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The February 1915 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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February, 1915.



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'Tis painful grief to pierce the heart;
But when the same dart pierces two,
'Tis joy.

--Cupid.

Night in the Woods.

Wade R. Folsom.

As darkness falls upon the woods
The pale moon rises, round and bright,
Over the mountain slopes and peaks
To lull and pacify the night.
A brook leaps hurriedly down the glen
And in a lake its voice is stilled
Within an owl's lonely too-who
That drifts over dark-outlined hills.
So now the night in stillness lies,
And on the lake the moon may trace,
Amid a million lucid points
Out in the field, her pleasant face.
Across the homeless hills, alone
Within the camp-fire's ruddy glow,
A hunter, by his drowsy dog
Sits late till cold winds wail and blow.
The night hawk soars o'er head and shrieks
Upon the earth with wierd note;
The wakened hound uplifts his ears
And growls at some noisy coyote.
The autumn leaves upon the trees
Now sob, and branches sway and bend;
The acorn trees in winding glens
Cast ghostly shadows on the land.
The prophecy of storm prevails
In wailing trees in scattered parks;
The moon drops down behind the world
And night deepens and all is dark.
Over the far-chained mountains steals
A sea of clouds that hover low
And shroud the dim-traced land dead white,
Where sits enthroned the kingly snow.
The grass lies covered; willows droop
Over a stream splashing coldly;
The snow falls fast, and thick, and long,
And drifts onward unceasingly.
A waterfall pours down and foams
Into a crevice dark and deep,
As if its wild spirit did try
To waken Nature from her sleep;
And unclothed quaking-asps shiver
Near sharp ravines where congregates
Dense darkness on their naked walls,
Which now escape the wind's cold face.

The wings of night flutter away,
Unveiling Nature's burdened roofs
And tilting floors, lying asleep
In Winter's touch, standing aloof;

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Literary

Deadman's Bluff.

Hida Staggs.

"Marie, did you bring the pickles? Augusta, I know very well that you forgot to put in the salad." Alice was sitting on the side of the boat, trying to think whether or not anything had been left. "I bought some hot peanuts at the market, and only ten cents a pound, too. The lady that I bought the peanuts of tried to sell some saur kraut to me, but I didn't think that you would care for that. I tell you, though, we certainly have a fine 'feed.'"

In explanation I may say that six of the girls of Forest Seminary were out for a good time. They planned to leave the seminary about 10 o'clock, and, after securing a boat, to row up a small stream about two miles to a little promontory called "Deadman's Bluff." There they were to have a feed, returning home shortly after midnight. Many stories had been told of this bluff—how that no one who ever ventured near there would escape with his life. After hearing one of these ghostly stories, the girls had decided that it would be quite a daring exploit for them to make a trip up to Deadman's Bluff to see if any of these stories really were true.

Accordingly, arrangements were made, and after securing a boat, the girls loaded with their provisions and started up the river. The boat, gliding swiftly along on the dark, silent river, made a very picturesque scene. The sound of the oars splashing into the water mingled with the screech of the nighthawk as it darted in among the tall, majestic trees. Now and then a twig snapped or a pebble splashed into the water, while in some places the trees hung so low over the water that the boat was scarcely able to pass. The night air was so exhilarating and the scenery so beautiful that the girls were almost intoxicated with the beauty of it all.

Suddenly Peggy exclaimed, "Isn't this beautiful and lovely and grand? My goodness, I am not afraid, are you? If you are, there isn't anything to be afraid of in all this lovely place. As no one seemed in the mood to talk, Peggy became silent.

