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The October 1913 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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Louis Newton

The
Cascade



October 1913

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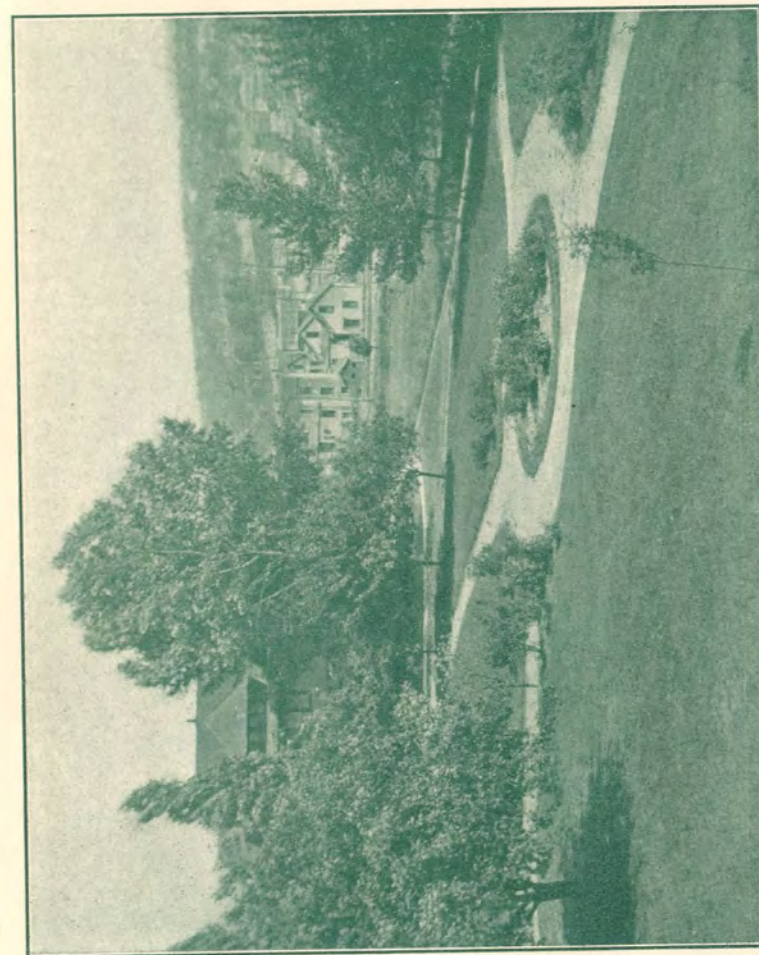
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A Glimpse of Swiss Life

Florence Alberts, Col. '17

The little country of Switzerland is one of the most picturesque and interesting sections of the world. It covers only about sixteen thousand square miles, and has a population of nearly three and one-half millions.

It's surface is dotted with no less than fifty-six lakes, besides numerous waterfalls, which vary in height from eighty-two to one thousand feet. Over one-third of its four hundred seventy glaciers are more than four and three-fourths miles long, the longest measuring five miles in length, two thousand yards in breadth, with a basin of fifty square miles.

The extreme altitudes in restricted boundaries induce a proximity of extreme temperatures, thus affecting the duration of the seasons. In Italian Switzerland the winter lasts only three months, while in northern Switzerland it is always winter.

The Swiss host or hotel-keeper even has "seasons to sell," and can give you your choice on a summer's day. You may stay at the hotel in the valley where it is full summer, or you may go a few thousand feet higher to another hotel, situated near a broad Alpine meadow where the air is fresh and sweet. Here it is spring. Still higher up is the inn built to accommodate those who wish to enter the land of ice and snow, where stand glaciers with chasms many feet wide, and where a single false step would mean death.

Perhaps many of us think of an "alp" only as a cold, lofty mountain. But this idea is very wrong. An "alp" is a green summer pasture, rich with sweet grass and covered with deeply colored flowers. From these fields the Alps mountains derived their name.

