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The April 1913 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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The Cascade

April 1913

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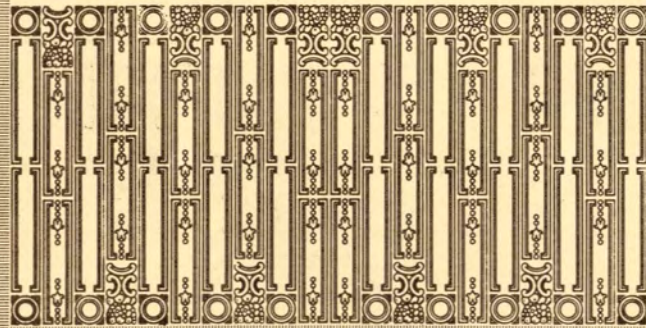
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M. Rose Logan

To her, whose intense and ready interest in the work and welfare of each member of the College department, and whose charming and gracious personality has merited and won the kindest and highest esteem of all the members of the Alpha Club, do we affectionately dedicate this Alpha Club edition of The Cascade.

SPRING.

E. A. Haslam, '15

Oh Spring, thou happiest season of the year!
To thee we sing. Some month ago we bade
Adieu to thee, nor felt a pang at thy
Escape; for did there not next foll'wing in
Thy steps come summer-tide with all her glee?
For many moons we missed thee not nor cared.

Each season ushers in the next with scarce
A note, but for the almanac which cries,
"A change, a change, behold, spring is no more!"
As sinks the sun upon the bosom of
The west and tints the sky with glints of gold
So gorgeous that the heavens seem part of earth—
The day we miss not, for the coming of
The night brings with it scenes so beautiful
That we fain would lose ourselves in raptures of
Delight—so glides each season into each.

Why should we miss the spring, when summer comes
With all her joy and mirth quick on its track?
The change is scarce a change. The sun still shines,
The leaves and grass are green, the flowers bloom,
Life still is teeming full of hope, and e'en
The air its balmy fragrance holds. But time
Wings on its steady flight: the sun sinks down
To rest much earlier at night to rise
Yet later in the morn, the freshness of
The spring-tide disappears, the grain ripens in
The ear, the hay is gathered in the mow.

Then Autumn comes. 'Tis little else
Than summer-tide; but as the season wears,
Life 'gins to wane: the blossom fades and droops,
Its petals fall; the leaves turn russet, brown,
And red and gray, and drop. Still earlier goes
The sun to rest; the air becomes more crisp,
And in the morn the hoar frost glitters in
The sun. Once more the clouds their burdens pour
Upon the earth; the winds, once balmy, blow

So chill. Then comes the first snowfall and spreads
Upon the earth a carpet soft and white;
And sleigh bells ringing out the autumn ring
The winter in. The lamp of life goes out.

Sage Winter wraps the earth all in a pall,
Death lurks in every nook and dell, the twigs
And boughs, are leafless and the fields are bare.
Dame Nature in a shroud doth sit beneath
The evergreens—lone sentinels of life.

Then Spring appears. The seal upon the stone unloosed;
Wide open's the sepulcher, life ushers forth
And riot runs throughout the earth. The songs
Of twitt'ring birds come from the budding boughs;
The blades of grass peep from the earth; the trees
Leaf out; and blossoms run in happy rout.

Do you wonder, then, we welcome in the spring?
Yet why the happiest season of the year?
Each has its beauties, each its mission to
Fulfill; and incomplete would be the year
If robbed of one, yea, e'en the worst of them.
Why then? Ah, listen! and I'll tell you why;
Spring brings new life, the pall from earth then drops.
As Christ to men when here on earth did say,
"I am the resurrection and the life;"
So Spring to nature in her shroud doth say,
"Wake up, arise, behold, I give thee life!"





PHOTO BY HAMILTON

Alpha College Club

- | | | |
|-----------------|--------------|-----------------|
| Myra Burns | F. A. Haslam | Ruth Sharpe |
| Killian Perry | | Lois Cathey |
| Tressa Marsh | C. W. Morgan | |
| Laura Armstrong | Floyd Puffer | Ruth Dake |
| | | Kathryn Whisner |

**THE
STORY**

GERTRUDE CHANGED HER MIND

Lois Cahey, '15

THE fall semester had just opened at the Seminary and Elizabeth Barr, Senior, was briskly engaged unpacking her trunk when suddenly there came a rap on the door.

"Come," she called.

The door opened and there stood Miss Hoyt, the preceptress, and a new girl with her. Elizabeth arose.

"Excuse my room—" she began.

