

December 1st, 1914

The December 1914 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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The
Cascade

Christmas Number,
1914.

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S t o k e s

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Candy

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Ice Cream



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WE WISH YOU
A Merry Christmas

May it bring you these three good things of life:

*The Joy of Giving
The Delight of Receiving
The Pleasure of Eating*

Imperial Candies are Pure and Wholesome.

Imperial Candy Co.

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SEATTLE



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A Perfect Christmas Day.

© R. Haslam, Col. '17.

*The night was cold and dark and dreary,
And the wind rose o'er the hill;
All the landscape spread so weary
'Neath the grasp of winter's chill.*

*Far and near the cold was creeping
Into every secret nook,
And the brooklet murmured, weeping,
As the bare boughs o'er it shook.*

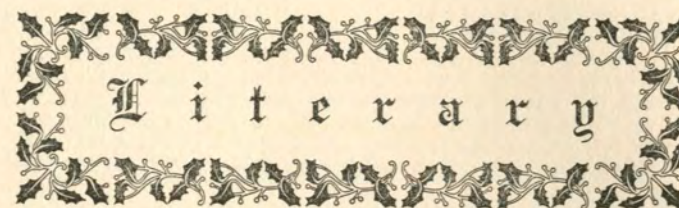
*Then the downy snowflakes, tumbling,
Filled the air with dazzling white,
While the fierce wind, howling, grumbling,
Broke the silence of the night.*

*As the tardy dawn of morning
Came to grace the lovely scene,
Not a breath of air was stirring,
All was pure and white and clean.*

*From each farm-house roof, ascending,
Curled the smoke as incense sweet;
Ever upward, heavenward wending,
Until lost to sight complete.*

*O'er the snowdrifts smooth and hoary
Rang the church bells clear and grand,
Chiming out the Christmas story
Of the Gift of God to man.*

*Everything beamed forth with beauty,
Mother Earth had hid away;
While fair Nature did her duty,—
'Twas a perfect Christmas Day.*



Anne's Sensible Christmas.

Laura Armstrong, Col. '16.

"It's just perfect weather. How I wish I could go skating," sighed Bess Hathaway, as she gazed out of the window one December evening. "I can't, though, I've too much to do for Christmas."

"Well, I'm going skating, Christmas or no Christmas," said her sister Anne. "And I might just as well tell you folks, right now, that you needn't expect any presents from me, because I'm not going to make any, and I don't want any."

"Why, Anne Hathaway! What do you mean?" asked her mother, looking up from her basket of stockings. "You're not going to give any presents, and you don't want any? What are your reasons?"

"Now, mother, you needn't looked shocked. Jean Raleigh and I have been talking it over and we've both decided it's too much work and waste of time to make presents. We're only going to send cards this Christmas."

"Why, Anne, I don't think that's right for you and Jean to do that," said Francis, Anne's oldest brother. "If Jean doesn't want to give gifts don't let her influence you that way. I don't think that will be very nice."

"Much she cares for what you think, or I either, for that matter," said Anne angrily. Her brother looked up in hurt surprise. Anne gathered up her books and hastily left the room.

"I'll go right over to Jean's and tell her about it," thought Anne to herself, and throwing on a wrap she ran across the street to her friend's house.

"Jean," she exclaimed, as she entered her friend's room, "what do your folks say about our Christmas plan? I just had an awful time with my folks."

"Oh, Anne, dear, I don't believe we had better just give cards. I told mother about it and she was so hurt, that I've decided to go ahead and make presents even if it is some bother."

"Well," said Anne, shaking her head dolefully, "I suppose I'll have to go back and apologize and make some horrid old presents too. But it does seem an awful bother."

A few minutes later Anne quietly entered the door with the intention of going into the family with her flag of truce. As she stepped into the hallway she heard Bess say triumphantly, "There, we're going to have just the finest Christmas we've ever had, even if Anne isn't here. She needn't think we need her in order to make our plans a success."

That was enough for Anne. Her Hathaway pride rose up, and without waiting to hear any more she flew upstairs and threw herself, sobbing, upon her bed. "I don't care, they don't want me anyway. I was mean, I know, but not one bit meaner than they are. I just won't tell them a thing about Jean. If they don't want me to help with

their Christmas plans, I guess I can stay out." This outcry was different from the one which she had spoken a little while before.

The plans and preparations of the family Christmas continued. Bess was exulting in the fact that she had a chance to assert her authority for once. Usually on all like occasions, Anne's opinions were taken in precedence of hers. But Anne, while holding a brave front to the family, was secretly grieving over the fact that her loved ones didn't want her. Each evening when the family gathered around the fireplace to discuss plans, she silently went upstairs. Each evening Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway became more concerned about her, and wondered what they should do.

