

March 1st, 1915

# The March 1915 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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hais newton

THE ESCAPEE

March

1914.

4 per cent Paid on Savings Accounts

## Fremont State Bank

Your Local Bank

### ROSS MARCHE CASH GROCERY

Saves you 20 per cent on your Grocery Bill.

Also - Gives Green Trading Stamps.

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

### Fremont Shoe Hospital

We give you the benefit of our 23 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' and Youths', \$3.00Up; Men's, \$5.00 Up

W. M. PHELPS, Manager      3421 Fremont Ave.

### THE ROSS MARCHE HARDWARE CO.

wishes your trade in

Builders' Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Oils, Paints, Glass,  
Granite and Tinware, Pipes and Fittings

Yours for trade,

C. W. CHRISTENSEN.

Phone: Q. A. 1826

Corner Third Ave. W. and Bericna St.

*"Make every failure and disappointment  
a spur to greater effort."*

-- Day.

Sincerely yours,

*E. R. Butterworth & Sons.*

*Established 1882.*

## TRY IT!

The Ross Barber Shop  
3310 3rd Ave. West

### TONE BEAUTY

Piano making of the most advanced type makes possible the tone beauty of the Haddorff. The exceptional character of the Haddorff Tone is most appreciated where severe demands are made. This is illustrated in the following:

"In the Rockford College Conservatory we now have in regular use one Haddorff Grand and fifteen uprights. Of this number five uprights have been in use for nine years. \* \* \* I wish particularly to speak of the wonderful tone, richness and sweetness of your uprights, which are steadily improving with the years, so that the older pianos are most beautiful in their rich, even tones.

"F. MARION RALSTON, *Musical Director.*"

You can hear this instrument of wonderful tone richness at this store. You love music, so why not come at once?

*EILERS MUSIC HOUSE*

*Third and Univeristy*

*Seattle, Wash.*

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## We Want a New Name

for our store.

*One suggestive of a College store like ours.*

## Can You Name It ?

*If so the Pleasure is Yours.*

~~~~~  
Write the name which you consider the most appropriate on a sealed envelope with your own name inclosed on a slip of paper. Bring it to the store not later than next Wednesday, March 24. Every student in the school is asked to suggest a name.

On Thursday, March 25, at 4:30, the New Name, which we choose, will be announced formally at the store, and the large \$1.75 box of Imperial Chocolates now on display, will be presented to the fortunate student.

Should the chosen name be suggested by more than one person the prize will be given to the one who first presented the name.

Everybody is invited to the Christening performance. Remember the time - Thursday, March 25, 4:30 P.M.

~~~~~  
**The Ross Stationery & Printing Co.**  
3310 Third Ave. West

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*"Whatever You Do -- Keep Sweet"*

## S t o k e s

912 Second Avenue

Candy

Lunch

Ice Cream

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Trust.

T. M.

Oh, Holy God Most High, I put my faith in Thee,  
Nor fear I grief or trouble's clouded way;  
Secure I rest and know that o'er life's stormy sea  
Thou'lt guide my bark, nor let it drift astray.

I do not know, nor can, the meaning of these tears  
That fall like rain in Autumn's chilling blast;  
I only know, my God, through all the weary years  
Thy love will guide me to my Home at last.

I do not, will not doubt Thy love, tho' oft I weep,  
And seemingly rebell against Thy way—  
Content alone, dear Lord, to follow with Thy sheep  
And know Thy voice, my Shepherd, and obey.

Oh, yes! I put my faith in Thee, my God on High,  
Nor fear to boldly press on day by day;  
For when my sorrows are the deepest thou art nigh  
To strengthen and sustain me on my way.

So fearing not, but trusting only in Thy love,  
I rise unconquered by the sea of grief;  
Affliction's waves beat strong, yet can not move,  
They cannot shake my firm, steadfast belief.





## The Dispatch.

Ruth Sawyer.

It was in the fall of 1776 in a little cabin in Southern Pennsylvania. "Daniel, it is time thee were getting up." Daniel turned over. "Son, is thee going to get up?" This time a grunt was heard. "Come! it is high time thou wert up and about thy work." Soon the youth appeared before her—a tall, strong boy of barely 15 summers. "Thou wilt have time before breakfast," was her only comment. He donned his coat and cap and started. He milked the cows, fed the calves and then started for the house. But he noticed the horses were minus their morning meal. He turned to get the feed and as he did so something attracted his attention.

On some hay and near the side entrance of the barn lay a man. Daniel stooped over the motionless form. The face was white and drawn and across the forehead a deep blue mark was visible. The eyes slowly opened and turned toward the boy.

"Well, I'm glad you come. I'll have to trust you, and I pray God my trust will not be misplaced." He paused and gasped for breath.