Soon the boat ran crunchingly up onto the shore and all the girls began scrambling out at once. "It's kind of dark, isn't it?" ventured Marion, "But I'm not afraid, are you?" "No-o," responded the girls faintly. After lighting a lantern, that had been gotten out from the bottom of the boat, the girls began cheerfully pulling out cakes, pickles, salad, etc. Evelyn, the bravest of all, volunteered to go into the woods and get wood to build a fire, while the others ran here and there, some repacking the boat, and some preparing the lunch. Soon the fire was blazing and crackling, and all the girls seated themselves around it to

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enjoy its warmth and light. "Isn't this perfectly lovely," sighed Evelyn, as she lazily dropped down upon a pillow. "Alice, if you will pass me a pickle I will eat one, and Augusta, if you don't mind, just hand me one of those sandwiches. For my part, I am hungry." Thus an hour passed in eating, laughing, and then eating some more. Soon Peggy's head began to droop. "I'll tell you what let's do," said Marion, the practical, "Let's build up the fire well, then all lie down and take a nap." The suggestion was seized upon with instantaneous good will. Soon six nodding heads could be seen, while the fire kept dying down lower and lower.

An hour passed. Not a sound could be heard in the stillness of the night. The fire was now almost out. Marie awoke with a start. "Girls! Girls!" she exclaimed. "Did you hear that?" "What?" they whispered, turning fearful eyes toward the forest. "Sh, listen!" All was still as death. Nothing could be heard save the dreary moaning of the wind through the forest. Then, a twig crackled and light foot-falls were heard approaching in their direction. The girls looked at one another with faces blanched with fear. The continual tread approached nearer and nearer—out of the shadowy forest a white figure appeared. Silently stealing up near the girls it raised its arms on high and uttered a horrid cry. "Oh-oo-o!" came from all the girls at once. One fled in one direction and another in another, till at last not a one could be seen. The ghost was left—master of the situation.

Early next morning, just as dawn was breaking, the girls might have been seen straggling in one at a time, with torn gowns, tumbled hair, and wet feet. Not a one of them was seen the following day at school.

However, on the morning of the third day, they all filed down to breakfast. Of course they were relating their exciting time to the boys. Augusta was telling a thrilling tale to one of the boys, Jack Brown, and, as she thought, causing quite a sensation by their daring feat. When Jack, looking across the table to one of the boys, remarked, "Those pickles were certainly fine, weren't they, Harry—and did you ever taste such delicious salad?"

Augusta looked wonderingly at one, then at the other, then suddenly she threw up her hands and exclaimed in a tone of horror: "Oh, then, it was all a joke."

Night in the Woods -- Cont.

Snow-drifts lie pierced by red stone spires,
Where sun-kissed streams slowly embark;
And high above the dark-green firs
An eagle floats around an arc.
The mirrored lake reflects the pines
And polished peaks that frame its base,
And fish with sudden flurry leap
Unexpectedly on its cold face.

Written at the age of 14.

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Love Conquers All.

Cecilia Johnston.

CHAPTER II.

Alice had been conducted into the spacious reception hall of the castle. "It was a most gorgeously furnished room. This was a production of 'French' art. That golden vase, that silver plate, were of 'French' carving. Even these embroidered draperies were of 'French' design. The room was inevitably of most costly 'French' furnishings. And he a German—this is very strange! And those bloodstains on the floor—were they not the marks of last resistance? Did this not mean that the palace had been wrenched from the hands of its blameless holders into the hands of this German?" Arousing from her confusion during the last few tragic hours, was she not still in Paris? Was this not the president's palace? Was not this a familiar room? Had she not fingered on this piano when her heart was as blithe as a bird? What changes had taken place in Paris? Former scenes of peace and happiness were giving way to scenes of crime and horror. Was she to repeat the struggle of three years ago to rid herself of this tyrant? All these things rushed through her mind.

And as the door closed, she was alone. Alone with her dauntless suitor. Alone with him who would rob her of future happiness. Alone with him whom she hated. As Prince William spoke, Alice withdrew herself into the corner, seating herself on a sofa in an easy chair and lifting her heart to Him from whence cometh all our help. She was conscious of supernatural courage and divine strength. Seeing she heeded not his works, he drew near.

