

January 1st, 1914

The January 1914 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.spu.edu/archives_publications_seminary

Recommended Citation

Seattle Seminary, "The January 1914 Cascade" (1914). *Seattle Seminary Publications*. 40.
https://digitalcommons.spu.edu/archives_publications_seminary/40

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Seattle Seminary, 1891 – 1915 at Digital Commons @ SPU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Seattle Seminary Publications by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ SPU.

Lair Newton



THE CASCADE



JANUARY 1914



4 per cent Paid on Savings Accounts

Fremont State Bank

Your Local Bank

Phones: North 219
Res. North 607

D. R. WATSON
F. J. WATSON

FREMONT & ROSS TRANSFER CO.

D. R. WATSON, Manager
FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING
Baggage called for and delivered. Good Storage Room.
Office, 3210 Fremont Ave.

For Fine Watch and Jewelry Repairing
CALL ON

R. L. Woodman JEWELER

3406 Fremont Avenue near Ewing Street

We are Specialists in This Line

Fremont Shoe Hospital

We give you the benefit of our 22 years of experience in FINE
SHOE REPAIRING. We also make Shoes to order.

REPAIRING: Men's Half Soles \$1.00, Ladies' 65c, Boys' 40c up.

SHOES TO ORDER: Boys' & Youths' \$2.50 up, Men's \$4.00 up.

W. M. Phelps, Manager

3421 Fremont Ave.

THE ROSS MARCHE HARDWARE CO.

wants your trade in

BUILDERS' HARDWARE, STOVES, RANGES, OILS, PAINTS,
GLASS, GRANITE AND TINWARE. PIPES
AND FITTINGS.

Yours for trade,

C. W. CHRISTENSEN.

Corner 3rd Ave. W. and Bertona St.

Phone: Q: A: 1826

Seminary Day at the Carnival

SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1913

Music by the COLLEGE QUARTETTE

2:30 P. M.

Art Exhibit by Fremont Artists

Come and bring your Mother.

FREMONT HARDWARE CO.

706 Blewett St.

Thos. W. Lough, Mgr.



FOUR FINE TRAINS

DAILY BETWEEN SEATTLE & PORTLAND

STEEL FLYER:

Leaves Seattle 7:30 a.m. Arrives Portland 2:00 p.m.

SHASTA LIMITED:

Leaves Seattle 11:30 a.m. Arrives Portland 5:30 p.m.

PUGET SOUND EXPRESS:

Leaves Seattle 11:45 a.m. Arrives Portland 6:30 p.m.

OWL, the popular night train:

Leaves Seattle 11:15 p.m. Arrives Portland 6:45 a.m.

For further information call on or telephone:

J. H. O'Neill, District Passenger Agent

716 Second Avenue

Tel. Main 932

200.00 GRAFANOLA FREE!

We mean just what we say!

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Q ALL we want from you is your good will and cooperation. Besides the Grafanola we shall give away:

A SEWING MACHINE
2 GOLD WATCHES
A TOILET SET, and
26 WEEKLY PRIZES

Ask us about the plan, call us up by telephone - North 183 -, or send your name.

Fremont Drug Co.

(Incorporated)

Lough & Woodman

Memories

Ruth Sharpe

*The fleeting years, how fast they glide!
What leave they in their wake?
A host of memories abide;
Oh, these they never take.*

*Like silken robes sweet mem'ries cling;
Time lulls our griefs to sleep;
Each year its store of joys will bring
And leave the tears we weep.*

*Like perfume from the faded rose
Our cherished dreams are flown;
With sigh o'er smile we muse o'er those
By wiser years outgrown.*

*Here lie the ashes of a hope,
And there, pride's ruined walls;
But need we mid such shadows grope
In mem'ries crowded halls?*

*Like twilight in the summer sky
That long the sun survives,
The tints of joys in days gone by
Remain to cheer our lives.*

*Tho' fleeting years may swiftly glide
And leave tears in their wake,
Our sweetest memories abide,
Ah, these they cannot take.*



It Makes a Great Difference

which Undertaker you call into your home
- the careless and haphazard or the cap-
able and proficient.

We have not only had years of exper-
ience, but have coupled with it years of ac-
tual study.

Our policy is to serve you as we would
wish to be served if conditions were re-
versed.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
Most Sincerely,

**E. R. Butterworth
& Sons**
MORTICIANS

1921 First Avenue

Seattle



My Dream of America and Vision of God

A Japanese Boy

America! America! How sweetly and deeply its vitality impressed me, offering true liberty, and murmuring of real freedom. With great joy I had my dream of hope. I believed every word that was said by American missionaries to my countrymen, and I, a sixteen-year-old youth, was almost enchanted by the excellent character of these missionaries.