"This dispatch goes to General Washington. 'Tis important—make—haste!" The speaker ceased talking. The pale face turned a more deathly pallor—a shiver ran through the manly frame—and all was over.

Daniel glanced at the papers in his hand and then at the corpse before him. He turned and deliberately walked away. "It was his wish," he muttered, "and I will make haste." Then there came over this young New Englander a feeling of the great responsibility placed upon him. Of the possibilities of the importance that might be attached to the immediate delivery of the message. He thought of his breakfast but scorned the very idea and hurried down the road. Around the corner he plunged into the forest, climbed over logs, and plowed through the thick underbrush. Two hours of this and Daniel was faint and weary. He thought of home and his mother anxiously waiting for him. It seemed he would give up, but he stumbled on. When he thought of the importance of his actions might have for his country, the people's liberties and even the protection of his own mother he was urged to greater exertion.

About noon he found a bush of ripe berries. How eagerly he devoured them. An hour later he found himself in a little clearing and just at the rear of a small log cabin. There he got a drink. Also the kind hostess urged upon him some cold meat and biscuit.

"Now won't you stop in and rest a wee bit?" she pleaded. But Daniel was not to be detained. He again entered the wood and started on at a brisk walk.

Two more hours passed and he was still on his way. Suddenly he was startled by a hair-raising warwhoop and found himself surrounded by half a dozen stalwart Indians. A brief consultation, then Daniel was

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bound and carried to the camp a short distance away. And there, sitting by the large fire, bound hand and foot, he had time to look around. On three sides the campfire was surrounded by wigwams. In front of each door was a tall pole painted in different colors and bearing at the top the emblem of the chief to which the dwelling belonged. On the fourth side was the woods, where several horses were tied to the nearer trees.

Daniel was far from comfortable. Little red-faced boys and girls peered at him from behind trees or shyly glanced around when they thought he was not looking. "If they would only come out here openly and take a good look," he growled to himself.

But he did not allow these little urchins to occupy his thoughts very long. He began to think of more serious things. The dispatch worried him not a little. In a few weeks, he reasoned, he could escape, surely. But by that time how about the dispatch? He thought of jumping up and making a dart for the nearest horse, but this was impossible for several reasons. There was too many watching him, and then it would be hard to go far through the woods on horseback. Last, but not least, he remembered he was bound, which caused him to smile inwardly at his plans. He also thought of bribing one of the red men to take the message, but how could he do that when he did not know their language.

No, as far as he could see now, he must submit for the present. So he smiled at the children and tried to look pleasant—all the time conscious of being closely watched by the group of chiefs who stood on the opposite side of the fire. They, in turn, were pleased with his actions and soon proceeded to cut the strips of hide that bound him.

Daniel arose, walked closer to the fire and warmed his hands. When the time came for the evening meal he ate with the rest, outwardly calm, but inwardly wrangling at the food and thinking of his well prepared supper back in the little log cabin he had left that morning.

We will pass over a few hours. The dead of night lay upon the camp. Daniel lay awake, thinking. He was, in the back part of a large wigwam. Near the door slept a couple old squaws. His submission had apparently been so sincere that it had not been deemed necessary to bind the lad, and so he was free in this respect. Suddenly he sat up. Something must be done and that immediately. He felt along the lower edge of the tent till he found one of the stakes that held the hides in place. He could not pull it up, but dig he could and did until the stake was loosened. This left quite a space free. He put his arm out. It did not come in contact with anything. So he proceeded to lie down on his back and put his head out from under the lower edge of the wigwam. My, how bright the stars were! All was silent. He pulled his shoulders through. Not a sound was heard except the distant hoot of an owl. Thus he continued to free himself, inch by inch, until all but his feet was out. Then—he felt a hot breath on his cheek. It was a sleeping warrior. Daniel raised up. The blood fairly curdled in his veins, but the Indian did not stir. He pulled his feet through and then raised himself to a standing posture. He looked around to get his bearings. On the left was the Indian, sleeping soundly after a hard day and on the right, a fallen tree.

Daniel fell on his knees again and crept cautiously toward the dark woods just ahead. What a relief he felt when he had passed the first tree and the second. He then rose to his feet and walked, slowly for a time, then faster and finally broke into a run.

On he went, dodging trees, breaking through brush and jumping over logs until he dropped from exhaustion. He was too terrified to sleep, however, and after resting a few minutes he pursued his journey. Where he was he did not know, but presently he stumbled into a path and followed it until he found himself on the edge of a body of water. "Now if I

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only had a boat," thought the lad. The next minute Daniel stumbled and fell his full length. Upon examination he found a small canoe. "Seems pretty providential," he commented, as he pushed the craft toward the shore. Once in the boat and away from land Daniel could hold out no longer. He sank down in the bottom of the canoe and was soon unconscious to his surroundings.