To these broad pasture lands between the forest and the snow, sometimes in the very midst of glaciers and snow fields, the herdsmen drive their flocks in the spring time. Here they remain until the cold weather forces them back to the valley below. The rude shacks or chalets in which they lodge are of the simplest kind, sometimes built of stones, sometimes of logs.

These humble herdsmen produce from cream many delicate dishes of which city people have no idea. For instance, sweet cheese curds

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stewed in cream, then baked with fresh butter. Also the coffee served by an alp dweller to his guest is such as the best hotel could not produce—the result of putting the finest coffee into boiling cream. Next to milk and its products, the principal articles of food are potatoes and dried fruit, especially apples and pears.

As a rule the Swiss peasants have comfortable homes. They are built mostly of wood, on strong foundations raised to a height of six or eight feet; the large basements are used for drying fruit and as store rooms. When finished, these houses are as cosy within as they are charming without.

The inhabitants of Switzerland, especially in Canton Schwyz, were once very simple in their manner of dress; rich and poor alike wore clothing of the same cut and material. The spirit of modern progress, however, has produced many changes, while at one time nearly every class in country and town wore a distinctive dress.

Dame Fashion is now triumphant. Nevertheless, an old woman, a servant just from the country, or a bridal couple may still occasionally be seen attired in the old, peculiar style.

In many villages the younger portion of the male inhabitants form a kind of vigilance committee to prevent the well-to-do girls from being carried away by outside suitors. The lovers in this society have their pass-word, pay their visits, and climb to the windows of their sweethearts unmolested. In Canton Lucerne the lover, anxious to honor his mistress, plants before her house on May day a small pine tree, richly adorned with ribbons. This being considered a mark of great devotion, the young man is then bountifully entertained by the girl and her parents.

Other less acceptable attentions are paid to the girls who hold their heads too high, or to parents who look for higher matches than the village affords. A straw puppet is suspended before the girl's window, or the farmer's best wagon is found upside down on the village green.

The sense of responsibility attached to the heads of families has in a way affected marriage in Switzerland. More consideration is given to the means of supporting a household than in our country, consequently there are fewer love matches and fewer early marriages.

The Swiss do not favor intermarriage with strangers, although they themselves are an amalgamation of all races and creeds. The chief languages spoken by them are the German, French and Italian. In religion they are principally Lutheran, Calvinist, Catholic and Israelite.

Their chief characteristics have been aptly described by Ruskin in the following significant words: "You will find among them no subtle wit or high enthusiasm; only an undecivable common sense and an obstinate rectitude. They cannot be persuaded into their duties, but they feel them; they use no phrases of friendship, but they never fail you in need."

Beth

A Serial Story by

Louisa Ward, Col. '17

CHAPTER II.

The snow-topped summits of the "Cascade" range glistened in the last rays of the setting sun. A gentle murmur was wafted down the mountain-side as the trees swayed to and fro in the evening breeze. Brooks rippled over pebbly bottoms, then mingled together and later rushed over some precipice where the silvery spray of a waterfall was fringed below with emerald banks. The lofty mountains stood as sentinels over the deep ravines below, where the giants of the forest whispered to each other, but to no mortal, the secrets of nature.

Deep in the forest on the mountain-side, hidden under overhanging cliffs and rocks and tangled underbrush, lay concealed a dismal cave, dark and foreboding. A small bonfire in the center threw wierd shadows on the walls and dimly lighted the cavernous depths of gloom. Fantastic figures stood in various attitudes, silently awaiting the commands of a tall form in their midst. From time to time a whispered murmur passed from one to another, but soon died away. Silence again reigned supreme.

At last there came the sound of quick, short footsteps at frequent intervals. Finally a small man emerged from the darkness without, followed by a still smaller.

"Well?" The tall figure by the fire did not move.

For answer, the first little man began excitedly, "Carlton did not keep his appointment. We found him in town and he is going to tell all. The game's up. We learned, too, that his sister leaves on the morning train for Crystal Lake Academy. What shall we do?" No one noted the set look on the handsome face of the slight, boyish figure beside him.

The dim shapes closed in about the fire. Not until the dead stillness of midnight did the hushed tones cease and the stealthy forms vanish into the darkness.