One evening, after Anne's usual disappearance, Mrs. Hathaway said to her husband, "Ralph, Jean's mother was showing me some of the presents she and Jean are making for Christmas. Jean is making presents, but our girl holds aloof. She is grieving about something. I can't force her to confide in me, and she hasn't seemed inclined to do so. I'm worried about her."

"Now, mother, don't worry," said Mr. Hathaway. "Just leave her alone and she'll come out all right. When I was seventeen I was stubborn, too, and Anne is just like I was."

"Yes, I suppose you're right," sighed Mrs. Hathaway, "but it's hard to see her grieve and not be able to help her."

Time passed swiftly along until it came to the day before Christmas. The tree was up and trimmed, the house was in festive attire for its holiday, and a pleasant, suggestive smell hung in the kitchen. Everyone had been singing happily except Billy, Anne's eight-year-old brother. He was in a state of mutiny. At the present he sat on the woodpile behind the house, contemplating a plan of action.

"They just shan't be mean to Anne any more," he said to himself, and placed emphasis on the statement by giving the woodpile a vicious kick with his foot. "Guess I know how she feels. Bet she thinks we don't want anything to do with her. Bet your sweet life, I do. Seems like half the fun's been gone this year 'cause she didn't help. I don't care," he muttered, half aloud, as he came to a sudden conclusion, "if Anne don't have any Christmas, I won't."

Anne had always been Billy's best friend. When a little lad he was often ill, and many a night sister Anne had sung him to sleep or told him the nicest kind of stories. Quite often when Billy was awake it was sister Anne who came in and cuddled him, and driving away all fears, coaxed the sleep back to his big, staring eyes. No wonder Billy was in mutiny.

At last, evening came. All the family except Anne were ready and waiting to go into the mysteries that lay behind the parlor doors.

"Now," said Bess, "everybody close their eyes as they go in the door, and don't open them till we all get in."

Nobody moved. Each looked at the other sheepishly. They were all thinking of Anne.

"If Anne isn't going to have any Christmas I don't want any," wailed Billy, and flung himself on the floor and began to bawl lustily.

"I'm going to see Anne," said Mrs. Hathaway, determinedly. "This has gone far enough."

"All right," said father, heaving a sigh of relief, "we'll wait."

Mrs. Hathaway went softly upstairs. There in the big padded window seat lay Anne, great tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Mother's darling girlie, what is it?" said Mrs. Hathaway, putting her arms around Anne. "Don't you want to come down to our Christmas?"

"Oh, oh, oh," sobbed Anne, "I thought you didn't want me. I've been so miserable. I heard Bess say—"

"There, there, interrupted Mrs. Hathaway, "never mind what Bess said. She is thoughtless sometimes. She wants you, and so do all of us. Never mind if you haven't any presents. Come on down."

"Oh, I have made some presents," said Anne, smiling happily. She went to her dresser drawer and took out a heap of dainty, ribboned packages.

"Well, run down and put them on the tree while I tell the folks you're coming. And remember, dear, don't ever think that any of your family don't want you."

"That dear child thought we didn't want her," said Mrs. Hathaway to her waiting family. And, what's more, she has a present for every one of us. I'm certainly glad I bought her that set of furs she wanted."

"Well," said Bess, "I felt she ought to have something, so I bought her a pair of white kid gloves."

"I bought her a manicure set," said Francis, happily.

Billy began to dance about joyfully. "My, ain't I glad I got her that plant jar?"

"What did you get her, father?" said Mrs. Hathaway.

"Never mind," said father, smiling mysteriously.

Just then Anne came out and faced her happy family. "Merry Christmas," they all cried at once. Then Billy clutched her hand and led her triumphantly into the parlor at the head of the family procession.

"I guess this is the most sensible Christmas after all," said Anne, smiling happily a little while after her father's gift of a set of Tennyson's volumes lay in her lap, while her other gifts were about her on the floor. But best of all, the spirit of the Christ was in her heart, and in the hearts of all her loved ones.



The Christmas Ship.

Althea Marston, Col. '18.

Phil was restless, discontented, unhappy and in fact dissatisfied with everything in life. He was home now for the holidays with nothing to do but just please himself. Yet that was a great undertaking. He lacked nothing that money could buy. His home was one of the finest on Woodlawn avenue, in the great metropolis, New York. His parents had worked very diligently and had sacrificed very much for the pleasure and happiness of their only son. Yet he was at outs with the world, still seeking something new that he hoped would bring real contentment.

