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The September 1913 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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The Cascade

September 1913



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Immortality

Wade Folsom, '14

With Him, who in Nature speaks unseen
To every soul in silent words, is heard
An immortal calling. For, from the fall
Of man in Eden's lonely clime, has throbbed
In every breast that longing. And considering
The heavens God has made—the earth,
The sun, the moon, and stars, at His command,
Formed out of chaos, can we see His power.
But what is man that thou should'st praise
His form, which soon shall cease and crumble lack
To mother earth? For ages in this passing world
The great have fallen with the poor, and all
Are gone—gone as the fulgent sun extremes
The west and night predominates.
Warriors fell on battlefields, beneath
The enemies sword, the tomahawk, and gun;
And loved ones have been severed from the home
The prattling babe, the wife, the boy, and girl.
The alluring wild, the beckoning hand of Adventure
Incited exploiters to the sleep of death
In northern winters on the ice; and thousand's
Have perished in basins of the deep where lie
Ships, sunken and impaired. The sceptered king,
The warning prophet, the rich in pompous garb,
The toil-worn slave, the honored president, the youth
Herculean in strength, and child with auburn locks,
But once, have trodden life's unpolished path.
The lofty pines on neighboring hills stand not
More nobly than these buried forms once stood.
Yet this is not where they eternally rest
In mouldering sepulchers beneath the sod,
For He, who left Mt. Olivet, shall come, and take
The saved of earth who are His bride, and those
Unsaved shall rise at Judgment day.

Go forth into the silent woods and fields;
From city's busy thoroughfare; from cares
That press the wearied soul; go forth
And climb some lofty peak where snow
Reclines the year around. 'Tis there
The voice of God is heard, in babbling brooks
In whispering pines, in roaring cataracts;
Where camp-fires's smoke of fall-leaf burnings
Curis and spreads in fragrant haze
Thru woods, piney and far reaching.
Where sea gulls scream, and sail against
The keen blue sky, where freely float
Cloud fleets hoisting foamy sails;
Where robins sing, where owls tu-who, where howls
The wolf at dawn of day; in wandering forth
By meadows green, where sings the lark;
Through quiet moors, and winding forests
Where stands the early pioneer, by firelight scenes
On silent strolls, has heard the call of God.
Or follow with the Pawnee to the haunts,
In tangled woods, where roam the deer, and there
While creeping with an arrow drawn in bow,
He visions oft the "happy hunting grounds."
Go forth upon the solemn sea where wail
The siren o'er the rolling breakers foam
While waves dash fierce on granite rocks
Their voices echo, "Immortality."
Nature, with unhuman tongue, the church bell,
The song, the prayer, are calling thee to come
And bathe in the spring of everlasting life.

Then leave thy sins O mortal man, and live
Thy image soon shall cease from minds
Of friends and loved ones dear. And what
If called in early life the youth should go,
Or old in years with scars of many days?
That life will leave a model and the world
Will honor it when body has decayed.

With stooped form, and wrinkled brow
The aged man totters to the grave. The pains
And aches that wrest his smile, repel
Expression of the soul's freedom.
The body is a chain that binds the soul.
But yet, ah, soon! that soul will mount
As an eagle rises above the storm
On pinioned planes to eye the sun.
Awake! Augment thy strength, and live.
O mortal man. For yet a little while and He
That comes, will come and will not tarry.
When heavens reel; when men shall cry for rocks
To fall and hide their forms from God;
When on the land and sea shall stand
An angel with his hands upraised, who cries
That time shall be no more, O where
Shall mortal be? It matters not
How grand the tomb, wherein man's temple lies
Or if a slab doth mark the grave on some
Lone mountain side. The soul has gone—gone
To an unknown world. . .wake!
Be not as those who live and die in sin,
But live to bless, enjoy and serve. Across
The plains of time we fare, in a pilgrimage
Set out to reach a goal. So live
That when thy tent is folded here; when the pulse
Of life shall cease to beat; and the wheels
Of toil refuse to turn; as from
The glory world thy summons comes for thee
To dwell with parted friends and all
The host of heaven, thou canst go
With exultant smile, and peaceful soul, to live
At home with God in Paradise.



