

November 1st, 1912

The November 1912 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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Lain Newton

The Cascade



*Published by the Students of
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THEIR THANKSGIVING.

Mary Eva, '14.

"Let me see," said Grandma Mills, as she pushed her glasses up on her forehead and gazed in at the open fireplace; "there'll be Mable and John with their four children, Marine and Edward with their children, Eugene and Eunice with little Irene, Maurice and Mamie; Frank and Florence will be home from college, and Thomas, we must surely have your brother Sam, that makes nineteen besides Nellie, you and me, and there are only two weeks left. My, but I'm glad I made those fruit cakes five weeks ago."

"Sixty-eight, to seventy-eight, that's ten years, to eighty-eight is twenty years, to ninety-eight, thirty to nineteen 'eight forty to nineteen twelve, that is forty-four years next Thanksgiving Day since we were married. My! my! How long it has been and how short it seems," soliloquized Grandpa Mills.

The next few days were quite exciting at the Mills' farm. Great preparations were made for the home-gathering. Cookies with raisins in the mfor the "darlings;" mince and pumpkin pies were made and the many other things attended to.

At last the day before Thanksgiving arrived and that very morning the turkeys were killed and dressed. Nellie, who was her mother's standby, was as eager about the home-gathering as was any of the others.

"Puff, puff—p-u-f-f p-u-f-f pu-f-f p-u-f-f—."

"Oh! Oh!" cried Florence in her joy and excitement; "I can scarcely wait until the train stops. There is Father waiting for us. Bless his dear old soul! Just think! he turned out in this snow storm to meet us."

"Aw, don't make a show of yourself," advised her twin brother in an undertone.

"O, papa!" cried Florence, making a "show" of herself by throwing her arms around his neck. "I'm so glad to get home again. It seemed as tho' the train never would stop."

"Well, Sis, if you have finished, I'll introduce Ralph. Father, meet my friend, Mr. Robinson."

"I'm glad to know you, my boy," said Mr. Mills as he heartily grasped Ralph's hand. "Now, put your suit cases in there and jump in. Better turn your coat-collars up around your necks." So saying Mr. Mills got in the sleigh, and Florence, making sure her father was comfortable, took the lines and started towards home.

Mother was at the door to meet them. "Well, my dear children," she exclaimed as she kissed them. After Frank had introduced Ralph they put the team away.

"It is very clear to see that altho' he is Frank's friend, he is also Flo's friend," sighed Nellie; "I s'pose we'll lose her next."

The boys now came in to get ready for supper.

"Wait a minute. I'll get a towel," called Frank as he ran downstairs into the kitchen.

"Mother," he said when in the kitchen, "that's Ralph, about whom we wrote to you so much for the last two years. He hasn't any home and was going to stay in that old dormitory 'til Monday, so I invited him home for a real Thanksgiving."

"I'm glad you did, my son. We'll make him as happy as possible," kindly replied his mother.

In a short time supper was ready and the hungry boys did justice to it for it was so good.

"O Mother, I'm so glad to be home," Florence said as she hugged her mother for, I don't know how many times, "it's so different here than at school."

Shortly after supper Maurice and Mamie arrived.

"Suppose we go for a sleigh ride to-night," asked Frank, "the moon is very bright and the storm is over."

"Alright," agreed all.

"While you're out you may as well take a box of apples to Mrs. Sherman and also this twenty dollar check. Her son has been quite ill for some time," said Mr. Mills as he handed Frank the check and went to the cellar after the apples.

"Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle," merrily sounded the sleigh bells, and Grandpa and Grandma Mills were left to enjoy a quiet evening by themselves.

"Good evening. Come right in," invited Mrs. Sherman.

"Father sent these apples and this," said Frank as he handed her the check, "I can't stay; the young folks are waiting for me. Good night," and Frank left, hardly waiting to be thanked.

The widow's heart was full of thanksgiving to God, for had He not sent the money in answer to prayer?

"Jingle, jingle, jingle," was ringing through Florence's ears.

"Please answer," pleaded Ralph, as they sat side by side and the others were singing, "Homeward Bound," to the time of the sleigh bells.

"Whoa!" commanded Frank.

"O, Flo," groaned Ralph.

"I'll answer in the morning," was all Flo said.

Early in the morning the Mills family and guest were up. Ralph cast beseeching eyes across the table at Florence who immediately lowered hers.

"Ah! ha!" thought Mr. Mills who was quick enough to see it.

Soon after breakfast, sleigh bells were heard and Mabel and John with their children arrived, then in a short time came the others and also brother Sam.

