

November 1st, 1913

The November 1913 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

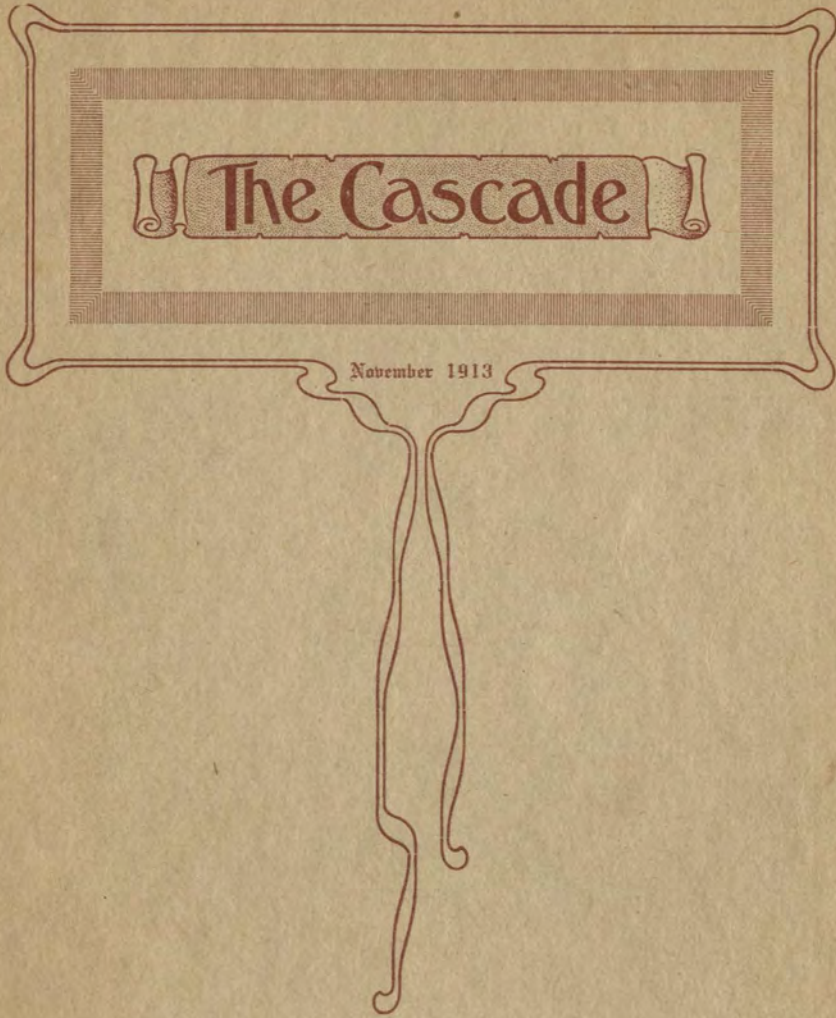
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Lain New ton



The Cascade

November 1913

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Lough & Woodman

Thanksgiving

O. R. Haslam, Col. '17

The brisk, chill winds of Autumn 'gin to blow;
Their voices raise from gentle tones to shrill,
And, catching up the fallen leaves at will,
Rush on o'er hills and sweep the vales below.

We love the gentleness of summer-tide;
But, spite of all, our hearts within us bound
And welcome every scene and every sound
That foretells Winter's glory far and wide.

The cornfields once so beautiful and fair
Now crackle in the cold and wintry blast,
And at their feet amid the dead vines massed,
Lay monstrous yellow pumpkins here and there.

A strange and winning charm steals through each heart,
Inspiring fervent love, devotion strong,
And makes the true abhor the wake of wrong,
And draw himself from all that's vile apart.

We quite impatiently perhaps await that day
When we may feast on turkey and rich pies
And all that's good and tempting to our eyes,
The while our bounding hearts are light and gay.

But 'neath that joy—nay, with it hand in hand,
Comes kind remembrance of a noble deed
Performed not for a vain and narrow creed
But for the truth and right—a just demand.

