

December 1st, 1913

# The December 1913 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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## Recommended Citation

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THE CASCADE



December 1913

## Greetings



**I**T IS our glad privilege to again wish to you a Joyous Christmas and a Happy New Year. With each year we count in increasing numbers our friends from the Seattle Seminary, which friendships, we assure you, are mutual. Will you do us the honor to call for an Art Calendar for 1914 before our supply is exhausted.

We suggest as Suitable Gifts  
from our store:

<i>Pennants</i>	<i>Chocolates</i>
<i>Letter Writing Pads</i>	<i>Fountain Pens</i>
<i>Toilet Sets</i>	<i>Fancy Soaps</i>
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Your Patronage is always appreciated.

### Fremont Drug Co.

[ Incorporated ]

Lough & Woodman

# The Cascade



## Greetings

*Hark! joining in chorus  
The heavens bend o'er us!  
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;  
Rise, Hope of the Ages, arise like the sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!*  
-Whittier.



Ross Pub. Co., Print

## When the Occasion Arises

that you need an undertaker, it is then you will appreciate the more, that beside being able to procure the necessary furnishings at an expense to suit your wishes - the appointments will be high class, and the obsequies carried out with that dignified solemnity, so desired, and yet so lacking in most present day funerals.

We have the reputation of being without a peer.

**E. R. Butterworth & Sons**

*Morticians*

## THE CASCADE

### Steve's Christmas Gift

Foia Cathey, Col. '15



ELL, LITTLE girl," Steve Harvey turned to his wife, "what do you want for Christmas? What shall I get for you?"

"Oh, Steve, you know what I want most, but you mustn't get it for me—a good bear skin would cost about twenty dollars, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," her husband answered, "but twenty dollars isn't my whole fortune, dear. Let me see, this is the twenty-second, isn't it? Well, I think I'll walk over to Sawyer's tomorrow. I want to start at six o'clock."

"What for?" his wife inquired.

"You never mind," was the reply, and Steve strode out of the cabin.

They were a young couple and this was to be their first Christmas together. Steve had accepted the position of engineer for a construction company in British Columbia and being so recently married, he built a cabin near Mile 220 and took his bride with him. It was certainly a rough life for both. Jessie had put up with many inconveniences and discomforts but to her the life was novel, and full of zest.

Ever since her arrival she had heard the men talk of bear hunts and her greatest desire was to have a bear hide for her own.

Early the next morning she watched Steve start off through the crisp snappy December air.

"I'll be back tomorrow night," he called back gayly, "take care of yourself and be good," and he was gone.

For about fifteen miles Steve's course led him along the "right of way," then he turned and followed a five-mile trail to the river. It was one day's trip at this time of the year when the snow was deep. At sundown he reached Sawyer's little log hut. The two passed the evening relating unheard of experiences common to life in that wilderness. At last Steve led the conversation up to the object of his visit. Old Sawyer was an enthusiastic listener and before the two "turned in" for the night, a large bundle was tightly bound and placed in the corner.

The early morning found Steve on his return trip, intending to reach home by evening. He struck the main trail at nine o'clock and by noon had covered half the distance. Along about three o'clock it began to grow colder and a wind came up from the north. He pulled his wool cap down over his face, strapped the bundle tighter across his shoulders and struck off on a short cut for home.

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## Reminiscences of Ministers' Children

### A Christmas Day Among The Rockies

We had been sent back to our country circuit, a small town located in the heart of the San Crede Cristo Mountains, one of the most rugged of all the Rocky Mountain ranges in Colorado. A quarter of a mile from us, the rushing waters of the Arkansas plunged recklessly on as if to keep pace with the elements. Far and near, the fields and hills lay in the thrall of Jack Frost and his brothers, Ice and Snow. All nature seemed preparing for some awesome event.

Christmas was only a few days hence. How happily the children danced with joy and expectancy as they thot of the good things ordered from Santa, such as candy, dolls, games, skates, sleds, and many other delights of childhood, while the older ones of a more serious mind were meditating on the Savior's advent into the world or recalling pleasant memories of yore when they were young and gay.

At last the Sunday before Christmas arrived. The weather was too disagreeable for my mother and sister to attend church, so father and I went alone. Father delivered a warm-hearted discourse to an audience seated around the stove in a very homelike manner. But what interested me most was the collection basket, because if there was not a good, liberal offering I felt sure that Christmas would be the longest day in the year for me.