That afternoon while sauntering down Woodlawn avenue, Phil failed to reap the benefit of the beautiful landscape. He did not see the lofty Catskills towering in majesty with their glistening peaks piercing the sky. Nor did he see the western heavens aglow with the golden rays of the slowly dying sun. His mind was busy. What was he getting out of life anyway? Had he ever done anything that would or ever could make the world any better? On and on he walked. Dusk—twilight—darkness. Still on he went.

Suddenly he was aroused to his senses by the loud laughter from a group of children playing on a dimly lighted porch. Where was he? Had he really walked that distance so soon? Yes, he was in the poorer residence district of the city. The window shades had not been lowered and he noticed that everything was hurry here and there and back and forth. What did it all mean? The merry groups of children replied in unison to his question:

"Oh, the Christmas ship!"

Each child took upon himself the duty of more explanation. One little fellow spoke up:

"It's a great big boat full of good things."

"Nuts."

"Apples."

"Candy."

"Clothes."

"And everything," joined in the chorus.

"Ain't you seen it in the paper?" cried another.

Phil had to confess he had read the head-lines and that was all. By this time the children had surrounded him and fairly carried him inside, where all the good things that their mothers were preparing to send, were.

The women were not in the least frustrated by the arrival of the new visitor. They were busy tying up the many useful and needed articles, and talking unceasingly about the joy and comfort the gifts would afford the needy and worthy ones who were suffering so from the ravages of the war.

Phil said very little but he was taking in the whole situation. It was really something new to him. The house was very poorly furnished but clean and orderly. Love and cheerfulness seemed to permeate the atmosphere. The children were determined to display all the presents they had contributed. Phil was wondering what would come next as they pulled him down into an easy old rocker. Books, toys and playthings of every description were piled into his lap.

Johnnie had sold extra papers to buy this train. Nellie had taken care of a sick baby to buy that book. Little Sonnie, scarce large

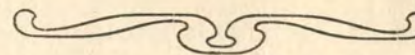
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enough to walk, had also given something. And so the stories continued until the women were through for that night. The next day was Sunday, and as the mothers with their children began to separate they urged each to be on time for the Sunday service. With many a fond "goodbye" and "good night" to their new friend, the children made Phil promise that he would join them on the morrow in the little Mission Hall.

Phil was just entering the gate to another world. Still his thoughts lingered on the happy scene of the evening. The Hall was quite crowded when Phil arrived. But the little flock had reserved a seat in their midst for their new friend. The songs and order of worship seemed so strange and foreign. He could not remember the last time he had attended church services of any kind. The minister spoke of God giving His only Son as a ransom for us; and by living and doing for others was the only sure way to happiness and contentment. He also commended those who had worked so hard in helping to fill the Christmas ship for the poor and needy of Belgium.

"Now let us pray that the Christmas ship so bountifully loaded may safely sail over the wild and boisterous deep to its destination without harm. May it reach every poor and needy home and grant that it may be to them such a blessing as it has been to us!"

Phil could realize better, perhaps, than any one else there what a great blessing the Christmas ship had been to him. He had started life anew. He rose to his feet with the little fellows clinging to him. In a very humble manner he told the audience that it was the Christmas ship, through these little ones, that had shown him the path to the better, higher and nobler life.



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A Christmas Story.

Ruth Sawyer

It was Christmas Eve. The fire in the big fireplace had died down till there was only a heap of live coals sending a red glow around the otherwise dark parlor. In the large rocker sat a girl gazing fixedly toward the fire. As the light fell upon her it revealed a face of remarkable beauty. Her hair gleamed like gold and a diamond flashed from a ring on her finger. Her companion, a slender, rather tall young man, who sat in a shadow but near her, finally spoke, "Can't you decide, Ethel?" The words came clear and firm, but it seemed the speaker was struggling hard to control himself.

The girl threw back her head defiantly. "Yes," she answered coldly. "I have decided I will not marry a fool. If you like your foolish, fanatical religion better than me, take it. If you give up your religion I am yours; if not, you may go—forever."

A smothered sob shook the frame of the young man for a moment, then he arose. "So it is good bye, Ethel," he said slowly. "I am sorry this must happen, but with my new-found joy I cannot part. I love you; not another will ever take your place, but even for you I cannot give up my religion." He paused a moment at the door and looked back, then opening it, he stepped outside.

Ethel heard the door close and she started. "Gone! Gone! I sent him away and he is gone forever!" she cried, and, sinking back in her chair she lay motionless. Three hours passed by. The fire had died in the grate and the cold winter wind howled around the corner. Ethel rose cold and stiff and crept to her room. She remembered it was Christmas Eve and she shuddered.