The sun was high in the heavens when the boy awoke, and then it was not in the little round bottomed canoe. He was in a small room—the occupant to a spacious feather bed and covered to the neck with warm bed covers. He was not at home! He was dead certain of that. There was the Indian camp and the boat, but what came after and how did he get there?

A large rough-looking man entered the room. "Wa'al, bye, you waked up, did ye?"

"Tell me where I am and how I got here, please," stammered the bewildered Daniel.

"Waal, now, I kim out this mornin' and sawed the boat driftin' down the rivah, and so I jest haul her in an' foun' ye, chile."

Just then there was a knock at the outer door and the man left the room. From the conversation that followed Daniel learned that General Washington with his army was camping just ten miles from there, and that he, Daniel Green, was in the house and under the questionable protection of a—Tory.

His host again entered the room. "Now, bye, I have ta go ta my work and won't be back afore night. Make yourself ter hum. There's sum wittles in the box yonder." So saying, he stalked from the room.

"Well, I can thank my lucky stars for that," muttered Daniel, as he prepared for travel. He felt in his pocket for the papers. They were gone! His face turned ashy pale as he fell on his knees to entreat the All-Seeing God for guidance.

And as he opened his eyes they wandered from the window to the floor and there—he saw the papers. When the kind-hearted fisherman had carried him in early that morning and removed his coat, they had fallen from the pocket and lay there unnoticed and undisturbed.

After helping himself to some cold meat which he found in the box, he started on the last stretch. Ten miles, he reasoned, was not very far, but his unusual exertions had not left him in as good a condition as he had been two days before. Besides, he had had a late start, so it was full 6 o'clock and getting dark when he came in sight of the camp.

Suddenly he heard the word "Halt." He stopped. "Friend or foe," was the next comment. "Friend," wearily answered our hero, far beyond being surprised at anything that might happen. "Password." Alas! This was something Daniel had not thought of. He told his story as briefly as he could. "Well, you can't see the General on just a story. You'll have to go to the guard house." Daniel's heart sank, but help was at hand. A kind voice was heard behind them and the guard started—it was the general himself. So Daniel went with him to his tent. There, standing near the door, and without a word he fumbled in his pocket for a second and then handed out the letters.

General Washington glanced at them and then at Daniel. "Hamilton," he said to the young aide-de-camp who sat writing at a small table near him, "give this lad a chair and get him something to drink. He's pretty well tired out."

He then read the message in silence. Suddenly turning he handed the papers to Hamilton and, stepping over to Daniel, laid his hand on the curly head and spoke the words that the boy cherished to his dying day:

"You've given us the clue to Cornwallis' plans. You have done nobly. God bless you, my boy."

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## Mother's Love.

W Thuline.

A pure, innocent child he stands  
Beside his mother's knee,  
With face uplifted to the sky  
In sweet simplicity.

She hears him say his prayers at night  
Beside his little bed;  
With welling heart she prays to God  
That he by truth be led.

He grows into a noble youth;  
He knows a mother's love;  
The teaching of his childhood days,  
Into his being wove.

In manhood's prime he still is firm;  
In righteousness is strong,  
Drawn to the right by mother's prayers,  
A victor o'er the wrong.

How sad the state of human hearts,  
Out in this world of woe,  
Who never knew a mother's love—  
That heavenly overflow.

## Elsie's Awakening.

Margaret Jones.

Elsie sat in the big window seat and watched the rain as it beat against the pane. She had been feeling blue all day, and it seemed like everything was going wrong.

Of course, she loved mother, but it seemed too bad that her mother should get sick right at this time. "If she doesn't get well soon all my plans will be ruined," thought Elsie. "I have worked for two summers and saved up money enough to go to college, and now, just as I am all prepared to go, this had to happen. I don't care," she thought, "I do not think it is fair."

"Elsie," said a sweet, familiar voice, "mother wants to see you a few minutes in her room upstairs."

Elsie arose rather reluctantly and went to her mother's room. "Daughter," her mother said, "the doctor has just left, and he said if I kept still a few days he thought I would be all right again. I will not be entirely well, but I will be able to take care of the family again. So don't worry, Elsie, for you will be able to go to college. I am sorry that this happened, but I think everything will terminate all right."

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"I am glad to hear, mother, that you will be better soon, for I was certainly feeling blue about college. I will do all I can before I go, and I think if you keep quiet that you will be well in a few days."

With this Elsie pulled down the window shade to make the room darker, covered her mother up more closely, and left the room.

In a few days she was ready to go, and her mother was up again, resuming the cares and burdens of a large family. Although she was cheerful and worked about the house as usual, yet she was far from well, and needed Elsie at home to help her. She realized it, but would not say anything because she did not wish to interfere with her daughter's plans.

Elsie, full of ambition and elated with thoughts of college life, seemed indifferent to the condition of things at home.