"This is a perfectly natural sight," Miss Hoyt replied, "but let me introduce Miss Waldron. This is Miss Barr. I have brought you a roommate, Elizabeth. Miss Waldron's trunk has not yet arrived but she can make herself quite comfortable for the night as she has a suitcase with her—no, thank you," as Elizabeth urged her to sit down. "I'm so busy tonight. Get acquainted and be good girls," and she was gone.

The girls stood facing one another. Each would have been considered good looking, although they did not resemble one another in the least. Elizabeth was short and fair, with merry blue eyes and an abundance of wavy hair. Her new friend was somewhat taller, with bright rosy cheeks, brown eyes and hair to match. She wore a simple blue tailormade suit and a jaunty little hat.

"Well," Elizabeth laughed, "I suppose we're acquainted now. Take off your things and make yourself at home. Here, I'll take your jacket and hang it in the wardrobe. Your hat, too, please. If you leave it down you may not be able to find it again for a week.

"Thank you," the newcomer replied, "but your room doesn't look so bad. Let me help unpack."

"No, indeed," Elizabeth exclaimed. "You must be tired. Sit down and rest yourself. I don't need to finish this tonight."

But her friend was not so easily rebuked. "I'm not a mite tired; do let me help, please. I'll pull the things out while you put them away." So the two girls were soon busy over the trunk.

"Excuse me," began Elizabeth, "but we should know each other's first names. Don't you think so? Mine is Elizabeth, but they shorten it to Betty or Betsy."

"Well, my name is Gertrude," the newcomer replied, "and it's seldom shortened. Sometimes I'm called Gertie but only on special occasions."

"Gertrude—Gertrude Waldron," Elizabeth murmured. "What a pretty name. Are you related to Rev. F. J. Waldron?"

"Rather," Gertrude answered. "He's my father."

"Is he?" Elizabeth exclaimed. "Well, I've heard so much about him. So you are his daughter? I must be good if I'm to have a minister's daughter for a roommate this year."

Gertrude laughed. "You are not a minister's daughter, then?"

"No," Elizabeth said. "Sometimes I wish I were, though."

"Well," Gertrude answered, "you'd feel quite differently if you actually were. What with picking up and moving on every three years, it's no fun at all. I just begin to like a place when we have to leave. Then we are always in the limelight, being discussed and criticized. I'll tell you it isn't a life to be envied. Sometimes I feel as if I should like to give the congregation a piece of my mind. There is one consolation, however, I graduate this year, then I can teach so I won't have to live on a charge any more. There's one thing certain, I won't marry a preacher. I've had enough of the preacher's life already."

Just then the last bell rang and they were compelled to leave the rest of the unpacking till morning.

Gertrude adapted herself to the school life perfectly and soon had many firm friends. Everyone liked her. The girls found out that she was sympathetic and jolly while the boys realized that she was a good friend.

It was not long, however, before everyone saw that Harold Wilbur was making headway faster than his mates; some way he managed to be by her side if a few of the upper classmen took a stroll, or if a party decided to go to the city to a recital.

Harold was Gertrude's escort every time. No one objected, although a few of the boys cast jealous eyes in their direction, for Gertrude and Harold were favorites with everyone.

Everything went well that winter. At last spring crept in warm and full of sunshine with cheer for all.

It was the middle of May and the Seniors as usual were being entertained. The President of the school had given them a royal reception and it was after ten before the entertainment broke up. Although the distance to the girls' hall was short, Harold took advantage of the occasion and accompanied Gertrude.

As soon as they reached the hall Gertrude rushed up to her room. Seizing Elizabeth by the shoulders she backed her into a corner.

"Betsy, do you want to hear something? I simply must tell you. I'm the happiest girl in the world tonight. Listen, Harold loves me and has asked me to be his wife."

"What did you say?" asked Elizabeth, rather calmly, all things considered.

"What did I say? Why, what should I say? Of course, I love him, so I suppose of course I'll marry him. Isn't that the proper thing to do?"

Elizabeth was laughing and crying at the same time. "You dear, I don't blame a man for loving you; I love you myself."

The next night after church Gertrude came running up to her room. Again seizing Elizabeth by the shoulders she backed her into the corner.

"Well," Elizabeth gasped.

"I have a sequel to last night's love story. Betsy, what do you think? Harold is going to be a preacher."

"Why, I thought you said—" began Elizabeth, but Gertrude interrupted.

"Yes, I know I said it, but I changed my mind tonight. It makes a difference when the preacher is the man I love."



OUR TWENTIETH CENTURY CIVILIZATION

Laura Armstrong, '15

THERE are many who regard the twentieth century as the very peak of civilization. They point with pride to our modern inventions, improvements and conveniences. They look back to the time of the spinning wheel and home manufactures with a certain measure of contempt, and wonder how those people ever managed to live.

