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The April 1912 Cascade

Seattle Seminary

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He is Risen

Buried! Ah yes, but not to stay
Forever 'neath the crusted clay;
He died to live again,
Fell to rise and reign.
Sleep to wake and live on high as King,
Could seal'd stone Him to His vault confine,
Or chosen watch revoke His stated time?
Ah, no! He buried
The chains of death
And rose to live again.
Risen! All hail the Christ, the King!
Thro'out the heavens let the welcome ring!
Behold He lives again,
And sits on high to reign,
As Priest of earth below, of heav'n as King.
His captive led captivity,
Robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death.

—E. A. Haslam, '14 Col.

Declaration of Prohibition

We hold those truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their character with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That whenever any Government becomes destructive of these ends it is the Right of the People to alter or abolish it. Prudence indeed will dictate that certain conditions long established should not be changed for light and transient causes, and therefore all experience hath shown, that mankind is more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable than to right them by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed.

The American saloon is a menace to the life, the liberty and the happiness of every child born under the stars and stripes. No one can tell whose boy or girl will be taken next. "Rum, the brutish son of darkness, who has drenched the earth with blood, gropes in yet unblasted regions for his helpless prey. Shall we guide his gory fingers there where our innocent children play?" The calamity which overtakes them is worse than death. How much will a man give in exchange for his life? All that he hath. Life, the soul has no units of value. It cannot possibly be exchanged. Indeed so sacred is life that even the right of the state to cut off the wretched existence of a murderer is more and more questioned as civilization advances. But there are yet higher values than life: Virtue, honor, love. To die rather than sacrifice virtue and honor; to perish in a labor of love; to such deeds all mankind pays tribute. If murder then is so grave a crime, when death is confessedly not the worst of evils what shall we say of a practice whereby reason ends in insanity, virtue in shame?

This is the land of the free and the brave. Our forefathers fought, bled and died for liberty. But do we have it today? Are not the American people in bondage to political parties? Are they not enslaved to the Almighty Dollar? For a handful of gold the brewers are allowed to sell not "liquid bread" but liquid poison to men. A
license means not restriction or regulation but permission for money.  

A Bribe! Clink, clink, clink go the thirty pieces of silver into the coffers of the United States, and for this the noblest manhood, the finest blood of the land is betrayed into the hands of the enemy.

Is it possible for a poor man to pursue happiness in peace while he is stooping under a load of taxes? In foreign countries it is true that because of the large standing armies maintained, every workman is said to carry a soldier on his back. But every honest toiling citizen of America carries upon his back a brewer, a policeman, a criminal lawyer, an idler, a panzer or a murderer. Is it possible for a man to dwell in tranquility while all manner of crimes are being committed daily?

Where do the anarchist, the thief, the murderer scheme their deadly work? In the back room of a saloon. "For the dark places of the earth are the habitation of curs."

Mankind has suffered long and unceasingly from drunkenness. Drinking is centuries old. Columbus discovered in the day of our Lord pyramids. It dates from ages when vineyards and vine themselves drunk using quished as their goblets as long as it is allowed to re- will be the result to our a nation of alcoholics. There has been an increase in the use of alcohol to a great mass of people. The habit of drinking is centuries old. It was old in America. It was old. It is older than the Great Laws of the Vandal. Mankind has suffered long and unceasingly from drunkenness.

Every year the number of the alcohols are growing. The situation is not discouraging but it calls for action. Count over the great struggles of history; they have been aroused. The temperance forces are gathering strength. The time is come when we must be pilgrims to the promised land of sobriety. Shall we stand idly by and watch the light of our nation go out in bacchanalian revelries?

The record of the past two years is decidedly in favor of the aggressive liquor trust. Alabama has repealed her prohibitory law. State wide prohibition movements have been defeated in Oregon, Texas and Florida. In Maine the majority for prohibition was so small as to require an official recount. The brewers recently announced that they could kill prohibition in Oklahoma. Last October the United States by sending as a honorary president Mr. Wilson, secretary of agriculture, officially recognized the international Brewers congress.

This is a critical period in the struggle for right. The foe is a mighty one. On the side of evil are great numbers. They are wielded together by strong organizations and backed with millions of dollars. But in the past the American people have always faced their difficulties squarely and settled them promptly. We are not traitors to our sires. The blood of the Pilgrim Fathers still flows in the veins of their descendants.

"New occasions teach new duties;  
Time makes ancient right smooth.  
They must upward still and onward,  
Who would keep abreast of Truth?  
So before us clean her campfires!  
We ourselves must pilgrims be;  
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly  
Through the desperate winter sea."

