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## The February 1912 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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Lair Newton

# The Cascade



FEBRUARY, 1912

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***The Rising Bell***

Just when I am tucked up nicely in between the covers soft,  
With the rain drops softly lulling me to dreams,  
And just when I get the curtains fixed to bar that corner light  
That, insistent and persistent, sheds its beams.  
Just when I am dreaming, dreaming  
Of the girls I used to know;  
When I'm worth a hundred million dollars—well!  
Then there sounds upon my ear, in a warning sweet and clear,  
That insistent and persistent rising bell.

Just when I am fixed for comfort, in among the pillows high,  
With a dream just getting ready to come true;  
Just a dream of future greatness mingled with the world's applause,  
When I've done the most a mortal man can do.  
Just while I am dreaming, dreaming  
I'm a great philanthropist,  
Or a financier with railroad stock to sell;  
When I've reached that heighth sublime, comes the old familiar chime  
With insistence and persistence from that bell.

Oh! that old bell ever chiming at the mystic morning hour;  
How I'd miss it if it once forgot to call.  
But cheer up, it never will, 'till the sun and moon stand still,  
And we hear the last trump's clear resounding roll.  
When the dear old bell stops ringing  
At the hour of half past six,  
Then shall great misfortune weave her magic spell;  
But cheer up, it never will, though the sun and moon stand still—  
That insistent and persistent rising bell.

"Septimus '11."



Entered as second-class matter, Feb. 18, 1911, at the post office at Seattle, Wash.,  
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## A Seminary Student at Sea

Ethel Ward

One morning you wake up, or think you do, and after you have rubbed your eyes for the seventh time, you come suddenly to realize the fact that there is a test or examination staring you in the face and you haven't prepared for it and you naturally say to yourself, "Now I am at sea. What shall I do, anyway?" Well, perhaps you do feel "at sea," but you do not know much about it yet.

Wait until you have sailed away from the actual shore and are clear out of sight of land, and then for hours and hours you look about you in every direction and see nothing but sea, sea, sea. Then let it continue for days and days, and again you look out and there you still see the sea, sea, sea.

Well, here we are, away from the old shore out on the great deep, sailing, "sailing to our home beyond the tide." We have not seen any exquisite scenery outside as yet, for our chief attraction(?) has been on board. The waters have been greatly troubled and the passengers have been more or less troubled as well. That famous malady, abbreviated S.S., has attacked some of the voyagers and though it has been a bravely fought battle, some have been compelled to yield.

One morning we came to the "dining saloon" and, seeing that we were one of the few present, we remarked to the steward, "Don't you think we are brave to come to breakfast this morning?"

"Ah, indeed you are very plucky," was the quick reply in broad English accent.

We had hardly taken our seats when the ship gave a lurch and the knives, forks and spoons all came rolling down upon us, and then rolled down upon the floor. The racks being on the table, the dishes were kept in place and our chairs were fastened to the floor, or who knows where we would have landed ourselves?

Soon we heard a shout of applause and clapping from the other table. "Hurrah for the deacon," they said and as we turned around we saw a solemn face approaching the table and looking like a martyr coming to the stake. He was surely trying to be brave and we admired his courage.

A little later another sober face appeared in the doorway. "Hurrah for the parson," was the pleasant greeting he received, and he certainly needed some cheering, for he also looked like a martyr to the cause. The greetings had hardly died away when he was compelled to succumb to his fate. He walked away quietly and soon paid his respects to Neptune.

Shortly after, we left the dining room and everything it contained, but somehow the memory of the food remained with us. In fact it stayed with us until finally we, too, had to yield and make our obeisance to the mighty power of Neptune.

Once the officers tried to encourage us. "We are not far from land," they said.

"Which direction?" was the eager question (anything to be on terra firma again).

"Right below," was the answer; "straight down a mile and a half we'll strike land."

"No, thanks," all answered; "anything but a watery port for us."

