

November 1st, 1914

The November 1914 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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THE CASCADE

NOVEMBER -- 1914



Dellors - page 10

DM and Bessie Higbee

4 per cent Paid on Savings Accounts

Fremont State Bank
Your Local Bank

Phones: North 219
Res., North 607

D. R. WATSON
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**Fremont & Ross
Transfer Co.**

Furniture and Piano Moving
Office: 3210 Fremont Ave. Good Storage Room

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the torture of seeing nothing.

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We give you the benefit of our 23 years of experience
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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

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THE ROSS MARCHE HARDWARE CO.

wishes your trade in

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Granite and Tinware, Pipes and Fittings

Yours for trade,

C. W. CHRISTENSEN.

Phone: Q. A. 1826

Corner Third Ave. W. and Bertona St.

*"No amount of pay ever made
a good soldier
a good teacher
a good artist, or
a good workman."*
..... Ruskin.

These are our sentiments.

*E. R. Butterworth & Sons.
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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:

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&

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We have a fine assortment of them for:

25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 & \$1.25

PILLOW TOPS \$2.50

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“Whatever You Do -- Keep Sweet”

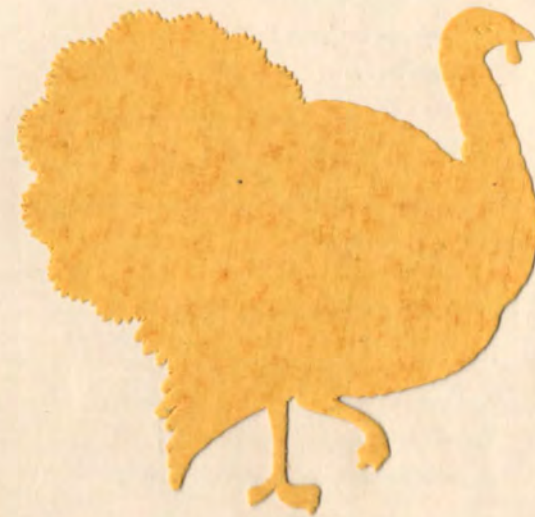
S t a k e s

912 Second Avenue

Candy

Lunch

Ice Cream



*A Quaff
To the Dismemberment of
Turkey.*

THANKSGIVING

Wade Folsom, Col. '18.

The landscape lies 'neath flaming banners red
That meet the breeze and rustle overhead,
And like a ship that ploughs the zone of gales,
Its masts are cleared for fear of tattered sails.

The cornfields rust beneath the wintry blast,
As Autumn with his gleaming lance rides past,
And where the dead vines cluster to the ground
Lay yellow pumpkins scattered all around.

'Tis joy to know Thanksgiving Day is here,
And welcome scenes that tell us winter's near;
But we could ne'er forget the covenant
Of peace and truth the Puritans did grant.

Oh, that my soul would bow in silent hours
As does the earth to Autumn's ruling powers;
Then could I give a prayer of thanks and praise
To him who gives Thanksgiving all my days.



Literary

Betty's Thanksgiving

Laura Armstrong, Col. 16.

Thanksgiving eve and twilight. A gray November sky hung over the city of Hammond, Indiana. Dark clouds scudded through the atmosphere, driven thither and yon by hurrying winds. The bare, leafless trees interlaced their naked boughs as for protection against winter's driving blasts. A solitary bird winging its homeward flight, became an invisible speck.

Betty Dean sat staring thoughtfully out of the window of her hall bedroom. A little frown puckered her forehead, while her mouth held the slightest droop at the corners. Her shoulders were not quite so erect as usual.

She was dreaming of the folks at home and of the Thanksgiving preparations going on. She could smell the odor of the pumpkin pies as her mother took them from the oven. How her mouth watered as she thought of the cranberry sauce. She heard the "gobble, gobble," of the pompous old turkey as he strutted about the barnyard.

Then her thoughts leaped to the Thanksgiving services which would surely be held down at the little village church. She could see her mother bustling around, getting out her best clothes, and dear old dad fussing with his collar. And, yes, there was the usual patch on the side of his nose where he cut himself in shaving. Little brother was excitedly asking mother where his clean stockings were.

And then another face came before her. Her heart gave an extra beat. Yes, there was Billy. Dear, good Billy! How she missed him! Oh, yes! gladly would she marry him, if she could only get the chance again. Youthful ambitions and dreams had long ago vanished in the stern realities of life. Down went the curly head. A good, satisfying cry ensued.