We never could forget the dauntless zeal
Which those old Puritans long since did grant
As their rich legacy, a covenant
Of righteousness and peace and godly weal.

Though we should fare as doth a lord or king,
Yet would we surely lose the best in life
And tread unhappily our paths of strife,
Should we but fail our thankful praise to bring.

Thanksgiving Day, we welcome thee again!
Long live thy name, thy teaching long endure!
Grant us thy grace as our frail hearts outpour
Thanksgiving, praise to God and peace to men.

SOME SENSE

*"If you should see a fellow man with trouble's
flag unfurled,
And looking like he didn't have a friend in all
the world,
Go up and slap him on the back and holler,
'How'd you do?'
And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has
a friend in you,
An' ask him what's a-hurtin' him, and laugh
his cares away,
An' tell him that the darkest hour is just before
the day;
Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right
out loud,
That God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail of
every cloud."*

Doesn't this sort of stuff appeal to you far more than it would for us to use this space for *Fake Bargain Sale Adds*, which would not only be an insult to your intelligence, but a belittlement of a reputation that we have spent the better part of our lives in establishing.

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E. R. Butterworth & Sons.
1921 First Ave.



Reminiscences of Ministers' Children

Zephyra's Thanksgiving

NO. I of the Series.

Thanksgiving! And a minister's family on a small circuit, too!

Father had been appointed there the spring before and after the excitement of moving was over we had settled down in our new home. The summer had worn on and developed into a beautiful autumn and now at last it was November. Grant was a country place in our conference with a membership of about twenty in all. Money was a scarce article in those parts and we were dependent on the people for support, but, being a true minister's daughter, I decided to make the best of it.

Thanksgiving week had come—the people in their preparations, it seemed to me, had forgotten the minister's salary and what was more, had neglected to bring anything for the family to eat that we might at least make an effort to keep soul and body together. My blessings did not appeal to me but my "hard times" loomed up before me as large as mountains.

At last the Wednesday before Thanksgiving came. The potatoes in the sack were very few, the flour-bin was empty and all we had was two small loaves of bread, some butter, a quart of milk and some breakfast food which went to make up our supply of the necessities of life, to say nothing of the sight of a chicken or a turkey in the far distance or the thots of cranberry sauce or pumpkin pies.

"Oh dear!" thot I, "if I could only see a chicken hop in here!" I did not see a chicken hop in, but in the evening a woman and her three children came "hopping" in to stay overnight with us.

"Oh!" sighed mother, but, being a woman who seldom complained, she went about entertaining them the best she could. The next morning we went to church and father preached a good sermon, they said, but my thots were far away so I did not hear much of it. One of the songs the congregation sang was, "Count Your Blessings." "Yes,"

I thot in my bitterness, "Count Your Blessings! Come and see our pantry and then 'count your blessings.'" After church the little woman asked us if we were ready to go home. My! was she going to go home with us for a "Thanksgiving dinner?" As we were shaking hands with the people, I wondered where Sister H—— and Sister L—— were. Had they been in church I was sure we would have had something, but they were not there, so, after saying our final "good-bye," we started homeward, I looking forward to the prospective "Thanksgiving Dinner" (?) of mashed potatoes and bread and butter and perhaps a cup of hot water to drink.

The parsonage was not right next to the church, as it is in the more civilized parts of our western states, but was about half a mile distant. The "little woman" talked incessantly and the children jabbered, father put in an occasional remark and mother passed a brief "Yes, yes" or "no" once in a while, but my brothers and sister, like me, had lost the "gift of gab" at that particular time.