"Well! well! did you find Grandma's cookies, you dear," said Grandma as a little fellow came out of the pantry with two of them. In a few seconds another little urchin emerged from the pantry with his face covered with jam. Evidently "the dear" had found the jam.

The dinner was a grand success, and night came all too soon for the children. They were soon bundled in the sleighs and on the way home went off to the land of Nod.

Ralph and the twins remained until Saturday afternoon and the

time came for them to leave. Ralph had a hearty invitation to "come again."

Each one thought that he and she had the best Thanksgiving, especially did Grandpa and Grandma Mills think so.

Ralph declared again and again that it was the very best Thanksgiving of his life, for he had something for which to be truly thankful, and Florence blushing smiled.

HEREAFTER.

A. E. Allen, '13.

O lands beyond the setting sun!
O realms of endless dream!
How clear thy silvery streamlets run,
How bright thy golden glories gleam!

Earth holds no counterpart of thine;
The dark-browed Orient, jeweled-crowned,
Pales, as she bows before thy shrine,
Shrouded in mystery so profound.

All lands, all realms beneath this dome,
Where God's own hand hath hung the stars,
To Thee with humblest homage come
O world beyond the crystal bars!

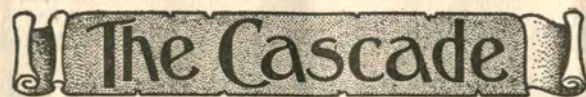
And sometimes even now we catch
Faint gleamings from the far-off shore,
And still with eager eyes we watch
For one sweet sign or token more.

For, oh, the deeply loved are there!
The brave, the fair, the good, the wise,
Who pined for thy ethereal air,
Nor shunned thy solemn mysteries.

There are hopes that, one by one,
Died even as we gave them birth;
The dreams that passed ere well begun,
Too dear, too beautiful for earth.

The aspiration, strong of wing,
Aiming at heights we could not reach;
The songs we tried in vain to sing;
Thoughts to vast for human speech.

Thou hast them all, "Hereafter," Thou
Shalt keep them safely till that hour
When, with God's seal on heart and brow,
We claim them in immortal power!



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EDITORIAL.

Thanksgiving Day: Not to commemorate some religious event, or perpetuate the name of a martyr; not a day of ecclesiastical saints, nor a day set apart to pay tribute and honor to a national hero. It is the one national festival which turns directly to home life, it is in the fullest sense a day of nature, and a day of thanksgiving, a day which the people of this mighty, and divinely favored land have set apart, whereby a song of praise may come from the soul, and a heartfelt prayer of gratitude and adoration may rise in one united hymn to our Creator who has bestowed upon us with such a bountiful hand the necessities which are so essential to the stimulation of our physical existence. This also includes that spirit of kindred love and peace that draws friend to enjoy the hospitable table and mutual fellowship of friend. Majestic indeed, as are the gifts which an all wise and omnipotent God draws from nature, and spreads on the table of the children of men, they are incomparable to the "Un-speakable Gift," the redemptive sacrifice which brings us into harmony in the great plan of divine economy. The gift, the three-fold combination, "Salvation," "Love" and an "Eternal Home" makes every participator enjoy a perpetual thanksgiving.

Many, alas! will still enact their unhallowed scenes, and make the day, a day of festivity, debauchery and rioting, will concern themselves more with the gift than the giver, to that number the sublime essence of the day will be lost. But no student need be affiliated to such a company; every one may attain a place in their life where they can string the pearls of God's favor, count the blessings of the past year, become so enraptured and enthused at the thought of the sublime love and protection that has hovered around them in dangers seen and unseen, that the social attractions and holiday festivities will take a secondary place in the heart, and the full significance and purport of the day to them will be in enriching their experience in communion with the Giver; attaining a place where the smile of the Lord will be a feast to the soul.

Let every one make it a thanksgiving day in the fullest sense, thanksgiving for life, liberty, and prosperity; blessing the hand which cast their lot in the midst of this, a Christian land with all its advantages and privileges which are ours to enjoy, remembering that we are a peculiarly favored people with every blessing indeed blest, and specially adapted to make glad the heart of man.—Ed.

The door on the boys dormitory has received special attention recently, being fitted up with a patent lock which is of course, operated exclusively from the inside. All we await now is another matrimonial episode to prove its invulnerable qualities.—Ed.

A SENSELESS AFFAIR.

He was a wiseless politician,—
She was a thoughtless maid,—
Out on the grassless lawn together,
Under the treeless shade,
Playing a game of netless tennis,
This with a boundless ball,
When from the glassless hotel window
Echoed a soundless call.