Suddenly Betty lifted her head, gave herself a little shake and said, "Shut up, you little idiot! It's your own fault you aren't going to have a good Thanksgiving. I hope your silly pride is satisfied at last."

With this bit of comforting advice, she arose, prepared her simple meal, and went to bed at eight o'clock to dream of a home and Billy.

* * * * *

The day before Thanksgiving in Turnersville, Indiana, was cold, with a strong hint of snow in the atmosphere. Every farmhouse and every housewife was busy with preparations for Thanksgiving. Mr.

Dean's farm house presented an air of expectancy. Mother, father, and little brother all were going about with a smile on their faces.

The reason? Betty had written saying she couldn't manage to come home for Thanksgiving. She had not said that her money was low, but father and mother suspected. So they made a daring plan, and were just putting it into execution.

At this precise moment a tall, clean looking young man came out of the back door. He looked back into the kitchen and said enthusiastically:

"Never fear, Mrs. Dean. I'll bring her home with me. Unless I'm mighty mistaken she's sick of city life by this time. Be sure and have plenty of good things for us. We'll be home on the 11:10 tomorrow.

He turned and strode down the gravel path, out the wooden gate, head erect, determination in every feature. He was going to bring his sweetheart home.

Thanksgiving day dawned bright and clear in Hammond City. Betty was up at the first streak of dawn. She had determined not to be unhappy even though she couldn't go home.

First, she cleaned her room thoroughly. Then she decided to go to the postoffice, where her mail came in the general delivery. Perhaps the folks had written. Perhaps Billy had thought to send something. So with haste she dressed herself. She was just pinning on her hat when she heard the bell ring. A strange premonition shot through her. "Of course it isn't anyone to see me," she told herself sharply. Still she listened. Yes, the maid was coming to her door. Betty opened it eagerly.

"A gentleman to see you, miss," said the maid, giving her a bright smile.

"Who is it?" asked Betty. "Didn't he send up any card?"

"No, ma'am. He just said as how he wanted to see Miss Dean. He's a fine looker, ma'am."

Betty unpinned her hat, fluffed her hair, and descended the stairs. "Who can it be," she wondered, and ran through the hall into the little parlor. The light was very dim in there and Betty stood a second, trying to get accustomed to the gloom. While she stood thus in the doorway, a well-known voice said:

"Betty, dear, aren't you glad to see me?"

"Billy, Billy, is it you?" and with a little rush she flew into his arms.

A few moments later both had emerged from the boarding house. The landlady had been paid, Betty had hastily flung her few belongings into a suit case, and now both were started for home.

The ride on the train was soon over. In fact, it was altogether too short, for the two lovers, who had eyes for only one another.

"Betty," said Billy suddenly, "are you going to stay home now?" He looked into her eyes longingly.

"Yes, I am," said Betty quickly. "I'm perfectly satisfied with the country now."

Billy gave a sigh of relief and Betty looked at him quickly, laughing and blushing.

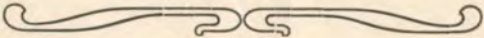
At last they reached home. There was the dear old farm house, and the cows and horses in the barnyard. But where was mother and dad? Why didn't they come to the door?

They went through the gate and let it slam. The door opened and there stood mother with father peering over her shoulder, and little brother pushing past her onto the porch.

"Mother! Dad!" cried Betty, and her feet scarcely touched the

path as she ran toward the house.

"My, but it seems good to be home, mother," she said a little later. Then, looking shyly at Billy, she exclaimed: "And I'm always going to stay in the country."



The Joy of Giving

Addie Cook, Col. '16

For a number of hours the beautiful flakes had been gently falling. Little Warren stood by the open window admiring the pretty white snow. He was also trying very hard to remember the words of the hymn his father had sung that morning at family prayer. He knew it had in it something about counting, but for a long time he could think of no more. Suddenly his eye caught sight of a lone little robin hopping and chirping about beneath the tall fir tree. To Warren it seemed pretty cold for a little birdie but it chirped right on and he decided that it was singing because it enjoyed the white snow. And all at once into his mind flashed the words of the song.