A saloonless nation can only be realized through an amendment to the constitution of the United States prohibiting the sale and manufacture of alcoholic liquors is recorded in the constitution, then national prohibition must follow. Do we ever question article 3 in the amendments to the constitution which reads, "No soldier shall in time of peace be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner; nor in time of war but in a manner to be prescribed by law."

We do not question that article or any other article in the constitution. When a man violates one of these laws he must pay the penalty. Election will elect, or if a recall will recall then prohibition will prohibit. Therefore if such an amendment were made, national prohibition must necessarily follow.

The situation is not discouraging but it calls for speedy united action. Count o'er the great struggles of history; they were not won in a single day. The crisis of the battle is at hand. College men are being aroused. The Temperance forces are gathering themselves for a mighty effort. The liquor traffic is doomed and must surely die! To this end with a firm reliance in Divine Providence we mutually pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

It is written of Christopher Columbus, when he was about to land on the unknown sea with his crew in mutiny:

"What did he do when hope was gone?  
Then pale and worn he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness, ah that night  
Of all dark nights! And then appeared a speck, a light.  
It grew a starlight flag unfurled.  
It grew to be times burst of dawn."
He gained a world, he gave that world
Its greatest watchword, Sail on, and on!

What did George Washington do at Valley Forge when hope was
gone, when the snow was stained with the life blood of his brave
soldiers? He went on and on and became the Father of a mighty
nation. What did Abraham Lincoln do in the darkest hours of the
Civil War? Trusting in an Almighty God he went straight on and
signed the Emancipation Proclamation that set thousands of slaves
at liberty. What shall we do in the face of bitter opposition, when
great mountains of difficulties are piled high before us? We will
go on and on! The Prince of Peace is leading us. The Hosts of the
Lord are on our side and "If God be for us, who can be against us!"

**Coming of Spring**

Now Winter doth outpour
His wrath upon the Earth,
And storms with mighty roar
Do scatter naught but dearth;
But when fair-haired Adonis comes
From darkness, long enthralled;
He brings in Spring,
All nature blossoms out,
And birds begin to sing.
'Tis then that lovely Venus
Her waiting arms extend,
And reaching forth
Throughout the earth,
Brings Winter to an end.

—Weary Willie.
of man would not have been accomplished in that it was necessary that he should first taste of death.

Since the success of Christianity is based on this event we ought to keep this day with sincerest appreciation to the risen Christ.

At one of the late meetings of the Executive Committee of the Associated Students, it was decided that three prizes for stories for the Commencement number of the Cascade should be awarded. Consequently the committee set aside $2.50 for the first cash prize, and recommended the Phils and the Aletheians to provide for the second and third prizes. These societies took up the recommendation of the Executive Committee and voted to provide the prizes.

Any student that is a subscriber to the paper, or that buys a copy of the Commencement number is entitled to enter the contest. The conditions to be met are as follows:

Each story must be not more than 1200 or less than 800 words, must be legibly written in ink or typewritten on one side only of the paper, must be signed with a fictitious name—such name to be also written on the outside of a sealed envelope in which is the writer's own name on a slip of paper, must be handed in by May 10, 1912; and there must be at least seven stories handed in.

Now, students, take hold of this matter. We wish to put out a fine Commencement number, and the literary department should be one of its strongest features. Begin at once so that you will have plenty of time.

In view of the fact that we should like to have some good poetry for the Commencement number, the Cascade will give a $5.00 Seattle Seminary pillow cover as a prize for the best poem of from 30 to 36 lines in length handed in. These poems must be handed in by May 10, 1912, and no prize will be awarded unless at least three poems are handed in. They should be signed with a fictitious name and handed in according to the specifications for the story contest.

The stories are to be handed to the Editor, S. E. Wyler, and the poems are to be handed to E. A. Haslam.

STUDENTS! GET BUSY!!
Alexandrian

The first program since the election of the new officers was rendered on the afternoon of March 8th. There were no visitors present but the program was greatly enjoyed by all the students. The new president gave a very interesting inaugural address. The most entertaining features of the program were the two dialogues. The first, a misunderstanding between a woman and a tramp, was very original and well rendered. The second, a French dialogue, was also well rendered. The music was a very enjoyable feature and at the close of the program Prof. Stillwell gave a short talk on music. I am sure we all agree with him in the statement that nothing is more inspiring than beautiful music.

SCHOOL NEWS

Several of the young married couples in the neighborhood were invited over to the Seminary one evening not very long ago. All the students were enabled in this manner to get acquainted with them.

Every one was indeed glad to see Miss Bessie Ratcliff again, when she paid us a recent visit. We are hoping that this will not be her last one.