"Entreat me not, you wicked, cruel, vile monster," retorted Alice hotly. "I have always hated you. I will not surrender."

Prince William again advanced. "Come, pretty one." Alice jumped to her feet, dashed to the window, flung it open and shrieked: "I will die first." As she was about to fling herself on the merciless rocks in the depth below, she was arrested by the firm grip of William. A fierce struggle followed. Alice darted like a bird from one side of the room to another. There was fire in his eyes and little red spots began to glow in his cheeks, and then a heavy blow knocked Alice, perhaps only stunned, to the floor.

Somewhat chagrined, he placed her on the lounge and took a chair beside her to watch for the first signs of recovery of his prize.

A rap at the door. "Enter!" called the prince. It was an exhausted soldier in blood-stained uniform, who handed the yellow bit of paper to the prince. "The desired pass through the Alps had been discovered and soon that vast territory would be theirs."

Prince William gave the servant a few orders and hastily departed to return only when the clock should strike nine, the hour for the duel.

When Alice returned to consciousness she looked up into the face of a familiar servant, Lucy. "Where is Tom?" sobbed Alice, as she scanned the old woman's wrinkled brow. "Honey, don't cry. He is safe. All is safe, and before the prince returns we will secretly give Tom his freedom," said the old woman, soothingly.

"Love conquers all," whispered Alice to herself, in her ecstasy of joy. In a few minutes Lucy returned, pingling a bunch of keys in her pocket.

Down two flights of stairs they went. There Lucy stopped before a heavy, closed door, lit a candle, which she handed to Alice, and then

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turned the monstrous bolt, and the door swung open. A gust of damp, close air issued from the dark recess. A moment more and they were stumbling blindly along the underground passageway. Once Alice tripped and, reaching out her hand, came in contact with the cold, iron walls. Lucy stopped. "I ain't quite sure, but I guess this is the place." Examining the keys by the dim light of the candle, she selected one and proceeded to unlock the door. Once inside, Alice looked around. A tiny barred window let in a little light. The ceiling was very low. The walls were of sheet iron and the floor—but alas! there was no floor, only the damp earth. The only furnishing the cell boasted of was a dirty straw pallet in the farther corner. From this uncomfortable accommodation, Tom arose as they entered. His face was pale and his eyes sunken. "Alice, has it come to this?" he asked, stepping toward her. "I was just rejoicing that at least you would have a comfortable place to live. Has he sent you down here? I would give my life for your comfort."

Alice told him all that had happened and of her plan to free him. "Tom, 'Love will conquer all.' Our dreams will yet be realized. You will be freed and then I will free myself or die for you."

Words of farewell and, in the dress of a kitchen scullin, Tom was conducted down a side passage. Once more a breath of fresh air! Alice and Lucy watched the figure disappear from the iron gate in the dusk of evening.

Happy in the thought of his deliverance, Alice resolved in her mind a plan by which to rid herself of William, or rid the world of her. Creeping back to the cell, she put on Tom's clothes, and waited in his stead for the duel. Lucy brought her a bowl of hot soup to sustain her, and with tears in her eyes left Alice to her chosen fate.

Ten minutes more, five minutes more—Alice could see from the barred window the vast crowd of gathering spectators. Four, three, two minutes more, and she would know her fate.

(To be continued.)



The Power of Language.

Addie J. Cook.

"Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken."

"And God talked with Adam in the cool of the evening." How grand must have been the voice of the Almighty uttered in man's first Paradise. How eloquent must have been the words of Jehovah spoken to the flower of his creation.

Our King of Kings is the same yesterday, today and forever, and the voice of God is still heard speaking to mankind; in tones less audible, perhaps, to the physical ear, but none the less impressive to the spiritual nature. The world of sense is everywhere magnifying its creator. The heavens above declare the glory of God! The hills speak forth His praise! The birds of the tree top sing of His mercies; the buds and blossoms softly whisper of His kindness. The speaking dewdrop, and the snowflake's varying form, in unmistakable language, tell of the Omnipotent ruler of the universe.