Beth

A Serial Story by

Louisa Ward, Col. '17

CHAPTER I.

All was finished. The last thing was packed. Now everything was in readiness for the journey. Elizabeth Carlton seated herself near the window sorrowfully thinking of the many coming days when there would be no more loving hands around to work for her or for whom she might labor—when she would be far away among strangers.

The last lingering rays of the sun fell on her golden brown hair, lighting it up where it fell back from a fair, noble brow. She was a tall girl of eighteen—not pretty, but with a good face that could be trusted. Her brown eyes seemed to inspire confidence.

Just then the door bell rang. She waited a moment to compose herself before descending the stairs.

"Good evening, Uncle Zack," she said. "How are you?"

The negro at the door showed his white teeth.

"I'se well, I reckon, Miss Beth, sence you done fixed me up so. Heah's a pa'h of little shoes I ca'ved fo' you. I thought maybe you might keep 'em to remember old Uncle Zack by."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "How perfectly lovely! But it wouldn't need that to remind me of you."

Seating themselves in the living room she told some of her plans and ambitions to the old negro, who had been one of her greatest friends, ever since she had taken her first baby steps.

"Well, Miss Beth," he said, as she concluded, "Don't fo'get de deah Lawd. He's de mos' impo'tant."

"I know. But I don't feel as if I could give up my ambitions for a while. When I have had my fill of fun, I'll begin to think about religion."

"Well, remembah I'se prayin' for you, my deah," he remarked as he left.

Scarcely had she returned to her room before the ring of the door bell again disturbed her.

"I wonder who that is now," she thot.

"Oh, good evening, Frank. I'm sorry Jack isn't home, but the folks

just went to town a little while ago," she said on opening the door.

"I came to see you this time to say good bye. When are you going?"

"In the morning, I expect."

"I suppose you'll be missed. You have always been the sunshine about the house."

"I think its the other way. I'm generally too busy to be of much use around here. But when I am through college I expect to settle down and do some good."

"It will seem a long time—four years! Don't forget, if you ever need a friend to call on me."

"I certainly will nct. You have always seemed like one of the family, Frank. If you help Jack to keep straight we shall be deeply indebted to you. I have been so worried over him lately because we don't know where he spends his time in town, but as you two are such great friends I hope you can keep him from any bad asscciations. Jack and I have always been so much to each other that now I am to leave him, I feel such a responsibility as to his future. I want my brother to be a noble gentleman in every sense."

"I'll do all I can to be his friend," Frank Harvey solemnly promised. After a moment's silence he asked:

"Which college do you expect to attend?"

"The Crystal Lake Academy in California. It is a beautiful little school."

"Well, I suppose you have many things to attend to so I will bid you good bye."

"Remember me to your sister and tell her how sorry I am I couldn't see her."

"I will. She did want to see you again but she had to leave for her school. She has charge of the higher grades this year.

"That's fine."

"Well, good bye."

"Good bye." They shook hands and he was gone.

And so it went. There seemed to be nothing but farewells. Friends constantly dropped in—this girl with whom Elizabeth had attended school—that old lady for whom she had run so many errands—the neighbors next door who loved her as one of their own children. At last the "good byes" were all said and Elizabeth slipped wearily into bed.

Very early the next morning the family arose. Breakfast was eaten in silence for the hearts of those gathered around the table were too full for speech. The first break in the home circle was soon to come.

Mr. Carlton took the lantern out to the barn, fed the horses, then got the wagon ready to take Beth to town, four miles away.

In the dim morning light she looked off at the towering old peak behind the farm still covered with the night mists. How often had

she climbed its slopes or galloped up the mountain road on her pony "Molly."

Shep came bounding up just then with an eager inquisitive bark wondering why those early preparations were being made.

"Dear old Shep. I have to say good bye to you too. Take good care of them all, especially Molly." Beth looked down at the intelligent face turned up to hers. The dog seemed to answer as he wagged his tail, that he would be true to the trust she had given him.