In a sheltered nook, a small pony was resting after its hard gallop from town. Suddenly it raised its head. A familiar shadow crept from behind the bushes, sprang nimbly into the saddle, and in a moment the two were off like the wind. Shorter and shorter grew the distance. Ever nearer came the end of the journey. Darker grew the shadows just before the dawn, and thru this darkness one lone horseman rode into the sleeping town.

Harry French knocked at a side door of a small white bungalow on the outskirts. A sleepy voice demanded what he wanted.

"It's only me, Liz. Open the door, quick!"

In a minute the door was thrown open, and soon the two were sitting before the comfortable blaze in the fireplace consulting in low tones.

An hour later, after a hasty breakfast and a few hurried preparations, they took the south-bound train. It was the same that bore Elizabeth Carlton from her home.

In the meantime the gang had traversed many miles and were now gathered near a small town. For a few minutes they consulted together again, then one of them remarked, "Where's Frenchy?"

A quick search in all directions failed, however, to reveal him. This was something unusual—to have one of the gang leave without due notice to the rest. It looked pretty serious.

"I've suspected him a long time," a dark-looking individual spoke up. "He was always too soft-hearted to really be one of us."

Another answered: "It's too late now to do anything. Maybe he'll turn up before we're thru with this business."

Time passed slowly. Finally from the leader: "We had better get a move on, if we are to accomplish anything this morning."

Two of the band left quickly, but in fifteen minutes returned with the puzzling news that the train had not yet arrived. It was already twenty minutes late and no reason had been telegraphed for the delay. For a few minutes they engaged in earnest consultation, then started for the railroad track.

Not far on their way, they met a couple of men running. The strangers breathlessly explained something about a wreck and hastened on to town.

"A wreck! Let us hurry," and the leader pressed on.

Shortly they reached the scene of the catastrophe. Here and there a few worked, trying to relieve the sufferings of the injured and dying.

The gang stood about while the leader investigated matters. He returned with news of Elizabeth Carlton. "She is hurt, but not seriously, and," he said significantly, "Lizzie French is with her."

Scarcely had he finished when a special relief train pulled in. Out sprang a squad of policemen, taking completely by surprise the robbers, who were too unnerved to resist successfully. Later they were taken to the further town of Amtassa, where the Carltons lived, and were lodged in jail.

Harry French was found amidst the wreckage of the train, rather seriously though not fatally injured. With skillful nursing he was able to appear at the trial of the robbers, held two weeks later in his home town.

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At the Sem

"The school days fly the quickest at the Sem;
Happy faces are the thickest at the Sem;
The friends one makes last longest,
The ties that bind are strongest,
Yet wrong is ever wrongest at the Sem.

"The grass is kept the greenest at the Sem,
The rooms are ever cleanest at the Sem;
The Cascade is the newest,
Useless things are fewest,
School spirit is the truest, at the Sem.

"The Principal is the grandest at the Sem,
The Preceptress the blandest at the Sem;
The teachers are the squarest,
Their lessons are the fairest,
So failures are the rarest at the Sem.

"The pupils are the neatest at the Sem,
The girls however sweetest at the Sem;
Their eyes are of the bluest,
Their little hearts the truest,
And grouches are the fewest at the Sem.

"When as Senior one departs from the Sem,
Memories dear'll twine round his heart of old Sem;
And of time his fancy'll fly
To those old school days gone by,
And his heart will raise the cry, 'Three cheers for Sem.'"

There are those who triumph in a losing cause,
Who can put on defeat, as twere a wreath
Unwithering in the adverse popular breath.
Safe from the blasting demagogue's applause.
'Tis they who stand for Freedom and God's laws.

—Lowell.



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Cascade Reception

"Subscribe for the Cascade! Every student should have the paper!" At first our business manager spoke confidentially, then fearfully and at last hopelessly. We could plainly see that he was worried because the silver dollars were not piling up fast enough. Then the other staff officers came to his aid and it was announced that on the evening of September 19 a reception would be given by the Cascade Staff to all subscribers. Before a dozen hours had passed after the announcement, the manager again wore his confidential smile.