I was greatly inspired by this greatest Republic, its real democracy, and its individual opportunity. Many times I looked to the far eastern horizon across the Pacific ocean, to the new nation, dreaming of its heavy crops and its high stacks of hay, its red apples, its white bread, its big oranges, and its sweet honey. I thought "There are abundant treasures, highly fragrant flowers perfuming the air, welcoming gates constantly opening wide; and there the richest is poor, and the poorest is living in abundance, having neither locks on their doors nor bars to their windows; all people dwelling in the love of God. Only there, I firmly believed, could I find sweet paradise.

How I rejoiced when I first caught sight of the new continent and shouted, "Lo! It is there; a peace-breathing land of all equality!" When I saw those snow-capped mountains, I, as a bird fleeing from the cage, felt like singing, "Wash me whiter than snow."

How blue and smooth were the waters of its harbors, just as clear as eternity's mirror. Its reddish-brown rocks reflected with the crimson light of the sun, shone brightly. The green field looked as comfortable as if it were a beautiful carpet, and those slender pine-trees, with their branches all towering up to the sky, seemed to be murmuring "Freedom!"

How good was the taste of the first drink of cool water to the new-comer! How surprised I was to have the elevator carry me up to the eighth floor and to see all those giant buildings looming high above ground. What joy filled my mind! It was inexpressible and indescribable. But alas! it was a dream and my mirage vanished in a moment as a bursted bubble.

Ah, all of this was impossible of fulfillment on this earth. Poor boy, exposed all day, fatigued and scarcely able to get daily bread. Still farther, how hard it was to suffer from illness, without having mother or brother. No one was kind to me, and sometimes the door was closed to exclude me without any cause while every corner was opening to drunkards. How I was looked down upon through unjust prejudice, and was insulted in the street without reason. The papers were filled with accounts of robberies, murders, and divorces. Many crimes in daylight prevailed openly under a good name. I was very discouraged with this darkness, and after meditating upon this life of

loneliness, I felt like crying out, "How melancholy our existence. Nowhere can I find the kingdom of God."

Surely I had dreamed and still my mind was dreaming, and I tried to encourage myself, repeating thousands of times these verses, "Ever onward, without rest and quiet;" "Our fears are always more numerous than our dangers;" "Courage leads to Heaven, fear to death;" "A purpose once fixed, then victory or death." "Life is as the boisterous sea. Rise up like a man and press onward to the highest goal, fighting furiously, full of vigorous energy, thus shall be accomplished all your ambitions." But those many claims and long dreams were all dispelled, and my efforts were of no avail.

Poor wandering youth, I, as a fool-hardy warrior, had failed and those long dreams had brought me nothing but disappointment. I strived to get into the real life, yet I felt encompassed by darkness. Oh, what am I? I cried out like an infant for the home of freedom and the sight of God. At last,

"Heaven sent it happy dew;
Earth lend it sap anew."

Now I found that light was not so far away, neither was the home of liberty on the wide foaming sea, nor in the so-called free land, but in here, in this heart, where Christ is enthroned within, a heart recreated and regenerated, the soul with the Love of God shed abroad, only then could one get that real freedom and sweet paradise.

The love of Christ kills the love of evil, and the smile of God melts away distance and helps me to forget my hardships. Under any circumstances and any conditions now I can find true satisfaction and the highest goal; this is the great gift of God.

Not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our Home."

Oh, dream of joy, how great it was! Let me dream always, and let me be awakened only by God. It was sweeter than honey-dew. The price of my dream was above rubies, and glorious Heaven sent me a peaceful life. Now I can see clearly the star-spangled banner in triumph reflecting its glory in an eternal stream, waving freely, still held on high by the brave puritan. And now, I can hear that fair speechless message echoing from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, "Our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, and that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom."

To me, to dream that dream was not an empty dream, but it was real. I have dreamed as I was wont to do, that I might see always the Light of God.

"Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer my God to thee."

Undoubtedly I owe much to Buddhism and Confucianism, especially for their deep thought and high ideals; nevertheless utopian dreams and oriental philosophy were like ancient oracles and air-castles to me; but now in America I have found in true Christianity that which I had so long sought, the embodiment of my highest ideals, real goodness and divine power.

The Cascade—Page six

Reminiscences of Ministers' Children

Help in Time of Trouble

Hazel Alberts, '16

The last rays of the sun were slowly fading from view. Mother was comfortably seated before the fireplace, while her busy fingers were trying to convert one of my old dresses into a new one for little Edith. The younger children were out of doors playing and everything in the house was still and peaceful. Presently the door opened and father entered looking very much perplexed. Mother looked up inquiringly and father said, "I don't know what we are going to do, I have looked everywhere I can think of and I can't find it. We have planned so much on it that I don't see how we are going to do anything now." "What is the matter? What have you lost?" said mother anxiously. "Why," he slowly answered, "that twenty dollar bill Uncle Ralph sent us two weeks ago." "Oh, has that bill disappeared? Where can it be?" she exclaimed in a tone of great dismay.