St. Patrick was not forgotten this year by the students. On the evening of March 16th there was an informal gathering in the dining room. Most of the girls were given in some form or another. Even shamrocks from old Erin were in evidence. Irish songs were sung, and Miss Lee Sherwood recited a poem about St. Patrick's birthday. Mike and Pat received their full share of attention in the form of jokes. Guessing contests were held and oh, yes, don't forget there was a delightful taffy pull.

Prof. Stillwell's interesting five minute readings on the subject of health were given during the evening of the twenty-seventh.

Society of the Young Married Couples in the neighborhood were certain to have a fine society. We are glad to receive reports of their enjoyment and their visits. They certainly outdid the principal occupation of some of the boys while others flower-picking, baseball and boating were the main attractions of the afternoon.

Before leaving the peninsula a class meeting was held, in which Miss Marston expressed her appreciation of being elected as our honorary faculty member. This speech was followed by one from the president. We returned to the Seminary about 7:15 p.m. and made the campus resound with:

"We're not rough,
We're not tough,
We're the Juniors,
That's enough!"
The Sophomores are nearing the close of school with an excellent
**SOPHOMORES** record and high ambitions.

We have decided to prepare a class paper so
be ready for an Sophomores outburst of eloquence and genius.

Athea Marston and Peter Solburg have hit upon a very unique
way of skipping English. The other day they fled into the chapel, a
while before class. Along came Chester Hampson—a party in the
conspiracy—who kindly locked them in. After class they were re-
leased. Isn't that clever?

The Modern History class is greatly indebted to Nora Johnson
for refreshments. We recommend her as a pitcher of chocolates.

James Hamilton seems to be quite devoted to the Faculty. At
present he is separated from them by only a seat or two.

Walter Scott enjoys these April days but prefers his May
nights. If you want to see a wide awake, enthusiastic bunch, keep your
eye on the Sophomores.

Everything is going nicely and we are inspired with the thought that

**FRESHMEN**

We greatly regret the loss of one of our members, Miss Nora Moman, of Colville, Ws., who was called home on ac-
count of sickness in the family. We are in hopes that she will again
be able to join us.

When young folks enter High School
With faces all aglow,
They never stop a minute
Nor are they very slow;
You have to go to catch them,
And seldom are they seen,
But you can always reach them,
By calling. Eight—one—two—Green.

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**EXCHANGES**

The Echo, Santa Rosa, Cal.—You are a clever paper and we find
little to criticize. A brief solid essay would give more literary weight.
We congratulate you on the prospective enlargement of your school
accommodations. It ought to give new inspiration to your school work.

The Tolo, Seattle, Wash.—You have plenty of good stuff. "Lizzie
Beth" is a good story but the action should be a little more rapid for
a short story.

The Pacific Star, Mt. Angel, Ore.—Your March paper is a very
interesting number; nor is that all by any means, for its pages are
well-filled with instructive reading. "As Others See Us" and "The
Chinese People" are well worth reading. "The Indian Tomahawk"
very well worked out. "Eric" is a pretty poem. Encourage your
literary contributors. They have talent.

The Cardinal, Portland, Ore.—The stories in your March number
show good work and originality. An instructive up-to-date essay is
what you need and an exchange column or something else in the place
of a page or two of your jokes. Otherwise your paper is to be com-
plimented upon its good material.

The Sotoyoman, Healdsburg, Cal.—You have some very taking
poems and your literary material is well chosen, but that red cover is
becoming too familiar.

The Clarion, Salem, Ore.—Excellent literary material and plenty
of it.

The Kodak, Everett, Wash.—Splendid stories. Like your cover and
especially the department of "Book Reviews."

The News, Eugene Ore.—Artistic cover and a fine paper. Evidently
the Juniors are O. K.

Other papers received are:

*The Hemisca, Red Wing, Minn.—February.*
*Bulletin, Spring Arbor, Mich.—February.*
*The Clarion, Rochester, N. Y.—March.*
*The Antelope, Klearney, Nebr.—March.*
*The University Echo, Chattanooga, Tenn.*
*The Guard and Tackle, Stockton, Cal.—February.*
*The Polygraph, Riverside, Cal.—February.*

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It is easy enough to be cheerful
With nothing in life to regret;
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile,
When his wife is a suffragette.—Ex.

Lena S.—"I'm looking for a little succor."
Morgan—"Well, do I look like one?"

A youth went forth to serenade
The lady he loved best,
And by her house at evening
When the sun had gone to rest.
He warbled until daylight,
And would have warbled more,
But the morning light disclosed the sign,
"To Let."—Ex.

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