* * *

Two years passed by and again it was Christmas eve. Ethel sat in the big arm chair busily engaged with the thoughts of the past. Since she had last seen Fred, the young man she sent away, she had found his Savior, and his religion was her religion. How bitterly did she repent of her hasty words. "If only I could see him again," she murmured. "If only I could have one more chance; but he is gone and gone forever."

Half an hour later she heard a low knock, but before she could speak the door opened and Fred stepped in. She flew to him, saying, "Oh, Fred, you did come back! I am so glad. I wanted you so badly."

"Yes, Ethel, I am here, but it is only for a little while. I sail for India as a missionary in thirty days." He paused. "And I came to see—if you would go too."

"Fred, I will be so glad to. And to think that after all I said you came back and gave me another chance."

A pause followed, then Fred whispered: "Let us pray." And together they knelt and thanked God. As they arose Fred spoke these words, with a slight catch in his voice: "All things work together for good to those that love the Lord."



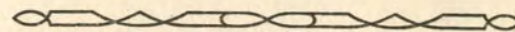
When Day Is Done

Wade Folsom.

When day is done, the laborer doth plod
His weary way homeward with heavy tread;
The doves cuckoo along the wooded hills
And night-hawks shriek and coast above his head,
And cattle slowly move across the field
Against the western sky of burning red.

When day is done, within the cabin door,
He sees his wife and precious little one;
And darkness softly falls across his path,
And brain and muscles wane with tasks they've won.
But home seems dear and fireside brighter glows,
And there he finds sweet rest when day is done.

When day is done and life shall keenly feel
Its aching steps and pain 'neath setting sun,
And shades of death shall check its earthly toil,
O may the soul with gladdened hopes move on
And from earth's threshold step with joyous smile
Into its heavenly home, when day is done.



The Revival.

Among the most desirable and pleasurable occasions of the school year are the revival meetings, which are usually held twice a year in the church. Since our school is fundamentally a Christian institution we welcome these meetings and gladly spend at least a part of our time and strength in shouldering the burdens to be borne.

On Sunday afternoon of November the eighth, the Holiness Association began a two weeks meeting in our church, with Rev. W. E. Shepherd as the evangelist. The church and school were in excellent condition for the revival. There has been a great deal of praying for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on those particularly who needed the blessing of God in their lives. Our morning prayer meetings in the school have been a great source of spiritual impetus and power even more this year than usual, and the general spiritual atmosphere has been much better than for several years. Consequently when the revival began, fruits were immediately brought forth.

The entire revival was characterized with special power and glory. Nazarenes, Methodists, Evangelicals and Free Methodists were all alike so that a stranger could not tell one from the other. All prayed together, worked together and praised God together with a feeling of perfect harmony and of brotherly love and fellowship.

A deeper and more thorough revival has never come under the

observation of the writer, who, by the way, is a minister's son, and has been through a great many revival meetings. It was not necessarily the most demonstrative or the most powerful in outward appearances, but the Spirit of God seemed to move so steadily and deeply, and much of the work that was done seemed to take a more lasting hold than usual as shown by the firmness and integrity of so many of those who received help from God during the meetings.

The evangelist, Bro. Shepherd, is a humble and spiritual man, and uses much wisdom in his ministration. There was a profound absence of any harshness or premature urging or pulpit impatience about it throughout. His sermons were directed to the needs of the people, his manner was simple, his thoughts were pointed and his teachings could not be misunderstood because of his great care to cover the ground well and to strongly fortify his teachings by the Word of God. We would not say that his sermons were necessarily profound and masterly; rather, they were simple and plain and practical. His desire seemed rather to get the heart out of his subject and give it to the people, than to build a logical masterpiece which would tend to divert the minds of the hearers from the real content to the beautiful structure or to the one who built it. The Gospel needs very little adorning, but it does need to be preached in the like plain and simple manner in which Christ preached, in order that people may see its genuineness and supreme simplicity and be constrained to accept it, not in word alone, but in its practical application to their own hearts and lives. Such seemed to be the aim of Bro. Shepherd. We do not hesitate to say that he will always hold a tender place in many of our hearts.

On the last Sunday night an expression was taken of those who had been converted, reclaimed or sanctified during the meetings. There were one hundred and two who stood up, several of whom had been both reclaimed and sanctified; and many who had received some experience were not present. While this is a large numerical showing, yet no one knows how great an influence this revival may ultimately exert.