The facts in the case were that a few of our friends who lived on the circuit where we had last served had planned a Christmas celebration and invited us to attend; but it took two dollars for our car fare and, besides, the flour barrel was empty. Naturally, then, my mind was with the collection basket.

After meeting I hastened up to father with a feeling of hope and despair striving for mastery in my breast. To my eager question he replied that the collection was one dollar and eighty cents. Seeing my disappointment he said, "Cheer up. God knows best."

We made our way home in silence. I do not know how father felt, but I felt rebellious. Monday came and dragged by and Tuesday likewise. By Wednesday, despairing of all chance of making our Christmas visit, I roused myself enough to go out in the woods and secure a few rabbits for dinner.

We were a rather silent group as we sat about the fire that evening and I certainly felt dismal. I heartily wished there was no need for preachers, for then we wouldn't have to depend on people's generosity.

Father was just folding up his paper when a gentle tap came at the door. I opened it and the young man who stood there bowed



and asked for father. He went to the door and I heard the young man ask in low tones if they might be married. Just then I caught a glimpse of a girlish figure behind him. Father, of course, asked them in, and from her blushes and his awkward movements, it was evident they had never been thru the ordeal before. Father put on his long-tailed coat and proceeded to perform that sacred, all-mysterious ceremony. All was soon over and they were about to leave.

At the door the young man turned and asked the charges. My heart gave a frantic bound. I had not thot of that. I tried to get father's eye so he would make it big, but before father could speak the young man continued:

"You have a cousin in E——, have you not?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. H—— lives there; he is my cousin, but I have not seen him for years."

"Well," the young man smiled cordially, "I am his son and we thot it would be quite a lark to come up here and have you marry us. We certainly are much obliged. Here is a letter your cousin sent you and here is five dollars for your services. Good night."

We all stood staring blankly at each other for full two minutes, it seemed, after he had gone—father with the "five" in one hand and the letter in the other.

Then we all began to talk at once. Father gave the "five" to mother, then pulled his spectacles down on his nose and proceeded to discover the contents of the letter. As he pulled the folded sheet out a blue slip fluttered to the floor. I made a reckless plunge for it and all but tore it. I read it once, twice, three times. Twenty dollars I was sure I was dreaming, so I thrust the paper into father's hand and begged him to read it out loud.

"Twenty dollars," he read slowly. That was too much for me. I snatched my cap and bounded out upon the porch and vaulted back and forth over the railing. Never was Rockefeller more overjoyed over his biggest "deal" than I was over that twenty dollars.

That night I dreamed my dreams had all come true and the realities of the next day did not disappoint me. More than once since then I have thot of what father said: "God knows best."

FLOYD HOPPER, '14.

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Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd!—  
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still.

—Selected.



## Friendship

"Friendship is like a vase, which, when it is flawed by heat or violence or accident, may as well be broken at once; it never can be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they be fractured, may be cemented again, precious ones never." "Friendship is the most valuable and rare of all human possessions" and "is infinitely better than kindness."

" \* \* \* Mysterious cement of the soul!

Sweetness of life! solder of society!"

"Friendship, peculiar boon of Heaven,  
The noble mind's delight and pride;  
To men and angels only given,  
To all the lower world denied."

Friendship is a superior gift, too often lightly entertained. In our daily walks of life we smile at those about us and call them friend. From kindly impulses we perform services for them and lay it at the door of friendship. We look to those above us and desire to be called "friend." We look to those less favored than we and still wish to be called "friend." Only from those of whom we are not proud do we withhold the name of "friend." But let us first know what our friend must be.

Emerson says: "A friend is one with whom I may be sincere; before whom I may think aloud." One of the greatest demonstrations of friendship is that a friend should "really endeavor to advance his friend in honor, in reputation, in the opinion of wit or learning, before himself." To "be a true friend, one must first be true to himself."

If we seriously consider ourselves and our attitude toward those about us, do we find easily those whom we would choose as friends, i. e., real friends—those in whom we repose the utmost confidence. Or, turning upon ourselves, would we choose ourselves as friends? Only in so far as we are faithful to ourselves can we claim true friendship. A friend will love more than admire, yet cannot love unless he can admire. Let us consider whether we are cultivating solid, pure, noble qualities worthy of a noble friend's appreciation.

Friendship is not a gift to be sought for, but to live worthy of. Few will we know in life whom we may frankly name as friends. Time and again we shall view the shattered fragments of our faith in those we trusted, but still there remains one anchored, the friendship of the Master Himself. "All human friendship is but the shadow of the divine." "Abraham was called the friend of God."