It was getting towards evening, and as they sat down to their simple meal which the older sister had so nicely prepared, Warren was still thinking of the song. This was a minister's family, and Rev. Mr. Williams, though left alone to care for his little folks, had nobly and lovingly assumed his responsibility, and he endeavored to impress upon their minds the duty they owed toward God and their fellow men.

The children were young and whenever papa suggested a plan they were sure it couldn't be improved by anyone. The minister had been thinking about it a good share of the day, and when Warren brought the song book to his father that evening, and called for "Count Your Blessings," Mr. Williams decided to make known his little scheme to the children. He knew they would like it.

The little son climbed upon his papa's knee and as the sisters quietly went about the work, the father with his clear, strong voice sang all through the words his baby boy liked so well. "My children," said Mr. Williams, when he had finished, "do you realize that we have many blessings for which we ought to be thankful? We are not rich, I know, but we are comfortable. We have had some hardships this year and disappointments, too, but the Lord has remembered us and been better to us than we deserve. You remember, when we were singing our hymn this morning, I told you that just two weeks from today is Thanksgiving. Well, as I was out calling this forenoon, I found one home that is very needy of help. You know Mrs. Thorne, who lives down the road about a half mile from us?" "Oh, yes," said Ruth, the older sister, who was always so thoughtful and generous, "and I wish we could help them, too." "Well, daughter," said the father again, "I was just thinking today that we would be better able to count and appreciate our blessings if we tried to help some one

else who was really in need. Now this is my plan—how do you like it: Warren and I will go to the city and with some of our tithe money we will buy a good, warm coat for nine-year-old Robert, a pair of shoes for Kenneth, and some nice winter mittens for the little girls. But I know my daughters will want to help, too, so you can fix up a good basket to make their Thanksgiving dinner more enjoyable." The minister's children were as happy as could be. They were accustomed to having different good supplies brought in to them, and always on Sunday morning the collection came to their father, but how delightful to feel that they were really giving to some one else.

Those two weeks went by very quickly, and the last day before Thanksgiving, Ruth and the little sister Helen almost forgot their own dinner in planning to fill the basket. Ruth had taken special pains that day with a loaf of steamed bread. She had directed Helen in making an old-fashioned fruit-cake. As they didn't have enough cranberries for both families, they decided to go without themselves, and Helen placed the beautiful jar of sauce in one end of the basket. They were sure dear Mrs. Thorne would enjoy it. Then they added the celery, a pound of butter, and one dozen oranges. The basket was well filled and just at dusk father placed several packages, and the nicely covered basket in his buggy. He drove down the road to the neighbors. The kitchen door was ajar and very softly he laid the Thanksgiving present just inside.

Then as he came home he found his happy little group sitting about the fire. Ruth was relating to her younger brother and sister an intensely interesting story. It was a real true Thanksgiving story—one her mother had told her when she was but a tiny girl. When Ruth had finished, her father called her to him, and with a twinkle in his eye he said: "Now daughter, what can I do to help you with our Thanksgiving dinner?" "Oh, I guess all is finished that can be done tonight. I would like very much to have had roast chicken tomorrow, but then—Helen and I have arranged a number of other nice dishes, and I am sure we will not be sorry that we helped to make a pleasant Thanksgiving day for our neighbors.

After worship the children slipped away quietly to bed, and again the father knelt—this time alone—yet not alone—he was communing with God. To the Giver of every good and perfect gift, he was offering an oblation of praise. How he thanked God for his children. They were dearer to him than life itself. And he did not forget to also thank his Heavenly Father for the gift received on his way home that evening—an indication that the Master was rewarding them for their "giving a cup of cold water."

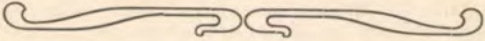
Next morning Ruth did not get up very early. She was tired the night before and papa had told her to rest as long as she wished. When she came down the stairs the words of that song were running through her mind: "Count your many blessings. Name them one by one. And it will surprise you What the Lord has done." "Why, father," she exclaimed, as she passed through the dining room out into the warm and cozy kitchen, "What can you have baking in that oven? Oh, it is something good, isn't it?" And Ruth hurried over to her papa where he was quietly reading and, throwing her arms about his neck, she planted on his cheek her good morning kiss. "Yes, daughter, as I came home last evening I overtook Bro. Armours. He was coming to the parsonage, and was bringing us a fine large turkey all dressed and ready to put in the oven. It has begun baking now and will be nicely ready for your dinner.