The people of sixty or seventy years ago would be astonished if they were suddenly set down in the midst of our present civilization. They would wonder at our street cars, our automobiles, our sky scrapers, our great battleships and our airships.

The old fashioned housewife would think she had been transported into Paradise, were she suddenly placed in one of our modern houses, with electric lights, gas, hot and cold water, comfortable bath-rooms, and all the other conveniences. The old farmer would open his eyes in complete surprise when he surveyed the modern implements of farming.

The scholars, philosophers and scientists of fifty years ago would consider the science and learning of today as nothing short of marvelous. The old doctors would look on in amazement at many of the skillful operations performed in our twentieth century. In short we have made a most rapid advance in civilization during the past sixty years.

Let us look at another side of this wonderful twentieth century civilization. It would seem that every blessing must have its sorrow. At every turn we find the evil mixed with the good, while too many times the evil predominates.

The human needs resulting from the predominance of evil, are evident in many places. Perhaps at no other time during the ages past have human beings all over the world needed a more general uplift. Of course you wonder how that can be. Have we not proved that our twentieth century civilization is superior to any other? Surely we do not need the uplift which was required in the dark ages, in order to make civilization advance.

Look at our courts, our legislatures, look at our so-called society. Can you not see there many indications of the dark

ages under the name of civilization? Can you not see the treachery of the courts and legislatures as in dark barbarian times? Now, you expect justice, but many times only to be disappointed. Then, the greed of money and the aristocracy of pure blood crushed beneath its iron foot the human, throbbing heart of the nations. Now, the glitter of gold, the tinkle of fame, the lure or triumph, the achievement of a little more of our twentieth century civilization, sticks the hearts of men until the same iron tramp of the dark ages is heard in the twentieth century.

Perhaps the reader thinks we do injustice to our present advancement. Perhaps he too, along with his many brothers, has been dazzled by the sheen and glitter of the apparent progress and civilization of which we have just spoken. But come with me for a few moments. Let me show you a few of the sordid scenes of our modern era.

In a little town in Florida you will find a stream of humanity called children. Look into their pinched, starved faces; observe their wasted forms. Tell me, are they such children as you would have govern after you are gone? No! Yet they are our future citizens. They are the products of the money god, the supreme ruler in the twentieth century.

In a town in Ohio you will find row after row of buildings. These are gas-blowing plants. Let us go inside. What is this? A little nine year old boy manfully shoving a great load of bottles. And that? A man bending over a blazing furnace, breathing in the heat and grime, daily ruining his body for the pittance to be gained. And so we go on thro the factory. Ever the same stifling air and great blazing fires. How glad we are to escape. Surely you would not want to work there? No! But what would you do if the wolf was at your door? What would you do if you had to face the world? You would take the path of the children, the path of these sweltering slaving men.

And why must we be brought face to face with all this slavery and misery, face to face with this abundance of evil which plays so large a part in our modern society? Why? Because of the rule of our twentieth century civilization. Because of the rule of the iron heel, that is steadily grinding and mangling the human throbbing heart of this great nation until hundreds of thousands each year are crushed beneath its merciless oppression.



A VISIT TO SIR ROGER'S COUNTRY HOME

E. A. Haslam, '15

IT was an ideal afternoon. Spring in all her beauty had burst upon us. The refreshing showers of the previous week had purified the atmosphere. Everything was fresh and beautiful. Life was bubbling over everywhere. Yet it was spring and with its advent came that stretchy, yawny, semi-sleepy feeling, and from this I was not immune.

The recitations of the day had been irksome, for from the windows I could see the cool shady spots on the lawn beckoning me thither. English class had just closed and as I entered my room I threw De Coverly on the table and exclaimed, "Well, another day's gone into history. I'll be glad when we finish this De Coverly book." The room was fresh and cool, and from the couch came a cheerful invitation to lay down and rest a few moments—an invitation which I rather hesitatingly accepted, as times were so busy. "Yet," I thought, "I'm tired, and a few moments' rest will do me good—just a few moments." I lay down.

Soon I arose, purposelessly, left the room, strolled down the hall, and out of the door upon the campus. The sun was sinking behind the hills in a halo of glory. The campus was arrayed in all the beauties of spring. The grass was fresh and green. The trees were well leafed out, and the rose bushes were sighing under their loads of beautiful foliage and bursting buds. Aimlessly I walked down the shaded path that led to the young ladies' Hall. On either side was a row of trees.

