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The March 1914 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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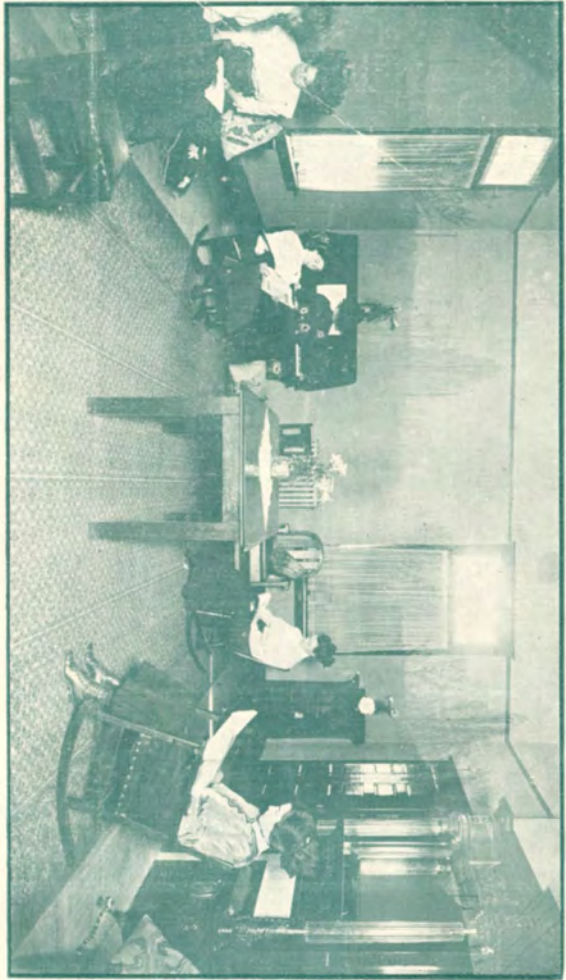
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Louis Newton



THE CASCADE

Lair Newton



Altheipian Club Parlor

Dedication

To all who love the Irish hue,
 To all who love St. Patrick, too,
 To all who Beauty's charms admire
 And to Ambition's heights aspire,
 To those who for our welfare pray,
 Nor would a helping hand delay—
 Who in their hearts love truth and right
 And for our cause would dare to fight—
 To these and to those others dear,
 Who rocked our infant cradle here,
 We dedicate what here you find—
 The products of our heart and mind.

—Alethebian Club.

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St. Patrick's Day In The Morning

Ruth Sharpe, Col.'15

*Hushed were the sounds of the day's busy life,
Peacefully slumbered Earth's toiling throng;
Long since the hour of midnight had sounded,
Silent the reveler's tardy song.
His tardy song.*

*Deeper the shadows grew, waiting the dawn,
Till o'er the hilltops Aurora appeared,
Rousing the breezes a secret to whisper—
A message to Ireland by long years endeared.
By long years endeared.*

*First by the south wind its purport was caught,
Then as the morning, night's shadows dispelled,
Blithely the songsters burst forth in their gladness
Trilling their notes by sheer rapture impelled.
By rapture impelled.*

*Hail to the shamrock and Erin's green isle!
Hail to the day when St. Patrick was born!
Long may his mem'ry in love be revered,
Long may "the green" by the Irish be worn.
By the Irish be worn.*



THE GARDEN



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He Came

Althea Marston, '14



IT WAS really spring, the best of all the year to Miss Dolphin, and she gave a half sigh of relief as she closed behind her the door of the little country school house, out in a suburb of Irwin, Colorado. The day had been unusually hard and it seemed as tho the dreamy weather had affected the children in somewhat the same manner as it had herself. But Miss Dolphin never allowed the trials and difficulties of the school room to go beyond the door.

She hurried across the road to where her pony, Dapple Grey, was kept, for she always anticipated the afternoon trip home with the greatest pleasure. That afternoon seemed exceptionally grand. Even Dapple Grey felt the effects of the tantalizing atmosphere and went ambling along like an old retired fire horse. This just suited Beatrice, for oh, how she loved to linger in the woods! Like Hiawatha, she had "learned of every bird its language." And now the truant birds had all returned from their yearly visit to the sunny south and were again singing, as Beatrice thot, their praises to the Great Creator of all.

The lulling breezes seemed to lure the pony and his fair rider past the little lane to the left, which led to her humble cottage home. She perceived that Dapple Grey was perfectly contented to mosey on in the same lazy zig-zag fashion.

But this would never do—she must be up and doing for others, since she had long ago learned the secret of a happy and contented life. Now for just a little run down the new county road and back again, for she thot that Dapple Grey was in great need of some sort of vigorous exercise. She spoke quite sharply to him and, immediately taking the hint, he trotted briskly off down the macadamized road. The air became more invigorating. On and on they sped, faster and faster, passing the mighty trees like dizzy shadows. Beatrice tried her utmost to check his course, but to no avail. Just ahead a turn in the road came into view. She heard the



rumbling roar of an auto-truck. What was she going to do? Dapple Grey became more and more unmanageable. Who would reach the turn first? The next instant told. As the mighty truck rolled into sight, Dapple Grey made a plunge forward on the outer side. The old truck whirled around in its course, struck the frantic horse and threw Beatrice some twenty feet from the road side.