So here we are yet, sailing, sailing on the sea, sea, sea; and if you ever get troubled over examinations just breathe a sigh of relief that you are "at sea" on land.

## A Southern Squatter

S. E. Wylor

It was a beautiful autumn morning. The sun cast its bright rays through the golden foliage of the forest which concealed, but a few paces, the winding road. The birds twitted from tree to tree and broke the silence by their frequent chirps. Now and then the fall of a twig on the autumnal foliage was heard. By the stir of the trees at each passing breeze, leaves were seen falling everywhere, which looked as though nature had suspended her laws and was shedding her superfluous adornment.

Amid such scenes, a weary and worn, but well dressed, traveler, who was making a long journey, sat on an old log at the fork of two roads, to enjoy the scenery and to decide which road to pursue. For days he had seen but one house and that was an old log schoolhouse with its windows patched with boards, papers and rags; its door swung on only one hinge and its chimney had only five bricks remaining on it. While seated there he heard in the distance the rustling of leaves and the sound of approaching footsteps, which gave him great cheer.

Suddenly there appeared at the crook of the road, a barefooted man, whose feet were tanned to a dark brown hue from the heat of a tropical sun, his toes spread wide apart and seemed to grasp the leaves as he made his way over them, and his costume was made up of a hickory shirt and a pair of faded overalls. He wore no hat; instead, leaves had fastened themselves in his long flowing hair, which it seemed a comb had not touched for weeks.

Having saluted each other, I asked him about the country, saying that it must not be densely populated, as the schoolhouse was the only building I had seen for miles and he was the only man.

"You're mistakin'. We're immensely popular, especially when city folks like you cum 'round to get something to eat for themselves or their hosses

(Continued on Page 8.)



WILBUR FISKE COOK

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In Memory  
**Wilbur Fiske Cook**

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Stoical one would be who could not be moved on an occasion of this kind. The departure of an esteemed friend touches us with tenderness, with gracious sympathy and sorrow. Death is not the sundering but the consecration of friendship. It strengthens the holy bond. It makes the departed dearer and gives new power and sanctity to their example. It could not be said that we did not prize the association of Wilbur. We appreciated his constant cheerful countenance, his singleness of purpose and pure ambition. For six years he brightened the life of Seattle Seminary by his fidelity, and his cheerful response to duty, by his unswerving integrity and his devotion to truth. Brightened our lives by his presence? Ah yes, his very soul was ever responsive with sympathy and friendship.

Was he assigned an unpleasant task, no murmur of complaint escaped his lips, but with courage he met every difficult problem that confronted him and did his best.

As the months slipped along it was noticeable that he was developing in religious experience. It was well known that Wilbur spent hours in communion and prayer with his God. With strong faith he believed in and lived with his Master. And in beholding his Lord with the eye of faith, the clouds of doubt disappearing he was in our daily presence being continually transformed into matured Christian manhood.

He desired to live and bear his part in the Christian warfare and we anticipated for him a bright and useful earthly career, but an all wise Providence has not permitted us to realize these hopes. But Wilbur's career is not finished. He has been promoted. His integrity and nobility of soul, his sympathy and love for his fellows are rewarded above. The same Jesus whom he loved has called him to a higher plane, has transferred him to the pure atmosphere of heaven, to a wider sphere of usefulness, there to continue in uninterrupted measure the service of his Lord whom his soul adored here below.

With the family we grieve. Their sorrow is our sorrow; their Wilbur was our Wilbur. The separation is keen, but as with the eye of faith we see the glory of the eternal world, the clouds of sorrow are scattered and we recognize that our friend, our glorified brother, has entered into the eternal day.

Gone from the land forever,  
The Promise of our band  
Crossed o'er the mystic river  
Into the summer land.  
Gone from a world of sadness,  
Gone from a bed of pain,  
Into eternal gladness  
Never to weep again.

*Committee:*

OMAR ALLEN BURNS.  
C. MAY MARSTON.  
LOUIS A. SKUZIE.  
RUTH B. STILLWELL.  
REV. C. E. McREYNOLDS.