Three joyous children surrounded the table with their father that noon. They were happy, not simply because they had such a repast

spread before them, but because they had proven that it is more blessed to give than to receive. After grace had been said, Warren softly whispered: "Papa, can't we sing just one verse of our song?" They all joined in heartily.

They were thoroughly enjoying the delicious dinner when a clear, distinct rap came at the front door. And there stood their old kind-hearted Bro. Jackson with a large and nicely wrapped package in his hands. "No, I can't stay," he said. "This is for our beloved minister from the members of his charge." "As I was driving up the road just now," he added, with a pleased look on his face, "Mrs. Thorne came out to the gate and told me of your exceeding kindness to them, and she said she hoped the Lord would reward you."

Before Rev. Mr. Williams resumed his dinner, partly to satisfy the curiosity of his children and partly because of his own interest, he carefully opened the package—and there to his astonishment and surprise he found a beautiful black Prince Albert suit. It was just what he had needed for months. The children were delighted, and as they were again seated at the table, father said: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."



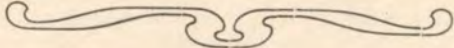
When Silence Falls

Wade Folsom

E'er silence falls, the town clock's swelling tones
Are muffled in the noises of the day,
And hum of factories and busy streets
And sultry sky doth lap the sound away.

But in the silence of a winter night
When rattle of the wheel and hoof is still
And snow has mantled earth, its tolling bell
Chimes out the hours with sweet and vivid thrill.

The voice of God may not put on new strength,
Or for the ear need I acuteness seek,
For when the toils of life would grieve my soul
I rest in silence and I hear Him speak.



The Making of Our Nation

Delno Higbee, '15
Delno

Civilization and refinement are the results of moral and intellectual development. Poets and divines are born, not made. But nations are brought into existence neither by the influence of the laws of nature nor simply by a human devised plan or process. Nations, like temples and palaces, are built.

Mushrooms spring up in a night; an oak is only mature at fifty years; but the superstructure of which a nation is composed is centuries in the making, and the foundation upon which it is built has been planned for countless ages. Back of the prosperity our nation has attained, beyond the ideals to which it has been looking, and beneath the principles upon which it is founded, is the master hand of the divine architect. By the influence of His will and sovereign power, worlds are created, the affairs of continents are molded, and the lives and destinies of peasants and sovereigns are fashioned that a nation might be built.

Before the mountains were brought forth or ever the world was formed, there in the council chambers of heaven, at the time when God said, "Let us make man in our own image," even then, there existed deep in the recesses of omniscient intelligence a design, not simply for the making of a kingdom or an empire, but for the building of a nation.

As the all-seeing eye looked down through the misty ages beholding the end from the beginning and knowing even then the deeds of man and the imaginations of his heart, infinite wisdom conceived, and omnipotent power began to direct, a plan which, with the co-operation of man, was destined to ultimately result in the four-fold liberty of mankind. Our nation was then in the making. The foundation was being laid. Liberty—physical, political, intellectual, and spiritual, were the basic principles upon which a mighty governmental bulwark was to be erected and which was ordained to bring about a new era of human existence, and mark the march of human progress toward the consummation of the divine plan of the ages.

That the ideals for which this nation was to exist might not be tainted, the principles, by which it should be sustained, must contain no error and be the very embodiment of superhuman wisdom; that the object for which it was reared might not fail, the framework, which should give it strength and indestructibility, must contain every element of perfection that thousands of years of human experience could afford. To a restraining and guiding providence we are indebted that these excellent and indispensable requirements have been supplied. There ideal properties materialized when the Declaration of Independence was signed by our forefathers; when national unity was made possible by the adoption of a constitution with its laws founded upon the heaven-born regulations of the Decalogue, and when men of honor, loyalty, and integrity were placed upon the walls and in the watch-towers to protect the entire commonwealth and guarantee to all the rights of life, liberty and the prospects of genuine and unabated prosperity.

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Then was built upon the earth a mighty nation; a monumental structure which marks the beginning of a new epoch in human history. Nor is it a monument for the dead. It is seething and teeming with energy and life. It is the embodiment of progress and prosperity. It is pulsating with the truest humanity. It is endowed with men of an unconquerable ambition that righteousness might be exalted, and with citizens of lofty ideals that shall ever elevate the morals and promote the virtue of the following generations. Its greatness and success shall continue, its uplifting example shall be followed, and its illuminating influence shall be felt only as it emphasizes and protects the inalienable rights of its entire citizenship and continues to be a government of, by, and for the people.