What to do, was the first question that faced the terror-stricken men on the heavily loaded truck. There the pony lay in the center of the road, dead beyond a doubt. With ready hands the two men pushed their way to where the slight figure lay in a heap in the netted underbrush.

"There comes an auto! Go hail 'em quick! We need help the worst way," commanded one of the men.

"Hey there! Stop!" called his partner, waving his hat frantically toward the machine, which slowed up.

"What's the matter, Jenkinson? Ho! I can drive past that horse all right. Anything I can do for you?" lightly laughed the gentleman in the car.

"Yes, Doctor, you're just the one we want," he answered, pointing to where his partner was motioning to them.

Doctor Townsend hurriedly turned his machine to one side and was earnestly hoping that it might be a case that would add considerably to his little store of wealth.

After a brief examination of the unconscious girl, the doctor informed them that it was only a broken arm. "Might be worse," he added.

"It's bad enough for a poor girl like her, I should judge," returned Jenkinson.

"Just my luck to get all the charity cases on earth. I've been trying to work up a practice here for the last six months, and at least get a little something ahead. Getting rich is tougher work than I expected."

"Money ain't everything," ventured Jenkinson. Just then Miss Dolphin opened her eyes and attempted to sit up, her right arm hanging limp at her side. The doctor quickly informed her that her arm was really quite badly fractured and should be attended to at once.

Beatrice raised her big blue eyes to his face and, brushing the tangled brown hair from her forehead, asked them if they would kindly take her to her home.

With very little difficulty Miss Dolphin was comfortably seated in the doctor's machine. She cast one long glance at her pretty Dapple Grey and could not check her tears, so she hurriedly turned her head. A comprehending smile passed over the countenance of the doctor, but he quickly concealed it.

Hearing the machine, the aged parents stood anxiously looking down the lane and wondering what its coming meant, then looked to the ruby curtain of clouds over the golden,

glowing west and prayed God to withhold any evil. Their suspense was short, for the story of the whole accident was soon told.

Beatrice's arm was immediately cared for and the old couple tried in their feeble way to express their thanks to Doctor Townsend. They also assured him that he should receive due recompense for his services.

That evening, as the doctor drove away, he began to realize for the first time that what Jenkinson had told him was really true—that money isn't everything.

All the way home to Irwin his thots were on the little cottage, and especially on Beatrice. How different was his unsettled life from her simple one! Over and over again the event of the afternoon flickered across his mind, and he unconsciously longed for the morrow to come, so that he could again drive down the shady lane and enter the peaceful walls of the humble cottage home.

The following afternoon, when doctor Townsend arrived, he found Miss Dolphin surrounded by her little country school flock. The floor was nearly re-carpeted with butter-cups and daisies. What a sight, indeed! The doctor fairly wished that he were one of the little tots.

Miss Dolphin had greatly improved and was again acting like her really and truly self, just beaming over with good cheer for each and every one.

After repeating "Good-bye" many times and assuring the children that she would be back again in the course of a few days, she watched them scamper away down the lane.

Beatrice's arm improved as rapidly as could be expected, the doctor calling frequently to see that all went well. At last she was able to resume her school work, but still the doctor came and came—and came.





Character

Agnes Schneider, '14



WHAT is the secret of greatness? There are different conceptions of what makes greatness. Some say that wealth makes one great; some, that talent and genius are the secret; and others, that on noble birth hinges greatness.

Alexander the Great had riches, talents, ability and a noble heritage, and yet we always reflect upon his life with pity and regret that one so able to make a complete success, failed so utterly. He was as the morning-glory that blossoms in all its gorgeous splendor in the morning and is withered by the mid-day sun.

Edgar Allen Poe is called a genius but how sad is the story of his life. His works reveal the same morbidness that pervaded his life. They do not uplift and encourage mankind. Instead a gloominess often oppresses the reader after perusing one of his selections. History is full of records of men who had ability and the favor of Fortune, but made miserable failures of their lives in spite of all fair omens.

Again, we read of men, rising from the lowliest walks of life, winning the love and admiration of the world. It is not genius, ability or wealth alone that makes a man great, but a grand, noble character, which always gives him prestige over his fellow-men. George Peabody said: "Steadfast and undeviating truth, fearless and straightforward integrity, and an honor ever unsullied by an unworthy word or action, make their possessor greater than worldly success or prosperity." Character, then, is the secret of greatness.

It is said of Longfellow, that his life was not unlike the river Charles, of which he wrote:

"Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam
I have felt my heart beat lighter

And leap onward with thy stream."

We do not love him for the grand sublimity and perfectness of his verses but for the cheer he brings to the disheartened, and the hope to the despairing. The kind sympathy in his poems falls "like a gentle rain from heaven" on our hearts. Surely, Longfellow was a great man.