# The Cascade

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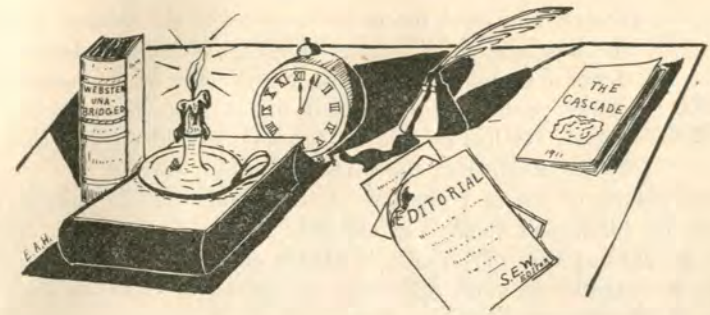
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1911-12

E.A.H.14

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



During the past month the Seattle Seminary has passed through the greatest campaign movement of its history. It was on the 26th of January, when a motion was submitted to the Alexandrian Literary Society for its consolidation with the Associated Student Body, that noted outbursts of youthful oratory were exhibited. Enthusiasm ran high and thus far the tide has subsided but little.

## THE PROPOSED CONSOLIDATION

Among the arguments presented in favor of consolidation were that two societies represented by the same body of students and one involving the work of the other, could not flourish separately, and that the consolidation would strengthen the association.

Those against consolidation held that for eighteen years this society has had a good history, that we should stand by the old landmarks, and that an association dealing with many problems could not give the literary work the attention that one could which made literary work a specialty.

There is no doubt but that the question is open to discussion and that the arguments presented are well made. However, it seems that one well organized and industrious student body could meet every emergency. Divided efforts always detract and weaken every movement.

To estimate the value of such an associated student body in a school of so high a character, one must take the future into consideration. This organization will not only be a blessing for the remainder of the present year, but it will add interest and create enthusiasm in years to come.

The attitude of many students toward the school will take a different course. Those who are inclined to be unruly must meet the frowns of the students and faculty. They will not be trying to escape the eye of the faculty, but must meet the demands of the students.

The students will realize to a greater extent that this school demands their hearty support and that they are directly responsible for its success. They will feel that they owe the school their best service and will sacrifice more for it. Instead of an increased enrollment of lower classmen, students of higher attainments also will make their way to this place, and is it not this that exalts the character of any school? We believe that by consolidation the Associated Student Body will be strengthened and be more capable of managing the student affairs of this school.

One of the greatest and most recent innovations of the Seattle Seminary is the new system of voting adopted by the new Associated Students organization. By the constitution of this association the direct primary and printed ballot systems have been introduced. It has created an interest, second only to that created by the starting of the CASCADE last year.

### NEW VOTING SYSTEM

The results of the first primary election held Jan. 25 showed that the students are intelligent voters and are able to nominate suitable candidates. They also showed that the system is highly efficient and satisfactory.

At the regular election, following the primaries, held on Jan. 31, the following officers were chosen: President, E. A. Haslam; vice-president, A. D. Armstrong; secretary, Kathryn Whisner; treasurer, John Root; marshal, S. E. Wyler; faculty member of the Executive Committee, Prof. A. J. Marston.

That "progress" is the watchword of the students of the Seattle Seminary was manifested by the sweeping victory of the Progressives at the polls.

(Continued from Page 3.)

or both, and that skulhouse, dat's whar I'se a-gwine right now. I'se goin' down thar and make a big fuss with dat skulmarm."

"For what, pray?"

"My son, Bill, he goes to skul there. It is less than two months since skul commenced and last night he cums home and declared that the world is round. I tanned him fur pretendin' to know more than his father, but he stuck to the roundness. Sending a boy to sich a skul is nonsense. It only makes him sorter smart."

"Well, don't you know that your boy is right?"