Page eleven--The Cascade

Ye Schoole Gossip.

I AM Perplexed.
 And I Don't know.
 WHAT to do.
 I Want to blame.
 SOMEBODY!
 But WHO to blame.
 I DO not know.
 HERE IS a blank page.
 IN THIS great.
 PUBLICATION.
 AND I don't know.
 WHAT to put on it.
 I CAN'T Blame.
 THE good Editor.
 BECAUSE he gave me.
 ALL the material.
 THAT he had.
 MAYBE I am.
 TO blame because.
 I DID not get.
 ANY ADS to fill it.
 BUT I hate to blame.
 MYSELF for it.
 SO for fear.
 OF HARD feelings.
 WE will blame--
 WELL, WHO.
 SHALL we blame?
 OH, YES.
 WE will blame.
 THE OTHER fellow.
 NO!
 WE will blame.
 OURSELVES.
 AND THANK.

THE other fellow.
 AND - FORGET.
 IF I blame.
 THE OTHER fellow.
 MY Conscience.
 HURTS me.
 AND if I blame myself.
 THEN I think.
 THE other fellow.
 IS SURELY to blame.
 AFTER ALL.
 BECAUSE he did not.
 PATRONIZE.
 THE ADVERTISERS.
 AND STILL.
 MY NIND whirls.
 AND I DON'T KNOW!
 SO I will just.
 PUT this STUFF in.
 AND THEN.
 FORGET!



I THANK YOU.
 Manager.

THE CASCADE

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STAFF

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Vol. V

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No. 2

Editors



Corner

: W.T.

As we endeavor to study and obtain some comprehensive knowledge of man, his nature, his mind, his soul, his relation to the universe, and greatest of all, his relation to the Creator of the Universe, how we become entangled, as it were, in a maze or labyrinth of wonder, awe and mystery, and we exclaim that truly man is fearfully and wonderfully made.

Our Lilliputian minds grow weary, our thoughts are all in chaos, our eyes are open, but cannot see, our ears are attentive but can not hear, when nature speaks. Oh, that we could understand her language!

guage and comprehend her greatness, which is but the replica of the divine. And here we would repeat with Sir Thomas Browne: "In this mass of nature there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capital letters, yet in stenography, and short characters, something of divinity, which to wiser reasons serve as luminaries in the abyss of knowledge and to judicious beliefs as scales and runnels to mount the pinnacles and highest places of divinity. The severe schools shall never laugh me out of the philisophy of Hermes that this visible world is but the picture of the i rvisible."

When our finite minds attempt to study the nature of man and to give explanation as to his existence, his feelings, his likes and dislikes, we again find ourselves confessing, "Ignoramus."

In this state of utter helplessness, we find foundation on which to build our thoughts, ideas, and all our hopes, only in the everlasting word of God. Here we find some knowledge as to the relation which man bears to the universe, to his fellowmen, and to his God.

Within man there is an innate longing and desire to be in accord and unison with the One who has given him life and all that goes with that life. To Adam, the masterpiece of divine workmanship, paradise did not consist in the grandeur of the garden, in the zephyrs that gently fanned his perfect brow, in songs of the birds that filled the air with music, in the purling of the rivulet, or in the glory of the mid-day sun, but it did consist in the presence of his God and in the knowledge that all of these beauties of Eden were but the gentle whispers of divinity.

Adam lost his paradise before he was cast out from Eden and before the gate of the garden was watched by an angel with a flaming sword. He lost his paradise when he lost his God.

And today our joys and happiness do not consist in the things which are of earth except as these things bring to us the thoughts of the Creator. What is wealth that so many seek it? When gotten the gold and silver turn to leaves and rubbish, except we have something within that is more precious than gold. It is true we all need money, but why worry or fret about hoarding it up. You can use but a little of it and some one else will get it and perhaps use it in such a way that will bring disgrace and ruin upon themselves.

What is pleasure that so many are ever trying to find joy therein? The majority of people think it is afar off and they must go here and there and almost everywhere to find it. How sad a mistake. You do not find true, lasting pleasure in external realms, but the pleasure that ever abides and is not confined to time or place is the pleasure within, which comes from above and which makes for us a paradise.