Yet, ever since the world began, this God has been the friend of man. And every year we recognize the sacrificial proof of his undying love to us, the coming of the Prince of Light into our wretched world.



## The Home Coming

Will Stewart, '14

Mrs. Tarleton had been bustling about the kitchen all morning, first to the cupboard, then down cellar, and now to the side shelf, until an unacquainted observer would have surmised a grand family reunion that Christmas day. Occasionally she broke out in snatches of Christmas songs that she had learned when a little girl, or in latter years when her children prattled of Santa Claus, and sung of the New Born Child, who had come to save the world. Whether or not she was expecting company, it was evident that she was enjoying the reminiscences of past Christmas days.

Mr. Tarleton was in a very different mood. As he fed and curried his faithful old horses he might have been seen stopping occasionally in his work and stroking their necks and talking to them in a pitiful, lonely tone. He, too, was thinking of past Christmas days, but the contrast of his happiness in the days of yore, and his disappointed hopes for today, were such a contrast that he could not help giving way to the latter emotions. He finished his chores in silence, and after giving the barnyard family an extra large breakfast of hay and oats in honor of the day, he was ready to go back to his fireside and morning paper.

As he entered he was astonished at his wife's preparation for a big dinner. "Why, Ma," he exclaimed, "what are you doing?" "I'm preparing the Christmas dinner," Mrs. Tarleton answered, in such a merry tone that her husband looked at her in wonder. "Well, but you don't think we can eat all the chicken and pie that you are fixing there, do you?" he said, with a shadow of a twinkle in his eye. "No," replied the optimistic old lady, "but we have always had a big dinner before for the children, and I can't bear the idea of being all alone, just you and I. It makes me feel as young and happy to do things like I used to; then, somehow, I don't know why, but I have had a feeling all morning that we won't be alone at dinner."

Christmas day had formerly been a day of pleasure in the Tarleton home. Today it was very lonely and altogether dismal, as the two old people thought and talked of the daughter who was so many miles away attending college; of the bright 12-year-old boy just taken from them by diphtheria only a few weeks before, and, last but not least, of the son, now a young man of twenty-five, who had declared his intentions of never going to school again, nor of spending his life tied up on his father's farm. He had left the old home six years before and had not been heard from since. These had once all joined in the family circle to make a merry Christmas Day.

An hour later the old man put down his paper and went to the window to observe the weather. The sky was covered with heavy, snow-laden clouds, the temperature had moderated some, and everything bid for a bad snowstorm. Already the large, fleecy flakes were

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fluttering down like leaves from invisible trees. Mr. Tarleton's eyes wandered unconsciously from the sky to the woodshed. There were only a few blocks left in there and a big storm was coming on. He had plenty already cut in the woodlot down by the railroad a half-mile distant.

After informing his wife as to where he was going, he hitched his horses to the large bobsleds and started off in the direction of the railroad at a brisk speed. He had not gone far, however, when he heard the train whistle far down the track—one, two, three, four long blasts in quick succession.

"Ah," thought Mr. Tarleton, "something wrong down there. Come, Babes," he spoke to the horses, "let's spin down and see what the matter is." He touched the willing animals with the whip and in a few minutes he was in sight of the ill-fated train. When he came nearer he saw that the engine and two front cars were derailed and badly wrecked. The excited passengers were out in the snow, cold and bewildered. Some of the men were working at the baggage car, digging out the buried trunks and cases from among the debris and trying to make the injured people comfortable.

As Mr. Tarleton drove up, a young man about twenty-five years of age bounded out from the group to the sleigh.

"Father," he cried, "is this really you? I am just coming home for the holidays—" He was going to say, "if you will let me," but before he finished the old man's arms were about his neck, and he knew there was no need of begging.

Needless to say, there was a very happy Christmas party sat down to that dinner prepared by the faithful, trusting mother. The prodigal son, becoming disgusted and sick of wild life, had returned to care for the old farm and his aged father and mother.

Mr. Tarleton sat silent for some time at the table after dinner. Then, looking across at his wife, he said: "Ma, how did you know he was coming today?"

"I didn't know it," she said, "but I wanted him to come so badly, and we need him so much, that I felt that God would surely send him—and He has."