As soon as we came in sight of the house I noticed smoke ascending from the chimney and at once made up my mind that we should hereafter be more saving of the wood and not burn any only when it was absolutely necessary. I fumbled around the door mat for the key, but could not find it. At once I thot of burglars, but, knowing that we did not have any valuables to be taken I became bold enough to open the door. I was amazed. There was Sister H—— and Sister L—— and a bountifully spread table, a steaming tea kettle and the sweet, delicious odor of good coffee and cranberry sauce and most of all a beautifully roasted chicken which Sister L—— was just removing from the oven. There was also a sack of potatoes and a sack of flour and a box with numerous other provisions in it. My tears got the best of me and in counting my blessings I was lost in "Wonder, Love and Praise."



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Thanksgiving

Eleanor McLaughlin, '14

A nation's Thanksgiving! It is a beautiful sentiment when ninety millions of people, at the call of their chief magistrate, forsake their toil and unite in thanksgiving and praise. It is the only day in all the year on which every American may and can join.

Christmas is held sacred by the Christians, and the Passover by the Jews. The Mohammedans have their feast day, Ramadan, and even the Chinese have theirs. Each religion has its own feast days when they praise Jesus, Moses, Mohammed or Buddha in their own way, but the one day, Thanksgiving, appeals to all of us alike.

Over three hundred years ago, one hundred and two Pilgrims landed on the rocky shores of New England. They had risked their lives for freedom, but even now, when freedom was obtained, they were greatly discouraged and disappointed, for they had expected to found their colony on the fertile lands of sunny Virginia. But with praiseworthy courage they set about their task—the making of a nation.

About a year later, during the delightful Indian summer, Governor Bradford proclaimed a season of thanksgiving. In spite of their first hard winter when nearly half of their number perished, they had much to thank God for, and they invited their new friend King Massasoit, with ninety of his braves, to celebrate with them. The Indians were entertained and feasted by their Pale Face Brethren for three days.

Thanksgiving Day remained a purely New England custom until more than one hundred years later, when during the Revolutionary War the Continental Congress set aside certain days for prayer. At the close of the war and after the adoption of the constitution in 1789, Boudinot moved that the President appoint a day of thanksgiving. Accordingly Washington proclaimed Thursday, November 26, as a "National Thanksgiving Day."

Gradually, however, this custom of national thanksgiving fell away until at the outbreak of the Civil War each state appointed its own Thanksgiving Day. There seems to be no reason for this, but probably it was because each state wanted to run its own affairs.

During the Civil War a noted woman, Mrs. Sarah Hale of Philadelphia, sent a copy of Washington's Thanksgiving Proclamation to President Lincoln. That great man understood and appointed the last Thursday in November as a "National" day of thanksgiving. Thus Lincoln, a hundred years later, carried out Washington's intention, that all the people of our nation should rejoice together and give thanks to God, the giver of all good and perfect gifts.

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Are You Thankful?

Ada Beegle, '14

These few lines will remind you,
In case you should forget,
That smallest blessings should by you,
With heartfelt thanks be met.

What service have you rendered man,
As down life's path you tread?
On what is based your claim to life?
Or why should you be fed?

What glorious battles have you fought?
What victories have you won?
That you should look for recompense,
Where other men have none?

Perhaps you think them your just dues,
But often hearts as true,
Of many things are now denied
That daily come to you.

Accept them as a gift from God,
In love and mercy given,
For few have merited aught on earth,
And none the reward of Heaven.

Are you thankful that you live?
For health you now enjoy?
For friends whom God has given you—
That you're in His employ?

For opportunities to serve
Your fellowmen below,
And on some future day to reap
The seed you now may sow?

If so, look up! with gratitude
On this Thanksgiving Day.
He said in everything give thanks
And always hope and pray.

You may be tempted to believe
Your lot too hard to bear,
There is an ever-present friend
Who will your sorrows share.

Show forth the wonders of His grace
And as you have believed,
Give freely, then to every man
The good you have received.

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Beth

A Serial Story by

Louisa Ward, Col. '17

CHAPTER II. (Continued).

With saddened heart Jim Carlton slipped thru the assembled crowd. After a few hasty preparations, he took the train for Mayton and in three hours was bending over the unconscious form of Beth.