Presently they started, Elizabeth and her father, with her trunk in the back of the wagon. In another hour they were in town and the train was puffing away up the track carrying with it Elizabeth Carlton out into the "wide, wide world."

When she had settled herself she looked around at her fellow passengers. A figety old woman sat two seats away. A small mischievous boy behind her occupied his time by eating peanuts and occasionally throwing a shuck at one of the occupants of the car. An abundant quantity of rice scattered down the aisle loudly challenged the blushes of a happy bride near the front of the car. At last she noticed a lady sitting across the aisle from her. She was dressed in black from head to foot. Her mouth had a downward curve and her chin receded to a mere point. But the most noticeable feature was a pair of immense green spectacles which were placed quite low on her nose, yet sufficiently large to completely hide her eyes. She seemed to be intently studying the scenery, but at intervals turned her head enough so as to watch Elizabeth unobserved.

For an hour the train rushed on over rolling fields without a stop, but at last began to climb long grades, sweep thru dismal tunnels, with mountains towering high on one side, while on the other the valley lay below a hundred feet or more.

The somber dressed lady began to grow restless as the hills became more wild. She closely watched the passing landscape, but there was nothing further to indicate any difference between herself and the rest of the travelers.

She finally arose, stepped across the aisle as if to share Elizabeth's seat, but seeming to change her mind, walked on down the car. In a few moments she returned and hastily seated herself by Elizabeth.

"I believe this is Miss Carlton, is it not?" she began.

"Yes," Elizabeth answered coldly and turned inquiringly.

"I have something strange to tell you," she began, trying to speak calmly, "that I think you had better know before—"

Just then there came an awful crash. Elizabeth sprang to her feet in fright. She felt a hand laid on her shoulder, a scream rent the air and the next moment all was darkness.

(To be continued.)

The Passing of Summer

The bright days of summer are ended now,
And harvesting times are all over.
The flowers have faded on meadows and hill;
The sweetness has gone from the clover;
The tree tops unceasingly sway to and fro,
And birds to the southward are flying,
For emblems of autumn are here to announce
That Winter's cold breath is defying.

But tho' all be dismal and dreary without,
There may be contentment within,
By scattering smiles and unselfish deeds
Happiness for yourself you will win.
But whether the sky be foreboding or bright,
And rough weather tarry or go,
Great joy will crown your labor of love
And brighten your pathway below.

—ADA BEEGLE.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tried by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good or talk too wise
But strive to make your life to all a blessing,
To you then will be life everlasting.

—KIPLING.



Music's Sway

Commencement Oration, June 4, 1913

When the morning stars sang together on creation's day, the art of music was conceived by Omnipotence. He who inscribed the song of the angels, composed the music of the heavenly choirs and fashioned the harps of the angelic hosts, decreed that his earth-born children should possess Heaven's choicest gift, the ability to produce and enjoy harmonious sounds.

Summoning three white-robed cherubs, Melody, Harmony and Symphony, he bade them speed on wings of song and dispense musical genius with a lavish hand. As the years rolled by, myriad voices awoke strains of liquid harmony and skilled musicians made earth ring with majestic symphonies. Even nature thrilled with response to the angels; the sighing of a reed, the whispering wind, the rippling brook, the swaying branch became the pianissimo, while the crashing thunder of the storm, the roar of the waves against a rocky coast formed the forte of Nature's marvelous choir.

Grecian mythology has also a beautiful conception of the origin of music. Nine muses presided over the province of elegant arts. Two of these were Terpsichore, the goddess of choral music and Polyhymnia of the field of sacred song—from whence we derive our common word, hymn—the term music coming from Muse. Apollo, the god of medicine, poetry and music, played on his magical lyre while the muses chanted responsive strains, filling the abode of the gods with harmony akin to that of the angels.

Orpheus, the son of Apollo, drew such magic strains from his enchanted instrument that even the rocks and trees were sensible to its witchery, and the wild beasts were subdued by its ravishing charms. Expressing in melancholy tones his deep grief over the loss of his wife, his mournful music compelled even the ghosts of the spirit world to weep with him.