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### The Passing of the Storm

Wade Folsom, '14

Look! Clouds are gatherign at a meeting;  
Listen! Distant thunder-claps  
Are pealing—heaven's guns in action.  
Leaping, leaping, steals the storm  
Upon the country, with its attraction  
Bringing grateful showers.  
Hush! Silence rules a minute,  
Not a twig bends; not a leaf quivers.  
Clash! Hail falls thick, and in it  
Hills are hid behind its cover.  
Dash! Shingles bounce the hail  
All over. Bees in haste now leave the clover;  
Haymen, shepherds—all, hide from the gale.  
Thrash! A cyclone rents the largest trees  
And great destruction with it brings.  
The sexton prays that God protect  
The people 'neath His guarding wing.  
Splash! Waves cleave the boats.  
Fishermen, nearing shore, watch eagerly  
At bending oar, clad in rubber coats.  
Flash! Forked lightnings play,  
And blind the eyes of startled children.  
Wives obstruct their ears in dread dismay,  
Clash! And roaring thunders thrive  
Jarring earth's foundations.  
Passed, goes the raving storm which leaves  
Streams running in the road; and brooks  
O'erflowing banks, that lead by trees  
Bent over by the wind, and join  
The muddy river. Squirrels leap  
On rail fence as the farmer boy appears.  
And loudly sings and whistles on his trip  
To get the cows. Frogs croak at the pools;  
And dogs bark, at the neighboring farm,  
When sun-rays fall at even-tide and paint  
A rainbow on the palette sky, and thwart  
The vengeance of the violent storm.





## The Fir

Althea Marston, '14

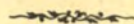
Perhaps our love and admiration for the gorgeous maple and the many other beautiful specimens of deciduous trees has somewhat diminished our devotion to the comon fir. The rich, velvety shades of green, the variety of leaf and branch and the cool shade these favorites afford, add ready cheer and comfort to all the other innumerable delights of the bright spring and dreamy summer months.

But as the melancholy days of autumn come all these fair robes of gaudy drapery must be discarded, and their beauty and grandeur becomes a thing of the past. We no longer linger to rest under the stiff, awkward branches with the brisk, wintery wind crackling thru their lonely tops, but "mosey" on to the faithful old fir, who abides with us always. And 'tis there the zephyrs murmur thru the sable green needles, their sweet and mournful strains.

Later perchance the weather god, choosing to gladden the hearts of the expectant "kiddies" lets fall the crystal snowflakes on the dreary, barren branches of the lowly fir, bending them low in meek submission until either the sunbeams or the warm south wind or the never-failing rain have compassion on it and remove the heavy burden.

And then, oh, the joy of Christmas Tide! How the evergreen longs and yearns to rejoice and gladden our weary hearts! The fir, so self-forgetful, never trying to be a rival of any of the proud and haughty monarchs of the forest, is ever at the mercy of even the child and the hatchet.

But what thought has it for the morrow, other than the hope of bringing joy and comfort to the little "tots" and, perchance, the older ones too. Only a few clicks,—its needles tremble and quiver,—and then the fall! Away it is borne to brighten some expectant parlor where for once during its short stay on earth it is praised and admired by all. The children dance and sing about it. Santa again burdens it down with gifts untold. The candles twinkle and glimmer thru the rich green boughs. All the glamor of its popularity seems to create an air of vanity in the timid fir for the time, but it is soon all over and even its former beauty is departed. With the passing of Christmas ceases its brief, happy career. Its mission now fulfilled, the humble fir must be content to follow in the footsteps of its predecessors. Now many of its needles are seared and crisp, its branches hang forlorn and dead, and its only reward for its sacrifice is to be cast out to wither and die, "unwept and unsung."



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## Beth

A Serial Story by

Louisa Ward, Col. '17

Chapter III. (Continued.)

A tragic hush as of midnight fell on the gathered number. Then Miss Bennett broke the silence.

"Girls, I'm grieved and shocked beyond measure. You will all come to my office at eight thirty in the morning."

She received no answer save the gloomy submission on the down-cast faces. No one moved. Then from the preceptress came the peremptory words:

"You have five minutes to leave this place and twenty minutes to be back in your rooms."

As the girls hurriedly cleared away the remains of the feast under Miss Bennett's watchful eye, they nervously whispered to one another and conjectured as to their punishment.

Darkness again pervaded the silent hall. Sleep came but slowly to seven pairs of eyes. At last the gray morning dawned and with it came a drizzling rain.