Suddenly a queer change seemed to come over me. The path became a country lane. To my right was a high hedge of the old English style, and to my left, the row of trees became a row of poplars. The well kept lawn turned into a field of waving grass. Dusk seemed to be coming on, and whither I was going I knew not. Startled by a tinkling sound, I turned to see what appeared to be a headless black cow. The evening breeze sighed in the tree tops and rustled in the hedges, filling my mind with wierd fancies. Before me stood an old dilapidated building, very quaint and unusual. It reminded me of pictures I had seen of old English Abbies. A whirl of wings startled

me—a lone partridge which had settled in the hedge for the night had been disturbed. A few steps further, an object jumped out in front of me and loped off down the path, stopped at a short distance to turn, sit on its haunches and cock its long ears—but only for a moment—and then disappeared thru the hedge.

It was becoming dark and I began to feel uneasy for I seemed lost in these strange surroundings. "Where am I?" I thot, "where am I going?" I turned, and, advancing toward me, came a quaint figure. He was tall and very quaint looking, but he had a most geniel face. His dress was very fantastic. He wore an old-fashioned coat and doublet; his hair was done in a wig; his hat was of the old cockade style; his trousers were short and buckled below the knees; and his shoes were clasped with heavy, silver buckles. What a queer looking man!—a true colonial gentleman.

With some misgivings I saluted him and his reply was most assuring. He, seeing that I must be a stranger to the neighborhood, cordially invited me to the hospitality of his home—an invitation, which I assure you, was most heartily accepted. We strolled over to his house very liesurely, while he told me some very interesting things. Upon entering the door we were met by several servants, who were most obliging and very punctilious in their decorum. They bowed very graciously and each seemed to try to outdo the other. One of the younger was so profound in his bow, that he lost his equilibrium and fell at my feet, an offence which greatly chagrined my host.

I was at length ushered into the drawing room where my host engaged my attention by telling me of a most exciting hunt he had had that day. It had been a seven hour chase and had ended with his capturing alive what he said was the largest hare that had ever been seen in that county. He had hardly finished when supper was called, and I had the pleasure of eating a piece of Mr. Bunny, which was indeed most delicious. Immediately after supper he showed me the ears of the hare, and, judging from their size—for they would have done justice to a donkey—it must have been all that he had said it was. We then withdrew to the drawing room and played several games of backgammon. The old gentleman entered into the game with much zest and, as I was a novice, easily won. After this we sat for a while and talked of current events. I was really surprised at my knowledge of English government—for that was the chief topic of our conversation—and had a vague desire to retain it for use in my history class.

When the old hall clock struck ten we retired for the night. A servant conducted me to my room and bade me a gracious

good-night. As I felt rather weary, I immediately went to bed and fell soundly asleep.

Suddenly I awoke. Why, I know not, but as I rolled my eyes over the room I saw, off to the side of my bed a huge man-like object. From the ceiling hung a rope near him, and on the end was a noose. Directly under it stood a box. As I gazed horrified, the specter began to approach me. Its eyes were lowered, its arms were stretched graspingly toward me, its jaw was set. I tried to arouse myself but could not move. Nearer it drew. I tried to yell, but not a sound escaped my lips. They were parched and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. Closer and closer came the frightful object, yet I could neither move nor utter a sound. Minutes slowly dragged into hours. As the sparrow, charmed by the glitter of the serpent's eye, hops around helplessly in an ever narrowing circle, so I seemed to be, charmed by the terror, helpless with rage, paralyzed with fear, as the distance between us narrowed. Suddenly it pounced upon me. I gathered all my strength in one last, mad endeavor, but to no avail. I was utterly helpless. It seized me and tore me from the bed, dragged me across the floor to the box and stood me upon it. Then I felt the noose tighten about my neck. Still I was helpless. With a fiendish look of delight the monster kicked the box from under me. All was over.

I awoke with a start to find myself lying on the floor by my couch, with the corner of the couch cover crammed into my mouth. I sat up briskly and looked to see if anyone was in the room, but, luckily, I was alone. I arose, adjusted myself, and laughed heartily.

All of a sudden the realization of the whole situation came over me. I had fallen asleep and, in the course of my dream, had paid old Sir Rodger a visit, and he had assigned me for the night the haunted room in which the old butler had hung himself.

And, by the way, this happened on April 1.



CULTURE

Lillian Perry, '15

EVERY great man has set the ideal of culture before him in some form. Goethe was a representative man of culture. His aim in life was to develop his every capacity. He was, as Mabie says, "A man who discovered in youth that life ought not to be a succession of happenings, a matter of outward fortunes, but a culminative inward growth, and a culminative power of productivity."

Culture, then, includes the cultivation of every capacity, the ripening of the nature by the process of constant growth. The one who loves culture will seek to train himself by every educational means in his power. He will try to adjust himself so perfectly to his environment that he can get the best and richest results from his life.

Culture as an ideal thus means a vision of perfection, which is yet unrealized and a steadfast pursuit of it. The man of culture has a high and noble aim in life. How often the failures of life are due to a lack of aim. "Men are so concerned about living that they lose sight of life." The man who desires culture will be full of eagerness to realize his aim in life, and to fulfill his vision of perfection.