If we could but stop our fretting and go to trusting how the appurtenances of Paradise would be moved into our souls and then we would not have to run here and there to endeavor to find them.

To a very great extent we make and shape our own lives, and the sooner we get our hearts right and in tune with the anthems and harmonies of the divine, and see in all the realms of nature the hand of God, and hear in all the workings of the universe the voice of divinity, then and only then shall we regain our paradise and be able to understand more fully the eternal law which rules the world and which doeth all things well.

Academy

SENIORS

Did anybody say Seniors? We are as ever Johnnie on the Spot," and making rapid progress in all of our efforts, and, too, the subject of orations is being continually placed before our very eyes.

We have had some very interesting meetings and the tide of class spirit is waving high and is conspicuous for its presence in our midst. We are glad to extend our greeting of welcome to our new members, Cecelia E. Johnston and Mr. W. Thuline.

Yes, we were very enjoyably entertained by two of our members, Mr. and Mrs. Higbee, Oct. 16, at their home, where Wayne, one ever enthusiastic member, was the cause of much amusement. And also as it was such a pleasant evening and such a short walk, we left our hats at home (an umbrella was seen here and there).

You are to hear more from us at a later date, for we are very busy at present.

SOPHOMORES

We are quietly pursuing our studies and filling our little niche in the school life of Seattle Seminary; we believe in keeping still when we have nothing to say. You will hear more of the studious Sophomores later on.

FRESHMEN

The freshmen are toiling slowly up the hill of knowledge. We met our tests bravely and are anticipating another ordeal of a like nature in the near future.

We have had some very interesting debates in the past month, showing the remarkable talent yet to be developed in the future career of some of the members of our freshmen class.



Societies

ALPHA CLUB

Excited over election returns, every one has, no doubt, forgotten about Halloween. Everyone, perhaps, unless it is the Alpha members, for we will not soon forget the night nor the pleasant time.

The true Halloween spirit prompting us, we desired to have an unoccupied house in which to witness the pranks of the ghosts and goblins.

The rooms were decorated with boughs, ferns and autumn leaves while a fire glowed and crackled in the grate. We abandoned ourselves to the unconventionalities of the occasion and enjoyed life to the full. The marshmallows toasted over the coals tasted good, even if they were often burnt and blistered. Box lunches were hidden at the ends of tangled strings and were discovered by the boys.

During the evening each one wrote a verse containing a word suggested by some one else. The following will show what valuable talent the club possesses for writing impromptu verse. The capitalized words are those suggested for each verse:

In the dear old Sem which I love best,
Where hash and gems are not the least,
To all the students far and near
The taste of BEANS doth cause much fear,

Oh, JOY,
She's found the boy!
Oh, what sorrow,
They'll tell Miss Morrow!

POWDER is seen
Where beauty is mean;
Powder is known
Where hope has flown.

WILLARD'S tie looks like a pumpkin pie,
But, say, that smile, how cute.
Willard's curls are enough to win a hundred Pearls,
And oh, how cute!

A LONGING to be home
With loved ones all alone;
A longing to travel
And o'er the world to roam;
A longing to be here,
A longing to be there;

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And when in future days
I travel other ways,
A longing I shall feel
As memory doth kneel
To Alpha days once dawning,
Dawning; oh, that longing.

PHILOPOLEMICAL DEBATING CLUB

The Phills are still on the turf or in other words are still known as a literary organization, but that is about the most we can say right at present, as there have been very important and urgent demands made upon its illustrious members along different lines of usefulness.

In the beginning we were determined to keep a good record in the holding of weekly meetings, but the execution of this determination has been somewhat handicapped, owing to the demands stated above.

Our ever-plodding ambition to hold our own and keep our heads above water and holler dry up to Nov. 3 did not diminish, however.

The Phills were very instrumental in the Dry Campaign. Some worked three or four hours in the rain for the just cause of Prohibition, but they didn't seem to mind it, but seemingly it was rather practically enjoyed, especially by the practical fellows.

Mental development being not so prevalent of late, especially literary talent, we must say that the energies of the Phills have gone out along other important avenues of life. Physical conditions and basketball achievement of the Phills are at a high stage.

Height, weight and homeliness are the most distinguishable features of this illustrious crew and they can beyond doubt in this claim superiority in the school.