Of all cold, cheerless rooms the preceptress' office was about the worst. At 8:30 a. m. the seven stood awaiting word from the assembled faculty in the room above. Finally it came. They would not be sent home, as this was their first offense, but would be allowed to remain on trial. In addition fines were imposed and their privileges suspended for an indefinite length of time.

"My, that's some punishment," dolefully remarked Pepper Sydney. "Chocolate creams and ice cream sodas, farewell for one long, sorrowful month."

"Well, I'm glad we don't have to go home," another ventured, "for it would have hurt my folks so if I had been canned."

Then, as Beth admitted, "Girls, its too bad, but we'll get over it and let it teach us a lesson never to do it again. I guess we've learned it doesn't pay to indulge," the girls felt it voiced the sentiments of their hearts.

Time went swiftly enough from now on, especially for Beth, for she had back work to make up. Soon, however, she was able to recite as intelligently as the rest, and a little later led the class in scholarship.

The escapade counted against the "sublime seven," but as the girls "made good" in every other way, the faculty at last restored them again to favor.

Chapter IV.

A messenger boy ran quickly up the stone steps of the Administration Hall of the Crystal Lake Academy. The news he carried sent

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Elizabeth Carlton with quickened steps to the office. There she was met by Miss Bennett.

"Be perfectly brave, my dear Elizabeth. It might be a great deal worse."

Frantically Beth read the short message:

"Come home at once. Mother is dying. Jim."

What! What had happened! For a moment she stood dazed. What did it mean? It really wasn't mother! She reread the message but could not comprehend the awful significance of those few words.

Then, half unconsciously, she realized she must go home. It took but a short time to pack. Fortunately it was nearly train time, and soon the miles were speeding by in quick succession. All day she travelled and her busy mind flew to the dear home scenes. What would she meet on her arrival? She shuddered! She dared not think of what there might be. At last she reached the familiar depot and Jim's comforting face looked the dearest it ever had.

"How's mother?" Beth almost whispered.

"She's still with us, but a change may come any moment," Jim answered.

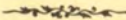
When she later saw the precious face, she knew life was fast ebbing away. Her heart was filled with immeasurable sorrow. For a moment the dear eyes opened and a fond look of recognition lighted them. Then they closed forever on this world.

A sob of anguish broke from the lips of brother and sister, while Mr. Carlton bowed his head upon the table. It seemed too awful to be true. As in a dream they performed the few remaining offices for the dear departed one.

It was a full week later that Beth realized that the college education she had so longed and planned for was now but a visionary dream of the past. Her duty was to remain and help to fill the place of the one who had left them. It seemed, oh, so hard at first, but for the love of her father and Jim she willingly sacrificed her own ambitions.

It was about this time that a change came over Beth. It seemed that her mother's death had made a deeper impression on her than on the rest—not that they did not all miss her, and miss her keenly—but it came to Beth in a different way. She was now no longer gay nor cared for company of any kind. Often for hours she would sit and seem to be thinking deeply on some trouble in her heart. The family could not understand her. Time passed, but still Beth did not come out of this strange quiet which had settled over her. Friends came in and tried to cheer her up. Jim took her out to make her forget for a while, but it seemed she had forgotten how to smile. The family had almost given up in despair—thinking that she would go insane if something did not soon break up the gloom over her. She seemed devoid of feelings, either of joy or sorrow. But something at last broke into her inmost heart and changed her into a girl with a radiant future before her.

(To be continued.)



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## Farewell to Bachelorhood

Herbert Mayer

It's been noised around of late,  
That a bachelor, Old Man Fate,  
Has two hearts secured right well,  
And he soon will sound the knell  
As a token of farewell  
To Bachelorhood.

As to the time he don't remember,  
But believes it's in December,  
When our friend, the man with smiles,  
And who toils with saws and files,  
Will bid farewell  
To Bachelorhood.

For all this there is a reason,  
The lack to mention would be treason.  
A maiden! beautiful, and fair,  
Will come his lonely hours to share  
And help to bid farewell  
To Bachelorhood.



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# THE CASCADE

Published Monthly during the school year by the Associated Students  
of Seattle Seminary and College.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per Year . . . . .	\$ .75
Per Year with Quadrennium Number . . . . .	1.00
Quadrennium Number . . . . .	.75
Regular Copies . . . . .	.10

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Vol. IV

Entered at the Seattle Post Office as Second-class matter,  
Feb. 18, 1911.