The power of language was originally given for the purpose of expressing thought. Samuel Johnson, in the preface to his English Dictionary, says: "Words are but the signs of ideas." What chaos would exist were it not for language? By means of it wants are expressed and consequently needs supplied; extensive business concerns are managed; armies are sent forth and nations are ruled.

The power of language is felt in the home, in the lecture room, in the social and religious life. A mother, in gentle voice, gives comfort to her discouraged boy. The true-hearted brother, with strength and manliness in his very tone, offers a word of counsel to his sister. The wise professor is enabled to express thoughts which are sublime; words that inspire are given out to his students, who in turn carry fresh enthusiasm to their friends—and all of this through the avenue of language. Where is the grief-stricken family that does not feel glad on the approach of their beloved pastor? He feels their sorrow, and in a tactful way gives to them words of consolation and sympathy.

The orator thoroughly interested in his theme rises before the gathered assembly. He gives an evening greeting; then as he merges slowly and gradually into his subject, every eye is riveted upon him, every ear is eager to catch his slightest thought. The words he utters are fraught with meaning. He has a message upon his heart, and through language he is simply conveying that message to the hearts of men and women before him.

Words may express much; they may express little. Words may pronounce just censure upon the guilty one, or they may warn the innocent of the danger path. It is possible for words to convey, in a measure at least, one's thoughts of admiration and love for the proven friend. Language is the usual means of expressing to the Deity thoughts of prayer or praise.

It is said that a person's character may be told by the company he keeps; in perhaps a less degree this may also be said of words. George Eliot wrote: "What if my words were meant for deeds." A similar thought is found in the writings of Confucius: "Without knowing the force of words it is impossible to know men." Words reveal character because they are an index of the thought.

It is possible to clothe one's thoughts in pure words, full of true

wholesome meaning. Let one acquaint himself with good books; seek conversation with intelligent persons; let him study the simple, and at the same time the dignified forms of language; indeed, let him utterly eliminate from his speech those words and phrases which are but a poor excuse for the real meaning wished to be conveyed. The English vocabulary is rich with noun synonyms, with descriptive adjectives and expressive words. The pure Anglo-Saxon, the good English style, is far preferable to contorted words and phrases so frequently used; these, which may be called slang, tend to destroy even the high ideals of language one may once have had. The practice of loose and careless expressions is a means of tearing down, rather than building up, one's good vocabulary. Consider for a moment the quotation taken from Thomas Hobbes:

"For words are wise men's counters; they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools."

If a thought is worthy of expression, then the English language is profuse in offering the garb with which to clothe that thought. If plain common, homely words suit best, they are at hand; if there are required delicate tints and shading, they may easily be sought out; if the most minute description and comparison is desired, where better can one go than to the good, substantial and praise-worthy English vocabulary. The study of language may be delightful, inspiring and thoroughly beneficial.

The power of language is a gift to man. Infant lips soon learn its use. Gray-haired fathers seek it as a means by which to convey their thoughts. Truly 'tis worth while to guard one's words, for, in the sentiment expressed by John Seldon:

"Syllables govern the world."

BE AN OPTIMIST;
A PESSIMIST IS A FOOL.

THE CASCADE

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STAFF

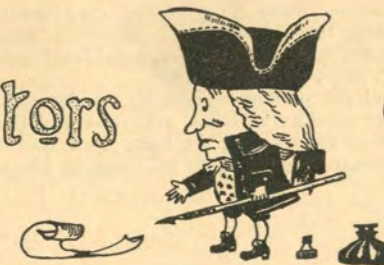
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Vol. V

Entered at the Seattle Post Office as Second-class matter,
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No. 5

Editors



Corner

W.T.

