, N. Y.
 Spectrum—Jefferson High School, Portland, Ore.
 Archon—Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass.
 Kodak—Everett High School, Everett, Wash.
 Dadaelian Quarterly—College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas.
 Cardinal—Lincoln High School, Portland, Ore.
 Crucible—State Teachers' College, Greeley, Colo.
 Free Methodist—1132 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
 Echo—Santa Rosa High School, Santa Rosa, Cal.
 Old Gold and Green—Baton Rouge High School, Baton Rouge, La.

Lutheran Normal School Mirror—Sioux Falls, So. Dak.
 Review—Sacramento High School, Sacramento, Cal.
 Bulletin—Spring Arbor Seminary, Spring Arbor, Mich.
 Monitor—Miltonvale College, Miltonvale, Kans.
 Oahuan—Oahu College, Honolulu, Haw. Isl.
 Our Tattler—Walton High School, Walton, N. Y.
 Vista—Greenville College, Greenville, Ill.
 High School Buzz—Hutchinson, Kans.
 Quill—Henderson, Ky.
 Purple Pennant—Central High School, Cortland, N. Y.
 Hemnica—Red Wing Seminary, Red Wing, Minn.
 El Monte—Monte Vista High School, Monte Vista, Colo.
 Owl—Fresno High School, Fresno, Cal.
 Sotoyoman—Healdsburg High School, Healdsburg, Cal.
 Adjutant—Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy, San Rafael, Cal.
 Klakahama—Bandon High School, Bandon, Ore.
 Hesperian—Oregon City High School, Oregon City, Ore.
 Guard and Tackle—Stockton High School, Stockton, Cal.
 News—Visalia High School, Visalia, Cal.
 The Mirror—West Hoboken, N. J.





THE ABSENT STENOGRAPHER

Mr. Beers, who had let Myra go off on her vacation, and who tried his hand at manipulating the typewriter himself for the first time, will appreciate the following skit on the subject, in Life, addressed to the author's absent stenographer:

With how sad steps, Oh Myra., I Climb the stair,
 And view my office, now a lone ly scene!
 Oppressed?, I sit medown at thy macghine
 To do my corrwspindeNCE, once thycare.
 I miss tHee\$! not alon3 thAt thhoU wast FAir,
 Butthat thou didst achieve witjh joyous mien
 The ketters thst will drivemeMad I ween!5
 The tasks that nOw a ippk of strqngeness wearr.
 even thus two days, And Two dats m9re,I tol4d
 And coUld not conq8er,,howso(er I Tri3d:
 These awful keys hav all my \$fforts Foild,
 While powwer of spwling is tome deniedfi
 Ahh, donotwait till all my p9per's spoisled — —
 Come baxk, coMe BCQK agan,,tobless-and
 gUide! !

* * *

Althea Marston, who is on a four-party line, took the receiver down one day and heard a woman say:

"I just put a pot of beans in the oven."

Ten minutes later she tried to get the line but the same conversation was still going on.

"I beg your pardon, madam, I smell your beans burning," interrupted Althea. She got the line.

Homer S.—How did you sleep last night?

Alice C.—I went to bed between eleven and twelve.

Homer—That's too many for one bed.

* * *

Mathewson—How far is it around the world?

Wade Folsom—Twenty-four inches (as he put his arm around Pearl).

* * *

Cochran—Can you pay your Alexandrian dues?

Clif. Denny—I'm so broke that if steamboats were selling for ten cents, I couldn't buy the echo of a whistle.

* * *

Teacher—What did people do before blackboards were invented?

Pupil—They multiplied on the earth.

* * *

Dr. Swick (in a recent lecture)—I once heard of a common laborer who was kicked by a mule and immediately became a world famous mathematician.

Ritchie (D. H. H.)—Here, Howard, kick me.

* * *

Druggist—Did those mothballs that I sold you kill the moths?

Pearl Smith—Why, I sat up all night but I didn't hit a one.

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Huston—My heart is lacerated.

D. H.—Who's the lass?

* * *

Margaret M.—Why didn't you tell me this page of answers was torn out before I bought the book?

Bessie W.—Well, the girl that sold it to me didn't say anything about it, so I thought it was a secret.

* * *

Berry—I'm never so happy as when I'm breaking into song.

Celestine—Why don't you get the key? Then you won't have to break in.

* * *

Prof. Burns (in sociology)—Well, this author certainly gives good advice to the young man; "to commence early the partnership of life is the best after all."

Burton Beegle and Squire Willard unconsciously look at each other and give an approving nod.

* * *

Minnie (at Ballard Beach)—Bob, what effect does the moon have on the tide?

Bob—None. It affects only the untied.

* * *

The Sophomores saw something green,

They thought it was the Freshman class,

But when they nearer to it drew

They found it was a looking glass.

* * *

Lucille B.—Merton tells me all he knows.

Mary S.—Isn't the silence oppressive?

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Xyrousspucibiurj—Yuhs-hdkhsc.

Grkamamotveitch—Drammco-go-vombski.

Boobmf—Boobmf.

* * *

Dora Bell—Hello, central! I've just put some eggs on to boil and find that my clock has stopped. Would you please call me up in three minutes?

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Miss Cathey—Do you support our school paper?

Ritchie—I don't need to. It has a staff.

* * *

Berry—I hear Mr. Haslam is a born tennis player.

Graefe—Is that so?

Berry—Yes, they say he was born with a racquet (racket) in his mouth.

* * *

Miss Mercer—Give me a sentence using the word "cistern."

M. Robinson—The brethren and cistern in the church were loyal to the faith.

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