No. 4

## Editorial

### Christmas Customs.

Do you hang up your stocking every Christmas eve? Sure you do. Or at least you did until you "grew up." When you were a little fellow, you never thought of going to sleep Christmas eve without seeing that your stocking was hanging where old Santa would be sure to find it. And sometimes even now you sneak around and hang it up when you think no one sees, don't you? Now why do you do it, anyway?

Do you know that long ago, so the legend says, St. Nicholas wanted to remember a poor, yet proud old man; so he dropped his gift down the chimney and by chance it fell into the gentleman's stocking, which had been hung before the fireplace to dry. Since then Santa has not failed to keep up the custom which he started so long ago.

But even if you have outgrown the custom of hanging up your stocking, you always have a Christmas tree with candles, don't you?

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And why? Do you know that the first Christmas tree was set up by St. Winifred, a missionary to the Scandinavians? In teaching the natives that they were mistaken in their Druid worship, he cut down the great oak tree around which they had gathered to offer a human sacrifice and, as the tree fell, a young fir tree seemed to spring up miraculously in its place. Winifred called it the tree of the Christ Child. Now there is scarcely a home but what thoughtlessly thus commemorates the birth of this child.

The burning of candles is an old Roman custom of the feast which was in progress when Christ was born. All over the land thousands of candles were burning, and this was indeed a fitting, though unintentional proclamation that a Light had come into the world. We still involuntarily attach these primitive customs to Christmas, yet the beautiful sweet spirit of self-forgetfulness and sacrifice, the Spirit of the Master Himself, seems to descend upon the world anew at this most sacred time above all others, melting it into one great, loving family and harmonizing the discords of our hearts into one anthem of praise to Him who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that we might be saved.



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## Locals

The Thanksgiving dinner was a feature that inspired everyone present with pleasurable sensations. The Cascade feels like giving a rising vote of thanks even now. A hundred and one people sat down to ten bountifully laden tables. The beautiful decorations, a host of cheerful faces, ten large platters of turkey, ten splendid cakes, ten generous dishes of cranberry sauce, all made everyone feel glad. Oh, there were lots of other things, too, but we can't name them all. Pointed, two-minute addresses were given by H. H. Pease, Rev. Whelon, Rev. Dewey, Rev. Best, W. W. Cathey, Professors Marston and Newton, E. A. Haslam, manager of the Cascade. President Beers is always an able toastmaster.

Mrs. Raymond Robins, president of the National Federation of Labor and prominent sociologist and social settlement worker, of Chicago, addressed the students in morning chapel. She made the labor problem so transparent before our vision as to arouse deep sympathy for the cause of those who work for a living and are by that work deprived of their chance in life to make themselves what they ought to be as citizens of our nation.

President and Mrs. Beers, with a few of their friends, enjoyed a fine supper and a cheerful evening November 28 in celebration of their twenty-fourth wedding anniversary.

Recently the trigonometry class made a practical demonstration of the use of Trig. by measuring the height of the campus flag staff. We found it to be 104 feet, 15 centimeters and just a few millimeters over. Almost 105 feet, you see.

By kindness of Augustine & Kyer, well known First avenue merchants, we had the great pleasure of enjoying eighty pounds of turkey. How shall we ever be able to show Augustine & Kyer how much we really appreciate their generous gift?

It is said that Alfred Tennyson wrote "The Passing of Arthur." We students have just written on the exams of the regular six weeks' test. There may be some analogy between our passing and the passing of Arthur, don't yuh know?

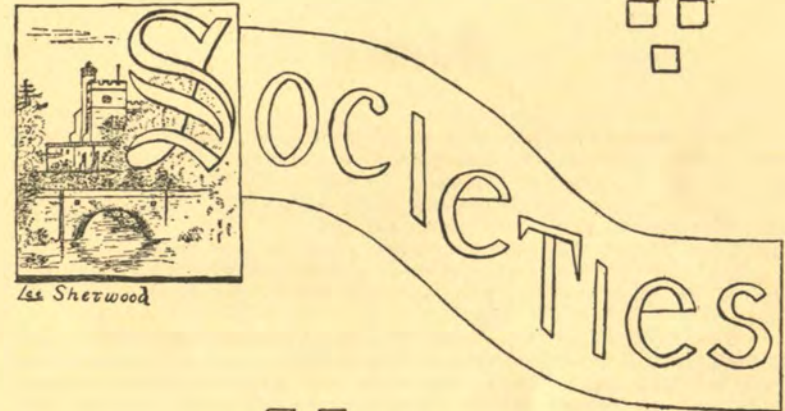
On November 29 two teachers and several students made a hike to Fort Lawton. We took our lunch and made a camp fire by the beach, where a pleasant time was enjoyed toasting meat and drinking coffee. Raft-riding and wading ashore from the wreck by three raft experts furnished some entertainment.