"Oh, sister," he groaned, "that it should have ever come to this. My God, spare her life and I will give myself to Thee," he cried out in agony.

The room was empty save for the silent form lying on the bed and the anxious watcher. Kneeling down, Jim poured out his heart in earnest supplication. At last his prayers turned from the dying girl to his own sad state and he began to realize his sinful condition. Long and earnestly he prayed. As the shadows of night fell on all the earth, the darkness within him vanished and his soul was filled with the light of heaven.

How he longed to tell Beth of his happiness! He glanced down and was met with a look of infinite joy from her clear, honest eyes.

"Why, Beth!" he exclaimed. "Are you better?"

For answer she smiled a little brighter, if possible, but said nothing.

Just then Mrs. Carlton came in and Jim began.

"Mother, I've the best news in the world. Your prayers are answered, for Beth is better and I've given my heart to the Lord."

"My son, this indeed causes my heart to rejoice. And Beth—" Here she broke down. "Oh God has been so good to me," she at last murmured, "to save my boy and bring Beth back to us."

"Mother, I'm going to get well."

Was that really Beth's voice? It sounded strangely buoyant as if new life had entered the veins of the sick girl.

Thanksgiving filled each heart for the wonderful answers to prayer. Beth, too, rejoiced in her brother's change of heart. Her own sinful condition began to cause her anxiety but her buoyant hopes did not dwell long on this for they speedily turned to the bright future before her. She quickly recovered and in a couple of weeks was again on her way to school.

CHAPTER III.

"Was there any mail for me?" "Or for me?" "Or me?" A general hubbub issued from before the door of the office where the pre-

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ceptress, Miss Bennett, was most carefully trying to distribute the contents of the mail bag.

"Whee! A letter from home," cried one. Another took up the strain, "Oh joy, ma sent me some money." From still another, "Just listen, my brother's going to stop here on his way to 'Frisko. Isn't that grand?" Then Beth broke in, "Girls, I've the very best news of all. There's a Thanks—" Then she stopped, remembering that Miss Bennett had quick ears.

"Come on up to my room," she called to a group of her special friends. "I've something great to tell you."

"Now girls," Beth commenced, when the door was safely shut. "I'll tell you the good news. Isn't this jolly, just our bunch. I almost gave it away downstairs but I caught myself just in time. Mother wrote me that she was going to send a Thanksgiving box and I'm going to plan for a spread."

"But it's gainst the—"

"Oh yes, I know it's against the rules, but that doesn't matter. We'll fix it up so they'll never find out."

"Alright, we're in for all the fun we can get," another assented.

"Very well, then," continued Beth, "I guess we seven girls will be the bunch in this affair."

Their plans were quickly made and all anxiously awaited the coming of the box.

It was Thanksgiving morning. Beth had not yet received any further word from home. Seven worried girls made preparations for the afternoon service in the Academy chapel. Seven minds often strayed from the solemn-faced preacher's discourse on giving thanks.

At last the parson reached his "Finally, my eighth and last point—" and in a few more minutes, girls were streaming out in every direction from the chapel door. Seven pairs of eager feet rushed over the intervening space to the dormitory. On the threshold of Beth's door they stopped with delight, for there in the center of the room was a large box. They hastened to their rooms, for it was nearly dinner time and they dared not be late. The long meal finally came to an end and the seven whispered together of the good times to come.

It was midnight. From a distant steeple the bell rang out its twelve solemn strokes. The hoot of an owl broke the silence. Again everything remained strangely still.

Suddenly from the shadow of the hall dormitory, seven dark shapes emerged into the moonlight. Swiftly and silently they crossed the campus till they reached the boat house. Stealthily one of the figures unlocked it and the rest stepped into the dark room.

In a few minutes two boats glided out into the moonlit shining expanse of water.