At last the morning came for her to leave. Everything was packed and ready, and she was as happy, it seemed to her, as she could be. As the train pulled out she waved a last good-bye to her mother, and soon all of the cares of home were lost in the dreams of the future.

Her college life was just what she expected it would be. Every day was filled with pleasure and joyous anticipation; she never once thought of the cares and burdens that her mother was carrying. She was favored and flattered, and became very popular, which greatly pleased her. She was pretty and also quite talented, but too much flattering had made her proud. Day after day it was the same, always living for herself and never trying to help lift the burdens of others.

One day while she was playing tennis she was told that a telegram had just arrived for her. She dropped her tennis racket and ran across the campus, wondering who could have sent her a telegram. When it was handed to her, she eagerly tore open the envelope, but when she read the message she sank down into a chair, and all the rosy tint of her cheeks suddenly faded.

Just then her room-mate came in and, of course, wanted to know what was the matter. She told her that she had received a telegram saying that her mother was seriously ill, and she must come home immediately.

By the help of her room-mate she was finally ready to go, and hurried off to the depot to catch the train that would take her to her mother.

All the way home on the train she kept thinking, "What if mother should die before I can reach home!"

"It can't be," she thought. "I must tell her I am sorry for being so selfish and wicked. It would be terrible to think that I could never tell her how sorry I am, and ask her to forgive me."

"Oh, God," she prayed, "let her live until I see her again."

"I am a wicked, sinful girl," she said, half aloud, "and mother would not be sick today if I had only stayed at home."

When the train pulled in at the station her father was there to meet her. He looked very sober, and did not say a word. As they were going home Elsie longed to ask about her mother, but he acted so strangely, and heart-broken, that she thought she would wait, for it was only half a block from the depot to their home.

As they entered the house a peculiar quietness pervaded it. Only that kind of a stillness which is experienced when someone is lingering between life and death. Elsie dropped her suit-case, threw her hat aside, and rushed upstairs into her mother's room.

Her mother lay very quietly and faintly smiled as she heard the familiar step of Elsie. Elsie, falling down on her knees by the bed, clasped her mother's hand gently and sobbed.

"Oh, mother, I have been so wicked and selfish and treated you so

cruelly! But you will forgive me, won't you mother?"

For a moment all was quiet save the heavy sobs of the girl as she lay with her face buried in the quilts. Then her mother said softly:

"I am sorry that you had to leave school, Elsie, but perhaps you can go back sometime. Don't cry so hard, little daughter. I have nothing to forgive. Only promise me that you will be a Christian and take care of the family when I am gone."

"Oh, mother, mother," she pleaded, "I'll do all of that and more, but I can not see you go."

"It must be, daughter," she said, "but if you will be true we will meet again some day. I have nothing to forgive you, for, Elsie, only remember—give your life to Jesus today."

With this she was completely exhausted, and in a few minutes was gone to be with Him who had helped her bear the burdens and cares of life.

Elsie fled from the room and, going across the hall to her own bedroom, she threw herself down upon the bed, nearly frantic with grief. Suddenly she got down upon her knees and began to pray. For hours she struggled and groaned. She told the Lord how wicked she had been and begged Him to forgive her. It seemed like everything was black and she was in a cloud of despair. At last the victory came, and she knew that Jesus had come into her life to abide. The peace and glory that came into her heart was such as she had never witnessed before.

A few hours later she came down stairs and told her father of the wonderful change that had come into her life, and with tears and thanking they knelt down together and praised the Lord.

Elsie immediately stepped into her mother's place and bore the cares and worries her mother had once carried. The Lord greatly blessed and helped her in her work.

### The College Bell.

O. R. H.

*The dear old College Bell is cracked,  
Its tones are dull and flat;  
It pains our ears to hear its noise,  
We love it not for that.*

*The College Bell has seen its day,  
Its voice is harsh with age;  
While once it played a merry tune,  
Now it has passed that stage.*

*Old College Bell, with sad regret  
We speed thee on thy way,  
While one more young must take thy place  
And ring a sweeter lay.*

*We cannot blame the College Bell  
For making such a choice,  
For since the College Name is changed,  
The Bell must change its Voice.*

# THE CASCADE

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## STAFF

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Vina Smith	Societies
Celestine Tucker	Locals
Wm. Robinson	Missionary
Laura Dubois	Joshes
Florence Alberts	Alumni
Winfred Thuline	Art
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Vol. V

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No. 6

## Editorial

Thuline

Did you ever stop to think of the great labor, sacrifice and responsibility involved in running an institution like the Seattle Seminary and College? You, as students, enjoy the privileges of attending and reaping the benefits of years of struggle, improvement and progress, but do you appreciate the heritage that is yours?

And if you do appreciate it, do you ever give expression to that in such a way as to make the heavy burden lighter, and encourage those who are endeavoring to give you assistance and instruction along the pathway to knowledge?