We, as students, are today preparing for our life's work. Some of us will go into one field of work and some into another, but the main thing at present should be to get the right start for whatever work we intend to follow. We have much at our command while in school and amidst the pleasures and sports there is a tendency to neglect and pass heedlessly by many of those things which would tend to broaden our conceptions, increase our efficiency and ennoble our lives and characters.

Now we are young and full of the joy and vigor of life, but we shall not always be so. Now we have health and perhaps know not the effects

of disease, but it shall not always be thus. Today our minds are keen and able to grasp the problems of study, but soon, ah, too soon, our abilities will not be so great.

If you ever expect to fill that brain of so many possibilities with beautiful gems of thought and with treasures of richest worth which will forever be a source of joy and encouragement to yourself and to others, begin to do it now.

Why wait till future days, or months, or years? Your opportunity may then have passed. And here we would repeat with the poet:

"This life is too short and too fleeting
To be wasted in frowns or in tears;
We must make the most of its hours
If we'd make the most of its years."

Study hard, even though at times it may be a task which seems hard and uninviting, for in time you shall reap the fruits of your labor and the gain shall be far greater than the price which you have paid.

Some may think that an education is not essential and may argue that some persons have done greater work and had more effective influences without an education than others have with it. That may be true, but such an argument does not in anywise belittle or diminish the real value of an education.

Cicero seemed to have the true conception of what an education could do for a person. He asked the question if a person was capable of doing such great things and of having such a prestige without learning, what couldn't he do if he became educated.

Learning simply enables one to do more in a limited time and to do it better. It is like chopping wood with a sharp axe, after a few hours' work with a dull one. And all will admit that it pays to take time to put a keen edge upon an axe before attempting to use it.

And likewise we are now sharpening our powers of the intellect; our reason is becoming more logical, our judgment is becoming more and more founded upon fundamental laws and principles; our perception is becoming more vivid and real, our vision of humanity and its possibilities is becoming enlarged, our comprehension of the laws and workings of the universe is becoming more of a reality, our sympathies for the unfortunate are becoming more tender and effective, and in short our mind is becoming stronger, keener and more capable of solving the problems of our lives which meet us face to face.

Let the grinding and sharpening process go on, for too soon we shall have to pass on to other works and other activities and then it will be a source of real pleasure to realize that we have done our work well and have striven hard to prepare ourselves to give out to the world the best that was in us.



Academy

Seniors.

At last the Seniors are on their home stretch. They have started on the new semester as though they were going to make it in two jumps and as the "Deuschman" says: "I'm sure if we don't make it in two we'll make it in one," for it seems as though most all of them are a few credits to the good. These facts surely ought to be encouraging to the Faculty regardless of their inability to get their orations, landed on "Easy street."

Held our election in about 15 minutes during noon hour Monday.

Pres. Delno Higbee (the Napoleon of our class).

Vice Pres. Winifred Thuline.

Secretary—Grace Root.

Treasurer—Ralph Stewart.

Marshall—Fred Gill.

Cascade Reporter—Elton Smith.

Representative to Associated Students, Archie Stephens.

Juniors.

You now have the most esteemed privilege of hearing from the Junior class, once again. We are beginning the new semester with a zeal that has never been equaled before. Over half the class were present at our last meeting. Merton Matthewson was chosen president, Celestine Tucker vice president, Pearl Null secretary, Vina Smith treasurer, Margaret Whitesides representative to the Associated Students Body, and Vida Staggs was chosen Cascade reporter.

As spring is coming on with its sunshine and flowers, we feel new life springing up within us, for "June is coming."

Sophomores.

"What are the sophomores doing now?" The fellow who asks that question had better wake up and look around awhile. I occasionally hear a wide awake person say, "Well, the sophomores must be doing business. They have class meetings so often." That's about right. We're in *dead* earnest and intend to push things—if they need pushing.