As most of the members of the society were poor our salary was very small and we needed every cent we could get. We had spent a great deal of time in planning how that money should be spent. Never had twenty dollars seemed so much like a fortune. But mother was not the woman to cry over spilt milk. She immediately arose and went to help father look for the lost treasure. Every room in the house was searched but the lost bill seemed determined not to be found. I could not see how God could be so loving and yet let us lose that money when it was so much needed.

But it was not to be seen and things went on as usual until one morning father came in with a letter from Uncle Ralph saying that he and Aunt Daisy would soon be with us for a two weeks' visit.

Although we were very glad to think that we were so soon to see our aunt and uncle, I knew that there was no decent furniture in the spare bedroom. Mother said that we must pray and have faith that God would send some furniture or provide for us in some way.

But trouble didn't come single handed, for the next week as I was walking home from the grocery store I was aroused from my doleful reverie by the feeling of strong hands laid on my shoulders. I was roughly pushed against the fence just in time to escape being trampled under the feet of a runaway horse. I gathered myself up and carefully examined my only dress and was greatly dismayed to find a great tear in the side of it. I hurried home, wondering what mother would say and feeling that it was hard to be one of the members of a poor minister's family. As I approached the house I heard mother earnestly praying to God that our needs in the near future would be supplied.

With a heavy heart I stealthily crept upstairs where I got a needle and thread and then went to the trunk to look for a patch. As I rumaged through the things my eyes suddenly fell on something that made my heart leap with joy. I eagerly grabbed it and bounded down the stairs. "Mother! mother!" I cried, "here is that

Page seven—The Cascade

bill." Our joy could scarcely be contained. "I knew God would answer our prayers," she said.

Though we thought we had it in a secure place baby had, in some way, gotten hold of it and thrown it with some other things into the trunk, and mother, hurrying by, had closed the lid, thus hiding the bill from view. Thus is fulfilled the scripture, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father's notice, and ye are of much more value than many sparrows."

I Can

Blatt Siler

The two words "I can" are simple in form, but their meaning stands high in the moral principles of success. We naturally look upon those two words as an every-day occurrence in speech, but the success of the world has depended upon those two words.

See what was accomplished in the civilization of the ancient Egyptians by the application of those words. Look back in ancient history at Alexander, who, when but a boy, did great military exploits in conquering Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, and India, and died at the age of thirty-three. Also, Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, Nelson, Washington, Bismarck, Lincoln, Grant, Lee and many others whose names we hear every day of our lives.

If these heroes had said "I can't," what would their names have meant to us?

Let us look at the old heroes of the Bible. Here we see Noah, Moses, Abraham, Elijah, Elisha, Samson, David, Solomon, Jeremiah, St. Paul, St. John, and Christ himself. If these heroes had paid no attention to the voice of God and had said "I can't," in what condition would the world find itself to-day? But for the toil of great men where would our twentieth century civilization, with all of its religion and sciences, be? We would still be in dark paganism and all the evil conditions of heathenism. Still further, we would be lower than this.

Do not think that all those men of inspired poetry, of literature, science and astronomy did not believe in the divinity of the Living God. In our greatest treasures handed us from age to age is manifest to belief in an almighty, divine power above. So led us strive to succeed in this world and leave out that system of "I can't." As the old saying goes, "I can't" never did anything. "I can" always succeeds."



The Cascade—Page eight

Beth

A Serial Story by

Louisa Ward, Col. '17

Chapter V.

The Reverend Ernest Wetherell, D. D., had just completed his Sunday evening sermon. He glanced over the pages, but after re-reading them felt dissatisfied. A few changes were made but still the result was unsatisfactory. There came a rap at the study door. "Brother Wetherell, there is a young man wishes to see you," announced the housekeeper.

"Show him in."

The preacher turned at the sound of steps and a minute later a tall, fine looking young man was ushered in.

"How do you do, Mr—"

"Graham," supplied the stranger.

"What may I do for you?"

"You are the Reverend Ernest Wetherell, I believe." The minister nodded assent. "I understand you are holding revival services here in the town of Ambassa and as I am greatly troubled about the condition of my soul, I have come to you for help."

The minister turned to the young man, looking him over from head to foot. He was a good judge of human nature and the scrutinizing glance he gave his visitor revealed to the doctor the fact that this individual was one of the few men after his own heart.

"Now, if you will explain your condition, I think I may be of some assistance to you. Just what doctrine are you unable to comprehend or is it one of the fundamental principles of Christianity or merely some inherent evil contained within yourself?"

"I don't quite understand what you mean but I want to learn how to get rid of this burden I feel on my heart."

After many unsuccessful efforts he began to comprehend some of the doctor's theology and as the preacher's heart warmed to his subject, the light of truth streamed into the mind of the young man, revealing to himself his true condition. They knelt in prayer and in a short time the Spirit of the Almighty took up His abode in Raymond Graham's heart.