Lincoln never won the presidency through riches, nor fame, neither did his personal appearance give him any superiority over others. It was something more powerful and deep, that bound with bands of steel the hearts of his countrymen to him. It was his honesty, straightforwardness, high standards of principle and his great heart that beat in sympathy with his fellow men. And these things make a high and noble character.

"Character is like an inward spiritual grace of which reputation is, or should be, the outward and visible sign." No one is afraid to trust a man of real character. In times of stress, nations have placed almost unlimited power in the hands of one man whom they knew could be trusted. A man of sterling worth is remembered when others sink into oblivion. "Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone."

The nation, it has been said, is what its people make it. If it is true of a nation it is true of the home, the school and the individual himself. Every person has the privilege of determining his own character. He can rise above his surroundings and aspire to the best in life, by means of culture and education, a daily practice of doing his best and seeking the good and noble and beautiful in everything around him.

Loneliness

The night is dark and the chill rain falls,
And my desolate soul to your soul calls,
And the night wind moans in the
chimney.

Do you hear thru the years my heart's
sad cry?
In the shadowy silence, alone, am I,
And the night wind moans in the
chimney.

Oh, soul of mine, thy God is near—
There is naught, then, that thou shouldst
fear—
'Tis God's own voice in the chim-
ney!

—M. C. '14.





Reminiscences of Ministers' Children

When a Woman Scored

Mary Cathey, '14



INCREDIBLE as it may seem to the present enlightened generation, women were at one time considered incompetent for public positions. The men said, "Just leave it to us." So every thing and every body was left until the women, uniting, demanded recognition, and won it! But before the introduction of this glad era, the gentlemen highly disapproved of women doctors, lawyers or even preachers.

It was during this "dark age" that the pastor and members of the Free Methodist church at Rockport, New York, decided that the spiritual condition of the society and the neighborhood necessitated revival services. Notwithstanding the strong disapproval of some of the prejudiced brethren, the only available evangelist proved to be a woman preacher, Miss Mary Churchill.

Old Bro. Doyle, a very set, positive man, declared publicly that he was "dead against the women preachin," and he, for one, intended to do his best to make the evangelist uncomfortable. Similar opinions were held by most of the townsfolk, many of whom refused to come out to the services.

But curiosity is a very powerful magnet and on Tuesday evening a large audience was present—"to see what was a-goin' on." The two rear seats were crowded with young people who intended to have a good time.

Just as the pastor arose to open the service, Bro. Doyle entered the church and walked deliberately up to the very front seat, fully aware of the sensation he was creating. When the congregation knelt for prayer, Bro. Doyle straightway lifted his voice, asking for grace and strength for that particular meeting (strength to make the evangelist uncomfortable, every one interpreted it). His voice grew loud and strong as he prayed for mercy upon women who thrust themselves thus into prominence. A strained, painful silence fol-

lowed. The pastor was dismayed. What a beginning! With fear and trembling he arose to introduce the evangelist. At this moment some one in the rear giggled and called out distinctly, "What came ye out for to see? A prophethess?" A general titter followed and matters began to look serious.

But all disturbance ceased as Miss Churchill stepped forward. She was, as Bro. Doyle afterwards said, "an uncommon pretty young woman." The slimness of her figure was accentuated by the simple lines of her black dress. Her whole appearance was characterized by a gentle refinement and a total lack of self-consciousness. Glancing over her congregation, she said in a clear, quiet voice, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel." Bro. Doyle objected with a loud groan. But Miss Churchill proceeded, undaunted, to announce her text, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." She did not preach as she had heard some one else preach, but in accordance with her own personal convictions. As she developed her theme, her simple, earnest manner was changed. Her face became pale and her eyes glowed with an inward fire. That she had gained the perfect attention of her audience was very apparent. Even Bro. Doyle sat gazing intently at her, his face working with conflicting emotions. Gradually all accusing frowns and sneers disappeared from his face and a look of complete surrender swept over his features. No preacher, not even a man, had ever so powerfully described the condition of the lost, the awfulness of sin, and the certainty of hell.

The words of the speaker came faster and faster. Her voice grew more intense. And when, after dwelling upon the joys of everlasting life, she invited all to come and find Jesus, instantly Bro. Doyle arose. With tears in his eyes, he stepped forward, and falling upon his knees, he made his confession and asked God's forgiveness. The whole audience was stirred, and tears filled the eyes of many who had not been known to weep for years. As if with one accord, some of the oldest, most chronic sinners in the neighborhood started for the altar where they were gloriously converted.

Bro. Doyle's complete change of views was very pronounced. No one proved a more staunch supporter or more sincere friend than did this man who at first so strongly opposed "women preachers." And yet, man like, he still insists that Mary Churchill is the exception that proves the rule.





Beth

A Serial Story by

Louisa Ward, Col. '17

Chapter VIII.

12

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H, GIRLS, have you heard the news?"

"What news? Tell us quick! Don't keep us in suspense, Pepper!" demanded Myrtle Rogers.

"A-aw, our dearly beloved teachers," Pepper began, with an exasperating drawl, "have decided to convey their much-honored selves to the president's residence for dinner tonight and a social function afterwards, and Beth Carlton is going to be left in charge."