The last meeting of the last semester was an exciting one. They say, "Great minds run in the same channel." We do not contradict this, but wish to add that the channel may be very wide with currents running both ways. At any rate there was room for a remarkable difference of opinion in that meeting. We will not bother you with the import of this rag-chewing, however, as the Good Book teaches that the truth is

sometimes best untold, or something to that effect.

At a recent date the class met again, this time to elect new officers or, as happened in some cases, re-elect the old ones. The official list as it now stands is: President, Samuel Troutman; Vice President, Lucile Black; Secretary, Mary Stipes; Treasurer, Harry Oughton; Marshal, Everett Slaughter; Cascade Reporter—guess.

Freshmen.

The Freshmen Class met on the afternoon of February 2nd to elect officers for the new semester. The persons elected were the following: President, Arthur Wilder; Vice President, David Turnidge; Secretary, Joyce Rose; Treasurer Charlotte Campbell; Cascade Reporter, Evangeline Buckland; Marshal, Everett Richey; chaplain, Fred Leise.

We as a class so greatly appreciate the services rendered us by our competent president and secretary that we have endeavored to express our appreciation by re-electing them to office.

We are striving to make this semester a more profitable one than the last, by living up to our motto, "Not merely to exist but to amount to something."

Societies

Alpha Club.

How time flies! This school year is more than half completed and from now on everyone will be very busy. The Alpha Club members are taking new interest in their organization. Their idea is to provide social and literary improvement for themselves at least, and you may expect to hear from them in the future. Their's is the responsibility of setting precedent which can be followed, and it is their ambition to make one worthy of imitation.

On the evening of January 22nd the club held a regular meeting which was the last for the first semester. The program was specially featured with the mixed college quartette, a characteristic duet by the Folsom brothers, a very interesting paper on the social conditions of the city by Miss Cook, and other numbers. We were provided with a dainty spread at the close of the evening. We very much appreciated the hospitality extended to us by Miss Sharpe of having our meeting in her home.

It was with regret that we bade one of our most active members, Miss Armstrong, a parting farewell as she left us for her new position as a school teacher.

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Aletheipian Club.

The last meeting of the "Club" for the semester was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Beers, Friday evening, January 22nd.

It was a sudden surprise to all the girls, when they were informed at the last minute, that their numbers were to be rendered, not behind closed doors, but otherwise.

This part of it was not so enjoyable to us, but that which followed was delightful.

We enjoyed thoroughly the speeches given by our honorable host and hostess. And really we find that our yoke has been made easier and our burden lighter since that time. The girls all know why! (Secret.)

And then the refreshments—that hit us right where we lived. We partook of a most bountiful repast, served in a delightful manner "bei unseren liberen Lehrerinnen." You could tell they had done such things before. We shall ever look back on that evening with the greatest of pleasure.

And now to think the new semester is here. We believe in doing things without delay. Our first meeting for the election of officers was held at the noon hour, in that upper southwest room again.

The results were as follows:

President—Miss Laura Dubois.

Vice-President—Cecelia Johnston.

Secretary—Margaret Whitesides.

Treasurer—Lucille Black.

Musical Director—Celestine Tucker.

Ass't. Musical Director—Gladys Smith.

Now, watch things move! Will you?

Philopolemic Club.

We as a club are proceeding along with the usual amount of care and governing ourselves accordingly.

The programs rendered from time to time and Friday to Friday are quite entertaining as well as educational and elevating.

The last number rendered on our schedule, Jan. 22, was an exceptional program. It should be by all means placed on the Banner Roll.

The debate: "Resolved that England was the aggressor in the great European struggle" was a very exciting discussion as the participants manifested an appropriate warlike attitude.

Our Canadian friends, Mr. Thomas and the Oughton boys, are to be congratulated on their national heroism in facing frowning opponents for the behalf of the "Union Jack." One searching look revealed that they had more in their hearts which they did not express.

Of course we shall not forget our "fiery Yankee Boys" who carried the day with the famous American red tape and oratory.