Do you feel grateful to your instructors for their willingness to sacrifice and give you their best? If so, why not act as though you were thankful, or even more, why not speak an encouraging word here and there? Who can tell how much sunshine and warmth there is in a kind word spoken in due time?

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Perhaps you forget that the members of the faculty have burdens and serious problems to solve. Indeed they have many that you know not of. Do not look upon them simply as the ones who give and enforce the laws and regulations of the school, but look upon them as true friends who are ever ready to give you a helping hand and a word of encouragement, and treat them as such.

True, they are depriving themselves of many innocent pleasures and good times for the success of the school and the success of every student in the school, and this sacrifice can be made smaller and smaller by a true spirit of appreciation and thankfulness on the part of the recipients of these blessings.

Our most worthy president is a man who has great responsibility resting upon him and many times he feels it keenly. He is very busy and does his best to redeem the time. And perhaps you fear you would bother him if you took the time to stop him and thank him for his interest in you. But I am sure that his big heart would rejoice and would leap for joy to know that his efforts were not in vain and were not made without receiving appreciation. This is true not only of our president but also of his wife. What great good these two persons have brought to the school is beyond our power or ability to tell, but we are sure that they will receive great rewards in the hereafter if not in this life. We can say with truth and sincerity—

Though our labors here may part us,  
And our paths may distant lie,  
Still we e'er shall be united;  
Bound by friendship's tender tie.

Now everyone try to scatter a few seeds of kindness and notice what beautiful flowers will be found along your pathways and listen to the gentle notes of laughter which are indicative of the smiles of the soul. A "thank you" costs so little but is worth so much. Try this way of making great profits with little capital. None are too poor to enter this corporation. Each share brings large dividends. Where could you find a better offer or a better business?

The last chapter of the continued story, "Love Conquers All", will appear in the next issue of the Cascade.

We were surprised last Thursday morning with President Beers' announcement that our Alma Mater had received her new name, which had been decided upon the evening before by the Trustees. Henceforth her name shall be:

**"SEATTLE PACIFIC COLLEGE."**

The popularity of this name was called into question by a rather weak applause from the Student Body.

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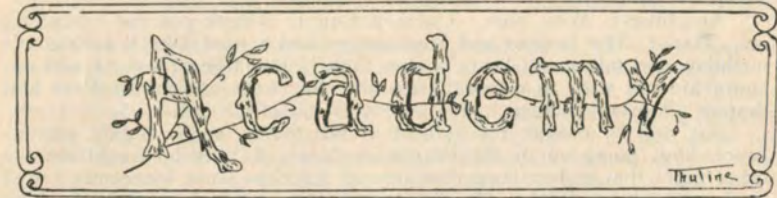
The Students' Voluntary Missionary Band has not been very active this year. But as a band we feel the need of more active service than simply studying to fit ourselves for foreign work. What we are here at home, we will be to a large extent on the field. Feeling this to be true, we recently reorganized and judging from the enthusiasm shown we will yet accomplish a good bit this year. Our president has arranged for the band to hold missionary meetings in some of the smaller churches where the members are not often favored with a missionary address.

So, while stirring up the pure minds of our brothers and sisters to the needs of the foreign field, we will be gaining valuable experience and knowledge that will later be of great benefit to us.

The Western Washington Student Volunteer Conference which was held recently in the Y. M. C. A. building, University of Washington campus, Seattle, was one of inspiration and delight to all who had the privilege of attending. The committee on arrangements spared no pains in securing excellent speakers for the occasion, and no one who heard those addresses can ever forget the messages of zeal and eloquence, direct from the heart of the speaker to the heart of the hearer.

Among those who addressed the conference were the Rev. Dr. Todd, president College of Puget Sound, the Rev. Dr. Bowen, member of the Campus Y. M. C. A. advisory committee, Carl Hollingsworth, state student secretary Y. M. C. A., Mrs. Helicker, Miss Luella Dyer, the Rev. Mr. St. John, Mrs. St. John, Dr. Layton, Mrs. C. A. Davis, Miss Springer, the Rev. C. H. Jones, and last, but not least, Mr. McClelland, travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. It seemed that every sentence uttered from the opening session to the close was freighted with unction from the Holy One, and was the means of enabling Christian workers to see their duty and responsibility to the unsaved millions at home and abroad, as they had never seen it before. They were brought into closer sympathy with the standard bearers on the foreign fields, and also into closer touch with Him, whose we are and whom we serve. Delegates and visitors, alike, were inspired to live in daily communion with God, to listen to His call and to be ready to respond quickly and cheerfully to His every desire concerning them.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Oliver Haslam, Seattle Seminary and College; vice-president Miss Zada Rairdon, Bellingham Normal; secretary, Lloyd Henderson, University of Washington, and treasurer, Fred Herzog, College of Puget Sound.