It was the first social "doings" of the year, and it was found that, with very few exceptions, every student in the school was present, so our subscription list for this year was nearly doubled. The parlor of the Young Ladies' Hall was very attractively decorated with pennants. An excellent short program was rendered. President Béers gave us one of his short characteristic addresses on "Journalism." A mock staff meeting showed the tragical dilemma into which that learned body is frequently thrown.

Everyone was happy and smiling, and all joined in the line and waited their turn to be served with the cool punch from the shady, moss-grown "Cascade Springs." Either the punch or the smiles of the fair maidens, who drew the ruddy liquid from the sparkling depths of the spring, proved almost too much for some of our boys, who time and again rushed madly to the end of the line and then patiently waited their turn to be served once more. Was it the punch, or do evergreens make a becoming background for some of our girls?

The evening passed all too quickly, and our "Cascade Reception" became an event of the past. But we extend hearty congratulations to the staff for their ability to entertain, and for the success which they brot to our paper.



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The Cascade

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Burt Beegle	Joshes
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W. Thuline	Art

Vol. IV

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

No. 2

Editorial

The present day observance of Hallowe'en is very different from that which formerly attended it. All Hallow Eve, or the eve of All Saints Day, falls on October thirty-first. It is a mixture of traditions from early mythology, Roman customs, Christian and Druidic beliefs.

On November first the Romans made a feast to Pomona, the goddess of fruits and seeds, at that time first opening the winter's store of fruits and nuts.

The Druids were worshippers of the sun and its symbol fire, as representatives of immortality. It was their custom three times a year to light bonfires, one on May first for seed planting, one on June twenty-first for the ripening season, and one on October thirty-first for the harvest thanksgiving. They held the belief that on this night,

Taman, the Lord of Death, called together lost souls, to resentence them to another year, hence the idea of wandering spirits, elves, witches, devils, etc., on this night.

In the early observance of the day, the most sacred rites were performed. The ghosts or spirits would reveal mysteries, and children born on that night were always privileged to converse with the spirit world.

In later times we have departed almost entirely from the old type of celebration and the occasion is being supplanted in America by Thanksgiving Day.

In England, especially Wales and Ireland, the festival is still a hilarious yet mysterious event. It still retains its original significance in the abundant use of nuts and other fruits.

The one superstition which dedicates it to the witches is the belief in the divination of future love affairs on that night. By various amusing and thrilling appeals to Saint Matrimony, his mind may be discovered in particular regards.

From the ashes of nuts, sure prophecies are disclosed. Numerous other mysterious means are resorted to for the benefit of inquisitive young folk. At the present day these old traditions have lost their meaning and merely afford a foundation for youthful sports, midnight pranks and often serious mischief.

The proper spirit for the evening would seem, however, to be pure hospitality, good fellowship and harmless merrymaking.

In men whom men pronounce as ill,
I find so much of goodness still.
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, when God has not.



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Alpha Club

"Well begun is half done."

We have held three meetings already, received seven new members and elected our officers as follows: F. Puffer, president; L. Cathey, vice-president; R. Sharpe, secretary-treasurer; L. Perry, Cascade reporter.

Now these notes are well begun; you'll get the other half next time.

Aletheian Literary Society

The quietness of the past month in our club has only proved the proverb, "Still waters run deep," as the Phils will soon discover. After the installation of our noble corps of officers, we proceeded to business, and we have kept pro-, not re-ceding.

Having a keen delight in nature, we visited the grand old woods the afternoon of September 17. We were accompanied by our "brass (?) band," who played the old melodies most divinely. The club debated the question of holding open-air meetings at four a. m. during the winter months. The motion was well supported and finally won. We have, however, decided to defer action on the matter until

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the temperature at four a. m. in January is 70 degrees F. We enjoyed having some of our honorary members with us.

Philopolemic Debating Club

Along with the natural course of school events you will discover that there are still in existence a few of the old members of the Phils Debating Society. We find that our associations together in the club room call to memory many pleasant occasions of the past, and the interest expressed by our new members gives us the prospect of a very successful year.