After his departure the minister sat with bowed head at his study table. He was thinking deeply, pondering on a fact that had been forced upon his attention that afternoon. He had discovered for the first time that his theological training had developed his brain to the detriment of his heart. His sermons were merely book knowledge and contained but little, if any, of the true Bible spirit. Slowly he knelt and prayed for the real baptism of the Holy Spirit such as the young man had received that afternoon, for there had been something genuine and tangible to that, which the doctor had never felt. Long he tarried at the Mercy Seat, and then with a triumphant light upon his face, he, too, realized that not only did he at last perceive with his head, but his heart was now in tune with the heavenly doctrines. Glancing at the sermons he had so carefully prepared for the following evening, he reached for his manuscript, and in another moment it was lodged in the depths of the waste basket. For some reason he could think of no subject for

Page nine—The Cascade

his sermon, but he trusted God implicitly now.

As the organist commenced the voluntary for evening worship, the Reverend Ernest Wetherell ascended the pulpit stairs. He bowed his head on the sacred desk and remained there for some time. At last he arose from his knees. He seemed to have received the answer to some petition that had reached the throne of God. The preliminaries were at last over.

There was an expectant hush of silence ere the man of God announced his text: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Then was delivered one of the mightiest sermons ever preached. The love of God seemed to so fill the speaker that scarcely one in that vast audience did not marvel at the truths he heard. They forgot the preacher, forgot themselves, and seemed to behold only "The Man of Calvary," as He died on the cross for their redemption. They heard the softly pleading accents of His voice as He gently bade them come unto Him and find the rest they had so long been seeking. The minutes flew past, but no one thought of time. They were enveloped in the mystery of the ages—the divine Love of God for poor, fallen humanity.

Then came the altar call. Not such an one as was customary, for people merely to raise their hands for prayer, but those who wished a real touch of Divine Love, were invited to kneel at the chancel rail.

Among those who made their way to the front was a sad-looking girl, dressed in black. She began to weep bitterly and call on God to come to her soul and ease her aching heart. She, too, with many others, found peace. Then with a joyous ring that had been absent from her voice for weeks, she told how she now realized for the first time, the wonderful love of God, that she had laid her heavy burden down at Jesus' feet and had found perfect rest.

"Who is that girl?" inquired Mr. Graham.

"That's Elizabeth Carlton," Frank Harvey answered. "Her brother Jim was telling me only yesterday how worried they all were over her, but I think this will be just the tonic she needed."

It was a glad family that met under the Carlton roof that night and blended their voices in thanksgiving to God for a household united in one faith. A dear one was gone from their midst, but they must only wait a little while to see her again.

Chapter VI.

"December thirty-one," so Beth read off the calendar in the kitchen. "My, this year has flown by. It certainly has been an eventful one in my life."

"Sis," Jim called from the dining room, "are you going to watch night service tonight? I thought it would be nice if you could go with father and me."

"Why, I'd like to very much, Jim. See who that is knocking at the front door, will you?"

Jim opened the door. A stranger stood there.

"Good afternoon. I am sorry to disturb you, but I find that I cannot travel on further because of my ankle."

"Come in, come in," Jim urged. "It's too bad you have hurt your foot, but we will be glad to have you remain here as long as you wish." So saying he brought in the man, who was limping badly.

"My name is Graham—Raymond Graham. I live at Seattle and happened to be visiting friends here in town. About a month ago I sprained my ankle." Jim led him into the sitting room. "But," he continued, "I thought it was well by now, so I planned to walk to the

foot of Mount Ascension, but I see I have attempted too much."

"Well, we are glad to have you with us," said Jim Carlton, and as his sister entered the living room, he continued, "Sis, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Graham." Then turning to the latter, "Mr. Graham, this is my sister, Beth Carlton."

They shook hands and it did not seem a very long time till they were chatting like old friends. Beth had to leave to complete the preparations for supper, which was served a few minutes later.

By seven o'clock Mr. Graham's ankle was so much better that he felt he had better return to town, but he was met with protests and they invited him to accompany them to the watch night services at the Methodist church. He finally consented.

So it happened half an hour later that Beth found herself chatting away to Mr. Graham as if she had known him all her life.

They had been silent for several minutes, when Mr. Graham asked, "Miss Carlton, weren't you converted during these revival meetings held here lately?"

"Yes," Beth answered, "and ever since then I have often wondered how I ever could have existed without the precious love of Jesus in my heart."

"It has been the same with me," he answered. "Perhaps you do not know that I too found the Saviour during these services and have given my life to Him."

Then they discussed the revivals and the good results which followed the last Sunday night meeting.

At last they drew up before the church and alighted. The service was very interesting as each one told his or her experiences during the past year.

The hands of the clock pointed to five minutes to twelve. Soon the old year would be gone. Beth, as she knelt, felt that the past was gone, never to return, but the new leaf she was turning over was fair and bright. Would she keep it thus spotless, or was there to be a blot somewhere on the shining page? She realized that a new element had entered her life, one for which she could not account but trusting the Allwise Father implicitly, she was able to sing with the rest,

"Another year is dawning,
Dear Father, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee."