#### SENIORS.

Must say as a class we are up against it for news right at present, but, thanks to our pride, we will not admit anything else.

Win or "bust" is our motto, but in attaining to such we try to accomplish it through the expense of ourselves. We look down on no one and we eulogize no one and endeavor to let judgment begin at home first.

With love and charity for all and malice for none, we wade into the dark river of "15-question" A. B. C. exams, orations and English criticism.

The shore is only some three months away, and I guess we will be able to hold our breath of expectancy while we are receiving our Dip. Then we shall all go our homeward ways, talking to ourselves or hit the high places, perhaps, I reckon.

On that grand day of June the second.

#### JUNIORS.

Well! Well! One more month has passed and still we are plodding along in the same old way.

Knowing that you are all anxious to hear about the Junior Sophomore hike, we will say that we had an exceedingly fine time, and are looking forward to the spring months, when we may be permitted to have many more equally good times.

In the future when some of our plans are being matured, you will see what momentous things we are doing now.

#### SOPHOMORES.

With rushing winds and gloomy skies  
The dark and stubborn winter dies;  
Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,  
Bidding her earliest child arise.

#### MARCH!

Yes, March is here. It was with mingled feelings we read the notice on the bulletin board and realized that February was a thing of the past and the "Cascade" editor was preparing for the next issue of our worthy paper.

Now, listen, I'm going to tell you something that's to take place this coming month. The Freshmen-Sophomore Debate!! Now, isn't that just grand?

Oh, I forgot, I'm getting ahead of my story. You see, this is supposed to be a report of the last month. There really isn't anything to write. What do they want it for, anyway?

Have we had any meetings? Oh, yes, lots of them. I'll tell you what! We couldn't get along without class meetings. But these frequent gatherings are only of interest to ourselves and really not important.

enough to publish.

Any hikes? Why, sure. I almost forgot. Thank you for reminding me. Hark! The Juniors and Sophomores had a joint hike Washington's birthday, and talk about "eats." But, there! Don't be afraid. I will not aggravate you with an elaborate account. We went to Schmitz Park and despite all disadvantages had a simply GLORIOUS time.

Say, not to change the subject at all, there's some mighty curious proceedings going on in the Freshman class. A little bird told me the other night that at least two members of the class were frequently found at the city library lately. My, how happy their teachers must be to think they take so much interest in their studies. Wouldn't it be glorious if the Sophomores had a few such scholars?

Well, I'm afraid the editor will feel like wringing my neck if I keep this up, so will stop abruptly.

Oh, yes! If any of you have freckles—I take pleasure in referring you to Bob Graffe. "Takes 'em all off without leaving a scar."

#### FRESHMEN.

The Freshmen Class reports "Hard at Work." We returned from the hike refreshed in mind as well as body, and have resumed our respective duties with a determination to do our best. We realize that "Labor conquers all things."

The day spent on the hike to Ballard Beach was enjoyed by all of the class, as was proved by the many interesting and varied descriptions read in English class the following Tuesday.

Yes, our class is very busy. You are sure to hear more from us soon.



Prof. Stillwel and the students were especially pleased on Feb. 12 with a pino solo by Miss Vina Smith. Prof. Stillwel said he liked soft music like the piece just rendered, so his romantic sentiments are not all gone.

Following this Dr. Davidson, a prominent physician of this city, gave a very comprehensible lecture on our city's water system. He showed it to compare very favorably with the water system of other cities and aroused much interest and in such vital questions of the home and city.

As an institution we are well favored with musical talent and recently enjoyed a mandolin solo by Miss Funnel.

The need of missionaries in different lines was most forcibly impressed on our minds by a recent lecture from Mr. McClellan in which he proved conclusively that the need of teachers, doctors, preachers, etc., in foreign countries greatly exceeded our own, and gave the students of America the S. O. S. or call of distress from heathen nations.

Anything along the line of special dinners is always hailed with delight by the boarding students and after the report is over their only regret is that their storage room was so limited.

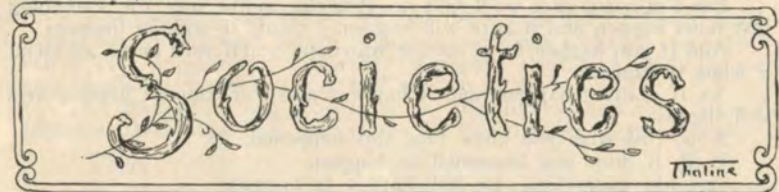
The farewell dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Thomas on Feb. 24 was a very

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enjoyable occasion and the music from their Graphanola was a special treat.

If we seem to relegate our prominent presidents to the rear during the usual routine of school work, they become pre-eminent and almost immortal on their birthdays. If our first president could have stepped on the scene of action Feb. 22 he could have hardly helped from feeling flattered at the hikes, picnics and parties which were going on. Each class did something unique and despite a few showers they all reported a good time.