"Beth? Oh, isn't that glorious," commenced Myrtle, "but I really don't know if that will do us any good, for since her return she's been so different, and when

we asked her to join the 'Sublime Seven' she acted so queer."

"Oh, that's because she's got religion," ventured Linda Brown.

"Well," said Myrtle, "her religion certainly has something to it, but all the same, I wish she were the same old 'Bettina.'"

"Say, girls," Pepper broke in, "what do you say to doing something tonight, just for fun." And then the voices grew softer as they discussed ways and means.

Linda Brown listened attentively while thoughts also crowded thru her brain. She had entered the academy shortly after Beth's return home, and had not known her in the days of her popularity, although she had heard enough to make her foolishly jealous and desirous of taking Beth's place among the students. This she had partially accomplished. She was made one of the "Sublime Seven," to whose members she had been especially sweet. She had put forth all her efforts in winning a way for herself, but as her motives were purely selfish, she found it somewhat difficult. Since

Beth's arrival, her power had waned to a great degree, for Beth attracted the students to her as naturally as the magnet does the needle. So Linda waited for an opportunity to "get even" with her for what she secretly termed in her jealous feelings as her "everlasting high mightiness."



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It was the sunset hour. Beth stepped out on the piazza to enjoy for a few moments the glorious radiance of the departing monarch of day, which was dyeing the golden west a score of changing hues. Mellow orange and gayest yellow melted toward the horizon into a thousand shades of richest crimson and deepest red. Beth softly quoted:

"Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire."

Her fancy wandered from one fleecy cloud to another, forming them into vast edifices and ancient snow-capped mountain peaks.

"Miss Carlton," a voice broke in on her reverie.

Beth turned. "Yes, Miss Bennett."

"I just wish to remind you of my previous injunction concerning the girls," began their preceptress. "I am very sorry I must be away, but of course it is unavoidable. I know it seemed rather surprising to some that I should have put you in charge, but as you are one of those I can trust, I feel justified in doing so. I hope you will have no trouble. When I return be sure to report how things have gone."

"I thank you for your confidence and hope you will have no occasion to feel it misplaced," Beth said solemnly. She turned towards the hall door to make preparations for her evening duties. She dreaded the hours before her, for she felt mischief was brewing.

Study hour commenced, however, with the usual settling down to lessons. Beth had just settled herself comfortably to work out some hard problems in analytics, when she heard steps in the hall. Now this was a violation of the rule that all girls should study in their own rooms. She hastily opened the door, but only the empty hall met her glance. Heaving a sigh, she left her door open. Had she but looked a moment later, a red head would have appeared behind a radiator. Pepper arose, looked carefully at Beth's door, then tip-toed noiselessly to the nearest room. Three knocks in quick succession gained for her immediate admission.

"Are they all here now?" she asked.

"Yes, all but Myrtle," answered Linda.

"Did you all get in without any trouble? She almost caught me."

"Oh, yes, that was easy," Rose De Thorens explained. "Linda got permission to study Greek with Dora. Elsie crawled in at the window, though how she ever did it I don't



know."

"I certainly got in easy," said Dolly Vance. "After inspecting our rooms, she had to go upstairs, and I just came here during her absence."

"Now for the eats," and Pepper began to set them out in splendid style. Every once in a while a warning "sh!" would quiet them, and they would lower their voices. In the midst of their feast came a gentle tap on the door. Girls flew in every direction, under the bed, behind the wardrobe, and into the closet. Straightway Beth entered.

"Why, girls! What are you doing?" she exclaimed. "Ah! It's a feed!" She shook her head. Rightly guessing it was the "Sublime Seven," she said. "Girls, don't try to hide, for I know who you are. I'm sorry you've done this, for I did so want to tell Miss Bennett that everyone had been lovely, but," Beth's voice trembled, "now I can't, for I must tell her the truth. I just came in to tell Linda she is wanted at the phone."

The girls went unwillingly to their rooms and Beth to her interrupted problem. She had but just commenced when the ring of the doorbell called her downstairs. To her great surprise she found Mr. Graham at the door. After taking him into the parlor, she excused herself for a few minutes while she got one of the girls to take her place upstairs. She returned and they had a pleasant time together as they chatted of mutual friends, Beth's home and family. Mr. Graham told of his work and bright prospects in the future. He had gone into partnership with Harry French, and they expected soon to have one of the finest drug stores in the state at Am-tassa. Beth was indeed glad to learn of her friend's great plans. She in turn told of her school work and the sort of life led at a woman's college. It was all so interesting that Beth was surprised when the chimes began their usual nightly strains of "Abide With Me." As they bade each other good-bye, she felt rather than saw an expression in his face which puzzled her, but she tried to banish the impression from her mind.