Christmas Tales and College Talk

Our Editor in Chief, Miss Ruth Sharpe accompanied her mother on a short visit to Corvallis, where they joined other members of the family in the home of Miss Sharpe's sister and enjoyed a happy Christmas. Mrs. Sharpe had spent a few days with her daughter at the Sem. and seemed to enjoy the place very much. The Alpha Club was honored by her presence at one of its regular meetings.

Squire B. Willard of Class 1915 spent an extraordinary vacation with relations near Portland, Oregon. He seems to have some charmed paper in his pocket that causes smiles to break out upon his

face now and again. We can't find out just what it is, but we have some suspicions.

Ed Haslam, the business manager, has a very far-away and thoughtful look in his eye nowadays. Maybe he is thinking of matrimony, don't ye know?

On the evening of Dec. 17 Mr. Griggs entertained the College Male Quartette in his home. He generously exchanged his hospitality for their melody. All enjoyed the evening hugely.

The evening spent at the home of Miss Mott was unique and characterized by many jolly stories and songs. Now these are they who according to invitation did wend their way to the home of Miss Mott on said evening: Misses Edna B. Lawrence, Louise Ward, Bessie Ward, Lena Skuzie and Addie Cook. These are the young men who kept the bears and spooks from getting the young ladies: Oliver Haslam, Ed Haslam, Winifred Thuline, Squire Willard and Floyd Puffer. Dainty refreshments were served.

But who of that party of eight who took the excursion hike to Fautleroy Park could ever forget its absolute success? I see them now seated about an improvised table, eating cake, toasted steak, pickles, stuffed olives, and many other good things, or gathered about the fire for a picture, or some on rafts hurriedly built for the occasion. Three of the boys went in wading, and it was fine, too, even on Dec. 23. Catch cold? I should say not. Then the songs by the fire. "Old Black Joe," the quartette of male voices "Twanging his sweet guitar" then on the way home, "I is gwine back to Dixie" and other fine old songs. You see, we boys, Messrs. Haslams, Thuline and Puffer, took it upon us to get up the lunch and entertain our ladies for the day in a fashion that would be out of the ordinary, and when you know that the ladies were Misses Lawrence, Louise Ward, Ruth Sharpe and Addie Cook you will readily see that they are the type of ladies who enjoy an outing to the fullest extent.

Miss Lois Cathey was hindered from enjoying many good things of the vacation by a rather hard cold, but she is in good spirits now and with us in school.

Miss Perry spent much of her vacation with relatives out of the city.

Miss Alberts is fortunate in having a fine home, where vacation or any other time is always so comfortably spent. So think we who have no homes here.

Mr. Koudo visited friends in Portland during vacation.



The Cascade

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per Year	\$.75
Per Year with Quadrennium Number	1.00
Quadrennium Number75
Regular Copies10

STAFF

Ruth Sharpe	Editor-in-chief
Lois Cathey	Exchanges
John Root	Societies
Floyd Puffer	Locals
Ada Beegle	Missionary
Burt Beegle	Joshes
Louisa Ward	Alumni
W. Thuline	Art

E. A. Haslam	Business Manager
O. R. Haslam	Associate Manager

Vol. IV

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

No. 5

Editorial

Did you ever see a body of students who did not indulge more or less in New Year resolutions? The custom is old, and the Sem is not exempt from the practice. A student said the other day: "I'm not going to make any New Year resolutions"—a resolution in itself. However, we do not have so much to say as some, although that does not prove that purposes are not constantly being formed and reinforced. It is not the declaration of the lips that counts, but the deliberate fixing of the will, the silent, deep purpose of the heart.

There is something inspiring about the solemn turning of the New Year leaf, and yet it appeals to me more and more that with the dawn of every new day or the passing of every hour and minute, a new year is begun, and should we fail once, we may begin anew at any time. It may be that some have disappointed themselves already this new year,—

"but what of that?"

It's nothing against you to fall down flat,

But to stay there, that's disgrace!"

Napoleon did not conquer Europe in one battle, nor can we be masters of ourselves in a day. Good generals study their charts; so must we study ourselves and perfect ourselves by rooting out our shortcomings one by one.

It is said that the third repetition of an act establishes it as a habit. A good line of action, if continued then, will soon become a habit and then easy. On the other hand, a negligent, shiftless or injurious course of action may as certainly become a habit and hard to break. We must not be too sure that by avoiding good resolutions, we are not carrying out harmful negative resolutions. It is good merely to resolve to do our best day by day, but this simple resolution if sincere has a very practical application to our daily lives. There is something about this daily conflict which should stir the pride and fighting courage in every progressive young man and woman who has ambitions worthy of attainment.