I am sorry to report that mumps are again in style. If you seek a sign, look about you.



#### ALPHA CLUB

Our club meetings have been the seat of some very animated business discussions this month. One of the problems confronting us was a choice between membership in the Alexandrian Literary Society, and the Phils and Aletheys clubs. The final vote placed the preference with the Alexandrians.

In addition to our other troubles, our president, Oliver Haslam, found it necessary to resign his office because of his manifold duties. His mantle has fallen upon Ward Folsom, president of the Senior College class.

Our national holiday, Washington's birthday, found the college and senior high school students joining forces in an indoor picnic dinner and an after dinner tramp. We had a splendid time in spite of the rain.

The high school and college seniors are finding a mutual bond of interest uniting them as they prepare to make the final rounds in the arena of the first college graduating class, the next few months holds for them no end of work and problems to be done and readjustments to be made.

Commencement is already a subject of discussion and the coming weeks will no doubt spell much for all of the college students.

#### ALEXANDRIAN.

The Alexandrian literary society called a meeting just before the close of last semester and elected officers. Our highly esteemed officers were as follows: Mr. Stephens, president; Mr. Harold Mann, vice president; Miss Celestine Tucker, secretary; Mr. Clifford Denny, treasurer; Vida Staggs, musical director; Margaret Jones, assistant musical director; Mr. Fred Gill, marshal; Prof. Marston, program censor; Cora Smith, Cascade reporter, and later Elton Smith was elected chaplain.

The new semester started off with new zeal and literary enthusiasm. The club is divided into two parts with a committee of three at the head of each. The private programs given have been fine, the interest is good. All are taking hold with an excellent spirit. Long-lost-track-of talents are being resurrected and polished so you will hear from us soon in a more public way and we expect to give you the very best we have.

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*ALETHEPIANS.*  
"All-hapians."

The Alethepians are sure going to do something. Now it isn't all talk, either. In fact, we aren't saying much now-adays; but we sure have some unique plans "up our sleeve" for the fair spring days. There's going to be something doing and that before very long.

And when something happens, you'll all know about it. But don't be excited now, for some things may never happen. You know there are several things to be taken into consideration, among which are— Well, perhaps you have all planned something, only to meet with disappointment, so I need not mention "the might be hindrances."

But I'm quite sure we'll find no obstacles in the way for something just must happen and it sure will happen, I think, if nothing happens.

And if you happen to be on the watchout, you'll sure know all about it when it happens.

So, if nothing happens and it happens and you happen; great things will happen.

Now, just wish you knew how this happened,

Well, it, too, just happened to happen.

Just like everything else will happen to happen.

*THE PHILS.*

In glancing over the reports from the various clubs and societies of the school we often see just a few lines concerning the activities of that particular club with an added apology something like this: "Look for a better report next time," etc. Groundhog day has passed with us a long time ago and I venture to say you have been asleep if you have not heard of what we have been doing.

To begin this semester we elected Billy Robinson president, Harold Mann vice-president, Sam Troutman secretary, Wesley Thomas treasurer, Harry Oughton marshal, Cliff Denny chaplain and your humble servant to report our affairs to the Cascade.

Our first meeting was presided over by Father Time, who smote asunder the reins of government from the old officers and gave them over to the new. The inaugural address of the new President Robinson and the farewell address of the ex-President Gill were delivered in connection with the regular program. Our next (second) meeting was held at the home of our president and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Beers, where, after the business session we were entertained in a most delightful manner. Mrs. Beers spoke to the society concerning the present work being done, also of the success she believed was in the future for all of us. President Beers also addressed us after complimenting on what his wife had said. He told several instances in connection with Lincoln's life which were of profit to us all. Refreshments were served (by "queens") after which the company adjourned, giving ample assurance that the evening had been a most pleasant one.

*ATHLETIC NOTES.*

The votes for an "All Seminary" basketball team gives the following results.

Forwards—B. Beegle and L. Oughton.

Center—V. Stewart.

Guards—H. Oughton and W. Thomas.

Substitutes—H. Mann and F. Gill.

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For the second team:

Forwards—W. Robinson and R. Stewart.

Center—Graefe.

Guards—C. Denney and M. Matthewson.

Substitute—Kennedy.

These teams are good material and would put up a good fight against any corresponding team.

We have played a little baseball this month. On the 12th of February the lower classmen defeated the upper classmen in a scrub game on the campus lawn. Many errors characterized the playing on both sides. Our boys will soon "tighten up" and the games will be more interesting.

On Wednesday, the 17th, President Beers told us of plans to build a gymnasium in the near future. Now is everybody's chance to prove his worth as a booster and a worker. Everyone should be ready to work and sacrifice if necessary. *It will pay us to do so.*

This gymnasium is a proposition for the students and must be by the students. Make boosting your motto for this that we so much need.