We are praying that God's people will not permit any natural, consequent reaction to lessen their hold on Heaven or to retard their zeal for the work. We must remember and keenly realize that the permanence of this revival work, as of any revival, depends very largely on the steady progress of the saints and their constant hold on God in fervent prayer and earnest labor. The physical reaction will always come, but we must not let it effect our spiritual life, otherwise a great deal will be lost that would have been saved.



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No. 3

Editorial.

Silently and unconsciously like the gentle flow of a great river there goes from each life day after day an influence. This influence may be such that would tend to better the world or it may be very deleterious to the onward march of every good and righteous movement.

Like the gentle rays of the luminary of the skies which brings warmth and cheer, and even life to all, just so does every good influence tend to bring sunshine and gladness to our hearts, and life immortal to our souls.

On the contrary the influence that is the result of evil thoughts and evil motives works like a pestilence that walketh in darkness and is very harmful and contaminating to those persons who are affected by it. We may think that we have no influence, but we have.

You cannot think a thought, say a word, do an act without that thought, word or act sooner or later having its effect upon some one for good or for evil. Your mind dwells for a season upon some line of thought and then you forget it, so to speak, and you may think that that thought has had no influence. But it has become a part of you and will ultimately find expression in action which will be a force

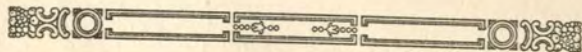
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conducive either of weal or woe.

We spoke a word in a thoughtless moment, one perhaps that lacerated the feelings of another, and we passed it by heedlessly, thinking that it would soon be forgotten. But that word has had weight, prestige and influence. And that influence can never be recalled. Again a word or two of kindness may be spoken and who can tell the effects brought about by such an influence. Many times there is life in word when spoken in a spirit of love and helpfulness, and many times there is death in a word when spoken with a spirit of envy and retaliation.

Lastly our actions which are but the replica of our characters, ideals and thoughts, are stronger, although more silent, than our words. Things are done and perhaps we fancy that no one has taken note; but a watchful eye has been upon us, and perchance we have made lasting impression upon certain individuals by a mere act. It may have been an act of benevolence or it may have been an act of ingratitude.

With these facts in view, how careful we should be in endeavoring to shed forth an influence fragrant with the aroma of the flowers of true thoughtful life,



My Auto, 'Tis of Thee.

The following soliloquy, all the way from St. Paul, Minn., is an experience that many in Washington are familiar with, and who will give it a permanent place in their scrap books:

"My auto, 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty—of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you two years ago, and now you quite refuse to go, or won't or can't. Through town and countryside, you were my joy and pride; in happy days I loved thy gaudy hue, the nice white tires so new, but now you're down and out for true in every way. To thee, old rattle box, came many humps and knocks; for thee I grieve. Badly thy top is torn, the whooping cough effects thy horn, I do believe. Thy perfume swells the breeze, while good folks choke and wheeze, as we pass by; I paid for thee a price 'twould buy a mansion twice, now everybody's yelling "ice"—I wonder why? Thy motor has the grippe, thy spark plug has the pip and woe is thine; I, too, have suffered chills, ague and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay my bills since thou wert mine. Gone is my bank roll now, no more 'twould choke the cow, as once before. Yet if I had the mon, so help me John—amen—I'd buy myself a car again and speed some more."



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- Academy -



SENIORS

"Say! Your Senior notes ready?"

"Oh, goodness! Time for those things again? How time flies!"

"Yes, they have just got to be in tonight at the very latest."

"Well, I shall endeavor to fill a little space, but it is rather difficult to get anything out of a vacuum."

We feel slightly at ease when we realize that for this semester, our last testing time is over and we are still alive and have proven ourselves more than conquerors, as usual. By the way, if you happen to see a Senior exhausting his supply of gray matter, so it becomes necessary to burn the midnight oil or dress by yellow candle light, please notify the marshal, for, as you can plainly see, we thoroughly believe in being temperate in whatever thing we do.

"Now, will this do?"

JUNIORS

"Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Juniors." They are slowly but surely coming to the front, and if we could follow them through life we would see Red Cross nurses, like priceless "Pearls," administering to the needs of the sick and dying; noted physicians, orators and professors. In every walk of life we would behold them from the likeness of the "Woman who lived in a shoe" to "The old maid" with her pet cat and parrot.

But we are not dreaming merely of the future, for each day we are busy salving the many problems that we meet. Greatly indebted are we to our class reporters in English, who help us to keep in touch with the world and also the war. Our sympathy for the Germans is aroused as we sing their national air, "Die Wacht Am Rhein," and delve into the mysteries of the language with our "Liebe Lehrerin," Fraulein Marston. For the present our motto is "Still waters run deep."