Wagner, one of the later masters, has made himself famous through the legends he has rendered immortal through music. Who can soon forget those mighty heroes of the drama—Siegfried, Siegfried, Lohengrin and Tannhauser?

History's earliest records show that the beginning of musical sounds was simply the elevation and depression of the voice when reading lyrical and sacred poetry. From this rude form has been evolved the marvelous madrigal, the highest form of unaccompanied music, the opera, symphony and oratorios that charm a music loving world today.

The Cascade -- Page ten

The first musical instruments were very crude indeed—a mere pipe with holes, or a reed admitting the air. These have been developed and improved till now we have an infinite variety of orchestral instruments, our superb grand piano and magnificent pipe organ.

The Jews, Gods chosen people, have ever been imbued with musical talent. In their early worship, we find large choirs of men and women chosen and set apart to praise Jehovah with cymbals, psaltries and harps. We hear Miriam with her timbral singing the nation's song of deliverance as they view their enemies lying lifeless on the sea-shore, "Sing ye to the Lord for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." David, the sweet singer of Israel, soothes the frenzied King with his magical harp. The delirium is stilled and Saul is filled with gentleness and love.

The early church did much to cultivate and bring music to a higher plane. The name of Palestrina, the Gregories, and Luther will ever be held in sacred memory. Who can estimate the worth of Charles Wesley's hymns.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!"

How often has it soothed and sustained the breaking heart as it has been lifted in prayer.

"Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me."

Strangely enough the greatest battle hymn ever written was composed by a woman—Julia Ward Howe. We can see the tramp of nations as they march bravely on, singing,

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free."

That star of missionary hymns—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains," written by Heber, has won many to the cause so dear to the heart of Christ, the first missionary.

When we turn to the picture gallery of the masters, we are lost in wonder and admiration. Bach belonged to the old Polyphonic school of composers—writing his wonderful masterpieces in the beginning of the Renaissance, being the last of the Polyphonists. His especial success was in the fugue which he brought to its highest state of perfection.

Contemporary with Bach lived the great Handel, who immortalized his name in his last great oratorio, "The Messiah." Blindness did

Page eleven -- The Cascade

not deter him in pouring forth his soul in floods of never ceasing harmony.

Mozart was a pupil of Haydn. He was but four years of age when he and his little sister began their musical education. His compositions reflect the soul of a master mind unlike that of any other. When Haydn was told of his death, he said, "O my friends, will the world ever find such an artist again."

Ludwig van Beethoven! Ah! we must pause a moment before we utter the name of this great prince of musicians. Nurtured in sorrow and affliction, he yet found a channel to give to the world some of its most beautiful music. His sonatas will ever be ranked as amongst the finest of the world's productions. Being passionately fond of nature, which seemed to him the Heavenly Father's voice, he received his greatest inspiration from the forest where he spent hours in composing the lines that expressed his deep emotion and rendered him forever famous. His great deafness was a constant source of pain to him, but he endured it bravely and conquered all his difficulties. With his dying breath he uttered the thought that had been his never failing comfort, "I shall hear in heaven."

The old masters gave their lives for the sake of following the golden path that led to the heights of ravishing melody. Forsaking comfort and ease and foregoing every other pleasure, they were content if they could only leave as a monument to their memory their immortal compositions.

Time will not permit us to speak of other wonderful artists—Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, and many others. It has been said of Wagner:

"He seems not only to have given us new tones, new combinations, but the moment the orchestra begins to play his music, all the instruments are transfigured. They seem to utter the sounds that they have been longing to utter. The hours run riot; the drums and cymbals join in the general joy; the old bass viols are alive with passion; the 'cellos throb with love; the violins are seized with a divine fury, and all the notes rush out as eager for the air, as pardoned prisoners for the roads and fields."

Of all the finer arts music stands preeminently at the head. One has said, "Architecture is frozen music."

What chapters may be written upon the influence and power of music. Saddened lives have been cheered and transformed; the broken hearted made to sing for joy; the burden of life lifted from the heavy laden and victory given in the time of seeming defeat.