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The Cascade

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Vol. IV

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

No. 3

Editorial

Our New Series of Stories

We are introducing another novel feature into our paper this month, a series of stories on "Reminiscences of Ministers' Children," the first of which appears this month under the title "Zephyra's Thanksgiving." A minister's family, especially an itinerant Free Methodist minister's family, seems more frequently placed in peculiar extremities than persons in any other occupation. An interesting phase of these stories will be the fact that they will be based on the actual experiences of their authors. No doubt you will conclude that the life of a minister's family is not without the spice of life, "variety," and we are sure you will not be disappointed.

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Our New Literary System

Story and essay writing, debating and public-speaking mean work. Work without inspiration is drudgery. We need more inspiration and ever since Mr. Beers recently voiced the decision of the faculty in regard to inaugurating a new literary system, there has been a steadily reviving undercurrent of enthusiasm. This year has shown some improvement over last year respecting inter-class debating, but still the interest is not general enough. The new system proposed excludes no class of students. The college and senior classes are exempt from compulsory appearance on programs but not excluded by any means. The juniors will be expected to write and deliver an oration at some public program during the year, the sophomores to deliver an essay, and the freshmen an essay or declamation. The Alexandrian Literary Society will give two public programs each year. The grammar department's literary work will be in charge of the principal, Miss Hunter.

Mr. Beers in his talk heartily encouraged and endorsed inter-class and oratorical contests and inter-scholastic debates. The Associated Student Body, which is an organization of the entire school, is taking the matter up and will doubtless arrange for some spirited class and school contests.

These prospects are certainly welcome. Both the faculty and students have felt for some time a dearth of local and competitive literary pride and zeal. Among the students there has seemed to exist a spirit of irresponsibility and a lack of personal and co-operative interest in the matter.

The achievement of literary merit is dependent upon the personal, enthusiastic, persistent application of one's self to the matter in hand. It is a duty and, what is more, it is a privilege to make the most of even one talent. The resulting reward is above dollars and cents. In anticipating the revival of school spirit along these lines we trust you will be inspired to contribute a few mites of literary value to the Cascade fund.

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"Isn't this a perfect lark, girls?"

"I should say. We'll be to the 'Cove' in fifteen minutes," remarked another.

They rounded a point of land and were soon on the bank collecting driftwood for a bonfire. Having begun the coffee, they proceeded to set on a flat rock the good things they had brought.

"What shall we do? I forgot the sugar," exclaimed Beth.

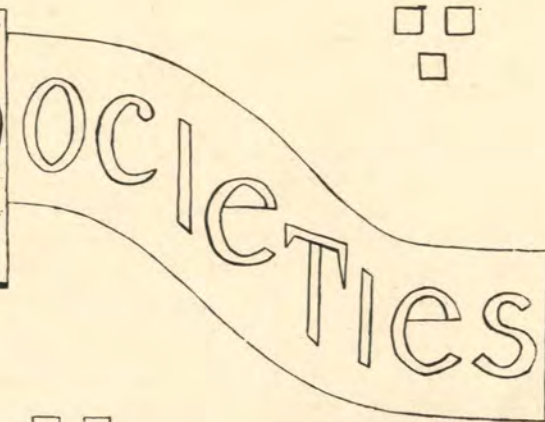
"Let it go. We don't need it anyhow," said Pepper Sydney, who

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Les Shetwood



Alpha Club

The Alpha Club is up and doing this year. We have meetings every two weeks and our programmes are the very best. At our first meeting this month we received Mr. Kudo into the club and welcomed Miss Lawrence as our new faculty member. The programme which followed was interesting and showed the variety of talent to be found in the club. Indeed, there was nothing lacking to make the evening a complete success. The club enjoyed refreshments, which were served in honor of Miss Lawrence, our faculty member. This was a surprise for which the programme committee was responsible.

We are elated over the rapid progress we are making, with fifteen names on the roll book, representing fifteen students, brim full of hopes for a bright future.

Aletheian Literary Society

"The Aletheians, all so bright,
Will entertain on Friday night.
If you of them would learn your fate,
Be on the spot at exactly eight."