The next day brought its measure of joy and sorrow into Beth's life. The joy came in the form of a florist bouquet of red rosebuds. She looked in vain for a message or card, but well she knew whose kind thoughtfulness this betrayed. Often when her heart was heavy during that day and the next she would instinctively seek her room. There in the fragrance of blossoms and the velvety softness of rose leaves she would bury her cares. Only they seemed to know how to comfort her. Sometimes as she stood there looking down on them, thoughts and dreams would float thru her mind that had never been there before, and a strange little flitting smile often played about her lips but would as suddenly vanish when she

realized of what she was thinking. To the others, she was the same Beth as of yore, except an added sweetness often stole into her face.

Of the sorrow that came into Beth's life the following day, it might be said to have been thru no fault of her own. The "Sublime Seven" at once grew bitter against her for telling of their misdeeds. Linda especially formulated plans to get even, and it seemed that Providence had put a means in her hand when she discovered about Mr. Graham's visit. She at once told Miss Bennett of the "awful" occurrence and went on enlarging on the deceit Beth had practiced. To her chagrin, she discovered Beth had already informed Miss Bennett of the whole affair, explaining it entirely satisfactorily.

At the appointed time the next day the girls filed into the preceptress' office to hear their judgment pronounced on them. Sullen, morose and defiant were their countenances. Miss Bennett entered in all her majesty, but when she turned to them they were surprised to see tears in her eyes.

"Girls, I have something to tell you," she began. "When I heard of what you had done, I was extremely grieved to learn that I could not trust my girls. Beth has plead with me to lighten the punishment, but this I felt I could not do, for you have been guilty before. Then Beth offered to take your punishment for you. Of course for her it will be much harder, because she has to bear it for seven. I have decided to let her have her way."

Puzzled astonishment filled the faces before her. This was more than they could understand. This—after all their rudeness, too. Meekly they fled out of the office, and by common consent gathered in Linda's room. For a moment no one spoke.

"Girls, wasn't that sweet of her?" Rose spoke softly. "And after the way we have acted to her, too. I'm so ashamed of myself. I don't feel as if I could ever face her again." This seemed to voice the sentiments of all their hearts.

"We must do something to make up for our coldness and show her we really love her again," said Pepper. "Let's have a feed for her." All smiled at this, for they knew Pepper's fondness for toothsome delicacies.

Nevertheless, a "feed" they had, but with Miss Bennett's sanction this time. And such a dear little affair it was! Once again Beth was taken into their eternal friendship, but dearest of all to her proved the affection of Linda, whose hostility melted into the richest and sweetest companionship Beth had ever known.

(To be concluded in the May issue)





Eleventh Muse

Spring

Oh, beautiful Spring has come once more,
And tiny flow'rs peep from 'neath the sod.
Old Winter has closed his dreary door
And all is the handiwork of God.

The little brook wand'ring on its way
Is singing a song with newer meaning.

The birds have all found a sweeter lay
And sunshine in ev'ry heart is beaming.

'Tis spring; resurrection time of the year,
When care and all sorrow have taken wing.

And heaven indeed seems very near
To hearts that are filled with joys of spring.

So when the sad cares of life oppress
And all that is hopeful fades away,
Remember that springtime's warm caress
Brings promise of God's eternal day.
—Charlotte Morrison.

To Mrs. Dinsmore

We pause and think a moment of our teachers, kind and rare,
And we think of one who teaches by her kindness everywhere.
Though we see her not as often as we do the other ones,
Still we feel her helping presence when our meal time comes.

We think of all her patience, of her

planning love and care,
That we all may be partakers of a wholesome, dainty fare;
And now we wish to thank her, but that's more than we can do,
For all her love and labor that she gives for me and you.

—Mabe.

My Heart's in the Homeland

My heart's in the homeland, my heart is not here;

My heart's in the homeland with loved ones so dear.

Walking in meadows, 'neath trees bending low,

My heart's in the homeland wherever I go.

Farewell to the homeland—farewell to the West,

The country of freedom, the land I love best;

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove
The scenes of the homeland forever I love.

Farewell to the long loved scenes of yore,

Farewell to the breakers that dash on the shore;

Farewell to the beauties of nature so rare,

Farewell to the hillsides and flocks roving there.

My heart's in the homeland, with loved ones so dear.

Walking in meadows, 'neath trees bending low—

My heart's in the homeland, wherever I go.

—Lesta.



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Alethe pian Staff

Editor.....	Lois Cathey
Associate.....	Althea Marston
Exchanges.....	Laura Dubois
Locals.....	Josie Kelley
Joshes.....	Mary Cathey
Alumni.....	Louisa Ward
Art.....	Lucile Black
Business Manager.....	Ruth Sharpe

Vol. 4

No. 7



Editorial

The Cascade this month and next will be turned over to the respective temporary staffs of the Alethe pian and the Philopole mical Clubs, who will have the entire management of it. The result of the publications will be a prize awarded to the club producing the winning paper.

We rejoice very much to be able to present to the public this special number, managed, edited and put out by the Girls' Alethe pian Club. The paper is run in St. Patrick's colors, which are also the colors of the club.



Our Broader World

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The rise of the modern finished college woman to a masterliness superior to her timid, retiring grandmother, has gained for her a sure foot-hold on the social stage from which nations are swayed or ruled. She has become practically indispensable to the solution of the finer ethical and sociological problems.