He will realize, moreover, as Hugh Block points out, that there is a legitimate self love, a consideration of his own highest good. True self-love is not a desire for the pleasures of self but for the highest good of self. If a man's personality is enriched not by getting but by giving up, by sacrifice, the more precious is his contribution to society and the fuller is his own development.

The man who would be truly cultured must know himself. He must have self knowledge, and yet he will look beyond himself. He will observe the noble and the beautiful in life all around him. True culture saves a man from narrowness of interest. It creates and inspires intellectual activity, and, as Mr. Mabie has pointed out, it gives a wider outlook in life by training the powers of thought and observation. Culture will broaden the judgment and will increase the capacity to see all sides of a subject.

other schools some day. He has attended Evansville also and says that their two buildings are crowded to the full. Dr. Blews is some hustler, I guess, when it comes to standing a school on its feet. I hear he was offered the chair of Greek in one of the Eastern universities. It is no wonder Evansville thrives with such a man as he to guide its affairs.

Well, it is too bad our schools are so far apart or we would have some lively debates. Perhaps you would get some of the conceit taken out of you. Let me hear from you at least occasionally. Does anything exciting ever happen? Of course you never bend that (what's the number) rule, it's twenty-three down here.

Your friend,
E. W. P.

"DEAR OLD SEM"

Ruth Sharpe, '15

In a land of leaf and flower
And bluest skies, where Nature's bower
Is her robe of shimmering verdure,
Modest lake and dashing river,
There is where my heart shall be
Always turning, back to thee,
Dear Old Sem

Haughty peaks in silent glory,
Rear their crowned heads so hoary,
Dusky forests clothe their bases,
While the deep, their image traces.
These the beauties that embrace thee,
Yet they do naught more than grace thee,
Dear Old Sem.

Nature's happiest arts here fold thee,
Nor could less in justice hold thee,
Ever do thy walls grow dearer
As the years bring parting nearer.
Pray accept this gift, your due,
Our best love, we give to you,
Dear Old Sem

COLLEGE CHRONICLES

Myra M. Burns, '15

IN the beginning was the Seattle Seminary a splendid Christian school of eighteen winters that had ridden safely over the waves of adversity, though not without encountering a few barges of difficulty and discouragement by the way.

Finally the President, a man of splendid foresight and courage to do and dare, looked at the school and saw that it was good and thought that now would be opportune time to introduce Junior College work. So he called the Board of Trustees together and laid the plan before them, and it came to pass that the plan found favor in their eyes and Junior College work was begun in the fall of 1910.

Now these are the names of the first college students: Ethel from the tribe of Ward, whose parents had obeyed the call of "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel" and she had come from the far away land of India to seek for the priceless gift of learning; Wilbur and Addie of the tribe of Cook, whose father was a man of God and went about carrying the Gospel to the people in the land of America; Louis came of the tribe of Skuzie who were tillers of the soil; Edwin of the tribe of Haslam, whose father was a man of great learning and went about preaching and doing good; finally came Myra of the tribe of Burns whose father had been a tiller of the soil.

Lo, these are all the names of the members of the first or pioneer class.

And it came to pass in the process of time that other children groaning because of their mental darkness, cried and lifting up their eyes beheld the great gift for which they were seeking. Ruth of the tribe of Sharpe, whose father was a preacher of the Work of God; Tressa of the tribe of Marsh who was highly honored for her ability in public speaking; Lillian of the tribe of Perry, whose father was a man of medicine and very skilled; Lois of the famous tribe of Cathey whose father went about preaching and doing good unto the needy; Wesley of the tribe of Morgan, whose father was rich in worldly goods and was much respected of men; and S. Hishakawa from the far away land of Japan.

came here to seek for knowledge.

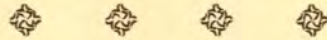
And these are all the names of the second College class.

During the second year, these brave College students in casting about for some new interests, conceived the idea of a social and literary club; thus the present Alpha Club came into existence. Many and daring were the feats of this new club, but the climax of its first year was a public program.

The second year came and passed quickly and successfully away as the first had before it and the dawn of a new year was seen upon the horizon. Five more came to join the ranks and take the places of those who had departed. LeRoy of the tribe of Lowell from the far away state of New York was a musician of great talent; Laura of the tribe of Armstrong, who bids fair to be an artist of great ability; Ruth of the tribe of Dake, whose parents had carried the Gospel to far distant lands; Kathryn of the tribe of Whisner, a musician of great ability; and Floyd of the tribe of Puffer from the State of Michigan, a man of great intellectual ability and respected by all his fellow men.