As a great source of comfort and tonic to the ailments of the club we are favored by visitors and honorary members at different and unique times of the year.

Such was the instance of our last program mentioned. Mr. Marvin Marston, '10, who is one of the landmarks of the society, gave us a very delightful and enthusiastic address which was duly appreciated by every one. We trust he shall favor us again.

Well, the new Semester is on and as a closing remark we invite every enthusiast to watch the jubilant expressions over the thought of the oncoming dainty tread of a grand and glorious springtime.

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Athletic Association.

Bad weather during January has prevented much playing, but nevertheless we know who are the winners in the boys' series in basketball. The Sophomores have first place, the Seniors follow and the Juniors last.

The Sophomore team has been a fighting team which deserved to win. Their work has been consistent and the team has pulled hard. They earned the honor that they strove for.

The Senior team did not get started early in the season, but once under way they played well. Beegle's work as forward was a considerable factor in the success they attained.

The Juniors played with hard luck all the season, winding up with losing their captain because of an injured knee. But they are not regretting or hammering. Many of their games have been lost by a very small margin. The Junior players are feeling: "We have fought a good fight" even if we didn't win.

Selections for an "All Seminary team" will be appreciated. Write out your first and second choices and hand them to Matthewson, the athletic reporter, and results will be published in next issue.

Baseball season seems near and the campus often resembles a spring training camp. Tennis playing will begin as soon as the weather permits.

All together now! Nine "rahs" for all of the coming matches and games and nine more for those which have been played!!!

Alumni

Only a few words will you see
In this month's issue, written by me.
Fraulein Becraft, '13, has to Sedro-Woolley gone.
Her work at the hospital was not all like a song.
Frank Scott, '10, was recently in the Sem's old halls,
And Violet Haviland, '14, is a prey to Cupid's sweet calls;
Now her name is Barnesgarde. Isn't that schon?
We wish her much joy, long life, and great fame.
One Alumni member thinks Wade Fulsom's poetry just grand,
Such a poet you'll not find on America's sand.
Next month you will hear a few more news,
But for this time, fond "Adieus!"

The Cascade—Page sixteen

Locals

This month has passed swiftly and as a student body we have been giving more time to solid study than to literary achievements. However, we greatly enjoyed two vocal duets by the Folsom brothers on Friday morning, as they were something novel from our previous music.

One of the best addresses that the students have received this year was one given by Rev. J. D. Marsh on his visit here. His subject was "Zeal" and he discussed it from many interesting points.

Fiscal Semester exams begun Jan. 26 and those who were excused went around the campus with radiant faces and others who were not as fortunate accepted their fate with a resigned look. It almost seemed like vacation and the students took advantage of every moment by hikes to Ft. Lawton, studying on orations, etc.

Exams ended Friday evening the 29th and a special dinner was served in the dining hall, at which time all the students were changed to different tables in order that they might become better acquainted. This is all for this month, but February promises to be an interesting month, so be sure and look for the "Locals."

During the illness of Mrs. Bagley, her work in the schoolroom has been ably supplied by Mrs. Lenna F. Burns, wife of Prof. O. A. Burns. Mrs. Burns is a woman of culture and a recent graduate of the Saunderson's School of Expression of Seattle. Not long since it was the privilege of the students of our Seminary and College to hear Mrs. Burns give a short recital which deserves more than a passing notice. It is rarely that we find speakers who can adapt themselves to all classes and ages as beautifully as did Mrs. Burns. Each reading was given so naturally and with such perfect ease and grace that the students of Shakespeare saw in each character represented, newer life and meaning, while those of the grades and primary department were delighted with the selections given for their special benefit. Thankful indeed, were we all to enjoy such a treat, and glad will we be again should Mrs. Burns consent to give another recital.

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Exchanges

Our Exchange Editor enlisted last week as a volunteer on a clam digging expedition and as a natural result—he is still off duty.