To accomplish the various ends which force themselves before her educated vision, numerous college women's organizations have been formed, not only in America, but in Europe also. These vary as much in the nature and scope of their activity as there are material and aesthetic demands for their existence.

The value of the interest which college women are manifesting in the suppression of vulgar literature among American readers is very noteworthy.

Various associations interest themselves in the question of preserving the home, of assisting the properly ambitious girl, of wrestling with the prominent political and especially the social problems which constantly face us. If we could but look behind the scenes and observe for once the active interest of millions of women who are giving heart and soul to improving humanity, it would be a revelation. The leaders among these altruists are principally college women whose influence we feel almost every day of our lives.

Who is not familiar with the Ladies' Home Journal, The Woman's Home Companion, and ever so many more well known magazines in which we meet the clearest minds of thinking women? What a vast field is open for the educated woman to make herself an effectual uplifting force in life!

In Memoriam

We, the students of Seattle Seminary and College, sympathize with our beloved President in the loss of his aged father.

Mr. Beers is so closely associated with the school that his sorrows touch us, and we take this opportunity to assure him that we do not forget him in his bereavement.



Girls' Affairs

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Dear Editor: I am a student and in a state of great perplexity. It seems nobody cares for me. Do you not think it would be wise to take up this semester the subject of "The Psychology of a Smile?"

A Heart-Broken Maiden.

Dear Girlie: I fear you have the wrong conception of life. Smiles are not a result of study, but of living for others. Try loving instead of wanting to be loved.

Kind Editor: Is it proper to assist a gentleman with his coat when he is leaving?
Louise.

My Little Louise: I would not advise you to attempt it as it might be rather embarrassing to climb up on a chair.

Dear Editor: I am a blonde of sixteen summers, short, and weigh 150 pounds. Would one of the latest plaids make up in a becoming manner for Easter?

Mamie.

Dear Mamie: Taking your size into consideration, do you not think a light striped pattern would give a more slender effect and be more appropriate for the occasion?

Dear Editor: Is it a fact that the girls have succeeded in breaking up the Bachelor's Club?
Interested.

Dear Reader: I have been watching with interest the effort of the boys to return to the ancient monastic method of steeling themselves against the charms of the fairer sex. I prophesied its failure from the very first. The complete break-up of the club seems to be a well-known fact.

Dear Editor: How shall I dress my hair for the coming Senior reception, as I wish to make an unusual appearance?

Puzzled.

Dear One: The fashionable African girls have a unique



method of dressing their hair. They braid it with red mud, coiling it from two to four feet high. The effect is highly startling and would undoubtedly create the sensation you desire.

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Dear Editor: Would you advise a girl in going over a difficult place at night to seize hold of a gentleman's coat, if he offers it?
X. Y. Z.

Well, if I were you I'd seize his coat and his cloak also if I had such a good opportunity.

Dear Editor: Will you kindly explain why the Phil notes for "The Cascade" have been so scarce this past semester?

Ally Thep.

Dear M: No doubt they have found it necessary to reserve what news (?) they have been able to create—such as the account of the hike at Christmas time and other events that happened months ago, to fill up their number.

Dear Editor: In doing my shopping, I am often at my wits' end, to know where I am able to get the best return for my money. Can you not make some good suggestion?

Spendthrift.

Girlie: Patronize the advertisers.

Alumni

You will find this department larger this month on account of the nature of the paper. We believe it would be a pleasure to our readers to know where the alumni members of the Aletheian Club are. For this reason we have mentioned more than usual.

Among the alumni we find seventy-three who were at one time or another members of the Aletheian club. Mention will not be made of those who have had previous mention in The Cascade this year. All are engaged in useful pursuits and are thus helping to better the world.

Twelve of this number are attending college. Miss Josephine Claus '10 is at Evansville Seminary and College. Misses Addie Cook '10 and Lillian Perry '11 are still upholding their Alma Mater. Others are at the University of Washington and Greenville College. Miss Rachel Vandevanter '11 is taking the normal course in the Holy Names Academy, Seattle.

After knowledge has been obtained it is natural to desire to impart in unto others. This is what fourteen of the alumni have decided and are each doing in her particular sphere.

There are a few who have not yet left the home nest or who are working at other occupations besides teaching and

domestic science. Among this number are Misses Nellie Peterson '01, Ellen Kindig '05, Ruth Humphrey '09, Lula Meacham '11 and Ruth Stilwell '12, who are living in Seattle. Others are Misses Lizzie Albright '04, Pomona, Cal.; Minnie Robertson '04, Gresham, Ore.; Maude Welton '09, Spokane, Wash.; Grace Droz '10, Colville, Wash., and Effie Vanderveen, 12, Portland, Ore.

We would not forget to mention the warriors of the cross, who are nobly battling for truth and right in foreign lands. Mrs. Anna Millican Youngren '01 and Mrs. Eva Bryan Millican '10 are in Japan; Miss Mattie Peterson '02 and Mrs. Aimee Boddy Millican '05 in China, and Misses Lorena Marston '05 and Ethel Ward '10 are in India.