Then through the pathless walk they ambled,
Each with a stepless gait,
Into the flyless room for dining,
Each with a foodless plate.
Each with a smileless face then settled
Down in a seatless seat.
"O, what a tasteless taste," he muttered;
"O, for a biteless eat."

First 'twas a meatless steak they ordered;
Then tried a crustless pie.
Next o'er an iceless ice they dallied,
Each with a blinkless eye.
Ah, what an endless end we're reaching,
End of this wordless wreck;
He with a centless dollar settled
All of the payless check.—Ex.



by Sherwood

SOCIETIES

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Students' Missionary Society which has been dedicated for the purpose of promulgating the highest possible interest along missionary lines, is faithfully resuming its work. We aim to make our programs from time to time of such character that both the students and friends of the community will catch the missionary zeal.

It would certainly be difficult for one to think otherwise than that our present age is one of great promise. Never before in the annals of history were the field so broad. Never before was there so great a demand for Christian workers, both at home and abroad.

We need not go across the briny waters nor take long journeys into the far away bleak regions of the north, or to the climes of tropical countries to realize this ever present need. Yes, ever present because all around us our fellow men are hungry for a taste of the true richness of the Lamb of Calvary. How little we realize the vast multitudes in our congested districts who never hear the glad story to know that there is a hope above this stage of sadness and turmoil, and again how many are there who live in communities far from the sound of the Gospel. Lo, the Master calleth, shall we heed his voice?

Nevertheless you say, "It would be selfish to only note the need of our home land." How true.

Just think of the vast opportunities in the foreign lands. China for instance, which is now taking her first strides under the banner of a newly formed government, thus making her one of the most plastic as well as needy fields in the evangelistic realm.

God speed the day when all nations shall seek to know his grace.

Again, who knows but that this great struggle in the Balkan States is only making an opening for the Gospel to strike its beaming rays of Heavenly sunshine through those dingy clouds of black Mohammedism? Truly it is said that we should seek peace and pursue it, but nevertheless there have been many Holy wars in ages past, therefore this may be the great and powerful hand of God opening

another region of black despair in order that his salvation may win back that wandering race, even the chosen Jews.

Shall we, the Christians of an enlightened land, still falter and allow this plastic age, as Dr. Mott says, "to slip away seal and plaster those darkened regions in blindness and paganism"? Rather let Godly courage arouse us to the responsibility.

ALETHEPIANS.

You may ask, "What are the Alethepians doing, anyway?"

Well, we are making just as rapid progress as possible. Great interest and enthusiasm is being shown by all members and our numbers are increasing rapidly.

One very interesting programme has been rendered, and already much talent both in music and oratory has been displayed. Advancement is being made along all literary lines and we hope to be able in the near future to give you the opportunity of finding out for yourselves what has really been accomplished among us.

PHILLS.

Hurrah! for the Phills—the only energetic sub-organization of the school. The present month is rolling by with more enthusiasm than ever before.

Progressiveness pervades our camp in all directions. We are so very much so that we are reaching with expectation towards one of the three great prizes offered by Everybody's Magazine. There is not one evidence of our progressiveness which would not put the present progressive party on the shelf with shame, mortification and envy.

All th officers are especially respected on account of their good will to all. Even Aldridge, our formidable appearing president, is as gentle as a lamb. Also the marshal who, in general cases, is the terror of the "roughneck," takes the most flagrant offence in the most amiable manner, providing the offender has, in his day, been more favorably blessed by the warrior god, Mars. This amiability is not to be scoffed at, for some marshals don't even stop to consider, and, as a consequence, become housed for a season. Don't get the idea that he is afraid for it isn't so. When called upon to act, in a hysky manner he forthwith trembles with excessive valor.

Yes, we are progressive. Some may criticize the rate at which we travel, but still it is the speed mania of the twentieth century that makes this old orbit whirl at such a pace.

FLOWER CLUB.

The Flower Club was organized Oct. 9. Prof. Stilwell, the originator, was elected president, and Florence Alberts secretary.

The purpose of the club is to cultivate such flowers as will bloom throughout the winter months and early spring. The Chinese Lilies and Roman Hyacinths blooming first and later follow the Narcissus, Daffodils and Tulips.

The club expects soon to see a great change throughout the different buildings.

(Continued on page 13.)

Class News

SENIOR CLASS NOTES.

As usual we are a busy class. Our many duties take much of our time and we are very studious, as can be proven by frequent visits to the library.

If one takes a look through the pages of the last "Cascade," he may notice that fifteen of the various offices are filled by Seniors. Four societies have Senior Treasurers, so it can be safely judged that we are a trustworthy class. Note also that half of the "Cascade" staff are Seniors.