A unique feature of the Thanksgiving dinner was the fact that the college students were permitted to sit at the same table. And one merry time they did have.

Those of our students who attended the lecture given by the

*Continued on Page 23*

# THE CASCADE



## Alpha Club

The Alpha Club is still plodding ahead. We may be few in numbers, but our ambitions are great, and some day after many college classes have come and gone, our numbers will be great also. We are having interesting club meetings and may surprise you some time with our talents.

Stick to your aim! The mongrel's hold will slip,  
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip;  
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields  
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## Aletheian Literary Society

Yes, we are still progressing. If you had entered our last meeting you would have imagined something was progressing, around the floor, anyway. It certainly was a jolly procession. The extemporaneous debates and speeches continue as lively as ever. We possess a great deal of the spice of life—"variety," anyway. The president knows her business well. Three cheers for our president!



## Alumni

In a short time there will be a new recruit on the India field. Miss Lorena Marston, '05, has started on her trip to the distant East. We bid her Godspeed and bespeak for her a life of great usefulness.

The faculty of the Penawawa High School has a splendid addition this year in Miss Mabel Peterson, '08.

Miss Tressa Marsh, '11, is very much in love with Greenville College, and she thinks everything is simply grand. Her studies are prospering well and she will complete the course in oratory next June.

Miss Ethel Ward, '10, sends encouraging news from India. God is blessing and helping them over there. She writes of a convention they are attending: "Altogether, there are thirty missionaries here and today we had a roll-call, giving the states as well as countries, and there were sixteen states and five countries. Then there are eight holiness missions represented here. But we are having a good time together, because God is here and He is blending the hearts of His children together in such love and unity."

Mr. S. E. Wyler, '12, is making good use of the knowledge he gained at the Bellingham Normal. He wields the rod of authority over a small group of children not far from Olympia, Wash.

We appreciate the many alumni we number among our faculty.

Miss C. May Marston, '98, is our splendid German Lehrerin. Her pupils think there is no one can beat their teacher.

Mrs. May Colson Newton, '03, is having fine success in her vocal music classes. What else could be expected with such an able instructor?

Prof. A. J. Marston, '03, has learned the art of teaching. His Physiography and Ethics students enjoy his thorough and practical methods. He is not only accomplishing a great deal in this line, but is a very wise and able preceptor. His many other duties help to make him about the busiest person on the campus.

Miss Nettie Tong, '05, keeps splendid order and is very successful in her work in the fifth and sixth grades. The young ladies in the College Hall think a great deal of their preceptress.

Miss Edna Belle Lawrence, '08. And what may be said of her? Just to mention her name is to remind us of one of the very popular members of the faculty. Her Science students think her "just all right" out of school. But in class time—well, she knows how to make them study.

ALUMNI.

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### CONUNDRUM.

In what respect is President Beers like ex-President Roosevelt?  
Answer: Both are actively engaged on the firing line.

*Page twenty-two*



## Exchanges

We enjoy good exchanges and are very much pleased with those we have already received. The Cascade is an enthusiastic friend of every lively and high grade school paper.

Totem, Lincoln High, Seattle, Wash.—We are glad to see you this year. Your literary department is very good. We like the life in your paper.

The Daedalian Monthly, College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Tex.—You have a neat cover design. We are glad to exchange with you.

The Hemnica, Red Wing Seminary, Red Wing, Minn.—Your paper is very neat. Can't you get a few cuts? They always help out.

The Oalman, Calm College, Honolulu, T. H.—Your literary department is well worked up. You certainly are fortunate in securing views. We hope to see an Exchange Column soon.

The Vista, Greenville College, Greenville, Ill.—Again we see old friends between the covers. You must be having good times.

The Free Methodist is always welcome. It is always filled with interesting spiritual material.

The Kuay, Queen Anne High, Seattle, Wash.—You are to be congratulated on your first story, "Diane of the Lost Garden." It is a work of art. All you need is a poem or two.

The Clarion, East High, Rochester, N. Y.—You are the best weekly we have on our list. "The Spectator" and the "Book Lover's Corner" are suggestions worth following.

Our Tattler, Walton High, Walton, N. Y.—Come again.