The school grounds are the rehearsal stage, where "every one must learn his part" in this shifting play of "Resolutions." Each one of us should resolve to treasure purity and truth in our hearts as invaluable gems.

Locals

Lest I forget, I will announce that on Dec. 17, for the first time in years, we had Coffee served in a unique manner as a representative by-product of the Freshman class. Some speech! The above was the beginning of a series of speeches and was followed by Mr. Thuline of the Sophs. He says there are eleven brothers and sisters younger than he in the family and he isn't the oldest. Eloquence is the adjective suited to Mr. Thuline. Fred Gill of the Juniors next spoke "On the firing line"; O. K. Senior Carl Anderson explained "Some attractions in the kitchen." Next came Professor Stilwell amply illustrating and explaining "The psychology of a smile." Miss Mott of the department of English then gave us a brilliant, thorough talk on "Christmas Spirit." We all felt the desire to pickle this spirit the year round. Miss Kathryn Whisner rendered excellent pianoforte productions and the College Male Quartette sang two selections.

On the Monday night before vacation an excellent farewell supper was spread for the departing students, after which speeches were made. Sir Walter Scott, Miss Dubois and Mr. Edens spoke. The former gave two reasons why he desired to spend the holidays at home. Mr. Edens spoke concerning Christmas celebrations in Ireland. Mr. Puffer spoke of dining room pleasures, home-like chats about the fireplace, and hikes that would make the Christmas time joyous to all who stayed. President Beers made typical pleasant remarks. Close rules were suspended, and all expounded their pent-up feelings in times of jolly good cheer.

Some students actually pretended to do back work in English and Botany during vacation.

At Christmas time each person was asked to draw a slip upon which was the name of a person for whom we were to make with our own skill any present we chose. Boys chose the names of girls

The Cascade—Page fourteen

and vice versa. The array of presents was comedy exemplified. Little Miriam Marson celebrated her first Christmas by sending a present to a young college chap.

A scene of the Spanish-American War was recently enacted in the dining room by an American comedian and a Spanish gentleman. The program was short and spicy in one act and two scenes.

What a time the seven Phils did have on the Snoqualmie three-day hike—the hike of their lives. You will hear more later.

Mrs. Best and Miss Hunter are to be congratulated on the dainty decorations and the general and well-ordered schemes for entertaining the students who remained at the Sem. for the holidays.

We regret very much the illness of Professor Bagley, and earnestly hope for his immediate recovery.

Those evenings spent around the fireplace down at the dining hall were no dull affairs. Somebody banged away on the piano nearly all the time, especially when a pleasant conversation had previously been started. Some sat down where the chair ought to have been but wasn't; some cracked jokes, others cracked nuts, and a few did likewise to their voices. Oh! how the hours flew. We would no more than get started till the old clock would up and point its iron hand at eleven, and the preceptress would look rather sleepy, and then—

Another morning came, and after breakfast was well finished several young men went over by the fireplace while the rest finished breakfast. Puffer said, "Let's sing." Haslam said "What shall it be?" Thuline, "Lead, Kindly Light;" then all cleared their throats and scraped their shoes so they could beat time, and then—well, to make it brief, soprano, tenor, bass and alto, all by boys, mind you, went up. Next we sang, "I Love to Tell the Story," and then sacred prayer was offered and thanksgiving to God for such prosperity and joy as is ours at this season.

Now, what do you think? Thuline celebrated the end of vacation by making a round trip to Tacoma and back all by himself.

Three Freshmen walked into the dining room with painted faces the other evening. Mrs. Beers spoke to them. They turned around and walked right out again.

King George of the Bachelors got one eye all black some way and can't wash the black off. And he won't make any statement. The correspondent never had any such trouble getting statements from Woodrow Wilson or Gov. Lister.

Mr. and Mrs. Higtee visited relatives in Oregon during vacation.

Alumni

Miss Lillian Pickens '10 sends greetings from Greenville College, and informs us that her work there is very enjoyable. She has also been engaged in some evangelistic services carried on during the holiday season.

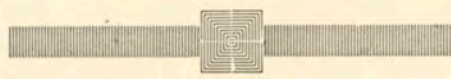
There is great rejoicing in the home of Mr. Ernest Gibson '10 and his wife, a former Seminary student, over their little son, born November 11, 1913.

Several of the alumni visited their homes during the Christmas vacation. Misses Saidee Rose and Laura Deringer of the class of 1911, Miss Matel Petersen '08 and Miss Esther Welch '13 were among the number. The latter is enjoying herself immensely at college in Newberg, Oregon.

Page fifteen—The Cascade



Societies



Alethpian Literary Society

Once upon a time in the dim ages of the last month of the last year the Alethpian Club had a meeting. By this we wouldn't have it inferred that it was so long ago we have forgotten all about it. Far from that! We could never cease to remember the Christmas spirit pervading the whole atmosphere.