And these are the names of the five children of the third class.

Now the rest of the acts of these many young college students, and all that they did, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the Alpha Club?



*It ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice.
When God sorts out the weather and sends the rain,
Why rain's my choice.*

—James Whitcomb Riley.

*The sun's rays are richest
Just before the night.
Our blessings brightest
Just before their flight.*

—Selected.



THE CASCADE



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OUR WESTERN COLLEGE

Our land today boasts of a general and comprehensive educational system. Our colleges and universities have come to stand on a par with higher institutions of learning. We glory in this record, and yet we deplore certain tendencies prevalent today in many of our educational institutions. Our public schools have abolished the study of the Word of God from their curriculum, the universities are even now attacking its very foundations and are undermining the faith of the younger generations. Out in the world also, are these tendencies to be seen. Men and women are trailing blindly after false doctrines because the true spiritual light is being "hid under the bushel." More and more are men of simple, earnest Christian faith coming to regret these facts.

Only by true education, they say, can false education be combated.

How else may we counteract this fatal atmosphere than by implanting elevated standards of morality and spirituality in the hearts and minds of our future citizens and leaders? We, as young people, desire to secure our education under Christian influences and through Christian instruction, that we may cope successfully with the unbelief that is so widespread around us.

Our own denomination already has nine schools within its borders and we feel that the hand of God is indeed in this work. For our purpose is not merely to create "church accessories," but to enlarge and deepen the spirituality and the intelligence of the younger church militant. If we fail in this, we are robbing the Lord's vineyard of workers and leaving the harvest to the spoilers.

Only one of these nine schools has been doing full college work in the past. We are certainly proud of the record of Greenville College and appreciate the inestimable worth of her service to the world. Yet our land is very broad and population is increasing rapidly in the West. Hence it has become imperative to provide work of collegiate grade for the many who cannot bear the expense of traveling east to Greenville College, and who do not wish to attend worldly schools. Many of our own people are seeking Western homes and yet they hesitate to place their children in an atmosphere harmful to their spiritual life. Such persons will rejoice in the determination of our Board of Trustees that full college work shall hereafter be carried on in this institution. There are only two of our schools on the Pacific Coast where already other institutions of national reputation have sprung up. Our Seattle Seminary is pluckily endeavoring to place at your convenience, courses and teachers in the college department, equal in efficiency to those in older and more wealthy institutions.

In modest pride we boast of our lofty mountain peaks and sunny valleys, of our sunshine and shower and of all the many other blessings with which we are favored. A restless "onward" spirit pervades every nook and corner of this great country of ours. The development of the West has been phenomenal. The Western spirit has become synonymous with advancement and progress. Must not our church educational institutions attempt to keep pace with this marvelous progress and development.

The past has not been without its difficulties and hardships, but courage has never failed those who have guided the destinies of this school. Now that our seminary can register twenty winters of success, we stretch to our full height of manhood and

feel the bounding pulse of youth within our veins respond to the call of greater courage. With the hope and faith of youth we see our college ship launched upon the future and we bespeak your frank support and earnest prayers for its safe passage to a final haven of security. The prospects are the best. Our college work is already well under way and we as college students invite you to swell our numbers and share with us the advantage of a Christian home and a Christian Seminary and College in this great Western city.

THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY CONVENTION

From the fourth to the tenth of March, a memorable convention was held at Seattle Seminary and College to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the institution. To the faculty and students, the week was one of the greatest interest and inspiration. The various addresses were radiant with idealism, and stimulated all who heard them to live lives of greater usefulness and fuller service. Many suggestions were given those who intended to consecrate themselves to missionary work, to the ministry or to the practical, everyday duties of the Christian citizen. Those who were interested in the development of the Seminary and College were enthusiastic over the delightful reminiscences of the past twenty years, and felt keen sympathy with the prophecies of the future growth and success of the school. All the services of the convention, held in the Assembly Hall, in the Chapel, and in the Church were well attended throughout the convention. Those parts of the anniversary celebration which took place in the Girls' Hall were particularly enjoyable. Old friends, former classmates, missionaries, who in days past were students here, ministers whose earliest inspiration for their life work was implanted here, former instructors, and many guests met at a reception, and exchanged news and incidents of other years, and foretold days of greater development for the Seminary. The meeting of the older friends of the institution, the pioneers, occurred on Saturday night. Heart met heart on that occasion, tender memories were revived, friendships were made more fast through the ties of common interest in the welfare of a noble school. A feature ever kept before the convention was the necessity of raising the long-desired endowment fund. And on Sunday the interest in the financial success of the school culminated in the raising of over \$10,000 in cash and pledges.