"But I licked him fur the way he acted. Kinder thinks he made a big diskivery over me. She told him how many oceans and hemispheres there is and he's feeling mighty big."

"But what are you going to tell the teacher?"

"I'se a-gwine down thar and ask her if hemispheres ever hoed co'n. I'se a-gwine to ask her if the longest river in the world ever cotched a coon. I'se a-gwine to ask her if knowing how to spell the name of this state is gwine to help any one kill b'ars. I'se gwine to ask if learnin' to cipher is gwine to bring down a 'possum from a hollow tree."

"What then?"

"Then if the skulmarm kin show me, it will be all right. If she can't, then I goes 'round this kintry raising sich a fuss that nobody else will dare to cum in yere and seek to be the ruinashun of our innocent-hearted children."

## SCHOOL NEWS

The two classes in Domestic Science have been taking advance ground this year. Although not much has been said about this department of the school, yet it is by no means an unimportant one. Mrs. M. E. Dutton has done efficient work in training those who are studying under her in the various forms of cookery. The Beginning Class are rapidly learning to be good bread makers, and the Advance Class will soon be able to cook whole meals at all times and under all conditions. During the past weeks there have been demonstrations given at the time when the lesson was taken, and the cooking has certainly been a success. A public demonstration will be given later in the season.

The revival meetings are in progress. Many of the students have been greatly helped in their spiritual lives by the meetings.

There have been some new recruits in the ranks of the girls—Miss Pearl Vincent, May Rice, Ruth Cavanaugh and Lorena Flindall. Boys, you had better come on; the girls are still ahead of you.

The new organization known as the "Associated Students Body" has adopted a constitution, and the officers will be elected soon.

The girls of the Young Ladies' Hall have formed a club for the purpose of having systematic calisthenics. Miss Ruth Sharpe has been elected Director, with Miss Kathryn Whisner as Assistant. The "Ladies Home Journal" is the periodical which the girls have chosen as their club paper.

## ALUMNI

One evening I sat by the fireside, while the storm was raging outside. The years fell away and I found myself seated in a little assembly room. A bell was ringing out from the tower as the company assembled. The hall seemed to be used for school purposes. There were double desks; in front was a little platform and over it I read the motto—"Not to be Ministered unto, but to Minister."

The crowd had gathered; all was quiet when the president and secretary took their accustomed places. Then followed such an evening entertainment as I had never heard. There was the Alpha quartet, the silver-tongued orator, the debaters of renown, the sunny-haired speech-maker, and the sweet singer of olden days. As the program swept on from one number to another I held my breath with expectation. At last it was over and I asked the little fellow at my side what the name of this society was.

"Why, don't you know?" said he; "this is the Alexandrian Literary Society."

Moral—"Wir stiften keinen neuen Bund, es ist ein wralt. Es Bundis nur von den Alten Zeiten, das wir ernern."

# CLASS NEWS

We are glad to report that all the College Sophs are staunch progressives.

## COLLEGE SOPHS.

Our president, Mr. Haslam, is a wide-awake enthusiast and is a good booster for any movement advanced for the interests of the students.

The class of '14 have started in with the work of the second semester full of enthusiasm. The president occasionally calls a class meeting for business purposes(?). At a recent meeting, however, he was conspicuous for his absence. Ask him how he likes cotton-stuffed Mapleine fudge.

Mr. Skuzie is endeavoring to keep better order in the Library. Be considerate and observe the new sign.

The Seniors are already planning for graduation since the first semester is safely passed. Orations loom up before us. But worst of

## SENIORS

all is the dreadful Senior banquet—dreadful, not because of a good time, but because, even though it is leap year, the girls find it a hard task to find partners for the occasion. But listen! A bright idea has nestled in the gray matter of one of our august members! We will advertise among the *Cascade's* "Busy Little Want Ads" for the kind each one wants! Sit up, boys, and take note.