Thus read the Phils one evening and wondered what their sister club meant. But taking them at their word, they came "at exactly eight, October 24th.

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Not deterred by the loud noises they heard on their arrival, nor influenced by their blind condition, they yet sought to discover what was pinned on their backs. And they found out. The "stunt ball" from the land of the witches proclaimed to all what they had designed for our good pleasure. A kindly "wise man" dispensed pearls of wisdom to the Phils. The Bachelor King fulfilled the prophecy of the Fates by most rapidly rescuing "the Irish bric-a-brac" from the floor, and thus entitled himself to a guiding light to the southeast corner of the campus.

The peanut carnival commenced well, but an auction sale attracted the wealthy portion of the crowd, who seemed to be in the majority, for though the bids started with five cents, they did not stop until they had reached the quintillion dollar mark. The satisfied faces of the successful purchasers would lead us to believe they did "not pay too much for their whistle."

As the clock struck the ghostly hour of eleven all the white-robed spirits formed a long shining column and departed unto their own realm to the strains of the "Dead March."

Philopolemic Debating Club

Although thus far the Phils have not made themselves very conspicuous in the eyes of the public, still we are contemplating some exploits that we believe will create some sensation and reawaken among our ranks enthusiasm in the field of debate.

The thing of greatest interest to the society for some time was a splendid entertainment given us by the Aletheians on the evening of October 24.

The ladies are to be highly congratulated for their rare artistic tastes and the originality of procedure throughout the evening. The program was of such a character as to create spice and humor, so that one might well say the entire plan was a complete success.

There is doubt but that many of the gallants will be spurred on to accomplish deeds of chivalry hereafter during the career of their prophesied fortunes, and that in the course of their future adventures many mystic prophecies will be unraveled, bringing to light their true merit only to remind them of a pleasant past experience.

The evening was greatly enjoyed by each guest, and was brought to a close by munching the dainty refreshments which were served.

Every jolly Phil left the Dorm with his "fill," and some of the Aletheians left with their Phils, too.

Aletheians, we admire your spunk.

Alumni Association

Prof. Alfred Millican, '99, has cause to rejoice now in his triad

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of sons.

Mr. Jules Ryff, 1900, and his wife have safely begun their return trip to Africa. We wish for them a bright and happy trip and a useful life in the land of their adoption. Their visit home has been of great profit and enjoyment to all.

Mr. E. J. Fuller, '10, is back again in Seattle. His smiling countenance has been in evidence once or twice at the seminary.

Mr. Earl Milton, '10, is now a happy father.

Miss Freddie Scott, '12, is now a full-fledged "school-marm." The scene of her labors is Edwall, Wash.

Intercollegiate Prohibition Association

The Intercollegiate Prohibition Association has been reorganized with a membership of twenty-five. On Tuesday, November 4th, the traveling secretary, Mr. Phillips, was present and gave a general talk on Prohibition as connected with student life. Later he helped organize a study class which is the largest in Oregon or Washington.

The students of Seattle Seminary expect to do their part in putting the state of Washington on the dry list in 1914.



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Among the Classes

College Department

Juniors

The Junior College Class is faithfully endeavoring to uphold the lofty standard of upper classmen. We are just beginning to learn how little we really do know, after all. The High School graduate knows everything, but the College men and women begin to see the vast depths of knowledge still unfathomed. We are pushing on determined to conquer as we go.

Sophomores

Every one of our number is loyal and true. When a class meeting is called each member is interested sufficiently to lay aside other duties and be present. For it is true no one can tell what important things may come before us for settlement.

On the evening of October 30, the night before Halloween, Miss Burns entertained the members of her class, with a few other friends, in her pleasant home. That Mrs. Burns and her daughter understand the art of good cooking no one can doubt who ate of the excellent repast that evening. Supper over, we sat around the cheery fireplace, chatted and toasted marshmallows. Miss Whisner, who was present, favored us with a few melodies on the piano. Then we said good night. We had a delightful time, and truly we appreciate the hospitality of this home.