Mrs. Esther Meacham Stilwell '10 is indeed happy over her baby boy. "Grandpa" Stilwell has a right to be proud.

Mr. Ralph Milton '10 is also rejoicing over his son.

We were pleased to have a visit from Miss Rose Richey '12 at the Sem. She anticipates staying in Seattle for a short time.



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Aletheian Statistics - 1914

Membership	32	Tallest member	G Whitehead
Total height	169' 11"	Shortest member	V. Selders
Total weight	4,253 lbs.	Heaviest member	C. Coder
Total age	563 y'rs	Lightest member	M. Whitesides
Average height	5' 4"	Darkest complexion	E. Lawpaugh
Average weight	133 lbs.	Lightest complexion	V. Selders
Average age	18 y'rs	Average size of shoe	No. 4



Domestic Science

Domestic Science, the branch of study concerned with household economies, and which has been made in many of our large cities a part of the school curriculum, has to some degree helped to meet the difficulty arising along the lines of domestic service—which work should provide for the physical comfort of its executors.

This service varies in different countries, according to the remoteness of the country and to the rank of society. In times past, the work of the household was done principally by slaves, this being due to the social inferiority attached to domestic service.

The household industries have always been sought by unskilled laborers and the kitchen has remained practically in the hands of this class of people since the great foreign immigration during the middle of the 19th century.

In the more modern times, in spite of the many advantages enjoyed by these servants, they are beginning to realize that there is no chance for advancement. They are industrially and socially almost in a state of isolation. Mistresses also complain of the uncertainty of the whole situation. There is no standard of excellence. This problem has been thought by many to be remedied only through our training schools.

Educators do not view the subject without recognizing and emphasizing its educational value. It is here a girl receives the necessary training which fits her more completely for life in her own sphere. She is then independent and need not look to others for assistance. She is fully prepared and capable of managing her own household affairs. There she is mistress of all she surveys—except?

Some of the Aletheian members of the Domestic Science class chum together in the dormitory, and what they cannot get up in the way of eats in the evening is not worth eating.

Equipped with two chafing dishes and a tin bread box for a cupboard, they are able to prepare all sorts of delicious concoctions.

Sometimes study bell finds them anxiously testing candy fudge, divinity taffy, etc. A favorite is called "Yummy":

3 cupfuls of light brown sugar;

1 small lump of butter;

1 small can condensed milk.

Cook like fudge, add flavoring and chopped nuts, and beat until creamy.

Of course there are heaps of funny looking dishes to wash, and I can see Molly with a woebegone look on her face rinsing dishes under the faucet, and two or three girls standing dejectedly around with a dish towel in each hand. But it's well worth the trouble. It is harmless fun, and I'm sure even the Phils would be glad of a chance to criticise the food at one of these spreads.

Exchanges

We wish to call the attention of our exchanges to our special number this month. It is an extra large edition and has been prepared with unusual care. We hope you will enjoy reading it and we wish to thank our exchanges for the ideas and inspiration we have received from them. No doubt the function of the exchange department is the interchange of ideas and the elevation of school standards.

We have enjoyed reading all the papers this month. Of course we all have our weak points, but nevertheless our strong points are none the less commendable.

Purple Pennant: I think your paper would "take" better if you would change the style of your cuts.

The Spectrum: The paper is very praiseworthy throughout. Your jokes are indeed spicy.

The Hemnica: Your cover is quite attractive, but there's no law against a change of cuts.

The Review (football number): You possess good school spirit. Your exchanges are very good.

The Houghton Star: I don't think too many cuts really add to a paper, but a few more would really improve yours. You have some literary talent represented in your last number.

Orderly: We like your jokes.

The other papers which we acknowledge are "The Oracle," "Weekly Index," "High School Buzz," "The Antelope," "Visalia High School News."

When some of our exchanges fail to appear we are very disappointed. We try to put out the very best kind of a paper we know how, a paper that it will be to your advantage to exchange with. We will look for more exchanges next month.





Ready Reference Table

Offices	Alexandrians	Aethiopians	Phils	Freshman	Sophomore	Junior	Senior
President	I. Root	M. Johnson	B. Beegle	S. Troutman	V. Smith	E. Smith	W. Scott
V. President	Wade Folsom	H. Johnson	W. Stewart	H. Edens	W. Davis	P. Denney	M. Cathey
Secretary	P. Dull	J. Kelley	E. Smith	N. Morrison	P. Dull	C. Morrison	E. McLaughlin
Treasurer	E. Smith	V. Smith	J. Root	M. Matson		M. Robinson	E. McLaughlin
Marshal	W. Davis		W. Davis	W. Buzan	V. Stewart	H. Mann	W. Stewart
"Cascade" reporter	S. Troutman	L. Ward	G. Coffee	H. Edens	M. Matthewson	F. Gill	M. Johnson
Representative to Associated Student Body				A. Oughton	G. Brady	D. Higbee	
Chaplain				S. Troutman			
Musical Director or	M. Jones	M. Edwards	E. Haslam				
Assistant Musical Director	C. Morrison	V. Smith					
Program committee:	L. Black	W. Scott					
	A. Schneider	W. Davis					
	C. Tucker	W. Folsom					
Chorister		E. Lawpaugh					



The Seminary Talk

This semester the students seem bent on becoming "banner students," and when that tardy bell rings, it finds every Senior and almost every one else in the assembly room.