Some are heavy and some are tall;
Some have whiskers and some not at all.
Others are distinguished for high cut marks,
And still others for geometry sharks.
Pompadours are noted, too,
But only possessed by a very few.
Literary men "The Phills" have we,
We regret the absence of our dear Clea.
Contentment and Joy being our guide
We are glad that melancholy has died.
Thus, journeying on through Wind and Weather,
Some day in our crown we shall have a feather.
CADALLAC.

ALETHEPIAN CLUB

Our honorable club met twice last month. We would have met thrice if All Hallow's Eve had not prevented.

At our first meeting we installed the honorable members of said honorable club. They all swore with hands uplifted and a solemn beatific expression to uphold the constitution and do their very best. We sincerely believe they meant it.

We have had two very good programmes. We have a surprising amount of talent in our club. We hope that the Philopolemical Club

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can boast of as much.

Music and oratory whiled away the time at both our meetings. Each member feels himself a gainer from having attended the same.

YOUNG LADIES' GLEE CLUB

Listen! don't you hear us? Well, our carpenters are busy nailing our constitution. You haven't heard much "noise" from us yet, but each of the members is simply bubbling over with enthusiasm. "Small beginnings and big endings" Watch for the endings. "Daisies don't tell," neither do the girls. We will make ourselves heard later. We organized our club October 13. The results of our election are as follows: President, Vina Smith; vice-president, Laura Armstrong; secretary, Cecelia A. Johnston; treasurer, Leone Wolverton; sergeant-at-arms, Althea Marston; pianoist, Vida Staggs; Cascade reporter, Gladys Smith; music committee, Bessie Ward, Cecelia E. Johnston, Ruth Sharpe.

Fortunately we have an able instructor who does things, Mrs. Earl Newton. There are thirty-five girls in the club. You will hear from our violinists and guitar players.



So many things go wrong that we are tired of becoming indignant.

Watch the flies on cold mornings; that is the way you will feel and act when you are old.

There is nothing so well known as that we should not expect something for nothing, but we all do and call it hope.

When half the men become fond of doing a thing, the other half prohibit it by law.

Sometimes I think that I have nothing to be thankful for, but when I remember that I am not a woman I am content. Anyone who is compelled to kiss a man and pretend to like it is entitled to sympathy.

Somehow, everyone hates to see an unusually pretty girl get married. It is like taking a bite out of a very fine looking peach.

What people say behind your back is your standin in the community in which you live.

A really busy person never knows how much he weighs.

--Selected from *COLLIERS*.

Locals

To the student body this past month has been filled with many choice occasions in the form of speeches, parties, hikes, etc.

On Oct. 2, we were favored by a very instructive and entertaining speech by the Dean of the College of Education of the University of Washington and were impressed with the importance of high ideals.

The college students enjoyed a very lovely dinner in the Seminary dining hall on Oct. 7. The dinner was followed by several short speeches.

The Senior class opened the round of pleasure at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Higbee; and they report a very enjoyable evening.

The last year's Freshman class again came before the gaze of the public by being invited to the home of Miss Mott, and although young, they were able to appreciate a very pleasant time.

We enjoyed a very novel and exceedingly delightful Halloween party given by Mrs. Marino at her home and were able to show our bravery when greeted by ghosts.

The spirit of hiking has not died down by any means, and only a short time ago Miss Laurence mustered her troops and took Ft. Lawton by storm, but on the return trip they were captured by a rain storm and arrived here in a rather bedraggled condition.

Mr. Marvin Murston, secretary of I. P. A., gave us a short talk a few days ago and also organized our forces for more efficient labor.

Each Friday morning is hailed with delight by the students when we are favored with a short program and a speech from different faculty members on instructive topics.



Exchanges

Sisters Schools:

Don't be bashful concerning your exchanges. We have received a number of real good September and October exchanges which is serving as a powerful stimulant for our Cascade staff.

But we want more. All who are not ashamed of your paper are invited to assist us by your advice and friendly criticism.

The Echo reappeared among the first of our October exchanges. It is a neat, attractive and nicely arranged paper.

Ye Sotoyoman: This was especially popular along the line of athletics last year, but—what's wrong? We haven't heard from you since commencement.

Palo: You are to be complimented on your opening number.