SOPHOMORES

Yes, we are gay young Sophomores; we are enjoying our studies and athletics immensely. We are now, as a class, beginning to see that pleasant word "delightful" at the top of the page when we open our books to labor studiously over them for a short session or long, according to our mental powers. We have had two debates and we are looking forward with great anticipation to those that will follow in the near future.

FRESHMEN

The Freshmen have successfully survived the after effects of the enormous Thanksgiving dinner. The turkey was a restorer of our natural good humor after the hard tests the day before. The "hike" on the following day, in which the Freshment took an active part, was enjoyed by all concerned.

The class mourns the absence from their ranks of their first class president, Clea Denney.

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- Societies -

ALPHA CLUB

"Still waters run deep."

Think of these words when you forget the existence of the Alpha Club. As an organization we have been rather quiet during the last month, but we are still at the grind.

The Senior members are turning over in their minds many plans and thoughts which will come to light later. You will remember us soon and we will be very much alive.

The older we all grow the more truly do we recognize the true Christmas spirit and see how it is warped and pulled about. As the season draws near we are unconsciously looking forward. Whether we will or not, we anticipate the Holiday season. The older we become the less do we place significance on gifts, but agree with Lowell that "the gift without the giver is bare."

PHILOPOLEMICAL DEBATING CLUB

Is it a task, burden or a constant grind to do this? Nay, not even an impossibility, but something like the undergrounding of the foundation on which the citadel of the meek and blinking modesty resides to break and to destroy at this time in swift and mountainous ruin the sweet influences of the long and protracted silence which every member has so reverentially held dear these last thirty days.

No forms and ceremonies in our club. We don't believe in them. Just the methodical teaching of profound thought and pious living is practiced while we manœuvre to and fro in social circles.

No special meetings to announce yet, and the best part about it, we haven't even thought about recalling our mayor, or even impeaching the Program Committee, and things are progressing smoothly and grandly without any friction whatsoever. Don't judge our present by what we are liable to do in the future.

"Spring Fevers" will be apt to do more for us than "Turkey Dinners."

So by this you may be surprised to know we are sailing down the stream.

Do you get the drift?

ALETHEPIAN CLUB

Just a word from the Alethepeans. Although we have had no meetings this month on account of the Revival, we have not been "weary in well doing."

The girls of our club decided to do something for Thanksgiving. They desired to have a real Thanksgiving spirit, so applied the saying that, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." They filled several baskets with goodies, carefully remembering to keep the balance between the proteid and carbo-hydrate food stuffs, then wended

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their way to gladden cheerless hearts. Although the rain poured down, and the darkness suggested spooky things, they remembered that in numbers there is strength, and went cheerfully about their mission.

The several families helped were very appreciative, and a real Thanksgiving spirit welled up in each one's heart.

ATHLETIC CLUB

The Tennis Club combined with the Basketball Club this fall and a new Athletic Association was formed, with Mr. Harold Mann president, Fred Gill vice-president, Miss Celestine Tucker secretary-treasurer, Elton Smith caretaker of courts, and Merton Matthewson Cascade reporter.

Renewed interest has been shown in both tennis and basketball. By a very commendable ruling of the faculty, credits are to be given to those putting in the necessary time to either sport.

Mr. Edwin Haslam is instructor for the boys in both games, while Miss Lawrence takes charge of the girls in basketball.

The tennis classes have been a decided success and basketball is the talk of the school. The two girls' teams play very enthusiastically. As this goes to press the Sophomore boys are holding first place, the Junior boys second place, and this means that the Senior boys have third place. But, though last, they are not the least.

We are hampered in our sports by the lack of a gymnasium. However, plans to meet this need are forming in the minds of several of us. Let us hope that something definite will materialize and when the chance comes, **BOOST THIS ENTERPRISE.**



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Locals

Our Friday morning program on November 14 was a great success and aid to the students. We enjoyed a very instructive and pleasing paper on "The Life of Tennyson," by Miss Morrow. This was followed by a musical program given by Mrs. Black and Mrs. Lemmen, two prominent ladies of this city. Mrs. Lemmen sang Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and several other selections, accompanied by Mrs. Black. Mrs. Black also played several solos of her own composition, in which she exhibited her remarkable ability along musical lines. The interest of the students in music was greatly aroused after this program.

A returned missionary from Africa addressed the students on November 17, and he related many interesting things about the size and products of the country and its customs and manners of the people.

The following Friday morning Mr. Sheperd addressed the students and his address or sermon was very helpful and it started a meeting which lasted nearly all day in the chapel.