We were all very enthusiastic over our report cards the other morning, and as Profs. Stillwell and Marston passed them out, we rushed forward to get them, and some returned smiling and others—"Ah, I'm going to study next semester."

There is nothing we enjoy more than those excellent talks, that Prof. Stillwell gives in chapel occasionally, unless it is a pineapple or grape-fruit feast; and we certainly enjoyed the speech he gave Monday morning on "George Washington."

We have been very fortunate in having the privilege of listening to some interesting addresses this month.

Mr. Hunshaw, secretary of S. V. M. B., addressed the students on the importance and need of foreign missionary work. His message was cordially received.

We were greatly pleased to have Mr. Godby, a faithful and constant friend of the Sem, with us Monday, Feb. 9. He introduced some of his late books and gave a short talk to the students.

The next morning, Rev. Dewey, conference evangelist, gave a short but impressive talk. All were deeply touched by his earnest and inspiring sentiments, and indeed, we feel grateful for the interest he takes in the student body.

A concentrated effort of the school and community has been for the past month centered on the revival services now being conducted by Rev. Dewey. His preaching has been accompanied by power and inspiration. A great many have sought and found Divine Favor. The spiritual atmosphere has begun to clear up and the sunshine of Heaven is beginning to radiate beams of joy, but there are still many victories to be gained.

"It has been decided that we have a holiday this afternoon." Scarcely had the magic words passed Prof. Stilwell's lips when an emphatic cheering began. It seemed that the school had gone wild. After dinner the enthusiasm reached a higher pitch, when it was announced that there would be a baseball game at Woodland Park at 2:00 o'clock. Of course, every one went. Who would think of staying away on such a gala day? Promptly at 2:00 o'clock the great event commenced. The Freshman and Sophomores played Juniors and Seniors, although other classes were represented on both sides.



Oh Fudge!

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WASN'T HE CALM?
One night after school Miss Lawrence was working hard in the laboratory when Ed Haslam knocked at the door and asked for a glass of water. He obtained it and left only to return immediately for more. When this had happened several times, Miss Lawrence could not refrain from asking the cause.

"Well," replied Ed, "I don't want to frighten you, but the printing shop is on fire and I'm trying to put it out."

Riggs: "Will you ever love another?"

She: No, never if I get out of this affair."

Oliver's father and a neighbor were talking. "Your son," said the neighbor, "is pursuing his studies at college, isn't he?" "I guess so," replied his father, "he is always behind."

Liza Grape men ally mindus
Weaker maka Liza Blime,
Andy Parting Lee B. Hindus
Foot brin Johnny Sands a time.

—Ex.

Anderson: "Why are we so late?"
Conductor: "Well, sir, the car in front was behind and this car was behind before besides."

Miss Mott: "We'll take the life of Burns tomorrow. Come prepared."
(You had better look out, Professor.)

NERVY?
(Helen and Harold at the Y. M. C. A.)

He: "You are quite comfortable, are you, Helen?"

She: "Yes, Howie."
He: "Can you see the speaker well?"

She: "Perfectly."
He: "You are sure you feel no draught?"

She: "Absolutely."
He: "Then change seats with me, will you, please?"

Burton Beegle: "The doctor advised me to go to Oregon for my heart."

Brady: "Whereabouts in Oregon did you leave it?"



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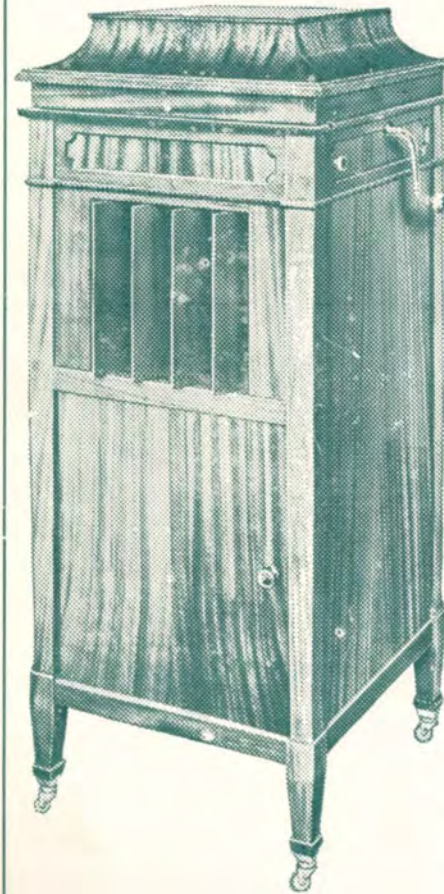
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I want a pair of trousers."
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Smith: "I don't want to rent 'em;" Puffer: "Me for Sweden."

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