Wanted! For the banquet, a young man 6 ft. 2. With dark curly hair, and eyes of vivid blue. He must wear a mustache and a little goatee, and must bring a great big bunch of violets to me.

A nice looking man with black hair, brown eyes; must be well dressed and wear tan shoes. (He will be expected to come in an airship and bring one dozen red roses and a box of candy.)

A man for the occasion! Most "any old stick" will do, if he does not wear a red necktie or yellow shoes.

By a young lady of exclusive taste, a young man of irreproachable character. Dark hair and eyes preferred. Must be six feet tall and wear a pompadour. Evening dress suit, of course, is expected.

Just what I want is hard to tell—

Not "any old stick" will do me well—

I must have a person of refined taste,

So that none of our time will go to waste.

Come with your blue eyes and ruddy complexion

And we will go to the Senior reception.

But one other condition you must meet—

You must be ten inches over five feet.

One of our members is too bashful to advertise, so we'll just whisper in your ear that she wants a man just as badly as the rest.

A young man, between twenty and thirty-five years. Six feet tall, dark eyes, straight black hair; Freshman preferred. Must wear evening dress suit, and bring bouquet of cream roses. Best recommendations required.

Young man, are you hungry and without future engagement? I am, too. Come, let's go to the Senior Banquet. Just come to the *Cascade* office any time, and I will have your meal ticket ready. My only requirement is that you will be a gentleman.

A good looking young man, five feet seven, with brown hair and eyes. He must be a millionaire and have the disposition of an angel.

By one of the *large* young ladies of the Senior Class, for a partner to the Senior Banquet, some *little* Shrimp.

Mr. Wold in English Class—Professor, would you advise a young man, without even a spoon, to get married?

## JUNIORS

Prof.—I think that should be left for the young man to decide.

A Junior class meeting was held Jan. 25, '12, for the purpose of reelection of officers. After a spirited contest the various offices were filled. Pres., Mr. Logan; Vice-Pres., Miss Bessie Ward; Sec., Miss Florence Alberts; Treasurer, Miss Esther Welch; Class Editor, Miss Rachel Becraft; Marshall, Mr. Reuben Lawrence; Rep. to the Ass. Student Body, Mr. Kimble.

We have a lively subject for our final tryout debate. The subject for debate will be, "Resolved, that the consolidation of the Alexandrian Literary Society with the newly organized Associated Student Body would be a benefit to the Seminary." We anticipate making this debate public. Aff., Miss Ward and Mr. Haslam. Neg., Miss Skuzie and Mr. Logan.

At a meeting of the Sophomores held Jan. 18, the semi-annual election of officers took place. The result was as follows: Pres., Harry

## SOPHS.

Hamilton; Vice-Pres., Burton Beegle; Sec. and Treas., Esther Solberg; Marshall, John Root; Rep. to Associated Student Body, Wesley Miller.

The Sophomore quartette has been creating quite a sensation. The personnel is below:

1st Tenor—Mr. Harry Hamilton, "Lonesome."

2nd Tenor—Mr. Berton Beegle, "All Alone."

1st Bass—Mr. Root, "Down on the Farm."

2nd Base—Mr. Miller, "Any Little Girl."

Misses Solberg and Marston have opened a Quick Lunch in the northern part of Assembly Hall—dill pickles a specialty.

Certain members of the Sophomore class have a very interesting and astonishing collection of snap-shots.

In the last meeting held new officers were elected, officers who we hope will perform their duties equally well as former ones. We

## FRESHMAN

highly commend the former officers, more particularly our worthy president, who has stood unflinchingly at his post of duty, and has given service creditable to the class.



# EXCHANGES

"Do unto others as you would be done by, but do it first," is a motto we wish to live up to in regard to exchange criticism. If we sound prejudiced in any of our remarks, just "consider the source" and remember that we say here and now that we have *none but kindly* feelings toward each and every exchange on our list.

"Pacific Star," Mt. Angel, Ore. We think that Simon Slim's Christmas Surprise "iss von fine story, yes." You are the only Catholic paper we receive and we are glad to see that you stand up so well for what you believe to be right. If every one did likewise there would be less dissention in this old world.