The members of last year's Junior English Class, who have returned, sent a post card shower to their former teacher, Rev. W. W. Loomis.

"Who," asked a visitor, "are those dignified persons who are crossing the campus with such thoughtful brows and armsfull of books?"

"Why, don't you know," answered a Freshman, as he glanced with awe and admiration at the students, "those are Seniors."

In a recent class meeting we decided to retain the same honorary member that we had last year, Miss Marston. She has inclined been a great inspiration to each member of our class.

Stump speaking seems to be one of the lines in which 1913 boys excell. Mr. Allen seems to be especially capable.

Logan (in History Class)—"They had a Boston Tea party and invited the Senior Class."

Miller—"They don't allow tea at the Seminary."

On the campus green,
With wits that are keen,
Is sure to be seen
The class of '13.

Prof. Burns—"Where is Bro. Allen this morning? Off to some convention?"

JUNIOR CLASS

The Juniors are still on the field. Although things are somewhat quiet now, you must remember that "still water runs deep." We are quite absorbed in books these days, but nevertheless are awake, and taking an interest in worthy affairs, and later on, we may give some special demonstrations of our existence. We have some tests occasionally, but meet them bravely.

"Then what is so rare as a Junior class
That is ready to stand the test,
Just keep your eye on the present one,
For surely it ranks with the best."

The boys of our class are few in number this year, but we wish to add, that the quality makes up for the quantity, for they are very loyal and enthusiastic.

SOPHOMORES.

The month has passed very quickly to us and we are trying to perform the duties that have been assigned to us as Sophomores. At times the road is rather steep, but we do not cry for mamma any more as they say we used to do when Freshies. Our meetings have been few and our class spirit has not had time to do its part because,

We study geometry in the day time,

We dream of it by night,

We awake and would that we had our lesson,

But we never have it,—it's a fright.

Wanted—Information on how to make the leaves of a Geometry book transparent.

FRESHMEN CLASS

The Freshmen class have organized a debating club and expect to have some warm discussions shortly. Thursday afternoon, Oct. 23, at 4 P. M. we held an interesting program.

Prof. Stilwell seems optimistic about the progress his Latin students are making, while they consider him a "magister bonus."

Miss Lawrence has a large though not very pious class of Bible students this year.

The Algebra class is progressing steadily. Prof. Bagly explains the knotty problems very clearly.

Prof. Marston does not confine himself to the text-book merely, but keeps his class interested by discussing such subject as religion, politics, love, etc.

Prof. Burns has been taking his Ancient History class through Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, and is at present in Greece, no knowing where we will be when the next number of the Cascade comes out.

SCHOOL NEWS.

On the evening of October 4th, there was an informal gathering for the boarding students. Singing, guessing games, and refreshments were the events of the evening. The contest for the best dog torn out of paper was won by Miss Ether Welch. Prof. and Mrs. Bagley were judges. The prize was an extra plate of refreshments.

A new society named the "Flower Club" has been organized through the efforts of Prof. Stilwell. The enrollment is quite large, showing that the students appreciate flowers.

We were greatly interested and edified to hear a talk on Prohibition in our chapel exercises, by E. B. Sutton. Prof. Marston gave a most interesting talk in chapel, October 25th, on his visit to the Northwestern Student Conference last June.

The course dinner which was served the evening of October 18th, was greatly enjoyed by all. The new feature of singing between the courses was very novel and entertaining. Mr. Lowell's violin solo and Miss Perry's reading were also enjoyed very much, as well as the trio.

We are glad to note that the daily attendance of the students is very excellent. But few are ever tardy or absent. Prof. Stilwell remarked that it was about the best attendance there has ever been.

Fasting is the latest idea among some of the students. Ask Morgan, Gill, Misses Becraft or Sharpe, as well as two or three others, how it feels.



We are a trifle disappointed this month at the small number of exchanges received. But we presume that it is a little early as yet, and expect good returns before our next publication.

We are pleased to receive *The Clarion*, Rochester, N. Y. Considering the size of your paper, do you not think it would be better to give it less the appearance of a newspaper? We hope the students will give you sufficient support to permit of a twelve-page cover issue in the future.

Weekly Index, Forest Grove, Ore. Do you realize that your October 29th issue devoted one-half its space to advertising?

The Sentinel, O. M. I., considering its size, is a neat publication.

The Antelope, Kearney, Neb. We like your general tone and appearance very well.

Visalia News, we would like to see some literary productions occasionally.

The Free Methodist is always acceptable, with no criticism whatever, except that we have too little time to peruse its rich contents.