Thanksgiving at the Seminary was a time of great enjoyment this year, as at all previous times. Each student took an interest in affairs and the result was a beautifully decorated dining room and a sumptuous turkey dinner. After the feast Mr. Higbee presented, in behalf of the students, a beautiful mirror for the mantle. It is an object of great interest, and some may be found gazing untiringly at its glossy surface.

Friday, the 27th, was an important day in the school, as the students celebrated the 25th wedding anniversary of their president and wife in their home. They spent a delightful evening and before refreshments were served enjoyed some speeches on the vital question of marriage. The speakers lightly hinted that their hearers should take the same step—at a suitable time. The days of hiking and parties are over for a while, as vacation closed on Monday. Vacations seem to be the guiding star for nearly all the students, and they are now counting the days till the Christmas holidays commence.



Alumni

Time for Alumni notes again! Our family is so large and scattered over so vast a territory, that it is hard to keep track of all the members. But we have lately heard a little about some of them, so will pass it on to you.

We are happy to congratulate Mrs. Gem Lewis Barnes, of Portland, Ore., the "Gem" of the 1911 class, on the arrival of a baby girl in her home. Her husband, Floyd Barnes, may share the congratulations if he wishes.

Dame Fortune has also been kind to Glen Dinsmore, '10, and his wife in giving them another little son.

The honor of making the highest grades in the teachers' examination of any teacher except one, in her resident county, was won by Louisa Ward, '13. She is now teaching in Priest River, Idaho.

Miss Lillian Perry, '11, has been granted full credit at the University of Southern California for her college work at the Seattle Seminary. She expected to graduate next spring from the first named institution, but has now decided to postpone her senior work until a later date.

Agriculture seems quite attractive to one member of the Alumni. Ray Langworthy, '10, and his "liebe frau" are at home in Outlook, Washington.

Ethel McReynolds, '10, has recently forsaken the state of "single blessedness" to live in the realm of "double happiness." We extend to her our best wishes.

The Boys' Orphanage, located at our mission headquarters in Yeotmal, India, is now in charge of Miss Ethel Ward, "our missionary" from the illustrious class of 1910. She can now be at home with her parents.

Laura Derringer has been enjoying a few days visit at her home in this city. She also is a school ma'am this year.

Perhaps this is enough for this installment, for if you hear too much at one time you will forget it quickly. So keep your eyes open for next month's news.

Merry Christmas to you all.



Exchanges

Vesta: Your November number shows a great improvement over the opening issue, both in cover and the grade of printing.

Multnomah College Monitor: The value of this paper seems amplified by the hearty response from so many advertisers.

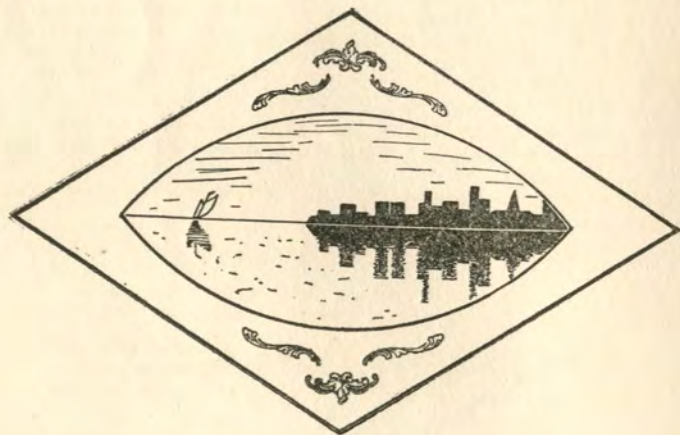
Hesperian: Glad to know your girls see the real value of athletics.

Houghton Star: The color of your ink is attractive.

Hemnica: Your article on "The Modern Paul" was splendid.

Crucible: It is impossible to overlook the November number of this paper. "The World Movements and Their Social Interpretations" and also the "Editorial on Voting" are indeed worthy of our mention.

Kodak: We envy you, without a single advertisement to mar your cover and contents. Your Thanksgiving number is especially full of genuine school life and spirit. Keep it up. Your "Thanksgiving Poem" is excellent. A few good cuts occasionally would put you in a class quite of your own.



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Jokes

Prof. Haslam (interviewing his geometry class as to the why and wherefore of the unprepared lesson on a blue Monday morning)—Oh, well, I suppose no one was home but the geometry and it was "Shutt."

Billy's Motto: "Sweetheart, if you talk in your sleep, please don't mention my name."

Eva Bucklen (impatiently)—We will be late for the first part. We have waited many minutes on that mother of mine.

Elton S.—Hours, I should say. (Ours.)

Eva B. (joyfully)—O, Elton, this is so sudden.