When Cromwell's troops were about to engage in battle one day, standing at their head, he ordered them to sing the long metre doxology. The strains rose in a mighty chorus:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below,"

The Cascade -- Page twelve

as the army marched from victory unto victory—never knowing defeat, keeping time with the grand old hymn.

The songs sung to us in our childhood often reach the heart long hardened in sin. A young Scotchman lay dying in New Orleans, having received his death-wound in battle. A minister from his own country made repeated efforts to read the Bible to him, but failed to secure his attention. Feeling his utter helplessness the clergyman began to sing to the tune of Dundee:

"O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I turn to thee?"

The lad asked, "Where did you learn that?" The man of God replied, "My mother taught it to me." "So did mine," whispered the dying soldier, while the tears flowed down his cheeks, and his softened heart yielded itself to God. The written word touched not the young lad's heart as did the inspired hymn learned at his mother's knee. Talmadge has said that nine-tenths of all converts were brought to Christ through the power of sacred song.

Music is more eloquent than speech. As George Francis Rowe says, "Singing its song in the prodigal's heart, it turns the wanderer's steps toward home, carries the maiden's prayer to the throne of God, comforts the fatherless and widow, uplifts the oppressed in every age, in every land. All may feast at its table. Weaving an invisible chain between brother and sister, father and son, mother and daughter, it knits the nation together and sets a magic circle around the home which neither time nor circumstance can break."

When the civil strife between the North and South had ceased and the snowy banners of peace again floated over our union, a great jubilee was held in Boston. An immense coliseum seating forty thousand had been built. A wonderful orchestra composed of thousands of stringed and wind instruments accompanied a chorus of 1200 trained voices that sang the musical gems of the centuries. The bells of the city were rung in unison and the cannon on the common discharged by electricity, keeping time with the music.

Parepa Rosa, whose voice has never been surpassed, could be heard clear and sweet above it all, singing our national air, "The Star Spangled Banner."

The wonderful volume of music swayed the audience with passionate emotion. Many were overcome and fainted, while one woman's soul winged its flight to God.

But the home of music is not in earthly coliseums, nor can the human tongue sound its depth or reach its heights.

Perfected on earth by sorrow's chastening hand, it returns to heaven the only one of the fine arts to reach the regions of the blest.

In the Heavenly Jerusalem where the blood-washed sing the new

Page thirteen -- The Cascade

song, striking all their harps of gold, we shall at last join that perfect choir and be able to gather up the lost chords of earth.

"I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.
It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen."

In Memoriam

A. S. DINSMORE

Rarely has any event brought more sincere grief to the community than did the recent death of A. S. Dinsmore.

Brother Dinsmore has been intimately associated with the faculty and students of the school for several years.

By his conscientious performance of duties and his self-sacrificing labors in behalf of the institution he has endeared himself to all.

At the memorial service held in the Assembly Hall Monday morning, September 8, several members of the faculty and student body, spoke feelingly in words of appreciation and esteem of our friend and brother.

Several appropriate hymns were sung by the school and one selection was rendered by a mixed quartette.

We shall long cherish the memory of Brother Dinsmore.

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Vol. IV

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No. I

Editorial

To all our exchanges, subscribers, readers and friends,—greeting,—especially to you who for the first time receive our paper. We sincerely trust that you have passed a prosperous and happy vacation and now find it a real pleasure to be again in the old school harness.

As for ourselves we already feel the thrill of anticipation and enthusiasm for the fray, and we depend upon you to help us to succeed in making our paper both interesting and attractive this year.

One very happy feature that will please you will be the serial story, the first chapter of which is published this month. You will find it a very fascinating portion of the paper. We certainly appreciate Miss Ward's undertaking this task for the paper.

We are also planning some excellent November and December numbers as well as two special numbers issued by the Alethepian Club and the Philopolemic Club, for the better of which a prize will be awarded.

At the end of the year a special quadrennium number will be issued consisting of over one hundred pages of reading matter and views. This number itself will be worth your subscription and we are confident that with the other numbers, you will be more than satisfied.

We anticipate little trouble in securing new and varied material for the paper, for we have an excellent class of new students as well as a goodly number of the old ones, and we are sure we can depend on their loyalty to the school and paper.