Since the reorganization meeting, there has been a number of new members taken into the Society, and we are looking for a greater membership than last year.

It seems that the Phils should congratulate themselves on the material with which they have to work (this year) and the results should be the development of some splendid talent.

Keep your eyes open, we will appear again.

Missionary Society

The first meeting of the Students' Missionary Society of Seattle Seminary and College was held on Tuesday evening, September 23, in the chapel.

A very interesting program was given in honor of Miss Ethel Ward, a former graduate of the school, and the missionary who is supported by the students and teachers of Seattle Seminary and College.

Miss Cook gave an account of Miss Ward's life, until the time of her departure for India, and Louisa Ward gave some recent experiences through which her sister has passed.

Subscriptions were taken for Miss Ward's support on the field and the students responded so heartily that the required sum was raised in a short time.

It is earnestly desired that all the students will join this society and that the meetings held from time to time may be an inspiration and encouragement to all.

Bro. Ryff and his wife, who have been home on a two years' furlough from Africa, started on their return Monday, October 6. Before he left he gave an interesting chapel talk, after which he presented our society with an African piano. The gift is highly prized by the students because this instrument is very rare, even in Africa itself.

Alumni Association

Miss Gem Lewis, '11, has parted company with her last name

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and prefers now to be known as Mrs. Floyd F. Barnes. The change was made during the summer.

Miss Rachel Becraft, '13, began her training for a nurse, in the Minor Hospital, the fourth of October.

Miss Lena Skuzie '13 is becoming a very accomplished musician on the guitar. We can hear her at all hours of the day and evening softly playing some melody.

Mr. Louis Skuzie '10 has returned to Greenville College where he will complete his four years' college work next June.

Miss Whisner '12 has a fine class of ten pupils in music. They are enthusiastic over their fair instructor and she bids fair to become as good a teacher as musician.

Mr. John Logan '13 paid a recent visit to the school. He looks the same as ever and reports success in his work at Getchell.

Miss Daisy Poole '12 was in Seattle for a few days visiting friends. She is highly pleased with her school at Outlook.

Associated Departments

The department in Elocution under Mrs. Saunderson, is one of great importance. Her work is very meritorious, and we welcome her again among us. The work done is creditable indeed, and our friends will be given the opportunity in the near future of noting our improvement in oratory.

The work in the art department, under Miss Signor, is being taken up with enthusiasm. It includes portrait painting, oil painting and drawing. It is not only studied by those desiring to complete that course, but many in the grammar department are also interested in their work.

Mrs. Dutton is rendering a great service in the domestic science classes, and much knowledge is being gained along practical lines.

Many are taking up work in instrumental music under Misses Rustad and Whisner.

The work in vocal music is also worthy of recognition. Mrs. Newton has charge of the class in sight-reading, etc. The Seminary chorus is under the supervision of Mr. W. W. Cathey.

Mrs. Bagley shows clearly that she is familiar with the art of making primary work both profitable and interesting. Her influence has secured newly tinted walls, some fine new pictures for the walls, new seats for the room and a splendid system of manual arts for the children.

It is a pleasure to see the children in their cozy room at work.

This fall, classes in the college department were organized in the following subjects: American Literature, Rhetoric, Botany, Ethics, Political Science, European History, French, German, Trigonometry and Bible History.

You see, we have quite a comprehensive list of subjects and are satisfied with the results.

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Among the Classes

College Department

Juniors

Everyone knows us—we are those thoughtful, intelligent students you see poring over heavy volumes or hurrying by with note-books under our arms. A perfect organization has not been neglected, and we expect to work wonders with E. A. Haslam as president; Ruth Sharpe, vice-president; Lillian Perry, secretary-treasurer, and Lois Cathey as class editor. Let our conduct be an example to the under classmen.

Sophomores

Just a note, fellow students, to let you know that we are here, well organized and doing good work.

Our class government is republican, since it is by the class, for the class and of the class. We are trinitarian in belief, as you will see, because we are three. Miss Cook is our president, Mr. Puffer vice and Cascade reporter, and Miss Burns our secretary-treasurer and student representative. If we do business on the triumvirate plan, no one objects. It is easy to get a two-thirds majority on almost any question, so we fear no deadlock. We like our Trinity class, but would not object to a quartette.