Lucille—O, Merton, there is still a little dew on these violets.

Merton—O, yes, I'll pay that later.

Prof. H.—Denny, what is a straight line?

Denny—One without any crooks in it.

Mrs. Higbee (in history class)—The German fleet is now on its way to bombard Vancouver.

Prof. Burns—Well, now, I don't think they ought to do that.

Miss Marston (first year deutsch)—Tell what you know. You don't always have to tell the truth.

C. Johnston (after dark)—Don't you want to pike down to the dorm. with me?

Grace Root—Which one?

G. J.—The girls', of course.

G. R.—Oh! I don't want to go there.

E. L. (in physics)—Inertia is that which keeps the earth from falling into the sun.

Mr. Robinson—Once Oliver Goldsmith met an Indian chief in London and the chief embraced him. When Oliver got through his face was oily and painted.

Miss Morrow—Goldsmith was always doing something but I expect I would have done the same thing.

Prof. Bagley—I hear they are going to turn the breweries into glass factories.

V. Stewart—What are they going to make? Bottles?

Prof. B.—No, they are going to make glass eyes for blind pigs.

Mr. Stevens (calling across the campus after listening to the serenaders)—We ought to take a collection for those girls.

Richie—You ought to take a collection for us for having to listen to them.

Miss L. (in physics)—What are the two parts to a definition.

Mr. Thuline—The beginning and the end.

M. M.—Salt water never hurts anyone.

M. Scott—Well! Let's jump in, then.

Prof. (in history class)—In Washington's monument there is a stone from every state in Washington.

L. Oughton—Along what line is the Junior class conducted?
Jones—Something of the "Let George do it" system, without any George.

E. A. Haslam (in geometry)—What do you need to construct a triangle?

Helen G.—A piece of chalk, I suppose.

Very few brands of face powder taste as good as they smell. (The fellow who figured this out must have had some practical experience some time.)

Willard: I just can't keep step with a girl who wears a hobble skirt.

O. H. : Well, Squire, take my advise and tie a string around your ankles to shorten your own steps.

Prof. B. in Eng. Hist. : How many wives did Henry VIII have?

L. A. : Six. Three Cathrines, two Annes and a Jane.

S. B. W. : I wish I was a Henry.

I was out cutting wood the other day and what do you suppose I did?

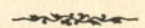
See inside of back cover for answer.



- Ye Schoole Gossip -

WELL, well.
HERE it is almost
CHRISTMAS again.
AND Vacation is here.
AND We are all glad, too.
CHRISTMAS vacation.
IS a Great thing.
IN THE Life of a student.
IN A Boarding school.
MANY are just.
FORTUNATE enough.
TO BE able to go home.
OH How sweet the sound.
HOME, Sweet Home.
ESPECIALLY to the.
Boarding-School student.
BUT SAY!
DO YOU realize.
THERE Are many people.
IN THIS World who are.
JUST as good as we.
OR Perhaps better.

WHO have no home at all?
OR IF they have there.
IS No Christmas-tree in it.
OR IF there is a tree.
THERE are no presents.
BUT AFTER ALL.
CHRISTMAS does not.
CONSIST in trees.
OR Presents or home.
BUT true Christmas consists.
IN the sacred remembrance.
OF the beautiful.
CHRIST CHILD.
THE Imitation of the.
CHRIST MAN.
AND the worsip of the.
CHRIST GOD.
MAY the true spirit of.
Christmas be our watchword.
A Happy Christmas and a.
Pleasant New Year to all.


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I cut wood, of course.

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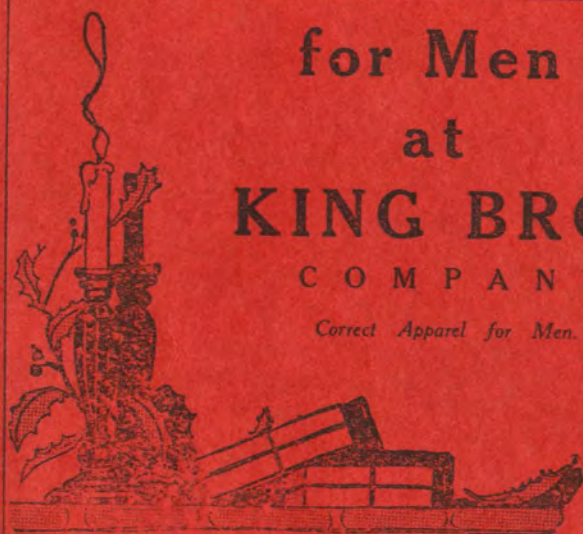
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