Mr. Puffer is kept very busy with his numerous duties. He is librarian.

Academic Department

Seniors

There was a harper who visited the Seattle Seminary Sept. 2, 1913, whose name was Get N. Education. His beautiful music was heard over a large portion of the country, charming young people to his presence. A young lady, named Miss Cathey, dropped her sewing and rushed away to the Seminary. Others, from different parts of

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the city, followed. A young man named Beegle barely took time to wash his face before leaving his work in Portland, where he had been tending a furnace. Another young lad named Walter Scott dropped his plowhandles in the furrow and left and yet another named Folsom, hearing the music echoing thru the canons of Colorado, took the next train out of town. Could any good thing come out of Oregon? Yes. Floyd Hopper was so charmed that he dropped the book which he was reading, entitled "Money in Raising Chickens," and fled.

The Seniors say they are going to take a hike some cool morning. I don't know why, unless it is because they hear the bones of an athlete cracking, whom the people in the woods call "Health."

Juniors

The last month has been a busy time for the Juniors. We have been doing earnest, conscientious work, as was shown by the last test. We all came through with flying colors.

In the list of new students which appeared in our notes last month, the names of Miss Margaret Cox of Tacoma and Miss Laura Debois of Portland, a member of the class of year before last, were omitted. We appreciate the increase in our membership. There is still room on our roll for more names. We now number eleven.

On account of the strenuous life we are living, no time has been wasted in unimportant class meetings. Next semester will be the time for us to exhibit our business ability, when the question of entertaining that illustrious and ever-increasing senior class is presented to us.

Then we will show our metal—tin.

Sophomores

It is with pleasure that we Sophomores hereby give in general a short outline of our work since the last number of the Cascade was published; what we were doing, and what we intend doing. At our class meeting on Oct. 20, we decided to have a debate. The burning question was: Resolved, That Arctic Explorations should be discouraged. Miss Coder and Miss Smith were elected to debate on the negative; Mr. Mathewson and Mr. Robinson for the affirmative.

Oct. 29 was the day of the great battle and when the smoke cleared away, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Matthewson were walking off with the spoils of victory.

Both the affirmative and negative sides displayed remarkable talent and a flow of eloquence that would have made Daniel Webster

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sit up and take notice.

Watch for more in the next number.

The Sophomores spend a great part of their time studying the Regulations of the Bachelor's Club.

Freshmen

We have been informed that it is the custom of the Freshies and Sophs to hold an inter-class debate. It is also reported that the Freshies invariably carry off the honors. This meets with our hearty approval. We have some excellent material and when given an opportunity will do our best to prove it. Several meetings have been held and some very interesting debates.

We now have a beautiful class pennant and are progressing as well as might be expected of Freshmen.

Locals

October 30th brought forth a celebration of Hallowe'en which was interesting and unique. The lads from the outside of the Sem. came down to see what those on the inside were doing. Then those on the inside went outside to see what those from the outside were doing. Those from the inside found that the outside fellows had turned the lights, inside, out. The inside lads then chased the outside lads outside the outside limits of the campus, caught them, and brought them back inside; then, after a while, the outside fellows were given a nice ride, all free, by the city "get-the-hook and land'um department. The outside boys are good boys now.

Platte Syler jumped at conclusions the other day; the conclusions rebounded and so did Platte. He is all right now.

The faculty provided an evening of entertainment for the students of the boarding hall the evening of October 31. President and Mrs. Beers joined with the students and made them feel that fun is enjoyable to older people as well as those who are young. It is needless to say that each one had as much fun as he was able to carry away.

Our friend and former student Robert Leise will soon be carrying mail for Uncle Sam somewhere in this city.

Ne'lie Morrison has nearly recovered from her illness and is again able to be out with the students.

We welcome the news of Tammany's defeat in the New York City elections.