Freshmen

We are the **Freshmen** and greenness shall die with us. Just listen to this poem written by one of our greenest ones:

We know we're as green as April grass,
But never mind, my college friend;
We're coming up the while you spend
Your time in looking through green glass.

Just stop and think what you would do
If all the lawns and shrubs and trees,
Which constantly your vision please,
Were white or red or even blue.

Don't think that we are worthless all
Because we're green and rather young.

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Don't toot your horn and beat your drum
And think we're slow because we're small.

Now how's that for a Freshman?

We held a class meeting one day since school started and what do you suppose! Why, we had an election and Florence Alberts was elected president, and I was elected vice-president, and Lena Skuzie secretary and treasurer both, and Lena Ward marshal, and Bessie Ward the Student Body representative. Oh, yes, and I was elected class editor for the Cascade, too. I nearly forgot that. By the way, we've got a Japanese boy in our class now, too; and he is a fine fellow. Look out, girls!

Academic Department

Seniors

Having spent a busy summer we have come back with determined minds and hearts to make our final year one of the best ever spent in the Seattle Seminary. Three cheers! We have an intelligent class of twenty-one—seven young men and fourteen young ladies. Each individual seems to possess an optimistic spirit and has visioned a degree of their opportunities and possibilities of making life what it should be.

At our first class-meeting the following officers were elected: President, Carl Anderson; vice-president, Burton Beegle; secretary, Helen Johnson; class representative to Students' Body, Althea Marston; Marshal, Floyd C. Hopper, and Cascade reporter, Wade Folsom. "Excuse our dust."

Juniors

The Junior class is small in numbers, but unbounded in possibilities.

We have started on the work of the year with courage, resolution of purpose, and a determination to make this the best year we have spent in the school.

The class election was held during the month and the organization completed. Mr. Fred Gill was chosen as our president for the semester.

We were sorry to lose from our number two of the class of last year—Miss Henrietta Welsh, who is attending school at Pacific Col-

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lege, and Miss Margaret Anderson at Lincoln High. However, our gains are more than our losses, as we have received as members of the class Mr. Denny, Miss Morrison and Miss Robinson. We are glad to welcome them among us, and bespeak for them a happy and successful year.

As a class we are making progress on the royal road to learning. Since the beginning of school we have been introduced to Cicero, have been delving into the mysteries of physics, and are becoming quite fluent in the use of several foreign languages. Our advancement will continue.

Sophomores

Notwithstanding the fact that we have had but one meeting we are ready for any emergency. With such a class plus a few more notables, we have decided we can carry out anything that is worth starting.

Mr. W. Thuline is our president, assisted by Wm. Robinson, vice-president; Miss Tucker, secretary; Miss Scott, treasurer, and Mr. Aldridge, marshal.

We have little to say at present except that some of our members are loyal Bachelors.

Freshmen

Our first meeting for the year was held Sept. 15, 1913. The officers elected were as follows: George Coffee, president; Hector Edens, vice-president; Mabel Matson, secretary; Eugene Parsons, treasurer; Nellie Morrison, class representative; Arthur Thomas, marshal; Samuel Troutman, Cascade reporter.

We have an excellent class of about thirty students and as we are doing very good work, more from the "Freshies" will be heard later.

Locals

Members of the staff feel elated over the practical enthusiasm manifest by the student body, both in swelling the new subscription roll and in active good will and support for our paper.

Rev. J. D. Marsh, of New Westminster, B. C., delivered an address to the students at morning chapel, Sept. 29. All seemed to enjoy it very much.

His Majesty, George I, King of the Bachelors club, has a magnificent array of loyal Pages, Dukes and Earons constantly at his command to prevent the excessive working of Cupid among the young and unsuspecting ladies of our school. It is needless to say that

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Exchanges



We are very proud of the first two numbers of the "Cascade." This year we intend to watch for opportunities to improve, and we welcome just criticism. If any among our exchange list can offer advice or help, we will be only too glad to profit by it.