We urge the students to feel perfectly free to enter your literary productions and other material for the Cascade. It will not be ignored and your interest will be greatly appreciated. Or if at any time you have suggestions to make, or wish information, the editor or any of the staff will be more than willing to give you their attention.

We are glad the students co-operate so readily in upholding a superior literary standard before other schools. In looking thru our exchanges we cannot fail to grade the schools by the absence or appearance of careless English, pronounced or indifferent. It is our purpose to exile all forms of slang from our reading matter and provide you with clean, wholesome and instructive as well as bright, cheerful reading.

We shall expect the students to co-operate with us this year in making our paper all it should be, and we trust our friends will appreciate our efforts.

We wish all our school-friends and readers a satisfactory and happy school-year of good thorough successful work.



Alpha Club

The "Alpha" Club is now entering upon the third year of its existence. For the benefit of new students we will volunteer the information that this is the social organization of the college classes.

We have faced school problems for so many years that we are acquainted with all phases of educational life and will not be selfish but give you all the benefit of our experience.

To the new college students we extend a welcome and a hope that we may soon draw you into our social life.

Alethepians

During the leisure summer months many of the girls have been thinking and planning out some very bright and unique ideas for the club this year. We hope all the new girls who have come for the year will not neglect to fall in line. We are sure you will find your time profitably spent in the service of the club, and you will miss a great deal if you are not members. Already we have held our election and rejoice to announce the following officers: Pres., Althea Marston; Vice, Helen Johnson; Sec., Ethel Lawpough; Treas., Cora Smith.

Now we are ready for business. Just watch the Aletheys keep the ball a-rollin'.

Phils

The Phils are stepping off this year on the double quick. The first Friday we held an informal meeting for the benefit of the new boys, and the second week finds us with our new corps of officers duly elected as follows: Pres., B. Eeagle; Vice, F. Gill; Sec., E. Smith; Treas., W. Scott; Marshall, A. Thomas; Chaplain, D. Higbee; M. Director, E. Haslam; Cas. Ed., J. Root.

Our meetings are both profitable and enjoyable. Their object is to give free scope to the exercise and development of oratorical and debating powers and the practice of parliamentary drill. We have passed thru many varied experiences in the past, and rejoiced over some victories, but a new year is before us and we extend a hearty welcome to every new student who will share the future conquests of the Philopolemic Debating Club.

Intercollegiate Prohibition League

We as a school believe in the abolition of the liquor traffic. The result is our organization of a League, whose purpose is to unite and extend the belief in our school. Last year our labors in the oratorical contest were not in vain and this year we invite all the students, new and old, to interest yourselves and prepare to take part. Let us carry the banner a little higher for our school. Join the League; let us keep the Prohibition spirit awake.

Alumni Association

With the Class of 1913.

Five of the illustrious class that graduated in June have been true to their Alma Mater and are again within her walls. Misses Alberts, Skuzie, Bessie and Louisa Ward are co-operating with Mr. Oliver Haslam in upholding the standards of the Freshman College Class.

William Aldridge is resting from the busy life he led last spring while he remains at his home at Bake Oven, Ore.

Mr. John Logan has taken charge of the church at Getchell, Washington.

Miss Becraft will soon commence the nurses' training course in the Minor Hospital.

Mr. Reuben Lawrence intends to work this fall.

Miss Esther Welch starts for Oregon the eighteenth of September, where she will enter the Pacific College at Newberg.

Mr. Jacob Wood is undecided as to his future, but will probably attend the Pacific College.

Mr. Cathey still retains the directorship of the Seminary Chorus.

Cupid has again entered the ranks of the Alumnae regardless of all the faculty's previous caution.

Mr. Wesley Millican '06 has been appointed principal of the Union High School on Bainbridge Island. He is very happy with his wife, formerly Carrie Smalley, '10.

Mr. Duane Bardell, '10, and Mrs. Bardell, nee Estella Curtis, '12, are living at their home at Taylor Mill.