We have just received, almost too late for press:

The Spectrum, J. H. S., Portland, Ore.

The News, Eugene, Ore.



(Continued from page 9.)

Since there are only four young men in the club, consisting of twenty-seven members, Prof. Stilwell suggested that the young ladies might care for a few extra flowers and present them to the young men about Christmas time. However some of the young ladies didn't quite get the meaning.

ALUMNI NOTES.

We are glad to report that two members of the class of 1912, Miss Whistner and Miss Signor have joined the college ranks. Mr. Skuzie is dissatisfied at college; perhaps he would rather attend a college in Iowa. Emma Olson is teaching school four miles from her home, she rides back and forth on her pony. Miss Freddie Scott is attending Normal at Cheney.

GRINDS.

Prof. B. (waxing eloquent in College History)—"What did the Crusaders find when they went to Palestine? They found five cities, well lighted, and with streets paved. But how about Western Europe? There they had castles, and one lord running around the country trying to get another lord."

As Arnold Allen went galloping down the warpath of education the other morning, he met one of his old pals, who said, "Nice day for the race." "What race?" asked Allen, with a puzzled look. "Why, the human race," said his assailant, and went whistling on his way. Allen's chin dropped and he vowed revenge. Before long he met Prof. Stillwell. "Nice day for the trot," said Allen. "What trot?" murmured Stillwell. "Why, the human trot," said Allen as he went on his way, rejoicing.

Not a Bull Moose.

O. H. (acting as judge in trial)—"Mr. Miller, this is the third time I have had to sentence you. What have you to say for yourself?"

Miller—"Nothing, your honor, except that I am unalterably opposed to a third term."



STUDENTS, ATTENTION!

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Full many get ups come along,
Some of them right, some of them
wrong.

And some are what is called a fad,
Some of them good, some of them bad;
But it, of course, must be confessed,
Some things are better than the rest.



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Funny Stuff

Prof. Burns—"Put a diagram on the board."

Miller—"I'm afraid you won't recognize it."

Bartlow—"What does ecstatic mean?"

Logan—"Oh, that's when a person loses consciousness for a few minutes through joy."

Miss Logan, in Economics—"Mr. Logan, can you give me an example of how an ice company can obtain a monopoly on ice?"

Mr. Logan—"By freezing out competitors."

Mr. Setterlind, telling dream in English class—"And I saw my dear brother whom I threw my hands around."

Prof. B., in Geometry—"Well, Mr. Cathey, when you get through sparking we will go on."

High School Life from Shakespeare.

Freshman year—"A Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore year—"Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior year—"As You Like It."

Senior year—"All's Well That Ends Well."

Just Imagine.

Jack Wood on a fast.
Ethel Lawpaugh with a grouch instead of a smile.

Debs Bartlow quiet at a baseball game.

Flora and Nora drinking "weak Postum."

Morgan minus Lena.

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For I'm a subscriber to the Cascade.

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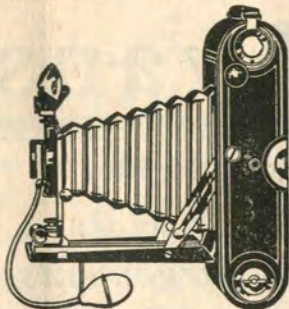
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Freshie—Short pants; scared looks;
Sophie—Flashy sox; no books;
Junior—Bunch of girls and pompadour;
Senior—Lofty looks; work no more.

Mildred laughs the livelong day,
Pray, don't think her simple.
She'll laugh at anything you say,
Because it shows her dimple.

The tall, angular waitress at the restaurant shuffled up to the table where Scotie was sitting. "Have you frog legs?" asked Scotie.
"Oh, no, sir," she replied; "I'm obliged to walk this way on account of my rheumatism."

Rachel B. to Jack W.—"Honest, Jack, a milkshake isn't anything to eat."

In German Class.

Miss Marston (explaining the meaning of a word in German)—"Hat Herr Haslam einen Schnurrbart?"

Althea—"Er hat einen kleinen Schnurrbart."

Oliver Haslam and his best girl were seated in a buggy, one evening in town, watching the people pass. Nearby was a popcorn vender's stand. Presently the young lady remarked: "My, that popcorn smells good."
"That's right," said the gallant, "I'll drive up a little closer so you can smell it better."

W. A.—"Hattie is so changeable."

W. M.—"What's the matter now?"

W. A.—"First she told me she didn't like anything about me and when I proposed she said, 'I like your nerve.'"

Alcehopian Program Committee.

Lillian P.—"From whom shall we given quotations for our next meeting?"

Mar Cathey—"Lowell."

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