Watch this space for our exchange notes.

Continued from the opposite page

faculty members endorse this club and some are even honorary members.

How would you like to know that our paper has over seventy-five new subscribers?

The dormitory girls could not be in better hands and they all seem satisfied with Mrs. Best as preceptress.

Mr. and Mrs. Beers have not yet returned from their trip East. Mrs. Beers reports that they were in a serious train wreck which occurred as they were just outside the city of Everett, Wash. One man was killed, several injured and much baggage destroyed, but Mr. and Mrs. Beers and most of their baggage escaped very fortunately without any injury. We are certainly thankful for their preservation.

It is alleged that the freshmen make many motions in their meetings. Doubtless this accounts for the excessive noise emanating therefrom.

Mr. Ryff gave the German class a very interesting talk on Switzerland, his native land.

Messrs. Haslam and Puffer came back to school Monday, October 6, after a week of profitable rest and sightseeing, in Portland, Oregon, and The Dalles.



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Joshes



Judge—"On what grounds do you ask for a divorce?"

Hubbie—"Well, my wife can't make good coffee."

Judge—"You can't get a divorce on coffee grounds at this court."

Nor at the Sem. either. Try postum grounds.

There was a young fellow named Allen,
Who a king of the Bachelors would be;

But a maid he did see
So pretty and free,
And he said, "No more bach'lor for me."

Prof. B. (in French)—"What is the word for spoon?"

Lena (innocently)—"Noun or verb?"

Senior—"I got the Napoleon of this beef stew."

Freshman—"What's that?"
Senior—"The bony part" (Bonaparte).—Ex.

College Soph—"Say, which is proper—the yolks of eggs are white or, the yolks of eggs is white?"

Freshie (gleefully)—"Why the yolks of eggs are white, of course."

Grave Junior—"I always thought they were yellow."
Exit Freshie.

Little Miss Ryff (after dinner at the Sem.)—"And every one had a little pound of butter."

Francisco (after eating salmon salad)—"Is there any more of that sausage?"

Oliver H.—"I think all the Baptists should be quarantined."

Nellie M.—Well, I'd like to know why?

O. H.—Because they've got the dip theory" (diphtheria).

Smith—"Hi, did you take a bath?"

Hi—"No; did you miss one?"

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E. H.—“Did you ever hear the Freshman class yell?”

Puffer—“That’s about all I have heard them do.”

Mrs. Newton (in music class)—“You are getting too many ‘soles’ in your does” (doughs).

M. B.—“I’d like to get weighed.”

K. W.—“Wade who?”

Miss H. (in laboratory)—“Did you make a potato slide, Miss Lawrence?”

Soph.—Are you our class adviser?”

Miss L.—“Yes.”

Soph.—“Will you please translate this Latin sentence?”

Davis—“What would be the result if women were sent to Congress?”

Thomas—“They would be Mis-Representatives.”

Miss Marston—“Herr Gill, konnen Sie fischen?”

Mr. Gill—Depends on what I’m fishing for.”

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Continued from Page 8

It was an exciting affair, and few that attended ever forgot the impressive scene. Jim Carlton told without hesitation of the bank robbery he had witnessed two months before; how he had almost been persuaded to join the band, but had been kept from evil by the noble efforts of his sister Beth. Though she had had no knowledge of the affair, her influence had ever been with him.

Then Harry French took the stand. The youthful face showed no fear, even though he was a member of the gang. His straightforward testimony concerning the plans they had formed could not be shaken: how they had hoped to kidnap the sister and thru her decoy Jim into their hands. Then his plan of warning Beth Carlton thru his sister was revealed, and it only served to raise him higher in the estimation of the listeners. He did not mention the fact that he had sent for the police as soon as the train had been wrecked. Though scarcely able to speak or move, he had by instinct divined the gang would come and had sent word to town for the officers of the law.

Harry's innocence in regard to the affair was more than established.

Amid the congratulations a telegram was slipped into Jim's hand. Harry, looking over his shoulder, read: "Dying. Come."

(To Be Continued Next Month.)

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