Miss Emma Olson, '12, while calling at Mr. Beers' residence last June, lost her name and by force of circumstances has been called Mrs. Wilson ever since.

Miss Viola Knowlton, the art teacher of 1911 and 1912, has at last renounced her maiden name to accommodate Mr. Frank Watkins, '12.

Miss Bessie Bixby, '12, also joined the company of the Newlyweds last June.

Mr. Elvis Cochrane, '11, stopped in Seattle on his way home from Greenville. He reported a splendid school year.

Miss Tressa Marsh, '11, is attending Greenville College this fall.

Locals

Twenty-five new young men so far and twenty young ladies indicate a boost in the right direction, doesn't it?

Our good friend and brother, A. S. Dinsmore, passed by promotion from the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant August 12, 1913, at six o'clock.

John C. Norton, a constant friend of our school from its early history, died after a brief illness, September 9, 1913. An impressive funeral was held at his home September 11, Rev. Alexander Beers officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Cathey celebrated their tin wedding September 1 at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Earl Newton. They received many useful presents.

We are pleased to note the success and hear such good things spoken of our new English instructor, Miss Edna Mott. It is noted that she has received ample equipment of knowledge from the extensive courses taken in the Universities of Indiana, Southern California and of Washington.

President Beers has been invited to preach the opening sermon to the students at University M. E. church.

Miss Kathryn Whisner, of Tacoma, a former student, is assisting in the music department. This year the department is undergoing reorganization and will offer standard courses in Solfeggio, Harmony, Sight-reading and many other features incident to competent musical

Joshes



Stilwell (arranging classes)—
“Will you have any conflict with
Trigonometry, Mr. Puffer?”

Puffer—“I think I shall if I
take it.”

Boys (speaking of politics)—
“Platt, what are you running
for?”

Platt—“For exercise mostly.”
Just watch him.

Scottie (hurrying into a res-
taurant)—“Give me a ham sand-
wich.”

Waiter—“Yes, sir; will you eat
it or take it with you?”

Scottie (excited)—“Both.”

Myra—“I think Rachel is the
personification of truth.”

Oliver—“Would that I might
embrace truth.”

Hi (in fashionable cafe point-

ing at certain word on menu
card)—“Give me some of that.”

Waiter—“Sorry, sir, but the
band is playing that now.”

Thomas reads from a Pincer-
era daily, “Go West.”

And Thomas “dun gone.”

Poor B. B. looks sad and ab-
sent-minded sometimes. Be
brave, B.; the best of friends
must part, but she'll come back.

Look out, girls. Smith is here
with the hook.

Puffer (fumbling key ring in
presence of Henrietta W.)—“I
shall be willing to give up my
engagement ring.”

Henrietta—“I am, too.”

“When did it happen? I no-
tice Beegle is more serious late-
ly.



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"The Cascade," during its brief past, has been proud of the list of school papers with which it has exchanged. Although quantity is not necessarily quality, the longer our list of exchanges is, the wider our breadth of observation concerning other papers will become.

We intend to be representative this year and welcome criticism as well as approbation. Our heartiest greeting is extended to our old exchanges with an invitation for new ones to get acquainted with us this year.

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Continued from Page 19

education.

Miss Rose Logan, our excellent English instructor of last year, is reported to have recently given her hand in marriage to Professor Albert Olmsted, of the University of Southern California. We wish them happiness and many years in which to enjoy each other and their happy home.

Ain't we optimistic? The only thing about the campus which is k-i-c-k-e-d a-b-c-u-t is the football.

Miss Hannah Lawrence, formerly a member of the faculty, is reported recently to have given up her last name to become Mrs. Holt. Conclusive proof that the eighth rule can be forgotten even by a preceptress.

Pessimists are not all dead yet. A student of Political science suggests that owing to reduction of the tariff on peanuts, the county will be flooded with peanut Politicians and Monkeys. Isn't that a slam on the Demccrats?

We wish to extend a special welcome to our beloved freshman. We warn you of the many dragons you will encounter by the way and the Herculean tasks to be performed, but keep a stiff upper lip and in times of distress do not fail to give your friends an opportunity to assist you.

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