The number of exchanges we receive from various schools is still rapidly increasing—for which we are thankful.

Should any of the criticisms we offer seem harsh or unjust to the CRITICISED, please attribute the same to the undeveloped critical talent of the exchange editor or to anything you may desire. Only kindly remember that they are offered for the sole purpose of revealing some of your defects and thus help you to improve your paper—and not for a destructive purpose.

Thanking you in advance for bearing in mind the above, we shall proceed.

*The Owl.*

"Bill's Valentine" was somewhat romantic and, best of all, it reveals the thoughts and actions of many young men when their "Bank Account" has exhausted, and they must obtain the cash for undeniable purposes—for instance to purchase a valentine. The humiliation they sometimes

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experience while gaining this end is often very embarrassing—poor things—thy often need our sympathy.

"The Adventure of Sibyl" displays good talent.  
*Cardinal.*

That February Class Issue was—great. Poems "Lincoln" and "Life Is What You Make It," were excellent. And then the class poem should cause each Senior who reads it to envy you. "Driver No. 4" is a good story. Your "Class Prophecy," in poetry, was quite good—but your motto can hardly be surpassed by any of other, "I Wish, I Can, I Will." Just remember and live up to its privileges.

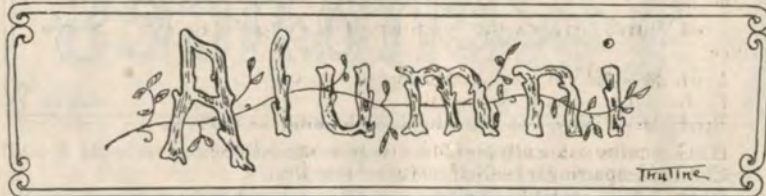
All the literary work was much better than the average, but it would not have appeared nearly so nice if "Sorensen's Bill Board of Current School Events" had been omitted. You seem to have some knack of cartooning those thoughts that cannot be expressed by words.

*Rumbles.*

"The Wish," by Horace, is inspiring and elevating to those who are trying to benefit their fellow men. "Smith's Scoop." This is especially in harmony with the present European conditions.

A Genius of T. H. S. Such talent ought to be duly esteemed.

From the Domestic Science Report, your school surely produced some excellent cooks.



Miss Lillian Pickens, '10, is this year continuing her work at Greenville College, Greenville, Ill.

The fourth little son has taken up his abode in the home of Alfred Millican, '99, and his wife. We extend to them our congratulations.

No doubt many hours are made short and interesting for Mr. and Mrs. Roy Staines, '10 and '11, by the prattle and baby tricks of their young son. Let us hope that Mr. Jack Wood, '13, will not become too proud of his nephew.

Dame Fortune has again been kind to one of our Alumni members in giving a wee little daughter to Mrs. Saidee Rose Kimball, '11. Mrs. Kimball was the validictorian of a class of seventeen members.



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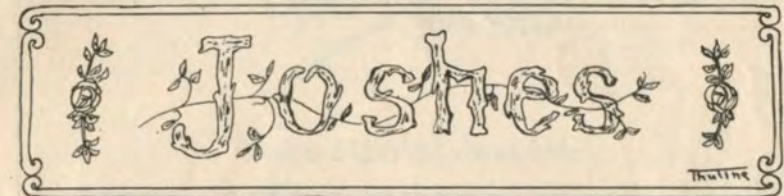
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The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Millican, '02 and '05, now missionaries in China, are hoping soon to see them again in Seattle, altho it is not yet certain whether or not they will return for a furlough.

Rev. John Bradley is serving the Midford circuit of the Southern Oregon conference in a very acceptable manner. We should all be delighted to see his five little children, full of life and fun. By the way, did you know that he is "Hi's" uncle?



Lee Oughton (as the boat was sinking)—Say, do any of you fellows know how to pray?

Jones—Yes, I do.

L. O.—Well, you pray while we put on the life preservers, as there is one lacking.

Prof. Burns—He ws the daughter of a woman who was a protestant prince.

Prof. M.—"Hadn't we better go on the car?"

E. B.—Oh! I look so awful."

Prof. M.—"Why you are the best looking one of us."

E. G. (enthusiastically)—Oh! did you say Thuline.

C. C. (despairingly)—No! No! Gasoline.

W. R.—Yes, and his wife was such a help for him.

G. S.—Surely, they always are.

For information of nonsense, see Grafe, Berry & Co.

G. Smith—Just see those clouds. I simply can't get over them.

G. R.—Please may I borrow your knife."

W. T.—O, it's too "Dull."

G. Liese—May I borrow (bother) you.

Mr. S.—No, you may not borrow me.

Miss M. (in English)—Who was the mother of mankind?

Berry—The serpent, wasn't it?

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