"The Houghton Star," N. Y. We believe you are showing progress, but we firmly insist that a few cuts would double your values.

"Lens," Portland, Ore. Throughout your pages we were pleased to note the spirit of enthusiasm and individual interest which your school must have to get up so good a paper. Keep it up.

"News," Eugene, Ore. We like you jolly well. Your cuts are striking, but give us some more.

"Clarion," Salem, Ore. You ought to develop a sweet tooth, as we think you're too fond of lemons, judging from the way you hand them out.

"The Oak," Berkeley, Cal., is a spicy little weekly. We think (as we noticed every one else thinks) that you are lucky to have your own press.

"Kodak," Everett, Wash. Your new cuts are fine and we would like to see more. Try some that are not cartoons and see if you don't like it. The Letter From a Small Boy is great.

We are glad to receive two new exchanges this month. "The Volcano," Harnell, N. Y., contains some artistic department headings, as well as good material. "The Adjutant" for November seems to have come late, but we enjoy it. The little photos scattered through are a good idea. One little criticism about "The Frightened Burglars"—we never guessed a negro could turn "white as a sheet."

(Continued from Page 11.)

We are climbing, slowly climbing,  
Reaching higher heights each day;  
We'll have reached the topmost ladder  
When we've finished Algebra.

Cascade—Page Twelve

# Joshes



## ORATIONS

Teacher—Without fabrication  
Have you your oration  
For examination  
Today?

Senior—O! Botheration!  
For procrastination  
A forced vacation's  
My pay.

Teacher—Don't use profanation!  
'Tis base degradation!  
But make preparation,  
I say.

Senior—With great agitation  
And inward vibration  
I'll seek inspiration  
Some way.  
And civilization  
Will get compensation  
Through our education.  
Hooray!

—L. S. '12

Skuzic: Away, away, with heart so gay,  
Away, away, I can not stay.  
Away, away, good-by, I say,  
For I must go to Iowa.

Oliver Haslam (illustrating pathos)—"She cried as though her little heart would break."

Prof. Burns (in Ancient History)—"Yes, Socrates was a great teacher."  
H. M.—"Did he know as much as Prof. Stillwell?"

Page Thirteen—Cascade



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Watkins (in English class to illustrate vividness)—“I wandered in the shades of night.”

Wyler—“That isn't very vivid.”

M. R. K.—“How many ribs have you?”

E. A. H.—“Let's see. Oh! I've got one less than my girl.”

Lois Cathey (under Aldridge's window)—“Can't you come and take a walk?”

Slivers (imitating Aldridge)—“Comin'.”

A few butter-chips have been missed from the dining room lately. Has any one seen Zeller?

Prof. Stilwell (warning the boys against snow-washing the girls' faces)—“You boys don't realize how long it takes a girl to dry her hair. You can dry your heads out over a radiator in half a minute.”

Humor in Advertising:

No persons having once tried one of these caskets will ever use another.

Wanted—A boy to deliver groceries seventeen years old.

Wanted—A laborer and a boy, with grazing for two goats; both Protestants.

Wanted—A competent person to undertake the sale of a new machine that will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker.

Personal—Edward Jones has opened up a shoe shop on Front street. Mr. Jones guarantees that every one can have a fit in his establishment.—Selected.

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CLASS EMBLEMS  
YOUR STATIONERY

715 Third Avenue

Tell us you saw the ad in The Cascade

When patronizing the advertisers, mention Cascade.

## A LEAP YEAR EPISODE



'Twas leap year, and the maiden prayed,  
“John, won't you be my husband?”  
To which he answered thus,  
“I love you, dear, but one request:  
Do you use CRESCENT PRODUCTS?  
If so, I shall say yes.”

### GIRLS!

You'll find it easier work catching the fellows when you are a persistent user of our products:

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SPICES

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