His assistant has devised the following plan for this month *only*: Each of the following are cuts from our best exchanges. Look for your label among the rest.

- He: "Have you seen the newly painted altar in church?"
 She: "No, lead me to it."
 Chas.: "That kid out yonder can't hear it thundering."
 Sullivan: "Is he deaf?"
 Chas.: "No, it isn't thundering."
 Hayflicker: "And do you believe the sword to be mightier than the pen?"
 Hulskotter: "You never heard of a sword signing a check, did you?"
 Charley: "I'm going to get ahead."
 Joe: "Nice decision; you need one."
 Blanche to Cleopatra: "Is Bliggins a man of his word?"
 Cleopatra: "Only on Sunday nights when he gets to singing, 'I Won't Go Home Till Morning.'"
 He: "It takes a lot of cheek to kiss a girl."
 She: "Isn't mine big enough?"
 Teacher: "What does Jonah and the whale remind you of?"
 Johnny: "You can't keep a good man down?"
 Farmer Jutkins: "Why do you call your pig ink?"
 Neighbor Ullrich: "Because it keeps running from the pen."
 Frederick: "Oh, Seymour, what's the Knight of the Bath?"
 S. Holden: "Why, Saturday, you bonehead."
 Some of our readers inquire: "What are the sister states?" and we are pleased to reply: Miss Ouri, Ida Ho, Mary Land, Callie Fornia, Alla Bama, Louisie Anna, Della Ware, Minnie Sota, Mrs. Sippi and Flora Day.
 An account of a wedding and a sale having been reported about the same time, the following appeared in a perfectly dignified publication.



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J. W. EDMUNDS, Oph. D.

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Evidently something happened after the two accounts were in type:

"William Smith, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Smith, and Miss Lucy Anderson were disposed of at public auction at my farm, one mile east, in the presence of seventy guests, including two mules and twelve head of cattle."

"Rev. Jones tied the nuptial knot for the parties, averaging 120 pounds on the hoof. The beautiful home of the bride was decorated with one sulky rake, one feed grinder, and two sets of work harness nearly new, and just before the ceremony was performed Mendelssohn's wedding march was rendered by one milch cow, 5 years old, one Jersey and one sheep, who, carrying a bunch of bride's roses in her hand, was very beautiful. She wore a light spring wagon, two crates of apples, three crates of potatoes, three racks of hay, one grindstone trimmed with about a hundred bushels of spuds. The bridal couple left yesterday for an extended trip."

Joshes

- Prof. Burns—"Who was Dainley?"
 Lee Oughten—"Mary, Queen of Scotts' wife."
 Mary Stipe—"And Elizabeth was very wise; she never got married."
 Prof. Burns, to Miss Johnston: "Who were the writers during Queen Elizabeth's reign?"
 C. Johnston: "Chaucer, Milton and Moore."
 Miss L. (Algebra): "Take the 31st problem. Look here, folks, there are about six dozen of you not paying attention here."
 Mrs. Higbee (as Mr. Higbee rushed into the room): "What is the matter with your hair?"
 Mr. Higbee: "Oh, nothing. I was running and my hair couldn't keep up."
 Mr. Mathews (speaking to the jitney driver): "Are you full?"
 Prof. Marston: "Mr. Wilder, what is the eleventh commandment?"
 Wilder: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor's daughter."
 Mr. Haslam: "I should think heaven would be a pretty hot place for Satan."
 E. Smith: "Not as hot as below."
 Stephens: "O, well, no fear of cannibals, as there are no more."
 Richie: "Haw, haw. I would like to see long-legged Stephens running from a cannibal."
 Ritchie (to Marvin Marston at the Beers 25th anniversary): "Do they celebrate this every year?"
 M. Marston: "O, yes."
 Thuline (to Miss Funnell after drinking four glasses of water): "Did you say your name was Funnell?"

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