The trip taken by the club that evening will long remain in our memory. Shakespeare introduced us to

"This precious stone set in the silver sea
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

Mary Johnson then followed by giving us a peep into Sweden. After listening to the faint strains of "Stille Nacht" as we passed the German shores we landed in a very brief space of time at Palestine, where Vina Smith seemed to be most familiar. At last Helen Johnson kindly led us back to our childhood days, when

"'Twas the night before Christmas,
And all thru the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a house."

But we were not allowed to delay there very long, for Katie Lawrence and Violet Haviland soon brought us back to the present events transpiring in this world. After another brief journey accompanied by music, Mr. and Mrs. Beers gave us a few remarks that we very much appreciated. At last we had to dismiss, though we were loth to part, for our meetings are always so pleasant.

Associated Departments

The Senior class pins are coming by freight, therefore the date of their arrival is uncertain.

Breathes there the Senior
With soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is the best school year I've had?

Continued on opposite page

The Cascade--Page sixteen

Exchanges



—"The Cascade" wishes each one of its exchanges a Happy New Year.

—The Kodak, Everett, Wn.—You should be congratulated on the extent of your departments and class notes.

—The Orderly, Hill Military Academy Portland—You have a very neat paper, but where is your literary department? A few cuts would help out, too.

—The Purple Pennant, Cortland, N. Y., always looks good to the Exchange Editor. Get some energetic student to bring in a few department cuts.

—The Adjutant, San Rafael, Cal.—Your continued story is very interesting. We are waiting for the next issue.

—The Sotoyoman, Healsburg, Cal.—You are a very complete paper. The poem, "Thoughts of You," is a bit of art. Encourage such talent. You are to be congratulated on your literary productions.

—The Cardinal, Portland, Ore.—You are the largest paper we exchange with and have room for everything. You are fortunate in obtaining so many short stories and such clever cartoons.

—The Chevron, Albion N. Y., is a neat, compact paper. The students seem to have the proper kind of school spirit.

—Lutheran Normal School Mirror, Sioux Falls, S. D.—We fail to find any cuts in your paper. Try to persuade someone to contribute a poem.

Continued from opposite page

The Juniors think it is hard to have to study after vacation revelries, but the sight of coming examinations will drive one to almost anything.

The Sophomores always will be Sophomores as long as they are Sophomores. It does not matter whether the eastern states lure them away for vacation, or whether the state with its beautiful Rose City claims them during the Christmas festivities, Sophomores are still Sophomores.

We hereby warn the Freshmen of their coming defeat in the debate.

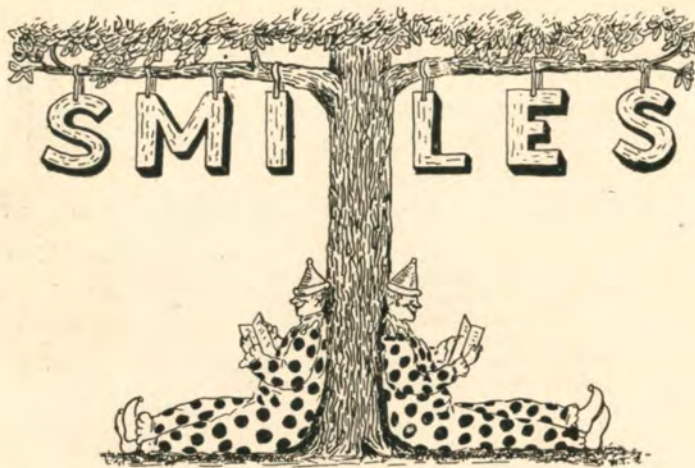
The Seminary has survived the great catastrophe (vacation) and so have the Freshies, all but one, who has not returned.

With the New Year we find ourselves wonderfully supplied with provisions, there being one hundred pounds of "Coffee" at our disposal, a huge "Trout" and a never-failing supply of "Parsnips."

We support home industry, having one "Mill" in full operation, which disposes of American and Spanish products wholesale imitation is the worst form of flattery. The class, the most classical of classes, thought to deprive us of our postum supply, but now they find their efforts only crowned with Folsom.

As on former occasions, Whitehead has decided to uphold the banner of the Freshman Class.

Page seventeen—The Cascade



NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

Will R.—Resolved to quit talking in my sleep.
 "Corporal" and Wade Folsom—Resolved to become better acquainted with the beauties of Green Lake.
 "Speedy"—Resolved to speed up a little.
 Riggs, Aldridge and Coffee—Resolved to study the art of painting.
 "Hi" G.—Resolved that my last year's resolution be null and void.
 Charlotte Morrison and Mary Scott—Resolved to grow fat.
 Smith—Resolved to let the queens alone.
 Burton B.—Resolved to learn music of the assistant music teacher.
 Miss Hunter—Resolved to grow tall.
 Seniors—Resolved to let the world know who we are.
 Oliver H.—Resolved not to make any resolutions.
 Louise W.—Resolved to do my best in abolishing continued sto-

ries.
 Thuline—Resolved to have company on my next trip to Tacoma.
 "Deacon" Mills and "Spin" (in chorus)—Resolved to omit dueling from our school curriculum.
 Willard—Resolved to overcome my bashfulness.
 Valma S.—Resolved to take violin (?) lessons from one of the bachelors.
 Will R. and "Hi" G.—Resolved to treat the cook before breakfast with the dignity she deserves.
 Troutman—Resolved not to write any more notes.