On Sunday afternoon, the service was conducted by the students. Mr. E. A. Haslam, assisted by representatives from the various societies of the school; Mr. O. Haslam, Mr. Root, Miss Sharpe and Mr. Logan, presented from the student's point of view the importance of Christian education as a preparation for the active service of life. The convention fittingly closed with the rendering of the oratorio, "The Holy City," by the Seattle Seminary and College Chorus. The convention from the first session until the last was a most inspiring one. Addresses, delivered by Bishop Wm. Pearce, Revs. C. S. McKinley, Wm. Boddy, J. D. Marsh, A. Youngren, W. N. Coffee, E. W. Achilles, H. V. Haslam, and Judge Root, will live long in the memory, and the new ideals gained will be always cherished by every student, teacher and friend of the institution.

M. R. LOGAN.

LOCALS

On the evening of March 10th, the Seattle Seminary and College Chorus made its first appearance. They sang the oratorio, "The Holy City." It was very well rendered and the large audience applauded vigorously. The soloists were Miss Ruth Sharpe, Mr. Joseph Peterson, and Mr. Eugene Ward. The absence of Mrs. June Cathey on account of illness was greatly regretted. We wish to congratulate Mr. Cathey for his fine work as director of the Chorus.

The local Intercollegiate Prohibition Oratorical Contest was held March 12th. The contestants were Miss Addie Patterson, Mr. Oliver Haslam, and Mr. Arnold Allen. Each one did himself great credit and the audience was thoroughly convinced that the saloon is the greatest evil in our land today. The judges decided in favor of Miss Patterson and she will represent the Seminary in the state contest to be held at Tacoma.

Rev. and Mrs. B. C. Dewey have been visiting their daughter Luise. Brother Dewey preached at the Students' Prayer Meeting last Tuesday night.

We have been especially fortunate in having some fine chapel talks this past month. Mr. Beers spoke to the students on "Animals" and told a number of stories illustrating their sagacity and eccentric habits. He especially brought out two points, that the animals when young are taught to "lie low and keep still" in times of danger and that sometimes curiosity is a risky guide. It would be a good thing for us all to take the lessons to heart.

Mr. Collett addressed the students a few mornings ago on the "California Indians." It was a very interesting subject and one of which we hear very little.



It is with no little delight that we peruse the pages of our welcomed exchanges, more especially in consideration of the fact that there is such a large and pleasant variety in a pile of High School papers coming from all parts of the country. Some papers show marked improvement in various respects; some glow with the fervor of genuine school spirit; some show considerable literary talent in stories, others in poetry; and while we recognize many faults in our friends, yet we consider the fact that each one realizes its own faults and only in view of unavoidable hindrances of some character or other are incapacitated to overcome such undesirable elements.

Pessimism is, at any rate, no medium through which we care to view any, for we realize from hard experiences the extreme difficulties in editing and publishing a comparatively faultless paper, especially since all have not the same ideals of perfection. Hence, we desire to manifest that enviable spirit of true optimism which characterizes, or should characterize, every fair-minded man and woman. However, we do not hesitate to be sufficiently friendly to give a gentle hint occasionally.

Totem, Lincoln High, Seattle. You are to be highly commended on your February number, both for its excellent engravings and its abundance of poetry. A trifle more refinement and originality would add much to your poetic outbursts.

Hesperian, Oregon City. A few good cuts would add to your otherwise attractive paper.

Tolo, Franklin High, Seattle. Your February issue is very neat and attractive.

Pacific Star. You are always welcome. We would suggest that you alter your method of dealing with your exchanges.

O. R. HASLAM, PREP., '13.





MISSIONARY SOCIETY

The School Missionary Society held, in the Seminary Chapel on the evening of Wednesday, March 19th, a very interesting and instructive program, in memory of one of the greatest pioneer

The program was exceedingly well rendered, and the interest of the audience was evidenced by the strictest attention.

We ought as Christian people to take on much inspiration and faith from the self-sacrifice and perseverance of this one man who, hampered by lack of means, assistance and many other necessities, finally succeeded in overcoming all obstacles and at last died with his shoulder still to the wheel and his face set like a flint Zionward.

J. ROOT, '14.

ALETHEPIANS

We wish you could drop into our meetings some evening. It would refresh you like a breath of spring air. We are all in love with our club and have the most interesting times together imaginable.

A unique feature of our last program was a chain debate on the question, "Resolved that single life is more pleasant than married life." Some very amusing arguments were developed and points made on both sides.

We are looking forward to some very enjoyable times when the warm weather comes. Doubtless you will hear about them later.

ALLIE MARSTON, PREP., '15.

PHILLS

We are encouraged by the regular attendance at our club meetings and the enthusiasm shown by the members who are responding loyally to the new president's appeal for their co-operation. Our motto is "Every member present ready to do his part." In our regular meetings we first attend to the current business and then devote the evening to a short program or parliamentary drill.