Crucible: Still you are one of our most faithful exchanges. How about the six front pages being wholly dedicated to ads?

Totem: We can offer no criticisms concerning your material but wouldn't a paper say seven by ten inches, be preferable to a six by twelve?

High School Argus: Those cuts are indeed attractive.

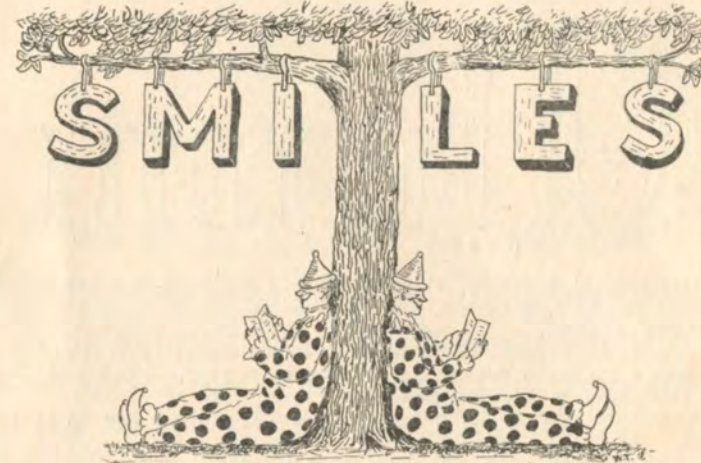
Teacher to exchange editor: You may analyze and use correctly in a sentence the word "diaphragm."

Ex. Editor: Diaphragm: (1) dia—through or across; (2) phragm—fence. A "cross fence."

Sei: "The cow jumped over the diaphragm which separated the pasture from the corn field."



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(Notice to students in the dining room). When the door bell rings, please don't all start at once.

Prof. Burns (in English Hist.): "Wade, how old was Henry when he became of age?"

—Wade: "He was nine years old."

Miss L. (in physics class): "Mr. Smith, what is the effect of air on evaporation?"

Mr. S.: Recreation, did you say?"

Cecelia J.—What can I do to be ridiculous,

Celestine T.—Just act natural.

R. L. (on Sunday evening)—Mr. Thuline and I are going to attend Missionary Band meeting now.

Richie—May I go, too. I want to hear the band play.

Miss M. in Jr. English (telling how a mother helped her boy through school): "She helped him over the washboard."

Prof. Bagley (seeing smoke coming from the furnace room)—Mr. Denny, they don't allow smoking on the campus.

A chink by the name of Hing Ling

Fell off a car—bing, bing.

The con looked his way

And to a passenger did say:

"The car's lost a washer. Ding, Ding.

Baker—I'll turn on the other lights.

V. Staggs—Oh, no! Jones and I do not need any lights.

Prof. Bagley—I used to have a student whose name was Wildman.

Wilder—Well, I'm not quite as bad as that.

Prof. Bagley—Oh, yes! You are Wilder.

E. Richie (in Eng. class): "Give me liberty or give me death?"

Miss M.: "Who said that?"

Richie—Patrick Henry on his dying breath.

Hi Gill (pulling taffy): "Glady, you had better butter your fingers."

Glady: "Oh! I am going to stick with it."

Harold Mann—I like to hunt Staggs.

Alumni

Our alumni notes for this month will be brief, for you know: "Brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes" thereof.

Miss Lena Skuzie, '13, is working in a nursery in Portland, and expects to graduate within six months or a year. Then won't she give the children splendid care!

Effie Vanderveen, '12, has been recently visiting friends in this city.

Seattle's population was last week increased, when John Root, '14, returned from east of the mountains. He intends to work in this city during the winter.

Kathryn Whisner, '12, visited the "old Sem" since the last Cascade was published. She will enjoy the pleasure of home life with her parents in Tacoma this year and will continue to give music lessons.

Arthur says it's going to be cold tomorrow. Arthur who?
Arthur-mometer.

A rush, then a scramble,
A bank and a fall.
Two wounded; three dead.
That's Sem basket ball.

(A bit of information.)

There is a great difference between a noble smile and a silly grin, or a pure, hearty, soul-strengthening laugh and a light, frivolous, mind-weakening giggle.

A little boy was enjoying his first glimpse of pastoral life. As he sat on a little stool by the farmer's wife, who was picking a chicken, he asked, "Do you take off their clothes every night, lady?"



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