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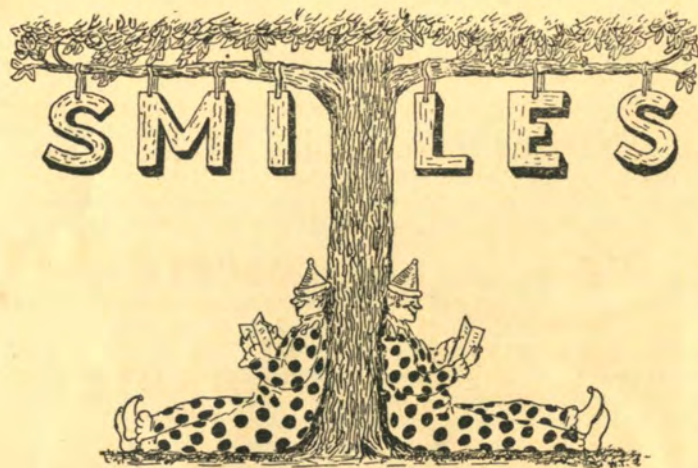
*Continued from Page 20*

noted scientist and inventor, M. M. Wood, on the evening of November 25 at the Y. M. C. A. received knowledge of some scientific facts that will be epoch making forces. Professor Wood explained the powers and utility of the newly discovered power, the ultra violet ray, and stirred the audience with profound wonder at the marvelous power of the inventor to harness natural forces for the benefit of humanity. The gyroscope offered both comedy and tragedy in its unique history as told by its wonderful master, Professor Wood.

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# THE CASCADE



Fresh—"Why do so many students like to take botany?"

Sen.—"Look in the lab and you can tell."

Senior (in English exam) — "Irving was born at the end of the Revolutionary War and died in 1721."

Patt—"Every man should take a wife."

Ike—"I'm with you thar, I wish somebody would take mine."

Haslam—"Louisa, how do they call the inmates of the deaf and dumb school together?"

Louisa—"I don't know."

Haslam—"With the dumb bells of course."

Louisa—"Well, they couldn't hear them."

Prof. Marston announces in dining room — "The kitchen wishes volunteers to help un dress the turkeys and dress them for dinner tomorrow."



## STUDENTS ATTENTION!

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

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

STUDENTS need a good Eye-Specialist to overcome Muscular Eye trouble, Eye-Strain, Headache, Blurred Vision, Inflamed Eyes, Nervousness, Dizziness, etc. We have many Seminary students as Patients. Ask the Students! Glad to consult with you. My charges are reasonable.

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Food that is light, tender and wholesome—you need a leavener that is capable of producing these results.



# Crescent Baking Powder

will raise the dough to airy lightness, and keep it raised until thoroughly baked, leaving it

moist and tender.

The accurate combination of pure ingredients, plus greater leavening power, makes it most reliable.

25c full pound  
Ask your Grocer

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING CO.

Seattle - - - - Washington

# C. J. McCUTCHIN

Dry Goods - Toys - Shoes  
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710 BLEWETT ST.

FREMONT

Althea—"Every time I get on a ferry boat, it makes me cross."

Miss Hunter (to Wayne Higbee)—Get out of the way, boy; I can't see over your head.

Mr. Riggs—"Just wait till Aldrige gets his chicken from home. We'll have a feed."

Miss Selders—"I've got a wing and a heart already engaged."

If chicken and turkey you miss from your yard, You can guess where they're without trying so hard. With Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years all here, There won't be a fowl left to start the next year.

Senior—"Burke's Conciliation is dry enough to drive a man to drink."

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Branch of DIXIE DYE WORKS

HATS CLEANED AND CLEANING AND DYEING  
BLOCKED. PRESSING & REPAIRING  
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*A Box of*

**Societe Chocolats**

*is always a welcome gift.*

*You know you are giving*

*the best when you give*

**Societe Chocolats**

Jake—"What is this place?"  
Mike—"This is the woman's exchange."  
Jake—"Well if I'd er known that I'd a brought my wife here long ago."

*Ice Cream*

*Luncheons*

912 Second Ave.

## Stokes

CHRISTMAS CANDIES

¶ We invite you to inspect our line of Holiday Candies and Fancy, Silk-lined Work-Baskets.

*Most Reasonable Prices*

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**C**hristmas **G**ifts  
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Give a man at Christmas the sort of things he likes and has a real use for; and in choosing them from a store that supplies the wants of the best dressed men in the city you will be sure of both quality and style.

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