SENIORS

"To be, or not to be," this is the question which concerns most of the Seniors on this particular afternoon, but we have decided to be—getting busy on our orations.

Miss Logan: To what does an oration appeal? Mr. Aldridge: It doesn't appeal to me.

Bishop Sellew will in all probability preach our commencement sermon.

Mr. Wm. Aldridge has been confined to his room for some time with the measles. We are glad to hear he is much better.

Miss Logan, a most competent teacher, has made our English course very pleasant and instructive during the entire year. At present we have taken up the study of Hamlet, which has proven to be most fascinating.

Work on the Senior number of the *Cascade* has been commenced. We expect to make it the best number of the year in every respect.

A. R. BECRAFT, PREP., '13.

JUNIORS

Nothing very exciting is percolating in the Junior ranks this month. We can not give a very lengthy report, therefore, as it is somewhat difficult to enlarge upon nothing.

Ruth West has been home—sick. We are glad to have her back.

We are very proud that the sole representative of the fair sex in the solid geometry class is Helen Johnson, a Junior—and with such fellows as Burt Beegle, Deacon Allen and Bill Aldridge holding forth, too.

As the girls are very much in evidence in the Junior class, we are not surprised that they are interested in athletics. A basketball team and some very exciting games are being contemplated by the Junior girls.

MARY CATHEY, PREP., '14.

SOPHOMORES

Not much doing.—In obscurity.—Number few.—Still convalescing.—Regrets.—Not discouraged.—Never faltering.—Pressing onward.—Well learned lessons.—Gain of knowledge.—Always broke.

FRESHMEN

We are very sorry that two of our noble Freshmen have been "flooded" for the time being by the fierce onslaught of that merciless enemy "The Measles." Fortunately they are now recovering nicely and will probably be enjoying the best of health by the time this comes before our readers.

In the Local Prohibition contest given March 12th, out of three contestants, Miss Addie Patterson, a Freshman, was awarded first honors. All the contestants did well. Miss Patterson especially showing careful preparation. We hope she will do as well at the state contest.

ATHLETICS

During the past three weeks the Inside boys have played two games of baseball against the Outside boys, winning both games.

Two weeks ago some of the boys put the bang boards and goals in place on the old tennis court, which is to be used as a basketball court this spring, and as soon as the weather permits we expect to organize a team and proceed to play. The girls also are eager to organize a team so as to avail themselves of the outdoor exercise which will put a little color in their cheeks, especially Mary Johnson's.

We impatiently anticipate some brisk tennis games soon also, but the courts are so wet that work upon them is to no purpose at present.

W. MORGAN, '15.



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Prof.—"Do you know when shingles first came into use?"

Freshie—"I think when I was between six and seven years old."

Miss Logan (in third year Eng.)—"When monosyllabic words rhyme, we call that masculine rhyme, when dissyllabic words rhyme we call it feminine rhyme. Now, Mr. Scott, when three syllable words rhyme, like 'slenderly' and 'tenderly' what is it called?"

Mr. Scott—"I guess that must be neuter rhyme."

Little Sem boarder after hearing the Seminary Oratorio—"Wasn't that funny when they sang Olie, Olie (Holy, Holy)?"

Freshie—"Wonder when they will have another 20th anniversary here. I hope it won't be long."

Soph—"Why?"

Freshie—"So we can have some more butter."

Boy—"What's the difference between a minister and a doctor?"

Smarty—"One tries to get you into heaven, the other to keep you out."—Dr. Riley.

Esther—"Is there anything you can do better than any one else?"

Jack—"I can read my own writing."

Miss West—"Mr. Thuline, do you expect to return east?"

Mr. Thuline—"Oh, no, I like the west too well now."

Miss West, innocently—"Who."

Little girl hearing thanks returned at the table for the first time. "Here, uncle, read off my plate, too."

Sunday School Teacher—"Little boy, can you tell me what a lie is?"

Small Boy—"A lie is an abomination unto the Lord and a very present help in time of need."

Teacher—"Teddy, can you tell me what responsibility is?"

Teddy, thoughtfully—"Well, when a boy's playing tag with only one button at the back of his suspenders, that button has got a lot of responsibility."

Deacon—"Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?"

Scotty—"Sure, did you think it would go through?"

Stranger—"What's the difference between a suffragist and a suffragette?"

Posted—"A suffragist has wishbone, a suffragette has backbone."—Dr. Riley.

How did the books in Miss West's and Mr. Thomas's desks get exchanged?

E. A. Haslam—"I hate to think of the Aletheians treating me."

Prof. M.—"Yes, it is pretty hard on their fathers."

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