Revival meetings, with Rev. A. D. Zahniser as evangelist, will

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Exchanges



You all know what an "exchange department" is for. It is not our purpose to look merely for deficiencies in our exchanges, but to look for hints to better our own paper. We are encouraged by the number of exchanges received this month and wish here to give them a hearty invitation to come often.

"The Vista" from our sister college at Greenville is always welcome. We are proud to see how popular some of our old classmates are becoming.

"The Spectrum," Jefferson High, Portland, Ore.—You are one of our best exchanges and should be congratulated on your excellent literary department. Your departments are well worked up.

"The Hemnica," Red Wing Seminary, Red Wing, Minn.—Your paper is very substantial. Why not try a few cuts?

"The Pacific Star," from Mt. Angel, Ore., is a very neat paper.

"The Crucible," Colorado State Teachers' College, Greeley, Colo.—We are more than pleased to receive your October number. Your cuts and views are fine. One good feature was "Murmurs from the Mighty World." So few papers seem to recognize current events.

The "Houghton Star," Houghton, N. Y.—You are beginning well. Can't you find someone to write some poetry?

"The Clarion," Salem, Ore.—Your paper is very creditable. We like your neat cover design.

We acknowledge the "Visalia High School News," the "Weekly Index," from Pacific University, "The Antelope," from Kearney, Neb., the "Eugene High School News," and "The Oracle," from Winfield, Kan., Come again.

LOIS CATHEY,

Continued from opposite page

begin November 16 in our church.

The account which Mr. Beers gave of the trip he and Mrs. Beers made to Chicago recently was very interesting to all assembled in chapel.

Those pointed little chapel talks which Professor Stilwell gives are always instructive and inspiring. Often he remarks on the most conspicuous and important events, always bringing out the important points and simple facts. Such was the talk given on the morning

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Joshes



Irish (when we were dared out Hallowe'en)—"Be faith! Let's go get them."

"A friend is one with whom I may think aloud, but he's a traitor when I sleep aloud."

"If Eden is Irish, is Walter Scott?"

Laura Dubois (reporting on Lundy in American History)—"He originated in 1913"—

John Root—"Waiter, there's sand on this bread."
Waiter—"That's to keep the butter from slipping off, sir."

MODERN HISTORY CLASS.

Prof. Burns—"Why are the middle ages known as the 'Dark Ages'?"

Davis—"Because there were so many knights" (nights).

Sure Thing—"A friend in need is a friend to avoid."—Judge.

THEIR HABIT.

(Helen J. with Mary M. in London's Dept. Store as the clerk turns his back.)

Helen J.—"Mary, if we aren't going to buy anything, let's look at something more expensive."

Would it not be proper to call snoring "sheet-music"?

FOUR YEARS HENCE.

Smith (to Scottie)—"What cha doing since you left college?"

Scottie—"Working in a coffee factory."

Smith—"I got cha. Starting from the 'ground' up, eh?"

Fresh—"Was there ever anything more wonderful than the camel going thra the eye of a needle?"

Senior—"Yes, I saw a 300-pound woman go thru my vest pocket."

"If Ruth is Sharpe is Pearl Dull?"



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—Judge.

Wonder what Willard is doing with two season tickets. Suppose he just wants to tease the girls.

Litt'e Science (as the collection plate was being passed) — “I got a quarter, Platte. How much did you get?”

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Continued from page 19

when the last Panama dyke was blown out. According to plans previously made by our Professor Stilwell, we celebrated. The boys roared one long, strong roar. While we roared neither the roaring of the cannon nor the ringing of the bell were in evidence.

Advance German students are smart teachers. They teach the beginners once in a while. We like 'um.

Continued from page 12

never drank sugar in her coffee.

"Oh dear, I dropped some of the cake," another said.

"Never mind, as long as it wasn't the turkey or pickles," comforted one of the number.

At last the gir's were ready to begin. It seemed that there was no end to the delicious "eats" and they fell in with a right good will.

Suddenly a long, dark shadow fell across the rock. Looking up, they saw Miss Bennett, the preceptress.

(To be continued.)

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