NOTICE TO STUDENTS.

Anyone attempting to make up for lost sleep during church services need not be surprised to receive a bill for lodgings.
 (Signed) F. A. P. (Janitor).
 Photographer—"Look pleasant for a moment, please, Mr. Coffee. That's it; a moment longer. There, you may now resume your natural expression."

STUDENTS ATTENTION!



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

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

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

Phone: Main 2174
 701-703 Leary Bldg., 2nd and Madison

THIS IS FUDGE TIME
 And most *Delicious Fudge* is made with
MAPLEINE



Here's the Recipe:

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 cup milk, butter size of egg
- 1 teaspoonful Mapleine

Cook without stirring till it forms soft ball in cold water, take off fire and beat until it gets creamy, pour on buttered plate. Add chopped nuts, figs, dates or coconut if desired.

Cakes, Icings, Ice Cream and Dainty Desserts are delicious made with MAPLEINE.

Your Grocer has Crescent Goods
Get them to-day

FOR REFRESHMENTS

Nut Bread Sandwiches, Good Cake, or wafers are always in demand. Yours will be light, tender and dainty if you use:

CRESCENT
Baking Powder

We make it pure and the raise is sure

Send 2 cts. for Recipe Books
 Department X

CRESCENT MAN'F'G CO.

Seattle : : : : Wash.



WE INVITE THE PATRONAGE OF THE STUDENT

Body, who are referred to Mr. Puffer who acts as our agent in the collection of Laundry Work.

Model Electric Laundry **Established 1890**

Ed. Haslam (at table)—"That kid is afflicted with puppy love."
Charlotte Morrison — I have passed that stage."
Puffer—"Got the real thing, have you?"

"A Freshman had a Thomas cat, it warbled like Caruso.
A Sophomore threw a baseball bat; Now Thomas doesn't do so."
—Ex.

Scottie (thinking of the coming feed in his room)—"Professor, there's something the matter with the keyhole to my door."
Prof. M.—"Very well. I'll look into it this evening."

Why does Louise not sing alto well? Because she sings to Hi.

Bill James (entering cafe)—
"Wie gehts."
Swede Waiter (calling to cook)
—"Wheat cakes."
Bill James—"Nein! Nein! Nein!"
Waiter—"Nine? You'll do well if you get three!"

Motor Expert—"The noise in the engine you complain of is caused by sparking too fast."
Miss Selders (haughtily)—"The idea! Does that concern you?"

Miss Tong—"Now, class, look at the beard and I will run thru it quickly."

M. M.—"Why did you get your hair cut?"
Smith—"Just to get a load off my mind."

Fremont Pressery

3420 Fremont Avenue

Branch of *DIXIE DYE WORKS*

**HATS CLEANED AND CLEANING AND DYEING
BLOCKED. PRESSING & REPAIRING
GLOVES CLEANED.**

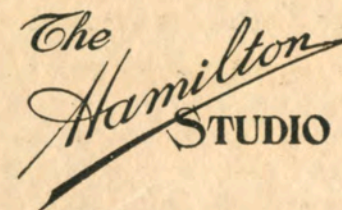
Lowman & Hanford Co.

616-620 FIRST AVENUE

**Book Sellers Stationers
Copper Plate Engravers**

Phone: Elliott 1305

Portraits, Views



ROOMS: 675-680 COLMAN BLDG.

811 First Avenue

Seattle, Wash.

DOMESTIC HAND LAUNDRY

FIRST CLASS WORK - BEST PRICES

612 Ewing St., Fremont

O. R. Haslam, Sem. Agent

Seattle Seminary and College

A PROTESTANT CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL
On the Accredited List at the University of Washington

Good courses are offered in the following departments:

**College of Liberal Arts
Academic Department
School of Art
School of Elocution
School of Music**

For further particulars and catalog address

**A. BEERS
Station F Seattle, Wash.**

Clothing Sale

Prices Cut 25 per cent

Suits, overcoats and raincoats have been reduced in price for our January Clearance Sale. The new winter models can now be secured at a decided saving.

\$15 to \$35 Garments
Now \$11.25 to \$26.25

Bargains being offered in every department.

719 SECOND AVENUE

NEAR COLUMBIA

KING BROS. CO.

Correct Apparel For Men

SHOES

FOR
YOUNG LADIES

in Patent and Dull Leathers
and in all the New Styles at

2.50 3.00 & 3.50



HOYT SHOE CO.

1402 THIRD AVENUE